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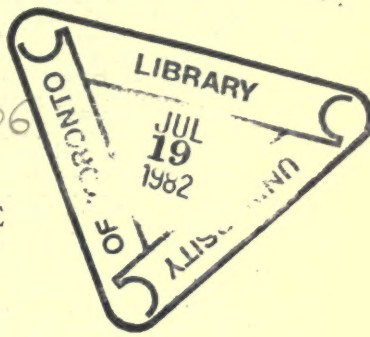


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THE

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## THE PROPAGANDA OF PAGANISM.

BY DUDLEY G. WOOTEN.

I.

AMONG the memories of school days there lingers in the minds of some of us the recollection of a certain river in Gaul, described by Cæsar in his *Commentaries,* which he says flowed with such swiftness and smoothness that one standing on its banks could not tell in which direction it really ran. The rapidity and ease with which the course of public sentiment upon social, political, religious and moral questions, especially in the United States, has wrought startling changes before the eyes of men yet in middle life, and the increasing readiness with which landmarks and safeguards deemed valuable and venerable a generation ago are being swept away, may well provoke a bewilderment akin to that of the Roman conqueror as he gazed upon the mountain torrent in the Gallic wilderness. It is hard to know whether the merciless movement of innovation is one of advancement, of retrogression, or of that recurring decadence that heretofore uniformly characterized the destinies of men and nations.

True, all of this change and chaos of old order is justified in the name of Progress. "Progressivism" has become the fetish of the land and age, and the modern reformer worships at the shrine of his iconoclastic cult with the folly and fanaticism of heathen idolatry. We hear continually of "forward-looking men;" the air is thick with the mists of visionary altruism; the din and

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drivel of the "uplifter" are distressing to normal ears. We are promised a system of life and law and morals under which all that is old and honored and crowned by the tests of time and experience shall be rejected as obsolete, whatsoever is radical and revolutionary be acclaimed as the triumph of new freedom, and it is said the world will grow young again and transcendently lovely in the light of the gospel of desecration and destruction. The prevalent obsession is not confined to the emotional populace nor championed chiefly by rabid agitators among ignorant enthusiasts. It sits in the seats of the mighty and finds its boldest apostles among those who claim to voice the culture, the aspirations and the ultimate policies of both the government and the people. Even the titular head of the nation lends it the prestige of official sanction, giving currency to its favorite cant by a scholastic sneer at "those whose heads are twisted over their shoulders in vain contemplation of the past."

The characteristics of this nihilistic cult are irreverence, unlimited arrogance, reckless audacity, egotistic contempt for precedent, tradition and established methods. Antiquity, the acquiescence of immemorial custom, the long continuance of an ideal or an institution are in themselves offensive to its ruthless creed. Its fundamental tenets—if it can be said to possess anything so permanent as a tenet—are defiance of authority, repudiation of fixed principles, rebellion against the discipline of superior standards. Herein lies the difficulty, almost the hopelessness, of combating the heresies of the new philosophies. They forestall and forbid argument by destroying or denying the bases of right reason and intelligent judgment. The mere agnostic is a passive menace to faith and vital truth. He refuses to affirm any belief or to accept any doctrine as proven. Under favorable conditions his mind is open and there is a chance to change his attitude of exasperating negation to one of receptive tolerance and perhaps of final conviction. But the nihilist defies all reasoning by rejecting all premises and advocating the abolition of the fundamental facts of history and humanity. Archimedes could have moved the earth if given a place to stand, but a Titan could not stir a clod if lifted into mid-air.

For want of a better name, it is customary to classify the devastating doctrines of the new school of thought and experiment under the general term, *Paganism*. In the sense of being *anti*-Christian, this designation is fairly descriptive, but as an accurate definition it is misleading and to a degree unjust. Paganism in its prime was a healthier and a wiser system than the chaotic and

desolating propaganda that today attacks the foundations of social order, despises the limitations of moral law, derides the sanctions of political tradition, and predicates its popularity upon the automatic solvency of human judgment. There were gods in Pagan-land, faith in the divinity of loftier beings, immortal standards of right-thinking and heroic achievement, the authority of a moral code having its putative source and spirit outside the bosom and brain of man. The Paganism of the classic world produced a philosophy profound and inspiring in the very futility of its solutions; it evolved a literature whose brilliancy has outlived its blemishes and remains for all time as the loftiest and least convincing evidence of intellectual sufficiency; it transmitted to after ages and to all mankind artistic ideals that glorified the beauties of the material sense, and kindled while they disappointed the aspirations of the human soul.

The modern Paganism holds no such prospects. Stripped of its specious sophistries and incredible presumption, it is a sordid and unsatisfying creed of lawless negations, affected with all the imperfections and possessing few of the sincerities of the ancient faiths of the non-Christian era. There is in reality nothing novel or untried in most of the proposed innovations of the present propaganda. Its futilities are as old as that primeval experiment on the plains of Shinar, that begot the dispersion of races and the confusion of tongues; its dominant fallacy is denounced in Christ's warning to the multitude: "Which of you by taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?" But considered as a system and in historical sequence, this paganizing propaganda is exactly four centuries old in this year of Our Lord. A considerable number of good people are preparing to celebrate the quadricentennial of its inauguration, although to thoughtful students of history a formal festival is unnecessary and somewhat belated, besides being totally inadequate to attest the colossal consequences of the event. Already, for almost three years past, the logical results of the movement have been in process of celebration amid the roar of the world's guns and the slaughter of European civilization, while the final tragedy of its consummation threatens to envelop all humanity in the awful cataclysm.

Whatever is disquieting, disorganizing and destructive in the present conditions and tendencies of social, moral, religious and political affairs, in our own country and in all the countries of the Christian world, can be traced back, step by step, and with unerring certainty, to the politico-religious revolution that began in Germany

and other Protestant lands in the sixteenth century. Fundamentally and primarily a revolt against the mediæval Church, that movement soon involved in its legitimate scope and inevitable consequences every vital interest of both Church and state. It was called a *Reformation*, but in truth it was a revolution against the accumulated achievements of human wisdom and piety for the previous fifteen hundred years, and to a considerable degree against the experience and judgment of the civilized nations since the dawn of history. It announced the repudiation of the bases upon which both religion and politics had conducted their coöperative efforts for social amelioration during the whole formative period of Christian civilization. Ostensibly a triumph of religious freedom and spiritual independence, it marked the supremacy of secular over sacred authority, and obliterated at once the landmarks and safeguards of both civil liberty and religious toleration.

Prior to the Lutheran defection, the relations between Church and State throughout the Christian world had been well defined and mutually beneficial. The first Christian emperor, in the fourth century, had declared that the ecclesiastical authority had the right to decide all questions between sovereign rulers and between each ruler and his subjects; but the Church declined to assent to this sweeping concession of Constantine or to assume the responsibility of so wide a jurisdiction. She preferred to stand upon the canon of her Divine Founder, rendering "unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." Two centuries later Gregory the Great reaffirmed this position of the Church, and thereafter, for nearly a thousand years, the fundamental tenet of both the Papal and the imperial governments of Christendom demanded the absolute separation of the secular and the ecclesiastical powers, each independent and supreme in its own sphere, but coördinating and coöperating with each other in their respective fields of authority. That was the original Catholic conception, and after the lapse of all the centuries that have rolled between, that is today the attitude of the Church in her relations to our own government and to all other temporal sovereignties. In the exigencies of certain crises in the affairs of Europe and under the peculiar circumstances of individual rulers of both Church and state, there have been infractions of this established rule, and the disciplinary intervention of the Papacy to correct or to restrain flagrant abuses has sometimes been invoked; but the historic and accepted standard of action on the part of the Church has not changed since it was first

proclaimed in the infancy of the struggle between civil and religious jurisdiction.

But this separation did not imply or permit the absolute emancipation of secular rulers from the universal sway of those canons of justice and righteousness which the Church, as the representative of divine authority, administered in the forum of conscience and as the custodian of public and private morals. Christianity was the religion of all the great nations of that era, and the Catholic Church was the only source of Christian faith and practice. The social and political structure of European institutions under feudal organization made the Papacy the religious over-lord of Christendom, and the proudest sovereignties of that age acknowledged fealty and service to the suzerainty of the Holy See in the moral government of the nations. Independent and supreme in his own dominions as to the temporal interests of his people, each royal ruler yielded homage and obedience to the Church in the realm of religion and the forum of morals; nor did this subordination of the secular to the sacred authority in such issues cease as between nation and nation—it extended to the administration of the internal affairs of each government and secured the rule of righteousness between the sovreign and his subjects. Thus there was created a system of related responsibilities between Church and state, in which the former became the spiritual teacher, the moral guide and the political arbitrator of the latter, without at all impairing the supremacy of either. It begot the sentiment of Christian unity, the recognition of a universal code of moral law, and it established a uniform and stable basis of public policy and social advancement. Likewise, it inspired in men's minds the ideal and the desire of one great Christian fellowship—a conception that disappeared with the advent of the Protestant view of human destiny—and it foreshadowed that world-wide league for controlling the selfish ambitions and despotic tendencies of human rulers, which has latterly become the dream of those who yearn for universal peace and the adequate means to enforce it. Under the operation of this admirable organization of forces, despite the hindrances and miscarriages due to the ineradicable vices of all mortal agencies, modern civilization was nurtured, all that is really valuable in modern culture was begotten or conceived, and the Middle Ages—so falsely named the Dark Ages by bigotry and ignorance—became the brooding period of knowledge, invention and discovery for all the ages that were to come.

The " Reformation " changed all that. It did, indeed, *re*-form

Europe in more ways than one, but in the perspective of the four hundred years that have since elapsed, in the light of present conditions and tendencies, who shall pronounce a categorical approval of the motives, the methods or the consequences of so radical a reversal of the religious, moral and political constitution of the Christian world? It is not too late nor too soon to question both the proximate and the ultimate results of the change, for "We are ancients on the earth and in the morning of the times."

The fundamental dogma of Protestantism, that asserted the right of private judgment in matters of faith and conscience, necessarily implied a like liberty of decision in matters of morals, of justice and of social duty. It is not thinkable that man may claim a latitude of opinion and action in his relations to God and eternity that is denied to him in his relations to this temporal life. We may pass over, as both too paradoxical for analysis and too theological for a layman's skill, that companion dogma, so dear to Lutheranism, that in the exercise of this indispensable right of personal judgment man neither enjoys the privileges nor incurs the penalties of free will. Starting with the doctrine that each individual is the judge of his own religious belief and the sole arbiter of his moral responsibility, the evolution of the Protestant attitude towards all questions, both secular and sacred, became merely a matter of time and logical development. If each person may thus investigate and decide for himself, it must be that every group of individuals similarly situated and related may choose for itself and establish by law its particular creed of worship and the resultant moral and social code. This, of course, at once transferred the controversy between the Reformers and the Church from the domain of religious dialectics to the realm of politics and diplomacy, which well served the designs of the leaders of the movement. Racial antagonisms, national prejudices and international rivalries were invoked to aid the revolt against Rome, and a series of politico-religious wars speedily ensued, shattering the Christian unity of Europe, tearing "the seamless garment of the Faith" into fragments, destroying the uniformity and stability of the standards of national and international comity and morality, and releasing every government from a common ethical restraint, to pursue that course of selfish ambition and imperial aggrandizement which its own rulers might select or the caprice of dynastic fortunes might contrive. The last of those "holy" wars ended in 1648, in the Treaty of Westphalia, which historic document contained the triumphant synthesis of Protestant principles, in the

fateful words: "*Cujus regio, ejus religio*"—"The Religion of the Prince is the Religion of the land." Thus, at last, Imperialism vanquished Ecclesiasticism, and the yoke of the state was set upon the neck of the Church. For the first time in Christian history, the government was declared to be the source and centre of religious authority and spiritual guidance; kings were invested with divine prerogatives, not by right of wise and just rulership, as Rome had always taught, but by reason of being at once potentates and pontiffs; and the Church of Christ was converted into a hydra-headed, human institution, changing her doctrines with the variations of race and climate, and subject to the frail and fluctuating sovereignty of as many jurisdictions as there may be lands to govern and rulers to govern them.

That this is not a strained or theoretical interpretation of the new law of nations, may be demonstrated by the solemn adjudications of the learned judges and lawyers of Protestant England in the time of Elizabeth. Discussing the famous statute regulating bequests to charitable and religious uses, Sir Francis Moore, a leading authority on English law, said: "For religion being variable, according to the pleasure of the succeeding princes, that which at one time is held for orthodox may at another be accounted superstitious."[1]

By this strange and revolutionary transformation of the divine order of government in human affairs, religion became the spoil or the sport of politics; morality as her handmaid was made the slave rather than the mistress of man's perversity or passion, and the whole fabric of society was turned into a house of cards, to be constructed and reconstructed as the vicissitudes and vagaries of intellectual and material speculation might determine. The historical and orderly processes of Christian development were practically suspended or distorted, and a variety of evil results began to operate very rapidly, continuing with cumulative disaster to our own day. A detailed examination of these consequences is impossible in an article like this, but mention may be made of a few salient features. For example, the tyrannies and corruptions of feudalism, which were fast being moderated or modified by the discipline and teachings of Catholicism, at once were aggravated by the removal of that superior moral force that previously had held them in check and tended to their gradual extinction, and the progress towards absolutism was greatly accelerated. As each nation

[1] Duke on Charitable Uses, p. 131.

was encouraged to adopt its own career of separate and selfish autonomy, the great monarchs of that era, with their groups of aristocratic feudatories, assumed to dictate both the political and the religious destinies of their kingdoms, without the restrictions of Christian piety and justice. The people at large had as yet no voice in the determination of public policies or in the protection of their own rights and interests, so that autocracy, freed from the former religious and moral suzerainty of the Church, ruled every vital concern of Europe. Inasmuch as the secular sovereigns were likewise the heads of the religious establishments of their respective countries, under the new relationship of Church and state, whatever of despotism at home or rapacity abroad characterized the government, naturally and inevitably became a part of the responsibility of the state religion, and the odium of political abuses was visited upon the ecclesiastical system as partner in the business of government. It was a degrading alliance for Christianity and one from which it has taken and will take many generations to recover. Conditions were different in the countries in which Catholicism and Protestantism became the dominant religions, leading to a marked difference in the consequences. This difference and the reasons for it cannot be fully gone into here, but rightly analyzed it furnishes the key to nearly all that happened to the Church in the centuries following the Reformation, as well as much that is still happening to her in our own and other countries.

The Reformation did not weaken the loyalty of devout Catholics in any of the distinctly Catholic countries, and several of the most powerful nations on the continent remained steadfast in their allegiance to Rome, Catholicism continuing to be the religion of both government and people; while masses of the population in other lands still adhered to their ancient Faith. The Church, though sadly shaken in her integrity and world-wide jurisdiction, never for a moment lost her corporate and consistent entity as a divine institution; she retained her hold upon the fidelity and affection of her children, and the marvelous perfection and efficiency of her organization were not impaired by the blow which shattered the unity and harmony of Christendom. The world—even those who denied and defied her authority—still knew her for the living witness and invincible champion of authentic Christianity. The nonreligious and the irreligious, then as now and as ever will be, recognized in her individuality and immutability the spirit of vital, supernatural religion among men. But the princes of this world have

never been exempt from the limitations and temptations of human nature, any more than the masses of the people are endowed with uniform and enduring wisdom and justice. Wherever a Catholic monarch sought to establish absolutism in state and Church, he used the matchless machinery of the Catholic hierarchy and the traditional loyalty of his Catholic subjects as instruments, ready-made, for his despotic designs. The Church, under the new *régime,* was powerless to prevent the usurpation of her functions or the intimidation and corruption of her officials, and she suffered the degradation of this unholy subordination, both in her own person and in the eyes of the world. When at last the reaction set in against absolutism and the awakening sense of oppression and wrong stirred the peoples of modern Europe to rebel against the age-long tyranny of feudal institutions, the frenzy and fanaticism of popular rage included the Church in the universal radicalism that demanded the utter destruction of all the agencies of governmental abuse. In fact, the very sanctity of her prerogatives and the potency of her influence in the constitution of the existing system singled her out as the especial object of revolutionary hatred. The hostility to the Church, born of her enforced partnership in political oppression, was taken advantage of and its fury enhanced by all the forces of unbelief, and the "powers of darkness" concentrated their attacks upon the fortress of religion, as they fully realized the Catholic Church to be. Hence came about that anomalous and sinister condition of mind in the great movement for free government and popular sovereignty, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, that identified love of liberty and the championship of democracy with the spirit of infidelity, rationalism and rabid radicalism. "Free-thought," so named by its votaries, too often became synonymous with devotion to the ideals of intellectual and political freedom, and the cunning foes of all religion made common cause with the misguided friends of republican enlightenment and emancipation, in a fierce and unrelenting war upon Catholicism.

The history of France furnishes a striking and concrete illustration of a Catholic country subjected to this process. The Revolution of 1789 was the culmination of such forces, and its anarchical heresies in politics, religion and social morals have not yet ceased to curse that people, while their pestilent fruits have poisoned other lands in both the Old and New Worlds. In the two hundred and fifty years between the time of Luther and the reign of Louis XVI., the centralization of power in the monarchy enabled

the king to say with truth: "I am the State;" and the French hierarchy was weakened by its connection with this odious system.

The arbitrary and artificial despotism of French feudalism, issuing in the dissolute autocracy of the later Bourbons, and involving the national religion in its disgraceful downfall, gave rise to that school of intellectual radicals whose doctrines substituted the absolutism of the mob for the absolutism of the monarch, and enthroned the infallibility of the populace instead of the divine right of kings. Rousseau and his fellow *doctrinaires* based their cult of atheistical democracy upon the utter repudiation of the supernatural element in human affairs, the destruction of the existing social order, and the reorganization of society and government upon a basis of rationalistic and materialistic speculation. As the ablest exponent of this disorganizing propaganda, he exhibited his penetrating comprehension of the situation and recognized the necessary effect of his doctrines, in his declaration that the Catholic Church had been the foundation and indispensable support of all the moral, religious and political ideas and traditions that had constituted the fabric of civilization up to that time. Arguing logically that Christianity, as represented by the Church, for centuries had been the only sure bond of social union and the source of order, discipline and regulated liberty, he boldly sought the destruction of that system, and openly and avowedly directed his chief efforts towards defying the authority and reviling the teachings of Catholicism. The fundamental tenet of his brilliant philosophy was the dogma of popular sovereignty and infallibility. He taught that the people are the absolute source of all authority on all subjects, bound by no ties of reverence for the past and owing no duty of providence to the future; to use his own words: "The People *is* God." From this impious origin sprang much of the cant and casuistry that are current to this day and even in our own country, in the perpetual exaltation of humanity, fraternity and equality. The essential postulate of this theory of social and political organization is the absolute and irresponsible sovereignty of the masses of the people, without the restraint or guidance of any superior, external criterion of truth, morals or justice. It lodges the arbitrament of all questions, sacred and secular, in the mind of the multitude, and commits the destiny of mankind to the caprice of human fancy or the vicissitudes of human reason. It involves, and at intervals has espoused, one or the other of two equally false and fatal propositions: the unlimited power of the

majority to rule upon all subjects, which is social despotism, or the unrestricted right of the individual to do as he pleases, which is anarchy, and from which there is no escape but the tyranny of a master. It is founded upon a fallacy as old as the Pythagoreans, that "man is the measure of all things"—that inasmuch as we can know nothing except as it is present to our own consciousness, there can be no standard of truth and knowledge outside the mind and opinions of men. Of course, such a creed is the complete negation of faith, whose foundation is the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" and with the loss of faith in spiritual things there must come inevitably the loss of faith in any secure or stable principle of action upon any subject whatsoever. In fact, the idea of faith is incompatible with the doctrine that the people are infallible and that private judgment is the test of truth. It may be possible to make the world a safe habitat for that kind of democracy, but no amount of academic assurance will persuade a sober reflection that such democracy can long remain a safe thing for the world.

It is worth mentioning that at the height of Rousseau's destructive teachings, the most practical man of that age, and perhaps the greatest personality in the affairs of the modern world, readily detected and unhesitatingly denounced the visionary schemes and ultimate falsities of the whole philosophy. Napoleon, despite his own offences against morality and religion, judged of the doctrines of the "ideologists," as he called them, by the light of experience and the plain facts of history. Sensing the real spirit of the radical democracy as expounded by the "intellectuals," he declared that "all the scholastic scaffolding falls, like a ruined edifice, before one single word—*Faith.*" Estimating the true services of the Church in her secular relations, he championed her potency and defended her functions as the great equilibriating force in the development of social and political institutions; he asserted that to Catholicism the world owed all its notions of stable authority and orderly discipline; that without her influence there could be no domestic life, no subordination of powers, "no respect for laws and no permanence for governments."

The ideas of the French school of reformers promulgated during the era of the Revolution gave place at a later day to the milder and more mystical theories of Auguste Comte, whose *Positive Philosophy* embodied the vague concept of *altruism,* which word he coined to express his transcendental ideal. According to

his system, sociology must be founded upon biology; a civilized community is a true organism—a "Great Being"—to which individuals are related somewhat as cells are related to an animal organism; this "Great Being" should be the object of worship by the individuals composing its cellular structure, and the result of such worship will produce those benevolent instincts and emotions which he called *altruism*. Here we have a mixture of pantheism and materialism that is a familiar conception of the Sanskrit scriptures, and has become popular in the present-day philosophy of such socialists as H. G. Wells, who seem to think that they have discovered an entirely new theory of life and morals. It is a significant fact that Comte declared that, in order to accomplish the blessings of his altruistic scheme, the social organism should be organized and its functions regulated *after the model of the Mediæval Church;* thus furnishing another testimony from a singularly acute and impartial mind, to the truth that all candid students of history are nowadays beginning to recognize and to proclaim, namely: that the age of greatest actual achievement and practical advancement towards man's true happiness on earth was the period when the Church was the dominant factor in the affairs of civilized nations.

The cumulative effects of these disintegrating and degrading influences in France, continued now for more than a century, have not succeeded in eradicating from the hearts of the common people their inherited religious and moral sense, but they have permeated the ruling and intellectual classes with the poison of atheism and a moral idiocy that is deplorable; they have converted the government into a machine of materialistic ideals, whose boast it is that it "has put out the lights of heaven" in the schools and social agencies of the Republic; they have subjected religion to a brutal ostracism and the Church to the spoliation of her physical properties and her spiritual dignities, in violation alike of justice and sound public policy. And yet, the prospect is not hopeless. The huge catastrophe of the pending War, like some desolating convulsion of nature, seems to promise a purification of many pollutions and the restoration of many sanities.

The evolution of Protestant principles in the lands where the doctrines of the Reformers were established—either by being the religion of the prince or of the majority of the population—led substantially to the same practical results as in Catholic France, but by different processes and in varying manifestations.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# EDWARD LEE GREENE.

*(ALTIORA PETIVIMUS.)*

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

HEN Edward Lee Greene died in Washington, D. C., on November 10, 1915, an influential journal of New York City said that the Catholic Church in the United States had lost its most illustrious scientist since Louis Agassiz. The organs of the scientific world did not confine their appreciation of bereavement either to the Catholic Church or to the United States. The California Academy of Sciences, with which the master botanist had been affiliated for more than forty years, wrote into the December proceedings: "The world has lost one of its leaders in systematic botany. With sublime devotion to science he gave up all he had—time, energy, what money could be spared from his frugal needs—to carrying on his work, publishing at his own expense a mass of original material to be compared in extent only with that of Asa Gray. Probably no other American botanist has published so many new species and genera, and certainly no other has made such sacrifices to carry on his work. His wide travels and rare powers of observation and discrimination, gave him a personal knowledge of more living plants than is possessed today by any other botanist." *The Midland Naturalist* of Notre Dame University in the issue of November, 1915, carried a comprehensive sketch of the great botanist, from which the following tribute is taken: "Scientific men in this country and abroad realize that in the passing of Dr. Edward Lee Greene, the world has lost one of its ablest scholars. His work was, perhaps, more respectfully received in the old world than in America. He was one of those courageous, unselfish men who allow no obstacle to stand in the way of attaining truth, whether religious or scientific. Critical research was so thoroughly a passion, that mere matters of earthly gain or temporal expedience could not tempt him from seeking the higher things." *Torreya*, a botanical journal of New York, in the November number, inserted a sheet of "In Memoriam" to the dead scholar and enumerated his contributions to botanical literature in terms of exalted praise. According to this

old and esteemed organ, "The fame of Edward Lee Greene will rest enduringly on his last publication, *Landmarks in Botanical History,* of which unfortunately but two volumes were completed at the time of his death. Easily the best classical scholar among contemporaries, he brought to this work a certain fluent and delightful style. The combination of broad scholarship and the attractive presentation of the subjects, make it difficult to speak with restraint of work which has already become a classic."

These are a few of the earliest tributes which followed the announcement of the master's death. Hundreds of others, couched in similar terms, poured in from every part of the country and from many countries when the news was universally circulated. An adequate portrait of the scientist and of the man is revealed in these excerpts. A better picture, however, may be obtained from several monographs, some published and some still in manuscript, which Dr. Greene wrote during widely separated periods of his life. One of these sketches is that exquisite bit of spiritual revelation to be read under his name in *Some Roads to Rome in America.*[1]

Another is *A Walk Through the Desert* (1870), a manuscript of absorbing interest, written after the naturalist had successfully traversed the arid zones of Arizona and New Mexico and had fraternized with the native nomad Indians, a feat never before accomplished by a white man afoot. A third is a lengthy autobiography, entitled *Botany In My Own Time;* also is still in manuscript and is the property of the University of Notre Dame.[2]

Those who have read *Some Roads to Rome* even in a casual way, will recall without effort the clarity and the fervor of Dr. Greene's story of his conversion. It would have been a painful effort at any time and under any conditions, for he was reserved and introspective and never given to confidences. In 1908-1909 he was deeply immersed in private difficulties and in arrears with his work. But an appeal had been made to his apostolic spirit, and when his consent had been obtained it was characteristic of

[1] Edited by Georgina Pell Curtis. *Some Roads to Rome in America,* pp. 187-245. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1909.

[2] These two documents will form the ground-work of an official life of Edward Lee Greene, now in course of preparation by the faculty of Notre Dame, the legatee of the renowned scholar. This material will be amplified by the enormous correspondence maintained for nearly fifty years with his colleagues here and abroad, by the resolutions passed by the learned societies to which he belonged at the time of his death and letters from distinguished friends. There will be also a sketch of his last days and extraordinarily edifying death at Providence Hospital, and the funeral ceremonies at Notre Dame, November 13, 1915.

him to set about this task with pious enthusiasm. He grilled his memory most unmercifully, he began correspondence with relatives long ago estranged, he plodded through fields of family letters and through diaries dating back to his boyhood. Six times he rewrote this chapter before his passion for scientific sequence and exactness was satisfied. In the end he produced what is accepted as one of the most remarkable documents of its kind, produced since the luminous expositions of Newman and Brownson. It is utterly devoid of polemics, and contains none of the gigantic clashings of intellectual forces which make up the story of Newman or of the renowned American convert. A simple and devout recital of how God revealed His truth, without any of the usual extraneous accessories, it is unique both in the spiritual and literary divisions of such chronicles. It was an axiom of Dr. Greene's, that any history, in order to merit the name and answer the requirements, must have its definite philosophy. In this intimate history of the progress of his soul towards the light, he reveals that the shining ray which led him to a haven at last first took the form of that love of nature and of growing things, the dominant influence of his life. He was little more than six when his mother presented him with a booklet, *Botany for Beginners,* by that well-loved writer of sixty years ago, Mrs. Lincoln-Phelps. She read with him and explained the colored illustrations of the plants, marked as to the parts by numbered arrows. Furthermore, she impressed the lesson which the author so clearly meant to convey, namely, that flowers are a gift from the kind Heavenly Father, that all nature is but a revelation of the Divine and a part of the revelation contained in the Sacred Scriptures. And his mother, from whom he inherited not only his love of nature, but his fine strong spiritual appraisements, repeated again and again that he could paint a flower, could carve one from wood, might make one from paper, but only God could make the living plant spring from the earth. Thus at the age of six this knight, who was to wage relentless battle for truth and beauty, accepted the accolade.

Edward Lee Greene, born in Hopkinton, Rhode Island, on August 20, 1843, was the son of William M. and Abby Crandall Greene, both of them descendants of pioneers who pursued the redcoats as vigorously in the eighteenth century as they had the Red Men in the seventeenth. Original settlers in Massachusetts, they had followed Roger Williams into the Providence Plantations, so thus early in their American history the progenitors of Dr.

Greene had received a slight leaven for their stern puritanism. At least two generations had been Baptists before Edward came into the world. This showed a degree of independence, since Congregationalism was the creed of the prosperous. As a child the future scientist was never attracted by his visits to the Baptist meeting house. He was in his thirteenth year when his father removed with his family first to the virgin forests about the Sangamon River in the prairie regions of Illinois, and later to Janesville, Wisconsin. And in all these years, for his consciousness awoke in his sixth year, he records but one vivid impression created by a visit to a so-called house of prayer. His grandmother took him to a Quaker meeting place, and though it seems unreasonable for a normal boy of less than six to enjoy a full hour of silence and inaction, he records that he was moved almost to tears during this ordeal and that he repeated the only prayer he knew, "Now I lay me down to sleep," at least a hundred times. Previous to this experience he tells how he loved to steal away to the deep woods and lie for hours listening to the birds and thinking, thinking. Those who knew Dr. Greene in the intimate sense, realized that he sought opportunities for silence and prayer as avidly as other men seek the excitements of pleasure. He once described to a small group of friends what he considered a perfectly happy day. He attended an early Mass and after breakfast retired to an upper chamber to write out some notes which he had been collecting for days. This engaged him until long past noon. He prepared his meal and then, feeling a little fatigued, sat at his piano and for two hours played Beethoven and Grieg until he was as refreshed as if from an icy bath. He then read an hour or so something light and entertaining, then something heavy and edifying—his well-thumbed Greek Testament and his favorite edition of the Psalms. It was now evening and the month was May. So he returned to the church in time for Benediction. Supper and another attack on his writing followed. At ten he found his task completed and prepared for rest. "And throughout the day," he explained fervently, "not a human being came to my door, and to and from the church I met no one with whom I had to exchange a syllable."

In the years spent at Janesville the future master places two milestones along the road which finally led him to Rome and to supremacy in the field of natural science. Near his home in the suburbs of the flourishing railroad town were many Norse and Swedish artisans and small farmers. Working as laborers on the

new roads and municipal buildings were many Irish, rude visaged and rough-handed but full of mirth and energy. Consumed by a desire for learning, the young naturalist was soon friendly with all. From the Celts he learned the beauty of ritualism in religion. To quote his own words, " the beauty and sweetness of that cycle of feasts and fasts which make up the Christian year " were first revealed to him by an humble Irishwoman coming from the services on Holy Saturday. She paused in what must have been a busy time to explain what Holy Thursday and Good Friday and Holy Saturday meant, and what Easter day should mean to all Christians. From the Norse and Swedes he gained his first taste of the joy of mastering an alien tongue. During this same period he fell under the direct influence of that esteemed Swedish botanist, Knure Ludwig Theodore Kumlein. His studies in nature were hereafter directed by a trained scientist. Kumlein, like Linnæus, had been a student at Upsala and he was a man of broad scholarship. His most renowned pupil, Edward Lee Greene, in one of the most famous of the forty volumes of profound erudition left as a legacy to the scientific world, pays his master a well-deserved tribute.[3]

Having completed his elementary education at the excellent rural school of Janesville, the young student journeyed to Albion, Wisconsin, in the autumn of 1860, and matriculated in the college of the same name which was established there. He was absorbed in his studies when the academic calm was harshly shattered by the nation-wide call to arms. His disappointment, nay grief, may be imagined, but it was not his nature to permit private desires to interfere with solemn duties. He put aside his well-thumbed books, all but one, a textbook of field work in botany, and this he packed in his knapsack and went forth as a private in the Sixty-third Regiment of Wisconsin. Every moment he could steal from the military routine was spent in collecting and preserving specimens, and every penny he could spare from his urgent needs went in payment for copying botanical notes and dispatching them with the specimens home for safe keeping. A memorable vision rises of this noble looking young soldier, keeping his soul unsullied in the rampant vice of war, pursuing his studies regularly and calmly as though he were still at his desk at college—at all times holding aloof from the riot of camps. So unceasingly did he pursue his studies that after the peace of Appomattox he appeared before the

[3] E. L. Greene. *Pittonia*, i., pp. 256-260. San Francisco, 1889.

faculty at Albion and proved that he had kept apace with his class. In the autumn of 1865 he was again admitted to the college, and in June, 1866, received the coveted Bachelor's degree. For the next four years he studied privately and taught at irregular intervals in rural schools about his home.

*Wanderlust* was, perhaps, a legacy of the soldier days, for after 1870 the botanist seems restless. He entered Jarvis College, Denver, and after a year's course received the degree of Ph.D. He pursued his studies with consuming zeal and had commenced to publish results as leaflets of botanical observations. All the time he was oppressed by a sense of spiritual insecurity. Soon after returning from the war he had realized that his soul craved stronger food than his parents' creed offered. He quietly sought baptism from an Episcopalian minister, for at this time, he confesses, he had convinced himself that the heritage of faith left by Christ with the Apostles was either in the custody of the Church of Rome or of England. He had left his home in Wisconsin in order to make his choice more dispassionately among strangers. To join either would be a grief and a disappointment to those to whom he felt most indebted, and he needed time and a wide physical separation to prepare them for the blow. It was during this interval of acute suspense that the scholar took his famous walk through the desert. If this remarkable piece of writing shows deep spiritual feeling, it portrays in every line as profound spiritual unrest. It is a document of extraordinary interest and value, in that it is one of the earliest specimens of Dr. Greene's sustained writings now extant, and because though written in his twenty-seventh year it foreshadows those powers of observation and discrimination which have lifted him into a class apart among modern scholars. It betokens also that a genius for plant classification may be united to a genius for scholarship and for philology.

After a year of silent commune, without consulting anyone or seeking light on any of the problems which blocked his way, Dr. Greene admits that his choice of the Episcopalian faith was a compromise. It would wound his friends and kindred less if he entered the Church of England than if he went over to Rome. Having acquiesced in the suggestion of Bishop Randall of Colorado, that he enter the ministry, he began his theological studies. On their completion he asked for rural charges, in order that the care of souls might be lightened by the pursuit of botanical studies. For the next ten years he is outwardly a contented shepherd in the

Episcopalian fold, at the same time striding towards national fame in the domain of natural science. He had been taught—quite naturally—since his first trained master was a Swede, that all modern systematic botany began, if it did not end, in Linnæus. That others before the era of the mighty Carolus had achieved anything worthy or significant, was not admitted in the circle which held intellectual sway in the West and Middle West in the seventies and eighties of the nineteenth century. Edward Lee Greene now bears the title of father of systematic botany in the United States. He was a mere stripling, barely familiar with the mechanical side of his profession, when he joined voice with some older and more thoughtful botanists than had penetrated the West in declaring the classes and orders of Linnæus to be no longer adequate and that, with the modern systematic botanist, they must fall into disuse. His researches led him to this truth—that claims which ardent disciples of the learned Swede made in his behalf, Linnæus had repudiated early in his career. It was Dr. Greene's first recognition of the tremendous conspiracy against truth: to magnify and proclaim to the world all things accomplished by the reformed religions; to suppress those emanating from the ancient Faith. He felt religious and scientific foundations alike were shaken. His course of reading then took up the schisms which followed Luther, and he studied in the original languages all that related to the course of the Reformation in England, the North countries, France and Switzerland. One day when he had just completed a service in St. Mark's Church at Berkeley, California, as he laid aside his vestments, he realized that never again could he wear them or appear before his congregation as a spiritual guide. From earliest childhood, Dr. Greene had always avoided personal influence on the crises of his life. All his battles, spiritual and intellectual, were fought alone. From reading, meditation and prayer he had become convinced that the Roman Catholic Church alone was the custodian of the Apostolic legacy left by the Divine Saviour. He had applied scientific methods to the solving of theological problems. As a result, he asked the parish priest adjacent to his rectory to receive him into the Catholic Church and prepare him for his first Holy Communion. He officiated as an Episcopalian minister for the last time on the Feast of All Saints, 1884. On February 5, 1885, he was received into the Church of God, as he reverently writes, the true home of every soul seeking truth and beauty. He was now in his forty-third year, too old he feared to change all

the habits of his life and enter the priesthood, but in full prime to continue his battles for scientific truth.

Dr. Greene was now without question the most distinguished botanist of the Pacific coast, and the University of California eagerly sought to place him in its faculty of natural sciences. He had, in 1883, founded the botanical journal, *Erythea,* and his work on systematic botany revealed in its pages attracted the attention of the scientific world. Not altogether in terms of praise, for he had begun his thundering blows on the Linnæan superstructure, and even at that remote period many botanists, fearing to engage him in controversial battle, sneeringly alluded to him as brilliant, but erratic and unorthodox. He proved, bringing the testimony of Linnæus himself to support the argument, that the learned Swede was not the founder of modern scientific botany; that the honor belonged to a pious Italian physician and university professor, Cæsalpino, who had written one hundred and twenty-four years previously. He showed, by Linnæus' admission, that on the Cæsalpinian foundation, namely, that in the fruit and seed of plants is to be found the key of their affinities, he had erected his system. On this granite principle, Dr. Greene contended, rested securely the edifice of all later botanical geniuses. About this time he began the publication of one of his most illustrious works, *Pittonia,* in five volumes. He became editor of and wrote voluminously in *Flora Franciscana.* He wrote the *Flora of San Francisco Bay,* and that exquisite book, one of his classics, *Some West American Oaks,* all the time issuing volume after volume of botanical observations. He published in detail the results of his summer expeditions in the Rocky Mountain regions, where he mastered every growing plant and won recognition as the greatest living authority on the flora of that region. This knowledge he afterwards put to most useful purpose in the Agricultural Department at the National Capital.

Dr. Greene's genius shines forth most resplendently in the work he accomplished in the reform of botanical nomenclature. He was made chairman of an international commission looking to this end in 1894, and in Europe, among other proud distinctions, he was known as the father of the neo-American school of nomenclature. Yet after more than thirty years of earnest effort, he sorrowfully admitted before his death that to attempt such reform by legislation was building a house upon sand. His stern and uncompromising attitude in seeking good Latin names for new species,

at least had the effect of discouraging the prevalent American habit, characterized by calling a beautiful flower discovered in the great National Park, *Yellowstoniensis*. It is his distinct triumph, and throws a clear light on his phenomenal talents, that he discovered and published more than five thousand new species to which he gave sonorous classic Latin names. Latin, such as Cicero and Horace used, yet luminously descriptive in every essential of the plant named. No one can look upon a bed of those sprightly blossoms which he discovered and called *viola læte virens* without a reverent appreciation of the master's genius. Other names given in the *viola* family, equally felicitous, are *latiuscula, prionosepala septentrionalis* and *nephrophylla*. There are scores of others given to the *delphinium, ranunculus, senecio, rosa* and *antennaria* which he discovered, which have compelled the admiration of the scientific world. A plant made known by him in his early years in the far West is the *eschscholtzia*, the California poppy. It lifts a golden cup in millions of gardens today, and for those who know it is one of the enduring monuments to the memory of this gentle naturalist.

During this time Dr. Greene was making notable excursions into the domain of philology. Next to dissecting and classifying a plant, his keenest intellectual pleasure came from dissecting a word. Though he frequently mastered a language through pure love of study, much of his work in this line was in behalf of scientific truth. So conscientious was this scholar that he would not introduce an authority into his works, unless he had read in the original what the writer had meant to convey. He learned many a language simply to verify an important quotation. His private correspondence shows the fluent use of fourteen languages, and his books prove he had a working knowledge of as many others. It is small wonder that a learned botanist of Turin, Italy, wrote sorrowfully after death had claimed this master, that the last great American scholar was gone and no others would reach his heights, since no others, in the breathless haste of the age, would perpetuate his methods.

It was the Rev. John A. Zahm, retired provincial of the Holy Cross Order, who brought this renowned scholar before the Catholic public. In 1894 the University of Notre Dame conferred on Edward Lee Greene the honorary degree of LL.D. Dr. Zahm also directed the attention of Bishop John J. Keane, then rector of the Catholic University of America, at Washington, D. C., towards the brilliant convert as a notable man for his faculty of philosophy.

Dr. Greene left Berkeley in 1895 and became professor of botany at the Papal seat of learning. He retained this position until 1904. This period of his life was neither fruitful nor entirely happy. Primarily this lassitude and discontent may be explained by the difference in the point of view between the East and the West. In the East the *Zeitgeist* was not working for him; in the West it strove unceasingly for his fame. Even in the spiritual sense he felt isolated, and the poignant words of the Psalmist were often on his lips as they had been on Newman's: *"Obliviscere populum tuum et domum patris tui."* It is possible, however, that if the clear light which the present sheds upon the past could in those nine years, from 1895-1904, have been thrown upon the future, events might have transpired differently. Genius has many times before passed by unrecognized and neglected. There are many who have mourned that the eminent botanist ever left Berkeley where his future was assured and his old age would be protected. But Dr. Greene never voiced these sentiments. He was always grateful for the larger opportunity which a residence in the National Capital meant. If he suffered poverty, disappointment, misrepresentation, his was a strong soul, uplifted above mere physical privation or the lack of human consolations. In a book of piety which he used habitually may be read, in his firm characteristic writing, that perfect line from *Paradiso, "In la sua volontade è nostra pace."*

The next ten years Dr. Greene, as an Associate in the Smithsonian Institution, devoted to what he hoped would round out his life work, the history of botanists of supreme achievements, and which he called *Landmarks in Botanical History.* In the domain of historical botany he stands preëminent. He had gathered material for six volumes and had looked confidently forward, since he came of a race of octogenarians, to passing his declining years collating his mellow knowledge. Only one of this series was actually published and he left in manuscript material for the second volume, now in the course of preparation for printing at the Smithsonian Institution. These ten years were sadly marked by trials of every variety, pecuniary reverses and continued ill health, which encroached on his work and for long periods rendered any exertion impossible. Yet he wrote in this trying time that superb volume of his *Landmarks* which challenges the admiration of the world. If these years had produced nothing more than the history of the proto-botanist, Theophrastus, the scientific world would be forever in his debt. He placed the early naturalist for the first time in his

rightful place in the domain of natural science, and gave for the first time correctly the year of his birth and the extent of his studies under Plato and Aristotle. To eke out his slender income, Dr. Greene at this time accepted a position with the Department of Agriculture, where his inexhaustible knowledge of the flora of the Rocky Mountains was of practical value to cattlemen and farmers.

But his health continued to decline. His means, always modest, had been expended in publishing his discoveries and in works of charity. At this lowest ebb of his fortunes, his first friends east of the Rocky Mountains, the Fathers at Notre Dame University, offered him a post in an advisory capacity in the Graduate School and purchased his splendid herbarium and library at a generous sum. Those who realize how sorely the great scholar needed a home and tender care at this time, rejoice that in this library and herbarium the noble-hearted faculty of Notre Dame will have an unceasing asset to the fame and activities of their seat of learning. Already a procession of botanical students visit Notre Dame, because Dr. Greene's specimens and appended notes must be consulted before progress in certain directions is possible.

When the revered master reached his seventieth birthday, on August 20, 1913, scientists and scholars in general throughout the country united in honoring the event. He was guest of honor at a banquet, unique in the annals of the national botanical and biological societies. After many notable addresses, all of which have fortunately been preserved, the venerable scholar was presented with something he had long craved but could not spare the money to purchase. This was a bookmark, and it bore the motto, "*altiora petivimus*"—we have striven for the higher—which was so conspicuously the ideal of his life. The fine engraving showed a bank where a book and staff were lying, and above stood frowning heights fringed with oak and pine trees. This bookmark is a true epitome of the life of Edward Lee Greene. He sought the heights, and those who essay this are lonely. A celibate and an ascetic, he was without home, family—all the rewards which men commonly hold dear. Like unto St. Francis, he was the disciple of Holy Poverty. Gold and fame offered nothing, unless they could be obtained through rigid moral and intellectual integrity. In his private papers were found many touching instances of his charity towards friends in distress, and especially towards young students struggling against an adverse tide. In his library, in French, German, Italian and Spanish, in Latin and in Greek, were

found books known only to pietists, rarely seen now-a-days except in ancient monasteries, and certainly phenomenal in the collection of a lay scientist. Work and prayer made up his day. Music, which he passionately loved, was a rare enjoyment, and visits to his friends were counted luxuries to be indulged only when all sterner duties had been accomplished. He sought only the higher things. From his youth upward he had pursued his quest with courage and with perseverance, and he found truth at last in what he so tenderly described as the infallible and revealed Word of God. He sought beauty, and in the end he received the badge of knighthood from the holy and consecrated hands of the great loving mother, the Roman Catholic Church.

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## A BALLAD OF FRANCE.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

Ye who heed a nation's call
And speed to arms therefor,
Ye who fear your children's march
To perils of the war:
Soldiers of the trench and camp
And mothers of our men
Hearken to a tale of France
And tell it oft again.

In the east of France, by the roads of war,
(God save us evermore from Mars and Thor!)
Up and down the fair land iron armies came,
(Pity, Jesu, all who fell, calling Thy name).

Pleasant all the fields were round every town,
Garden airs went sweetly up, heaven smiled down,
Till under leaden hail with flaming breath,
Graves and ashen harvest were the keep of death.

One little town stood, white on a hill,
Chapel and hostel gates, farms and windmill;
Chapel and countryside met the gunner's path,
Not a blade of kindly grass hid from his wrath.

Lo! when the terrain cleared out of murky air,
When 'mid the ruins stalked death and despair,
One Figure stood erect, bright with the day,
Christ the Crucified, though His Cross was shot away.

Flame and shot tore away all the tender wood,
Yet with arms uplifted Christ His figure stood;
Out reached the blessing hands, meek bowed the head,
Christ! the saving solace o'er the waste of dead.

France tells the story; may we learn it well,
Christ His figure stands against all gates of hell;
Flame and shot may rive the fortress walls apart,
Christ the Crucified will heal the breaking heart.

Wear Him day and night, wherever be the war,
(God save us evermore from Mars and Thor!)
Flag and heart that keep Him fear not shot and flame,
(Strengthen, Jesu, all who stand, calling Thy name).

Ye who guard a nation's call
  And speed to arms therefor,
Ye who pray for brave lads gone
  To perils of the war,—
Soldiers of the fleet and fort
  And mothers of our men,
In the shadow of the Cross
  Shall we find peace again.

# CENTENARY OF THE SOCIETY OF MARY.

BY JOHN E. GARVIN, S.M.

"The Sodality known as that of Bordeaux, by its marvelous system of labors, called forth a Christian revival, first in the environs of Bordeaux, and then in several other provinces. *It was in fact a veritable seminary for the reconstitution of Catholic France;* in its bosom and under the pressure of new conditions, there formed and ripened, little by little, under the influence and the auspices of the Immaculate Virgin, the elements of two Religious Institutes which came successively into being, first that of the Daughters of Mary, and afterwards your own Society of the Brothers of Mary."[1] (Rome, March 7, 1917.)

THIS is an epoch of centenaries. We are still within the first century of the reorganization of Europe after the wars of Napoleon. The Old World seemed to have awakened to a new life at the dawn of the nineteenth century. It was a rather rude and noisy awakening, indeed, but it was not without great hope and greater promise. Men began to look forward to newer and better things, as if the future contained all that was great, and as if the greatest of that future were reserved to them.

Nor were they all mistaken. They lived to see a wonderful development, and before the hundred years had gone by, their own children had almost forgotten the remarkable progress of the first part of the century, in their astonishment at the wonderful triumphs that followed fast upon one another at its close. Many of us can still remember the supreme satisfaction, even the lofty self-sufficiency, with which men spoke of the great nineteenth century and its marvelous achievements, making the very expression "nineteenth century" almost a synonym for human triumph, the "last word" in the vocabulary of invention and discovery, the acme of modern enlightenment, final, once for all and forever—until the young twentieth century came on with the usual ignorant assertiveness of youth, and impudently assumed that real progress and improvement had only begun with its own birth.

It is ever thus. Each age looks smaller to the succeeding age. We of the twentieth century can afford to smile patronizingly over

[1]Extract from a letter of His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV. to the Superior-General of the Society of Mary, in commemoration of the First Centenary of the Society.

what our fathers gloried in noisily and celebrated solemnly. But the beginning of the nineteenth century was confessedly an exceptional time, an epoch of great opportunities, coming, as it did, immediately after the greatest political cataclysm in the history of the world—the French Revolution. It was an era of great men in all departments of life; in war, in government, in science, in education, and in material progress of every kind. It was also the period of the revival of the Catholic religion in France, the very centre of the great upheaval of the previous century, and this movement brought forth great leaders in the Church. But the great leaders of religious movements are no longer all-pervading and world-conquering. Religion is too intimate, too intense, too personal, in its very nature, and its most effective exponents are at best only a little more than local. Material progress may improve whole nations at once, martial glory may fire a world, and the fame of its heroes may encircle the globe, while the spiritual conquests of religion are noiseless, and its apostles are soon forgotten in human history.

Such an apostle was Father William Joseph Chaminade of Bordeaux. His name is less known than it deserves to be. He was the apostle of the revival of religion in Bordeaux, at the opening of the nineteenth century. For nearly fifty years his name was connected with every work of zeal and religion in the city. Said Cardinal Donnet, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, to the Brothers of Mary sixty years later: "We do not know your venerated Founder well enough; we do not appreciate the extent of his work; but I have made a careful study of the religious history of my archdiocese, and I can attest the wonderful activity of Father Chaminade. Trace the origin of any work of piety, any work of charity or of education undertaken in Bordeaux, and there at the very head you will find the name of Father Chaminade."

William-Joseph Chaminade was born in 1761 in Perigueux, a city about eighty miles northeast of Bordeaux. He studied in Bordeaux and at St. Sulpice in Paris, and was ordained priest in 1784. For six years he was engaged in the education of youth at a college in Mussidan, near Bordeaux. Upon the outbreak of the Revolution the college was suppressed, and Father Chaminade removed to Bordeaux. For four years of the Reign of Terror in that city, he remained in defiance of the Revolutionary agents, serving the faithful and exercising a contraband ministry throughout the territory. A few months of illusive peace and toleration brought him forth to the public ministrations of religion, but the persecution

broke out suddenly again, and took him unawares. He was arrested, condemned to exile, and conducted to the frontier of Spain. He chose the city of Saragossa as his refuge, and for three years, from 1797 to 1800, he devoted himself to the special study of the history of the Church and of the rules of religious institutes. He had always been distinguished for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and it was in the famous shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar, in Saragossa, that he received the first intimations of his future work. This blessed sanctuary was to him a Mount Sinai; it was here that he heard the voice of God more clearly. He always considered it a revelation. He felt himself called to the work of restoring religion in France by means of devotion to Mary, and by the founding of a religious institute dedicated to her special service.

What Manresa was to Ignatius of Loyola, such was Saragossa to Father Chaminade. Henceforth there was something so definite in his plans, so determined in his aims, that there is little doubt of his having received some extraordinary grace, if not a supernatural revelation, at the shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar.

Immediately upon his return to Bordeaux, early in 1800, he set himself to the work of evangelization. However, for a few years, the work of reorganization and reconstruction in Church affairs was forced upon him, and divided his time. His heroic service in Bordeaux for seven years, during the Revolution and the Reign of Terror, his learning, his zeal, his wisdom, as displayed at Saragossa, had singled him out for distinction and promotion. He was appointed Administrator of the diocese of Bazas, near Bordeaux and Grand Penetentiary of the Archdiocese of Bordeaux, heading the commission for the reconciliation of those priests who had taken the schismatical oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy.

He lent himself to these duties until he could be relieved. High honors could easily have been his for the mere waiting. He was to have been nominated bishop, but he begged to be allowed to devote himself to his chosen work of apostolate among youth. The Court of Rome was pleased to acknowledge his valuable services during the Revolution and in the work of reconstruction, by granting him several titles and privileges. Father Chaminade accepted only the title of Missionary Apostolic; as to the other favors and honors, he neglected them, and never even presented to the archbishop for his ratification the Pontifical rescript in which they were granted. The title of Missionary Apostolic accorded well with his vocation. The Archbishop of Bordeaux insisted on naming him a

canon of his Cathedral, and then, as a token of appreciation of his work, gave him the chapel of the Madeleine, in the centre of the city, as his special charge, and as the seat of the Sodality of Bordeaux.

Father Chaminade began the work of his apostolate at once. He had already decided that his best endeavors would be among the youth of the city. From the very beginning he had noticed in particular two young men who were assiduous in their attendance at the services. He invited them to his room next to the chapel; he introduced them to each other; he encouraged them in their spiritual dispositions, and exhorted them to bring, each one of them, another young man to the next service. They did so, and these four were encouraged to bring four more. Eight young men attended the next meeting, and thus the good work grew by increasing ratio, but solidly and surely. Within two months there were more than a hundred regular attendants. This was the beginning of the famous Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in Bordeaux. It antedated the Sodality of Paris, outnumbered it, and also surpassed it in the wisdom of its management, as later history abundantly testifies.

The Sodality was the master work of Father Chaminade. The rest of his life for fifty years was devoted to the furtherance of its success. It was his all in all. Historians of that epoch have ranked the Sodality of Bordeaux as one of the greatest factors in the religious revival in the southwest of France. Father Chaminade aspired to establish a sort of perpetual mission, and to make each sodalist an apostle, and in a great degree he succeeded. It is simply astounding to read the record of its activity in every field of endeavor where religion could be served.

From the very beginning the Sodality was a nursery for religious vocations. Every new convent in Southwest France, every reviving religious order in and around Bordeaux, counted on support from the Sodality, and many a time Father Chaminade found himself obliged to train new officials because he had lost the others to the religious life. He encouraged this advancement, even though it caused him great embarrassment. His loss was the other's gain. "We are playing the game 'who loses wins,'" he once remarked, when he was informed that a number of his most brilliant sodalists had gone to the seminary and to the convents.

Two of his young men expressed a desire to devote themselves to teaching poor children. Immediately he sent to Toulouse for a book of rules of the Christian Brothers, and trained the two as-

pirants to the religious life until a novice-master could be obtained from the Brothers. He then installed the new novitiate in his villa on the outskirts of Bordeaux, where it remained for ten years—the first novitiate of the Christian Brothers in France after the Revolution. When the Archbishop of Bordeaux reopened his seminary in 1804, the director, the entire staff of professors, and all the first students were drawn from the Sodality.

The Daughters of Mercy, an institute with the same mission as the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, were founded by Father Chaminade, with the help of the president of the Young Ladies' Sodality, Madamoiselle Thérèse de Lamourous. She recruited her associates from the ranks of the Sodality, organized the society, and became its first superior. The success of this wonderful woman was remarkable. All Bordeaux revered her as a saint, and admired her as a consummate administrator. Miracles were worked by her, and when the archbishop was informed of several marvelous occurences, he said: "I am not at all surprised; indeed I should rather be astonished if Mother Thérèse did *not* work miracles." She died in 1836. Her life has been written three times, and the process of her beatification has been introduced at Rome.

It would be endless to follow the labors of the Sodality in all their ramifications. The Orphanage of Bordeaux was opened and operated by the Sodality; the Library of Good Books was instituted at the Madeleine, and exists in a flourishing condition even to the present day; the association for visiting prisoners was organized; the Students' Club was founded; the "Ladies of the Retreat" and the "Association of the Fathers of Families" were branches of the Sodality; the Bakers' Guild was organized under the patronage of the Sodality as early as 1802, and remained under the same care for many years. Several bishops and archbishops of France issued from the ranks of the Sodality. But even the humblest of the fold of Christ were not forgotten in the all-embracing zeal of Father Chaminade. From seminarian to chimney-sweep is a far cry, but it was an easy passage for the Sodality. A Chimney-sweeps' Circle was organized, and could boast as its first promoter and patron the saintly Adolphe Dupuch, later Archbishop of Algiers.

The Sodality served as a sort of a reservoir which gathered the waters and held them in reserve, and the Madeleine was a sort of spiritual power-house which radiated zeal and apostolic spirit to all parts of the diocese. And yet it was all done without ostentation, in the true spirit of Christ and the Church. There was none

of the visionary dreaming of world-planning and world-reforming that never effects its brilliant conquests. That was not like Father Chaminade. There was nothing romantic about him, except the very career he carved out as we see it today. But while he lived, he went from day's work to day's work with a simplicity that was almost commonplace, doing the good work that lay before him at hand, and going on to the next; not waiting for opportunity, but going out to make it. He was not a man to bewail the past; he was too practical a man for that, and he set himself to improve the present and secure the future. There has lately been popularized a little ditty, "Brighten the corner where you are." It is only a new form of an old advice. It was not Father Chaminade's rhyme but it was his life-long rule. He brightened the lives of thousands in Bordeaux, through the agency of his intimate association, and the all-pervading encouragement and activity of his Sodalists applied to the many needs of their own vicinity.

No one but a man like Father Chaminade could ever have gained so great an ascendency over the minds and hearts of his followers, and he employed the simple means of personal solicitation. We have seen that he started his Sodality by personal appeals. He had faith in the power of man over his fellow-man. He felt the importance and the necessity of his work of spreading Christianity, but he also felt that others could do the work as well as himself. He was able to inspire others, and to make them coöperate, and pass the inspiration on to others.

Truth comes indeed in the first place from on high; from Mt. Sinai, from the Sermon on the Mount, from the Cenacle window, or from the Vatican Hill, but the good news is spread as the first Gospel has always been spread—by personal solicitation. The lay apostolate was not invented by Father Chaminade; it was the working principle of the Church, and he used it with remarkable success in his efforts to "multiply Christians."

Next to personal interest and endeavor, the work of the Sodality was marked by a spirit of equality. This was a bold innovation for the times, but Father Chaminade was a born leader, and, like all leaders, was such from the very fact that he knew the times, and could read the signs better than most men. Caste and rank had been the bane of the old sodalities before the Revolution, but Father Chaminade would have none of them. It is true he made provision in his organization for separating the various classes of society, but he knew his sodalists, and he was gratified to see that

these artificial divisions were beautifully disregarded from the very beginning. In the Sodality meetings of Bordeaux the wine merchant was enrolled with his cooper, the ship-owner sat with the stevedore, the banker with his clerk, the landed proprietor with his tailor, the professor with the students. In later years, on the restoration of the monarchy, there were some mild protests and it was suggested that such promiscuous intermingling was impossible, but he retorted with equal mildness that the reasoning was good enough in theory but entirely too late in practice; that fifteen years ago he might have been convinced, but that for the last fifteen years they had been doing themselves the very thing they now declared impossible.

Little by little, a special band of lieutenants gathered around Father Chaminade, and managed the various activities of the Sodality. This select company he called his "staff," and he began to train them in a more careful manner to the fuller spiritual life. This was the origin of the Society of the Brothers of Mary.

The most brilliant, energetic and influential member of the staff was a young man of twenty-two, John Baptist Lalanne. He had studied medicine, and was in practice at the General Hospital of Bordeaux. He went to Paris to take a special course at the College of Medicine, but feeling an attraction to the priesthood, he attended a private college, which in a few years became the College Stanislas, and was incorporated into the University of France. Forty years later, by a singular train of events, he was called to assume the direction of the same college, where he remained fifteen years, from 1855 to 1870, reflecting great honor on the Society of Mary, and making Stanislas the foremost college in France. This was the man whom Father Chaminade had always regarded as a chosen soul, elected and predestined to great things, and in fact John Baptist Lalanne was to become the corner-stone of the new Society of Mary, the favorite disciple of the founder, one of the greatest teachers in France, a national authority on educational questions, and an honor to the Catholic Church and to his native land.

On May 1, 1817, John Lalanne, then in his twenty-second year, called upon Father Chaminade with a most important message. He said he had come to offer himself entirely, unreservedly, and at once, to his beloved spiritual director, to be used in the realization of the pious designs of the Sodality. Father Chaminade wept with joy, and exclaimed: "God be praised! This is just what I expected

long ago. God has made His holy will known to me. The time has come at last to put into execution a plan which I have been revolving in my mind for twenty years; a plan which God Himself revealed to me!"

This momentous interview really marked the beginning of the Society of Mary. Several other members of the Sodality staff spoke to Father Chaminade in the same strain. Arrangements and final dispositions were made during the summer, and on Thursday, the second of October, 1817, the feast of the Holy Guardian Angels, at the closing of a week's preparatory retreat, seven of the young men of the staff declared publicly and formally to their director that they placed themselves at his disposal, chose him for their religious superior, and at the same time begged the privilege of sealing their promise by the three vows of religion. This was the birthday of the Society of Mary. The seven original members represented the various classes of society. Two were students for the priesthood, one was a college professor, two were engaged in business, and two were coopers. Thus, from the very beginning, the Society of Mary embodied in its membership both priests and Brothers and men of various degrees of education and training.

The education of youth was chosen as the special mission of the new Society. Its membership increased steadily, and its sphere of influence widened in proportion. Father Chaminade continued to govern the Society until his death in 1850. He was in the eighty-ninth year of his age and had governed the society thirty-three years. He left behind him a universal reputation for sanctity. His body lies in the Carthusian cemetery in Bordeaux. A majestic monument crowned by a statue of the Immaculate Conception marks his grave. The people of Bordeaux began to visit the tomb, and the practice has never stopped. They bring flowers, they kneel in prayer, they hang *ex-votos* on the railing that encloses the monument. Again and again these thank-offerings have been swept away—by reverent hands indeed, but guided by wiser heads who do not dare to anticipate the verdict of the Church. The cause of the beatification of Father Chaminade has been introduced at Rome. The Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites have approved the favorable report of the commission appointed to examine his writings. Another commission has been appointed to examine the records and testimonies of his life.

At the death of Father Chaminade, the Society of Mary numbered five hundred and seventy members, with establishments in

France and Switzerland. The first mission of the Brothers of Mary in the United States was sent out in 1849, a year before the death of the founder. The first establishment was made at Dayton, Ohio, and St. Mary College still remains the largest and most important establishment of the Brothers of Mary in America. In 1908 a second centre was established near St. Louis, Missouri. Today the Society in the two American provinces numbers five hundred and twenty members, in sixty establishments, colleges, high schools and parish schools.

His Holiness, Benedict XV., has graciously honored the centenary of the Society by a letter of praise, in which he reviews the history and labors of the Brothers in the various countries of the world, and grants special spiritual favors and privileges during the commemoration. The celebration of the centenary will be threefold. The first took place simultaneously after the yearly general retreats during the summer vacation at Dayton, Ohio, and Clayton, Missouri. All the Brothers of the two provinces were assembled, and participated in a home-coming week. The pastors of the various churches employing the Brothers in their parish schools, were invited to these celebrations.

The second ceremony will take place on the second of October, at the Mt. St. John Normal School, the new central house of the Eastern province, near Dayton, Ohio. His Grace Monsignor John Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate, will preside. The final celebration will be held at St. Mary College, Dayton, on December 11th, and will be an occasion for the reunion of all the old pupils of the Brothers from every part of the country. Cardinal Gibbons will honor the festivity with his presence.

The celebration of the hundredth year of their foundation ought to be an occasion of special interest to the thousands of men in all parts of the United States who have received their early training in the schools of the Brothers of Mary. Both religion and education owe much to the work of these skillful and zealous teachers. Conformably with the injunctions and the practice of its venerated founder, the Society of Mary has suited its apostolate to the most pressing needs of the times—the parish schools—and the task of answering the frequent and urgent appeals of the bishops and parish priests has absorbed the greater part of the resources and the personnel of the society up to the present day.

In spite of most tempting offers of less fatiguing and, humanly speaking, more congenial work in establishments of more

enduring kind which they could call their own, and where they would not be dependent on those uncertain and unsettled conditions which result from a succession of pastors with changing policies and varying personal predilections, the Society has deliberately intensified upon the parish school work. But if the field of the Society's chosen work has remained elementary and academic to a great degree, the professional equipment and standing of its teachers has always been exceptionally high. The Society trains all its members for elementary work by a full course of normal school pedagogy and practice, but it also prepares them for academic, college and university work. It spares no pains and no expense in special training. Year after year members are sent to study in the universities of Europe, and after their long course have often been placed in charge of parish schools or academic establishments.

This devotion to parish schools has its drawbacks. The parish school teachers are fighting in the open field; they are not intrenched behind college walls of their own erection, and this circumstance accounts to a great extent for the shifting nature of their establishments. The tenure is rather precarious, and sometimes depends upon circumstances which are positively humiliating, and arises from causes which are absolutely disheartening. This periodic shifting of bases, this spasmodic giving-up and accepting, may have marked the parochial establishments of the Brothers of Mary with a note of inconstancy and instability, but there is a consoling compensation in this continued and preponderant devotion to parish schools in preference to more durable and more amenable establishments. The Society of Mary considers the best teachers procurable as never too good for the parish school classes in which the definite turn is imparted to the young Catholic mind, and upon which the colleges must in turn count for their support and replenishment.

From the humble parish school of sixty years ago up to the more advanced institutions of today, the work of the Brothers of Mary has been uniformly uplifting and broadening. Undismayed by poverty, and undiscouraged by misplaced economy, the Brothers worked with what they had or could get, until they could command something better fitted for education. Material equipment and resources might have lagged behind the requisite, and even behind the indispensable, when it was not theirs to furnish, but educational preparedness and religious devotedness never failed.

The zeal of the parochial clergy and the generosity of the Catholic laity have been constantly growing with the reputation and

efficiency of the Catholic parochial schools. Excellent schools are being built, in old parishes as well as new, schools which are in startling contrast to what used to satisfy an earlier generation, and which are a marvel even to the most progressive and exacting educators. After years of patient and faithful work under difficulties, the Brothers of Mary are sharing in the welcome expansion and improvement to which they have long and generously contributed.

The Brothers have worked long and generously, indeed, and silently as well—perhaps only too silently, which may have been a reason for their having to work so much more generously. It was a question of self-help or no help at all. They have earned all they possess and a great deal more than they would ever dare to claim. No great benefactions mark their establishments. No names of benefactors are emblazoned on the entablatures of monumental institutions, for there are neither entablatures nor monuments on which to parade them. The only monuments they ever attempt are moral and educational foundations. The chosen field of the Brothers brings them in contact only with pupils of immature age; the finishing touches are left to others and these touches are often effective, successful and productive in more senses than one.

The Brotherhood has remained true to the spirit of their venerated founder, a spirit of humility, silence and obscurity. Historians who write of Bordeaux in the nineteenth century have remarked that there is almost a conspiracy of silence about the life and works of Father Chaminade. Such a consummation may have been to his liking. It may be objected that the present laudation of his humility, his silence, and his obscurity threatens to break the charm and lose the merit of a hundred years. Silence boasted is silence broken; humility heralded is humility lost; obscurity revealed is publicity courted.

True indeed for ourselves, but not for one for whom his spiritual children have been encouraged to solicit even the honors of the altar. There is a time for silence and a time for speech, and just as the obscurity and silence of Father Chaminade during his life redounded to the glory of God and the honor of the Church, so likewise will his exaltation at this period, in the commemoration of the centenary of the Society of Mary, again redound to the honor and glory of religion.

A centenary marks an epoch in the history of any institution that lives to celebrate it, and history is, in essence, a study of the past with the ultimate intention of improving the present and pre-

paring for the future. If in the study of the past we find the key to the correct understanding of the future, then the record of the Brothers of Mary is an encouraging history. There have been the usual varying fortunes and the inevitable vicissitudes that accompany every undertaking, however blessed and select, in which the work of man is essentially in evidence. Problems have been met and solved as they presented themselves; pressing wants have been supplied in the educational field; the school system adopted by the Society of Mary is based upon the needs of human life and not reared upon dreams of culture; efficiency has been sought before expediency or a deceptive success; theories have been subordinated to practice; the practical has served as a guide in seeking the desirable; and above all the great end of Catholic education has been kept constantly in view, "the one thing necessary," without which the parochial schools would lose their very reason for existing at all, the study of religion, has been a constant duty; the service of God and His Church has been the constant aim; and devotion to the glorious Mother of God, the patroness of the Society, has been the constant inspiration; her life has been the ideal, her protection has been the guarantee that she who is the chosen patroness of this country of abundant possibilities and great generosity, may continue to make Catholic education in the United States an honor to the world, a consolation to the Church, and a means of salvation to her children.

# THE CLASSICAL ELEMENT IN SHAKESPEARE.

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

EARS ago a certain Dr. Farmer, who knew something of Latin, a little of Greek, and still less of English wrote with massive labor a dissertation to prove that Shakespeare was no classical scholar whatever, and proved to the dispassionate reader that Shakespeare was one of the most finished classical scholars in England. Dr. Grey, Upton, Theobald, Warburton and Pope had shown definitely that the great dramaturge, known as Shakespeare, was as full of Greek and Latin erudition as were Marlowe, Jonson and Milton. And Farmer proved his right to the name when he wrote that disquisition so derogatory to the claims put forth for Shakespeare; so true is Pope's aphorism: "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

In utter dissidence from Farmer's view are the illuminating papers which Churton Collins, one of the greatest classicists in England, contributed a decade ago to the much mooted question of Shakespeare's academic learning. Collins, than whom there was no greater Grecian in his generation, proved incontestibly that the genius known as Shakespeare was permeated with Greek thought and culture; and in support of his claim adduced such a multiplicity of quotations and parallelisms from the Greek tragedians that the old theory of an illiterate Shakespeare is absolutely indefensible. Elaborate as the essays are they are not exhaustive. The limits he prescribed for himself, precluded the professor's study of Plato, Aristotle, Pindar, Lucian and the comedies of Aristophanes, from all of whom Shakespeare appropriated some of his most striking thoughts and images. As none of those authors existed in English until Shakespeare ceased to exist, it is obvious that the playwright had read them in the original Greek. None of Collins' arguments will be employed in this paper.

*Titus Andronicus,* we take it, was the earliest of the Shakespearean productions, for Jonson tells us it was on the boards in 1586. Yet the poet quotes the following lines from Virgil of whom there was no translation in the vernacular: *"Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo."* This Shakespeare renders: " We will

solicit heaven and move the gods." In the same play we find mention of Tully's *Orator,* a book not translated then, allusions to Sophocles, Æschylus and Euripides, the satires of Perseus, a quotation from Seneca's *Hippolytus,* and a reference to the battle of Hercules with the Nemean lion. Hesiod, Lucretius and Theocritus are the only authors who celebrate that combat, and none of these was as yet translated. The same may be said of Perseus and the Greek tragic poets. It is patent, therefore, that the young prodigy who penned the play was a consummate scholar; for inspiration cannot afford one an education. That is the effect, not of genius, but of genuine study.

The first draft of *Hamlet* was staged as early as 1586, for we have the testimony of Nash and Gabriel Harvey to that effect. Moreover, it was performed at Cambridge and Oxford in 1588 and 1592 respectively; and so great an authority as Professor Courthope states categorically that the *Hamlet* of 1586 and that of 1602 (our *Hamlet*) are one and the same play. In Act I., S. 3, Polonius gives ten precepts to Laertes about to travel. "Hold not forth thy hand to every man," says the old statesman. In other words he inculcates wise reserve in his dealings with his fellows. In his *Moral Maxims* the Greek poet Theognis, an author studied at Cambridge, impresses the same counsel on his friend Cyrnus: "Be reserved; speak little; give not thy hand to every man." Pythagoras says the same thing: *"Ne cuivis porrigas dexteram."* Since neither author was Englished in Elizabeth's time, it follows that our author had recourse to them in the Greek.

Again Ophelia tells Laertes that "the violets withered when my father died." Bion the Greek poet wrote: "When Adon died all the flowers withered." That Shakespeare had read the *Fragments of Bion* is indisputable, for Touchstone parodies his famous sayings in *As You Like It,* a fact admitted by all the commentators, though they cannot account for our poet's acquaintance with so recondite an author.

Commenting on Hamlet's strange behavior, Polonius speaks in this wise: "Though this be madness yet there's method in it." Every student recognizes this as a verse of Horace, whose *Odes and Epodes* were not translated till Shakespeare was translated to heaven. The Sabine poet says: *"Insanire paret certo ratione modsque."* Hamlet's father is poisoned by his uncle, who pours henbane in his ear, while he sleeps in the garden. Henbane was a well-known Italian poison; but strange to say the only classic

that speaks of it is Pliny, who was not translated by Philemon Holland until 1602, many years after the play was written, at least in its first inception. Pliny tells us in his *Natural History* that, "oil of henbane dropped into the ear disturbs the brain and often produces death." The fact that the Latin writer was not rendered into English when Shakespeare first wrote the drama is proof of the poet's familiarity with Pliny in the original. That *Hamlet* was formed on the model of Sophocles' poem, *Electra* and Æschylus' *Agamemnon;* in fact that the English poet plagiarized from both with the boldness of a Milton, we hope to prove in a subsequent essay: for we have over fifty quotations from the Greek tragedians in support of our position. The *Comedy of Errors,* as everybody knows, was appropriated bodily from the *Menæchmi* and *Amphitruo* of Plautus, who was not translated by Warner until seven years after the composition of the play. The well-known lines about the vine being wedded to the elm is taken from Catullus, a Latin not done into English until Shakespeare had ceased to talk English.

Speaking of the comedy, Cowden Clarke, an orthodox Shakespearean, declares that it is so saturated with Greek and Latin thought, "it is evidently the production of a man fresh from college;" and George Brandes, the foremost critic of Denmark, is astounded at the elegance of the diction, and the unmistakable classic style and tone of the poem. Brandes certainly does not acquiesce in the old belief of an uncultured and illiterate Shakespeare; and the most accomplished scholars of the century are beginning to admit that only men of the very broadest scholarship can fully appreciate the classic culture and *universal learning* contained in plays that epitomize the best of the world's thought.

It may not be inapposite here to say that the circulation of the blood is alluded to over seventy times in the dramas. Dr. Harvey, the putative discoverer of arterial circulation, did not publish his epoch-making book until 1629: yet Shakespeare anticipated Harvey by at *least thirty years;* for he mentions the circulation of the blood twice in the *Comedy of Errors,* a poem written in the year 1587, almost the year he went up to London. Whence then did Shakespeare gain his idea, an idea that revolutionized the medical world of England? Plato had some notion of it as we perceive in his great prose-poem, the *Republic.* Pythagoras and Heraclitus hint of it; but Empedocles, one of the profoundest thinkers of antiquity, had a positive knowledge of that, which Harvey demonstrated to an

astonished world two thousand years afterward. In his *Fragments* we read "the thin blood surges through the veins and the limbs;" and again: "The heart, dwelling in the sea of blood, which runs in opposite directions..... for the blood running through the veins is the life of man." Here he speaks in language explicit as that of Harvey. There was no version of the Greek philosopher in English, nor was there any version of Plato in the vernacular. The English poet read the Greek prose authors in the original, therefore; unless he possessed the Latin translation of the *Republic* published at Paris and Venice. That he knew Empedocles is certain: for in *Richard II., Henry V.* and otherwhere, he shows a knowledge of the four elements upon which that physicist built the universe. Anaxagoras had taught that material atoms were the source of all things, a doctrine that still survives in the monads of Vogt and Haeckel. Heraclitus held that fire was the primal principle; but it was Empedocles who taught that air, earth, fire and water are the four elements that constitute the whole cosmological order. This was the system taught at Oxford, when Bruno lectured there on the much-derided Copernican system in 1582, under the auspices of Lord Leicester. Shakespeare was the only playwright of the period who had a didactic purpose in writing. We have seen that he called attention to the circulation of the blood repeatedly, and he belongs to the school of Empedocles in natural philosophy. He ridicules the Copernican System, for in *Troilus* and *Cressida* he sings:

> Doubt that the stars are *fire,*
> Doubt that the *sun* doth *move*.....
> But doubt not that I love.

He was a firm believer in Empedocles, and took every opportunity of popularizing his doctrine which was the classic doctrine, the tenets held by his favorite poets, especially Æschylus and Lucretius.

If we have dilated at greater length than seems necessary on this matter, it is only to show that Shakespeare, having studied the philosophy of Empedocles, at some college, or under some cultured tutor, must have been acquainted with the content of his thought, as embodied in the *Fragments,* found only in the Greek at the twin universities, and so derived his knowledge of the circulation of the blood from that author rather than from Plato. If it be so, and everything points that way, the dramatist was as conversant with Greek literature as was "Rare Old Ben" himself.

That there may be no slightest doubt in the mind of the reader

as to the poet's proficiency in Greek studies, we shall adduce a few random quotations to illustrate that proficiency, howsoever he acquired it. Hamlet says: "There's nothing good or bad; 'tis thinking makes it so." This is an extraordinary sentiment in the mouth of a Christian poet, and speaks volumes for his Greek culture. It is so eminently Grecian that we marvel at the ineptitude of the annotators to explain the passage. Heraclitus, who is mentioned twice in the dramas, tells us that "there is nothing good or evil," and Marcus Antoninus, the eclectic philosopher, extracts this thought from his elder, and renders it thus wise: "There is nothing good or bad, but custom makes it so." Both men wrote in Greek; neither was turned into English till Shakespeare was turned into dust. Obviously our poet took the sentence from one or the other and arrogated it to himself, as he ever does: for he is the *least original* of all *writers.*

Again, our poet in the person of Hamlet says: "Appetite grows by what it feeds on." Polybius, the Greek historian, whom Shakespeare assimilated as thoroughly as he did Lucretius and Juvenal, Polybius, we say, assures us, that "the appetite for power grows by that on which it feeds." As the historian was not rendered into English until a hundred years after Shakespeare rendered up his accounts, the laws of logic compel us to make the reluctant admission that the prince of poets copied the prince of historians, and so read him in the Greek.

Once more, in *All's Well,* Act IV., the First Lord remarks: "The web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill, together." This is directly referable to Plutarch, and that part of Plutarch which was not translated until the last century, namely the *Letters.*

In Shakespeare's day, North's translation of *The Lives* was in everybody's hands: but neither North nor Amyot knew anything of the *Letters.* Strange to say, Shakespeare did. He knew that of which two of the greatest scholars of the time were entirely ignorant; and reading the *Letters* in a desultory fashion he discovered this thoroughly Greek epigram: "The texture of our lives is of so varied a thread, that good and bad are mixed confusedly."

Lastly, in proof that our poet was an accomplished Grecian, we call attention to Moth's remark in *Love's Labour's Lost.* Sir Nathaniel and Holofernes have been discoursing so pedantically, and interlarding their language with so many foreign phrases, that Moth says derisively: "One would think they were at a feast of languages, and had picked up the crumbs." None of the commentators has been able to throw the least light on this passage. In

a copy of Athenæus owned by a friend of ours, is this anecdote of Æschylus, the Greek tragedian: "When Æschylus was asked where he got his style, he modestly replied: 'I have been at a banquet of the poems of Homer, and have gathered up the scraps.'" Athenæus was a rare author, even in Elizabeth's epoch; when scholars seem to have read the abstrusest documents. He wrote in Ionic Greek and was not translated until the last century. His book, *The Banquet of Wisdom,* may be found in almost any public library, and is well worth perusing: for it stood Shakespeare in good stead on more than one occasion. Here, then, we have four Shakespearean quotations chosen at random, and we confront them with four Greek epigrams, so similar in thought and language that it is morally certain the one set of quotations was derived from the other. Shakespeare read Polybius and Athenæus, therefore, and, of necessity, read them in the original.

The next play we consider is *Love's Labour's Lost.* This is so evidently the product of the polished scholar, bearing as it does on every page the incisive stamp of classic culture, that, to any fair and unbiased mind, it offers the most convincing testimony to the author's scholastic training, and his familiarity with the language of the gods. Gervinus, Hallam, Coleridge, each has animadverted on the classic tone of the poem, and each has expressed his astonishment that a composition, showing the very highest culture, could have been the product of a man who had no culture at all. Suffice it that we cite two examples of the poet's learning. He says: "Fat paunches have lean pates," in other words, poor wits. Martial, the epigrammatist, puts it in this wise: *"Pinguis venter non gignit sensum tenuem"* (A fine paunch has no fine wit). There was no English version of the Roman poet in Shakespeare's day. Again, when the cynical Moth is sneering at Armado, the latter exclaims: *"Quis, quis,* thou *consonant."* None of the editors has been able to explain this seemingly incongruous and outlandish epithet. Armado calls Moth a consonant, a most extraordinary appellation. But Shakespeare never talks nonsense. He has a precedent, usually a classic one, for every departure he makes from conventional usage. And in calling Moth a consonant he gives indisputable evidence of his intimate acquaintance with the Latin poets. Juvenal terms a thief *(fur)* a "fellow of three letters." Very good; but Moth is a fellow of one letter, and that a consonant. Turning to Perseus, we discover which consonant is meant. In the Fifth Satire, the Roman tells us that *R* is the *dog-letter.* Why? Because

it connotes the snarl or growl of a dog; and the scholiast informs us that as the thief was called the "man of three letters," the cynic, or growler, was facetiously styled the man of *"the dog-letter."*

Since Moth openly shows his disdain for Armado, the very affected Castilian turns on him, and calls him a consonant, in other words, a puppy. It needs not to say that Perseus could be read only in the Latin. In *Hamlet,* Act I., there is a passage, which undoubtedly alludes to the Samian letter, the mystic Y of Pythagoras. Here, in this play, is an allusion to the "dog-letter" of the cynic. If Shakespeare were not a *profound* classical scholar, it passes the limits of rational hypothesis how he knew two of the most obscure passages in all Latin literature. The average college man, even today, never heard of the Samian letter, and would be nonplussed to explain the Roman significance of the letter R, the dog-letter of dear old Perseus. The truth is, the author of the Shakespearean drama was so erudite, his reading in Greek and Roman, French, Spanish and Italian literature so discursive, his knowledge of law, music, medicine, geology, physics, political science, and philosophy so profound that no editor, without a learning commensurate with his, can ever hope to do him justice. It would require the universal learning of a Bacon to illustrate and give adequate expression to the universal genius of Shakespeare. Our poet-philosopher is too deep for the average scholar.

Thus far we have commented only on four plays; and those were all written in the rough as early as 1588, the very year Shakespeare entered London. It looks, therefore, as if they were composed at Stratford, where not one of the Greek and Roman authors, quoted in the plays, was ever taught or perhaps ever heard of. An Anacharsis came out of Scythia: but if *Love's Labour's Lost* was composed at the Stratford Grammar School, we respectfully submit that not Oxford nor Cambridge was the great university of England, but the Grammar School of Stratford. It is really too bad that young Bacon, upon quitting Cambridge, did not finish his education at Stratford instead of going to Paris, and finally turning up at the celebrated University of Prague. What immortal poetry he might have written had he done so! But as Petrarch says:

Every man's lot is at his birth decreed.
*di noi pur fia*
*Quel chi ordinato è gia nel sommo seggio.*

In *As You Like It,* Jaques speaks of "night-wandering weasels," and in *The Rape of Lucrece,* when Tarquin steals along the

corridor "night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there." For two hundred years the critics have made themselves hilarious over this so palpable proof of Shakespeare's ignorance of Roman life and natural history. The weasel is not a nocturnal animal, say the wiseacres; neither did the Romans keep such animals about their premises. But the critics are wrong as usual, and our poet is correct as he almost invariably is.

How in the world did this man, who never studied anything, know everything? How did he know that which Johnson, Coleridge, Grant White, Furnivall certainly did not know? Turning to Juvenal, whom the poet appears to have known by heart, we read that the Romans, instead of the cat, kept the mustela, an animal very like the polecat, or weasel. Pliny, also, tells us in the *Natural History* (i., 29) that the Greek and Roman people, in lieu of the feline, had an animal known as the γαλῆ or mustela. There were two kinds of the weasel, one domestic, the other wild, and fond of wandering in the night. *" Duo autem sunt genera, alterum domesticum, quod in domibus nostris oberret..... et serpentes persequitur; alterum silvestre, distans magnitudine, græci* ικτιδέα *vocant."* The Greek ικτις of course is the weasel or martin-cat. As every naturalist knows, the martin-cat is nocturnal in its habits. Philemon Holland did not publish his English version of Pliny until the year 1602. *Lucrece* was printed in 1594. Therefore Shakespeare read that classic writer in his sonorous Latin. The fact that our poet was possessed of so recondite a piece of information in respect of the Roman household is clearly indicative of the deep student, not the mere cursory reader. That Shakespeare recalled those passages, when he had to write of a Roman home, recalled two of the least known lines in Latin literature, is a certain sign that he was a profound student, and from long study of the classics had them at his finger-tips. In the *Merchant of Venice,* the irrepressible Gratiano cries out: "Why should a man whose blood is warm within sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?" In other words, Gratiano says that a man devoid of energy *(virtus)* differs in no wise from a marble statue. In the Eighth Satire, Juvenal tells a fop, who boasted his descent from the noble Cecropids, that without virtue of his own he is no better than the carven pillar, crowned with the head of the god Hermes. Then he assures him that in no point has he an advantage over the marble statue, save in this, that Hermes' head is of marble, the fop's a living image. *" Nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine quam quod illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago."*

Both poets liken a phlegmatic man to the statue of his ancestor; for be it remembered that Hermes was the founder of the *Cecropid* family. Then we have a verse of Euripides to the effect that "mere flesh without spirit is nothing more than the statues in the forum." This is tantamount to saying that a man devoid of action is no better than an alabaster monument. Clearly Shakespeare was saturated with classicism. He could hardly think except in the terms and imagery of the most approved Athenian poesy. Like the man in Juvenal, who consulted his almanac if he rode only a mile from home. Shakespeare holds the ancients in such high appraisal that he cannot say a single thing without opening his book to ascertain how Plato or Pindar said it, *"Ad primum lapidem vectari quum placet, hora sumitur ex libro."*

In *The Merchant of Venice,* again, Shylock exclaims: "You take my life when you take the means whereby I live." It is transparent as a Persian lantern, as Plautus puts it, that our poet had been reading Sophocles. In fact the English poet employs the very language of the Greek poet. In the tragedy of *Philoctetes,* when the son of Achilles deprives the unhappy hunter of his bow and arrow, the fatal bow, bound up predestinately with the fall of Troy, the poor old man cries out in a paroxysm of anguish: "You take my life, when you take those things which sustain my life." There was not even a Latin translation of Sophocles published in England when Shakespeare gave this play to England. It is evident that our poet after the manner of Lord Bacon, whose note-books are filled with excerpts from the Greek and Latin writers, made extracts out of every author he read; and he read omniverously. As Pliny says of another great genius: *"Nihil legebat quod non exceperet."*

In another drama, Juliet is called the bride of Death. This is so extravagant that it inevitably consociates itself with the orientalism of the Greek. In fact it is so intrinsically Grecian, that prescinding from all the arguments we have adduced, in support of our contention that the author of the plays was a consummate classical scholar, this of itself is sufficient to convince any man conversant with Greek literature that Shakespeare was eminently well read in that literature. The phrase "the bride of Death," and that other, "the bridegroom Death, has killed her maiden lips," occur over a dozen times in Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. Thus, when Iphigenia, about to be sacrificed at Tauris, lifts up her lamentation, her father, Agamemnon, tearfully exclaims: "Alas, poor maiden! But *why, maiden?* for thou art wedded to the Bridegroom Death."

In *Henry IV.*, Captain Jack Falstaff affirms that "discretion is the better part of valor." This is notoriously un-English and anti-Celtic. The sentiment was never popular with the theatre-goers. Even at Waterloo, Wellington with the national contempt for caution, violated the fundamental rule of war as laid down by Jomini, namely, that a general must never select a battlefield with a forest in the rear; for Wellington selected the height of Mont St. Jean, with the impassable wood behind his fighting line. But whence did "old fat Jack" derive his very un-Saxon sentiment? From "old fat Euripides" as the comic poets called him. This author, everywhere, inculcates the lesson of prudencé. Thus, in one play, he says: "Discretion is a thing of more value than valor;" in another: "As to a general, a wise discretion is better than valor and foolhardiness." It is evident that nothing of beauty or wisdom ever escaped the all-inclusive vision of the cultured poet who wrote the dramas. Again, when Prince Hal perstringes the fat knight on points of honor, and ridicules his corpulence, old Jack rejoinds: "When I was your age, Hal, you could draw me through an alderman's ring." Every reader of Aristophanes recognizes this at a glance. In the *Ecclesiazusæ* the second woman, an inordinately fat one, remarks to the young man: "When I was young I was so slim in the waist, you could pull me through a finger-hoop."

Our poet is so full of imitations and reminiscences of Aristophanes, it is incontestable that the greatest comic writer of the English copied from the greatest comic writer of the Athenians. We have discovered over a score of pertinent passages to prove the point.

*Trolius and Cressida* also gives the most unmistakable proofs of our author's acquaintance with the Greek writers. This play and *Timon* afford so many instances of the employment of the *Greek idiom,* so many passages excerpted from Lucian, Sophocles, Plato, Menander and Æschylus that it were as futile to gainsay Shakespeare's scholarship as to wash a brick with violet water, to use the language of Theocritus. We content ourselves with one illustration of his palmary knowledge of the poets. In *Troilus,* Ulysses employs a most extraordinary expression. It is this:

> As venerable Nestor
> Should with a *bond* of *air*.....
> *Knit* all the Grecian *ears* to his experienced *tongue.*

This is hyperbole with a vengeance; it is oriental enough to pass for

Persian. Nevertheless it is Greek, the purest Greek of Athenia. All the Hellenic poets represent their orators as *tying* the *ears* of their auditors to their words. Even in Greek sculpture, eloquence was symbolized by chains, or bonds, connecting the speaker's tongue with the ears of his auditory. The idea is so eminently Grecian, that it occurs in no other literature, not even in the highly imaginative writings of Arabia. It is so utterly alien to the Western mode of thought, that none, save a student so deeply read in Greek literature that he assimilated the most idiomatic expressions of Greece, and almost thought in the Greek language, could possibly employ it; and that, too, so pertinently in this very Athenian play.

In the same drama, *Cressida,* with a prescience truly wonderful in that age of ignorance and witchcraft, is the prophet of the law of gravitation, not discovered by Newton till nearly twenty years after the performance of the play. She assures Troilus that " her love is as firm as the earth, that draws all things to the centre." It is evident that Shakespeare was the greatest scientist of the age, unless he gained his knowledge from Bacon, who wrote to the same effect in the *Novum Organum;* from Dante, who speaks about the centre of gravity in the fourth canto of *The Inferno;* or from the Latin, Lucretius. Bacon's book, he could not see, for the biographers, with child-like simplicity, aver that he never knew Bacon. Dante was an Italian, and William never studied Italian; at least so they say. This process of elimination leads us to the only classic, who speaks of gravitation, not as Plato does obscurely, but as Bacon does incisively. That author is Lucretius, a writer whom Shakespeare reproduces as often as Ben Jonson incorporates Seneca into his compositions. True, Lucretius does not believe in a centre of gravity; but he was familiar with the doctrine, and inferentially tells us that it was a theory held by the philosophers of the time. These are his words: *" Longe fuge creder, Memmi in medium summæ, quod dicunt omni niti*—Do not believe my friend, that all things, as they say, press to the centre of the sun." Lucretius, therefore, alludes to a well-known belief of the physicists. These were Parmenides, Empedocles and Pythagoras, the latter the first to announce the true motion of the earth around the sun. All three have been credited with the discovery of the law of gravitation; but we cannot find that law enunciated in the fragments that have come down to us. Since Lucretius is the only ancient author who mentions the law of gravity, that is, specifically, it stands to reason that Shakespeare studied him: of course in the original.

In *Richard II.*, the gardener of the Duke of York compares the commonwealth to the state of man. Dion of Halicarnassus, with whose golden thoughts the plays are intertissued, says: "The commonwealth has a resemblance to the state of man: for the senate may be considered the soul, and the people the body." Plato speaks in the same vein. Both wrote in Greek, and as there were no English versions available in Shakespeare's time, our poet must needs have read those classic authors in the original and so arrogated the thought to himself. In the same drama the king likens a kingdom to music. The passage is too well known to suffer quoting. In Cicero's *Republic,* of which there was no translation in the spacious times of Elizabeth, Tully tells us that "the government of a kingdom requires as much skill as the government of a musical instrument." Shakespeare's thought and language are so very like the Latin writer's it is as clear as a proposition in Euclid, that the Englishman read the Roman, most probably at Cambridge University. When Bolingbroke is banished from England, and Richard tells him that he will curtail his long exile by four years, the heart-broken hero exclaims:

> How *long a* time lies in one *little word!*
> Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs
> *End* in a *word.*

In Euripides, when the citizens confer as to whether Orestes shall die, or live in exile, the prisoner exclaims to Pylades: "Our life, or death, *so short* the *words,* that tell of things so *long.*"

A man blind as Belisarius can perceive that Shakespeare transcribed the words, almost literally, from the Grecian tragedy, which he read either in the original, or in the Latin translations, published at Basle and Paris. Bolingbroke's words have been admired and much commented upon: but this is the first time they have been traced to their source in Euripides. Indeed the vast majority of the classic allusions in this paper have been given to the public for the first time.

Again, Shakespeare assures us that "kings have long arms." We instantly recall the Persian tyrant, Artaxerxes Longimanus. But Herodotus is the author whom the London prodigy had in mind. In seven places the "Father of History" assures us that "kings have long arms." Once more our poet asseverates "the world moves on wheels." We have seen that Shakespeare like Bacon rejected the Copernican system; for in that day its advocates had not suffi-

cient evidence to support it. The satellites of Jupiter, which prove it, were undiscovered then; neither were the moons of Saturn known. He adhered to the old system of Empedocles and Ptolemy. Consequently, our poet was not alluding to the orbital revolution of the heavens, when he said "the world moves on wheels." He referred either to Anacreon's dictum, "Life rolls away like a chariot wheel," or to the story of Darius as related by old Herodotus. Darius worshipped the Earth-God: and had an image made of him in the shape of a gilded globe mounted on a wagon, of gold also. This he carried with him on all his campaigns: and this gave rise to the saying in Persian and Arabic literature: "The world goes on wheels." There was no English proverb to that effect when Shakespeare wrote. Herodotus was not given to the English world till William went out of the world. The dramatist read him in Greek, therefore. But Sidney Lee tells us Shakespeare knew no Greek; to which we say in the language of Horace: *"Garrit aniles ex re fabellas."* Vernon Lee, a far better scholar than Sidney, said years ago: "The play-goers in Shakespeare's time went to hear Baconian thoughts uttered in Baconian language." And we would say that the theatre-folk went to hear the finest poetry of ancient time translated by the finest poet of all time.

It will be seen that we have examined only one-third of the thirty-seven dramas, or rather just glanced at them: but we think we have adduced sufficient testimony as to Shakespeare's classical learning to convince everyone that the great dramaturge was an exceptionally fine classical scholar; a man so well inducted into the beauties, the graceful amenities, and peculiar charms, so elusive in a translation, that not only was he a great scholar in the most exclusive sense of the term, but also a Grecian, who *almost thought* in the Greek idiom, for he reproduces that idiom in a multiplicity of passages. It was our intention to point out his many obligations to Lucian, Plato, Lucan, Lucretius, Pindar, Virgil, Claudian and Callimachus: for Shakespeare like the bees of Calymna sucked melrose from them all, but to do so would require a dissertation double the length of the present paper. The student, who would inquire more fully into the classic culture of the poet, would do well to examine Professor Spencer Bayne's book, dealing with Shakespeare's indebtedness to Ovid; Dr. Maginn's essay in *Blackwood's Magazine,* a reply to Farmer; and J. E. Riddle's *Illustrations from Aristotle of the Works of Shakespeare.* The latter, an Oxonian, gives a list of over one hundred and fifty parallelisms between the

great philosopher of England and the greatest philosopher of Greece. We have refrained from all allusion to Ovid and Aristotle in this paper, for we deem it unfair to encroach upon the territory of others. Let the student read Riddle's essay: and the riddle of Shakespeare's erudition will be as easy of solution as was that of the Sphinx in the hands of Œdipus.

The fact is the Shakespeareans of the old school have such a reverence for the Truth as the Hebrews had for the name of Jehovah; and so never utter it. Dowden wrote his notes on the Shakespearean sonnets to throw light on their obscurity: and he has succeeded in making their obscurity deeper, darker, more impenetrable than Cimmerian gloom in mid-winter. The sonnets imitate Sidney, Bruno, Lucretius, Sophocles, Tacitus, Horace, Petrarch, Marianus of Alexandria, and Boccaccio. Dowden knew it; but does his very best to prevent the reader from knowing it. This is the approved Shakespearean method of throwing light on the subject. As for the biographers of "Shagspere," for that was the actor's baptismal name, these gentlemen are really the finest poets that England ever produced. They are endowed with so exquisite a fancy, so creative an imagination, a constructive genius so remarkable, that their "biographies" are really the most transcendent poems ever elaborated. Compared with them *The Fairy Queen, Orlando Furioso,* and Camoen's *Lusiad* pale into insignificance like stars, whose splendors evanesce in the blazing glory of the risen sun. As romances, pure and simple, they eclipse *Amadis of Gaul,* Lucian's *True History* and the *Adventures of Don Quixote.* Viewed as epic poems, they are of superlative merit: but regarded as histories, as biographies, they are the most lamentable failures that ever issued from the press. Fiction is all right in its place, but we protest vigorously when an author labels a work of fiction "a true history." When a man is looking for facts, he does not want to receive a book of fables. Pilpay, Phaedrus and La Fontaine have supplied us with a sufficiency of those oriental parables: and it is inconsiderate in a man, purporting to write biography, to enter into rivalry with those inimitable fabulists. One word more. Had the university men expended their best efforts on the plays of Shakespeare, rather than on the third-rate player known as "Shagspere," the mystification surrounding the great dramatist would have vanished "into air, thin air," or as Virgil puts it "*evanuit in tenuem.*" But in trying to reconcile the glaring incongruities between Shakespeare's learning as displayed

in the book, and "Shagspere's" ignorance as evinced by the man, the deluded votaries of a false worship are endeavoring to perform the impossible. In the words of Petrarch, they are pursuing an elusive Laura, on a very lame ox.

*Lagrimando e cantando, i nostri versi,*
*E col bue zoppo andrem cacciando l'Aura.*

In over a dozen passages, Euripides, whom our poet knew by heart, alludes to Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, as "the *Spear-Shaker,* who shook her lance at Ignorance." In his famous dedicatory poem, after pointing out the authors Shakespeare copied (Æschylus, Accius, Pacuvius), Ben Jonson distinctly tells us he "shook his lance at Ignorance." Jonson hints at the Greek origin of the pseudonym. We wonder will the world ever take the hint.

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## KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

BY S. M. M.

DEATH is no foeman, we were born together;
He dwells between the places of my breath,
Night vigil at my heart he keeps and whether
I sleep or no, he never slumbereth.
Though I do fear thee, Knight of the Sable Feather,
Thou wilt not slay me, Death!

But one rides forth, accoutred all in wonder;
I know thee, Life, God's errant that thou art,
Who comes to make of me celestial plunder,
To wound me with thy love's immortal smart!
Life, thou wilt rend this flesh and soul asunder;
Love, thou wilt break my heart!

## SUPERSTITIONS OLD AND NEW.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., SC.D.

IT is almost a commonplace in periodical literature, newspaper writing and public speaking of the superficial kind, to thank God we have outlived that lamentable tendency to superstitions so prevalent in the long ago and particularly during the mediæval period. As a definite demonstration of past ignorance and lack of information as well as of judgment, especially in the benighted Middle Ages, it is declared that many people then believed the moss scraped from a dead man's skull or the extract of a bat's wing or pulverized mummy or something equally absurd was efficacious for the cure of disease. People were, moreover, credulous of the marvelous effects of water from holy wells, of earth from holy places, or of pilgrimages to some particular locality which was supposed to possess a healing virtue due to some event that had occurred there in the past.

These expressions are rather amusing because they evidence such a neglect of that time-honored maxim: "people in glass houses should not throw stones." As a matter of fact we have so many examples today of over-credulity in remedies of all kinds, most of which are known, by those with a right to an opinion in the matter, to be quite without any physical effect that it is surely "the pot calling the kettle black" for us to comment censoriously upon the credulity of the past. Indeed I do not hesitate to declare after many years of attention to the history of medicine, that there probably never was a time when so many people were fooled by "cures" of all kinds as in our day. Literally many millions of dollars are spent every year for highly advertised remedies, although the remedies are shown by scientific investigation to have no therapeutic efficiency, and owe their supposed healing powers entirely to the suggestion of advertisement.

Everyone is familiar with Munyon of the pompadour and uplifted finger with remedies for nearly everything under the sun and a few other things besides. The Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Government, in accordance with the Pure Food and Drug Act, recently analyzed some of these remedies with really wonderful

results. As a consequence a judgment was entered in the United State Courts, which I quote briefly. According to the advertisements, Munyon's Asthma Cure would "permanently cure asthma." The Government chemists analyzed the "cure" and found it to consist of sugar and alcohol. That, however, was at least one ingredient better than the next of his remedies to be analyzed. This was Munyon's Blood Cure. The claims for it were "Munyon's Blood Cure will positively cure all forms of scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, eczema, pimples, syphilitic affections, mercurial taints, blotches, liver spots, tetter and all skin diseases." When analyzed by the Government chemists this promising remedy guaranteed to cure nearly all skin affections, and therefore presumedly a veritable godsend, was found to consist simply of sugar.

With the evidence of the Government chemists before the court, Munyon pleaded guilty and was fined two hundred dollars in each of the cases on which he had been tried. But what of the people who have taken these remedies and have felt themselves benefited by them, for invariably medicines of this kind secure their vogue, at least partly, through the recommendations of those who have used them? A little alcohol and sugar will not go far towards curing asthma, and sugar alone will not accomplish anything for the cure of skin diseases, and yet, for years, the American public has been fooled into buying these substances and has paid good prices for them, too. We continue to talk about our wonderfully enlightened period, and how much more intelligent people are now than in the so-called dark ages when mummy and skull moss and other such materials were used for the cure of disease!

As a matter of fact while ever so many more people, in proportion to the whole population, know how to read and write now than formerly, the ability to read only leaves them more open to suggestion of many kinds, and almost inevitably the great majority are brought to do anything that they are told to do provided they are told it often enough.

Superstition plays just as large a rôle as ever in life. It is only the subject that has changed somewhat. According to its etymology, a superstition is something that stands over one and produces so strong an effect on the mind as to suspend reason. In the older days the great source of superstition was religion, because religion was the subject of paramount interest. In our time the source of superstition has been transferred to science. If scientific expressions are used, it matters not how little of sense they may

have, many people at once believe in whatever they are applied to; they do not reason, but just accept what is said to them and, as a rule, act upon it.

Hence the many hundreds of remedies whose manufacturers have been condemned under the National Food and Drug Act for selling their medicines under "false, misleading, or fraudulent claims." The records of these cases are published by the United States Department of Agriculture in a series of leaflets known as *Notices of Judgment* which can be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for a few cents. The *Notices of Judgment* are grouped in a series of pamphlets containing fifty each, and the contrast between the claims made in the advertisements and the substances found in the remedies by the Government chemists make very interesting reading. Nothing proves more conclusively how gullible the people of our generations are, how ready to accept anything that they see in print, and even to pay good money for the most nonsensical claims, than these items of court information gathered under oath.

What is most interesting, of course, is the fact that these fraudulent remedies find place in the advertising columns of reputable newspapers and magazines, sometimes even after notices of judgment have been published. All that the United States Court can do is to declare that the claims made for the remedies are "false, fraudulent, and applied recklessly and wantonly," and then the manufacturer is required to modify his claims. If the formula contains any medicament, he may still continue to sell it, provided he makes no claims to "cure," and may thus trade on its previous reputation and continue to exploit the public. English-speaking people are so afraid to infringe on personal liberty that they insist that anyone who wants to make a fool of himself shall be free to do so, and we have not reached the point of prohibiting a man who has been caught deliberately cheating poor ailing people from thereafter making any pretense to possessing beneficent remedies.

Advertising is the secret of their success. The newspapers are fully aware of this; they also know these remedies to be harmful rather than helpful, but the money paid for advertising tempts them to be partners in the fraud upon the public. So far as I can see there is no other way to express it, since even a little investigation would convince any newspaper man that ninety-nine out of every

hundred of these remedies could not be other than attempts to take advantage of people who are suffering or think they are suffering from various ills.

The history of the patent medicine business shows very clearly that the men who enter into it are usually men who know nothing at all about medicine or disease; they are not infrequently people who have made failures in other lines of business, and who now turn to the exploitation of the public in order to make a living. The ingredients of their remedy are of no consequence, the all-important thing is a taking name and a clever advertising campaign. The formula of the remedy may be changed at any time and frequently is. Scientific analysis has often shown this to be the case.

The National Food and Drug Act, especially with the Sherley Amendment, has made it possible to get at some of the worst of these frauds, though the evil has only been scotched, not killed, Only after a long fight did the United States Supreme Court maintain the validity of the act as originally passed, and a portion of it had to be strengthened by the Sherley Amendment. Justice Hughes of New York, one of the three members of the Supreme Court who dissented from the opinion of the majority of the Court freeing the manufacturer of a "cancer cure" from responsibility for claims made with regard to it, wrote: "Granting the wide domain of opinion and allowing the broadest range to the conflict of medical views, there still remains a field in which statements as to curative properties are downright falsehoods and in no sense expressions of judgment."

This advertising abuse is not new, it is very old. The oldest newspapers in this country contain a number of advertisements of medicinal preparations. A medical essay, awarded a prize nearly one hundred years ago in New York, had for its subject, *The Influence of Trades Professions and Occupations in the United States in the Production of Disease.* In that essay Dr. Benjamin McCready said:

> There is an evil which has of late years become of excessive magnitude, and which is daily increasing—the consumption of quack medicines. *Aided by the immense circulation of a cheap press,* many of these nostrums have obtained a sale that exceeds belief. Few patients among the lower classes now apply to a physician who have not previously aggravated their complaints by swallowing numbers of these pretended specifics, and a late resident physician of the city hospital has informed me that he has met with many cases of derangement and irritation of the

> mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels, caused solely by the drastic articles which enter into their composition. Formed in most instances of irritating ingredients, and directed to be taken in immense doses, and as infallible remedies in all cases, the mischief which they do is incalculable, and unless some stop be put to the evil by law or by an enlightened public opinion, it will soon claim an unenviable preëminence as a cause of public ill-health.

Dr. McCready's prophecy was fulfilled in the days when opium and alcohol with cocaine and acetanilid, unregulated in any way, became the basis of a great many of our proprietary medicines. His recognition of the rôle played by the newspaper advertising must have been shared by many of his colleagues and by all interested in social problems and the protection of the defenceless half-informed from their own ignorance. Nevertheless advertising has continued down to our own time to be the most potent auxiliary of the proprietary medicine. *Quousque tandem!* how long will they abuse our patience?

After the Sherley Amendment was passed specifically forbidding the publication of claims for curative proprieties that could not be substantiated by definite evidence, or that were manifestly fraudulent, Justice Hughes wrote the opinion of the Supreme Court supporting that legislation and declared: " We find no ground for saying that Congress may not condemn interstate transportation of swindling preparations accompanied by false and fraudulent statements just as well as lottery tickets."

It is now recognized that people must be protected from frauds of various kinds. The Postoffice Department has saved millions of dollars a year to people who on the strength of notices they received through the mail, were sending hard-earned savings to concerns of whom they knew nothing except their claims in mail matter. In one way or another, in spite of the fraud orders, advertisers still succeed in getting large amounts of the people's money, for another great source of superstition are the " get-rich-quick " schemes which tempt many people to put aside their reasoning and listen only to suggestions of any and every kind no matter how absurd.

Probably the worst feature of this patent medicine business is that it exploits particularly the ailing poor. They find themselves prevented from continuing their work or hampered in it, and fearful of what may come to them and their families if their ills should continue, they eagerly grasp at proffered straws of assistance,

and avidly swallow the bait of alluring advertising. The promises of cure are so outspoken and positive, their symptoms are discussed so learnedly, their fears of the worst possible developments are so sagaciously worked upon, their hopes are so aroused, and, above all, their smattering of knowledge so acutely imposed upon, that they proceed to invest in the promising remedy. Usually one bottle is not enough, so they buy several in succession, from the habit of taking it, and continue it for a good while. Often the remedy is skillfully compounded to produce just this effect.

Habit-forming drugs are frequently employed, and used to be very commonly sold in these proprietary medicines even in their most seductive forms until the Government stepped in to prevent it. Many widely-advertised cures for the cocaine and morphine habits a few years ago actually contained these habit-forming drugs in larger quantities than the poor deluded victim had been already taking.

At least this climax of evil has been prevented, but a great many remedies still contain habit-forming drugs. Alcohol is a very common ingredient in considerable quantities. The United States Government, just before the War, forbade the sale of some sixty tonics that were being sold in considerable quantities especially to women, because an analysis showed them to contain so little medicine and so much alcohol that they ought to be vended as spirituous liquor, not as medicine. The real reason for Government interference in the matter was that reports showed that these remedies were being given by mothers to their children which could not fail to do incalculable harm to the little ones.

Before the law required the amount of morphine and cocaine contained in any mixture to be put on the label, a large number of preparations for babies contained considerable amounts of opium in one form or another. "Baby killers" physicians very rightly termed these so-called "soothing syrups," "teething syrups" or "baby syrups." Even after the Food and Drug Act went into effect the amount of alcohol and opium present in these mixtures was often misstated in the label, and within the last two or three years a number of their manufacturers have been convicted in the Federal courts for "false and fraudulent claims made knowingly and in recklessness or wanton disregard of their truth or falsity." The favorite recommendation of all these advertisements is of "safe and sure remedies for the home." As a matter of fact they are neither safe nor sure, and are calculated to do immense harm to

little children who are ever so much more sensitive to the effect of opium than adults, and upon whom it has much more lasting consequences. Baby killing as a source of revenue is certainly the limit of human malignity, and yet lots of these remedies are still on sale, evading the law in one way or another, working on mothers' feelings by picturing healthy happy babies "after taking."

I have before me as I write some of these *Notices of Judgment* with regard to the "baby killers." The Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture analyzed a specimen of one nostrum whose claim was: "For teething and restless children it is not only safe and harmless but positively beneficial. If they are sick it will do them good, if well it will do no harm. It is perfectly harmless." The analysis made for the Government showed that the mixture thus advertised contained alcohol eighty-six per cent, opium alkaloids, camphor, capsicum, and vegetable extractive matter. No wonder the Federal Court decided the statements were "false and fraudulent and were made knowingly and in reckless and wanton disregard of their truth or falsity," and no wonder the manufacturer pleaded guilty. But after pleading guilty of practically endangering the lives of children under specious promises of absolute safety, the manufacturer was fined only one hundred dollars. This is truly matter for wonder. A teaspoonful of this medicine was equal in alcoholic strength to almost a half an ounce of whiskey as it is sold over the counter of the ordinary saloon. Nothing could prove more clearly how purchasers need to be protected against the money-grabbing passion of certain manufacturers than the fact that such a preparation could be sold publicly. Nothing shows more plainly the weakness of human nature and its amenability to suggestion than the fact that such preparations find purchasers ready and eager to permit their children to use them, on the word of an unknown manufacturer.

It is always the advertising that sells these remedies, so the advertising mediums are at least equally responsible. Some of these baby mixtures have been known to kill children and one of them, the infamous Kopp's Baby Friend, left a trail of deaths after it in many parts of the country. Over two thousands bottles of this "baby killer" were seized by the Government, and the stuff proved to contain one-eighth grain of morphine sulphate to the fluid ounce. The case was not defended. As no one appeared to claim the property, the court entered judgment of condemnation and forfeiture, and ordered the United States marshal to destroy this dangerous

fraud. Personally I feel that all those who helped in the publicity given this murderer of babes shared in the responsibility for the deaths that followed in its train. I suppose the doctrine of the responsibility for advertising would not be popular, but I feel it to be none the less real. No man may take money for any service that he renders unless he is sure that it will do no harm to anyone else. When he has excellent reason to suspect the possible harmfulness of the work he is coöperating in, he is bound to investigate before he lends his aid.

The worst feature of this combined moral problem of impudent medical imposition and grafting advertisement is the fact that religious elements are allowed to complicate the situation. Some of the worst of these medical frauds have been advertised very freely in religious journals. Readers of religious papers are inclined to take all that is said in their journals, including even the advertising, more seriously than they do what they read in the ordinary secular press. Medical frauds have been quick to take advantage of this, and to advertise especially in religious papers and magazines whenever they could secure an entrance to them. As religious papers usually need the money as much as, if not more than, the secular press, this advertising has constituted a great temptation to which numbers have yielded. Now that definite efforts are being made to lift advertising out of the slough of despond into which it has fallen, it is a source of no little scandal that religious publications are slower than others to take part in the reform movement.

A favorite device has been to use saints' names or in some way to connect their remedies with the legends of the healing powers of the saints. Priests' names have been used to give medicines vogue, and as a consequence not long since we had the spectacle of a dear old dead priest's name, Father John of Lowell, being dragged through the Federal Courts because a remedy said to have been recommended by him was declared to be sold under claims that were false and fraudulent. Over four thousand bottles of Father John's medicine were seized by the Federal authorities on the charge that the product was misbranded. The manufacturers withdrew their answers to the charge, and the court entered a judgment of condemnation and forfeiture with payment of all the cost of the proceedings and the execution of a bond in the sum of five thousand dollars.

Father John's medicine was intended to attract the Irish particularly; for Catholics of other nationalties, another medicine was

put on the market. This was Pastor König's Nerve Tonic or as I believe it is now called Pastor König's Nervine. The title on the bottle is illustrated, or used to be, with a cross and an anchor and a sun with rays of light radiating all round. Pastor König's Nerve Tonic was declared to be a natural remedy for epileptic fits, hysterics, Saint Vitus' dance, hypochondria, nervousness, inebriety, sleeplessness, spinal and brain weakness. After a chemical analysis the Government declared that the stuff was misbranded, because the curative claims made for it were false and fraudulent, and were employed knowingly for the purpose of defrauding purchasers.

How long will the press of this country continue to be partners of the proprietary medicine people? When journalism is ready to admit that it knows how much of fraud it has countenanced and encouraged and fostered and really made possible in the past, and refuses to do so for the future, then we shall have an end of this flagrant imposition on our people. In the meantime, at least, we must resent the combination of religious elements that encourages such a fraud on the public. None can afford to take money for helping in the carrying on of a fraud. Without advertising these impositions would be quite impossible. We *are* our brothers' keepers and are bound to prevent as far as possible impositions of this kind, and never more so than now when the War makes the prevention of wastes of all kinds absolutely incumbent upon all the members of the community.

## THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

BY CLIO MAMER.

THE "apple of discord," as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the leader of the Liberal Party in Canada, has so well named the Conscription Bill in his able speech on the third reading of the Military Service Bill, was hurled into the arena late in July of the present year when the House of Commons passed it by a majority of fifty-four. On the eighth day of August this bill practically became a law of the land, for on that day it received its third reading in the Senate, and at the present writing awaits only the assent of the King of England and the proclamation of the Governor of Canada to place it on the statute books of the Dominion. Under its provisions all men between the ages of twenty and forty-five, unless expressly exempted, will be obliged to submit to the chance of being drafted into the overseas army, which ever since the outbreak of the great World War has so ably assisted the Mother Country in her struggle against Prussian militarism.

What will happen when the attempt is made to carry out the instructions of the new law, time alone can tell. The mere introduction of the bill into the House of Commons served to disrupt the two dominant political parties in Canada, and caused to reappear in a very decided fashion the line of demarcation between the French and English which has always existed, but which many thought, or at least fervently hoped, had been completely erased for all time in the early days of the War.

The French-Canadian press as a whole has denounced what it considers an unconstitutional attempt on the part of the English-Canadian to bring about the extinction of the French race in Canada, and the more radical of these papers have issued a call to arms to resist the enforcement of the unpopular law. Foremost among these extremist organs may be cited: *L'Idéal Catholique* of Montreal, which during the days when the Conscription Bill was being put through the House of Commons openly advocated secession in the event of its becoming a law, and *La Liberté* of Quebec, which called for a leader to head the rebellion. That there will be serious trouble seems certain, for, if the newspaper reports

are reliable, the very night the bill passed its third reading in the Senate, an attempt was made upon the life of Lord Athelstan, the publisher of the Montreal *Star,* which had been a warm advocate of conscription. Lord Athelstan's summer home at Cartierville, six miles from Montreal, was dynamited, after numerous warnings had been sent him that he and other prominent persons in Montreal and Ottawa would be killed in case they did not cease their agitation for compulsory military service. It is to be hoped that there will be no uprising on the part of the French-Canadians, for from what we know of the English-Canadian temper at the present moment towards all those who seek to hinder England in a victorious prosecution of the War, we feel there would be very little leniency shown to those who took part in a civil war.

Most of the pro-Liberal papers accuse the Conservative Party of having foisted conscription upon the country for the purpose of securing to itself another term in office. The Montreal *Herald and Daily Telegraph* holds this view. In its issue of July 28th, it points to the fact that four hundred and twenty-six thousand men out of the five hundred thousand demanded have been raised by means of voluntary enlistment, which it contends is sufficient evidence that the remainder of the quota could have been secured in the same manner, had the thing been gone about in the right way. It insists that: "A reason had to be found to start a grievance against Quebec, and Sir Laurier, its most prominent representative. Quebec had to be found in the wrong." It also declares that: "The object of conscription is not so much a desire to find soldiers for the firing line, as it is to stir up the people of the English-speaking provinces against Quebec."

No doubt there are ample grounds for the cry of politics in connection with the passage of the conscription law at this particular time. There has been strong criticism, in some sections of the Dominion, leveled at the Borden administration, and there is strong likelihood that the deferred election will have taken place before this article goes to press. If so, the English votes won from the Liberal Party, on account of the enactment of the compulsory service bill, will come in handy for Sir Borden and his followers.

Among the Liberal leaders and Liberal newspapers there has been much dissatisfaction at the treatment accorded them by the party in power. The Toronto *Star,* which was one of the strongest adherents of conscription, on July 27th, demanded the resignation

of Sir Borden, declaring that the minister was unfitted for the task of War Premier.

Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., the leader of the Liberal Party in the Ontario Legislature, the man whom many believe the *Star* would like to see succeed Sir Borden, although siding in with the Conservative Party as to the necessity of conscription, criticizes the present government for not having consulted with "labor, agriculture, and the other interests vitally affected before the proposal was submitted to Parliament." He voices his belief that conscription in Canada should have been made a national and not a party issue. More than once Sir Laurier has complained bitterly that, whereas in Britain it has been considered worth while to consult with the minority in all matters of grave import, such a course has not seemed expedient in Canada.

It is easy enough for the advocates of compulsory military service to denounce Sir Laurier for his opposition to it, but they forget that as the leader and representative of the French people in Canada, it is his duty to defend their interests. Moreover, Sir Laurier realized undoubtedly that to go against the demands of the French-Canadians in this instance was tantamount not only to signing his own political death warrant among his people, but to delivering them over into the hands of Bourassa, the Nationalist leader, who has consistently opposed Canada's participation in the War. Furthermore, Sir Laurier had a perfect right, had he so desired, to claim treachery on the part of the Government for introducing the Conscription Bill in the manner in which it did. The present Parliament had its life extended on the express understanding that there was to be no resort to force to raise the army enlistment, and Sir Borden as far back as August, 1914, declared at Halifax that there was not and would not be conscription in Canada. This statement he repeated time and again. In January, 1916, when Parliament allowed the number of troops to be raised to be increased to the present quota of five hundred thousand, the Prime Minister said: "In speaking in the first three months of the War I made it clear to the people of Canada that we did not propose any conscription. I repeat that announcement with emphasis today."

What, we ask, has become of these fine promises which so deceived Sir Laurier that at Sohmer Park in 1914, after having demanded that the French-Canadians enlist, he made the following statement to over twenty thousand of them: "It is a sacrifice that

is quite voluntary. Canada is an absolutely free country. What has been done up to the present, what will be done in the future, will be absolutely voluntary." Then again in 1916, he declared in Parliament that: "Conscription has come in England, but it is not to come in Canada."

In a vain attempt to block the passage of the Military Service Bill in the House of Commons, Sir Laurier contended that under the existing law the Government's power is limited to the repelling of invasion and to the defence of Canada, and that it has no power to conscript for service abroad. He also maintained that British procedure provides for an appeal to the people when important matters arise on which they have not been consulted, and that, therefore, the Conscription Bill should have been submitted to a vote of the people.

In replying to Sir Laurier's contentions, various members of the opposition declared that conscription had become absolutely necessary if Canadian troops were still to be sent to the front, and that it was too grave a measure to be left to the vote of the uninformed public, and also that immediate action was necessary. They refused to regard the present war as any other than a war in defence of Canada. The French people have a slight but desperate hope that the bill will not receive the royal signature, as they have appealed their case to the British Government itself.

To one who has kept in close touch with the progress of events in Canada both before and since the outbreak of the War, the French-Canadian's violent and persistent opposition to conscription does not come as a surprise. There is grave doubt whether, even had the question been handled in a more astute fashion, the French-Canadian could have been persuaded to acquiesce in the introduction of the bill, which although designed for the entire country is really a slap at the Province of Quebec. All the world knows that it is an attempt to force that province, which in the eyes of the English-Canadian has not done its duty by the British Empire in the titanic world struggle, to contribute its share of men. The seventy-five thousand needed to fill the quota could in all probability have been raised had the period of voluntary enlistment been extended, but they would not have come out of Quebec whence the English-Canadian would like to see them emerge, and whence he thinks at least a fair proportion should in all justice come. Naturally the French-Canadian who refused to enlist voluntarily, resents being forced to do so. Besides, he insists that he has carried his portion

of the burden, but that the English-Canadian has refused to give him due credit for what he has done. French-Canadians in English-speaking regiments have been classed as English-Canadians, he tells you.

Let us grant that the English-Canadian's statistics are correct. Then, why has it been found necessary to compel the French-Canadian to rally to the King's aid? The English-Canadians will tell you that it is because he is a coward and an ignoramus who is held in bondage by his parish priest. They seem to overlook entirely the fact that many of the men affiliated with the labor unions of Canada do not belong to the Catholic Faith. Neither did the sturdy mountaineer whom I met in the Canadian Rockies last summer, and who assured me that Canada would be a different country after the War, and that he and the other young men of his village would like to see any draft officer attempt to force them to fight England's battles. If by chance your informant happens to be a Catholic, he will vary his statement somewhat. I give *verbatim* the answer one such gave when I questioned him: "There are among the French-Canadians many who are possessed of more than average intelligence. A great many are brilliant and their loyalty to Canada cannot be questioned. The English-speaking Canadians seem to think that a goodly number are domineered over and held in ignorance through fear of their priests, and yet it is such men as Laurier, Bourassa, and others of their kind, who for political gain are willing to have the Church blamed for their rotten and willful game of politics."

This represents to a large extent the view of the English-speaking Canadian who is at once a Catholic and a member of the Conservative Party. He is loyal to his Church, and at the same time he feels he must find an excuse for the actions of the French-Canadian which will hold water with those who are not of his Faith. So he lays the blame for the peculiar situation on the leader of the opposing parties, Sir Laurier, the distinguished leader of the Liberals, and Bourassa, the oracle of the Nationalist Party, which holds in Canada a position similar to the Sinn Fein Party of Ireland. The harsh words applied to Sir Laurier seem all the more unjust when we consider that he, more than any man in the Dominion, has been responsible for the enlistment of the French-Canadians who did join the colors. In spite of his years, in spite of the many snubs he has received at the hands of those who hold the reins of government, he went from one end of the Dominion to the other urging the

French-Canadian youth to enlist. On August 11, 1914, he made a statement at Ottawa which defined clearly the stand which he would take should war be declared: "I have often declared that if the Mother Country were ever in danger, or if danger ever threatened, Canada would render assistance to the fullest extent of her power. In view of the critical nature of the situation I have cancelled all my meetings. Pending such great questions, there should be a truce to party strife." In an address before the Reform Club of Montreal on December 12th of the same year, Laurier again gave proof of his patriotism: "I have no particular love for the Government, but I love my country. I love the land of my ancestors, France. I love above all the land of liberty, England, and rather than I in my position as leader of the Liberal Party shall remain passive and quiescent, I would go out of public life altogether." Time again, and in speech after speech, Sir Laurier, and other French-Canadians, who have risen high in the councils of the Dominion, repeated the slogan of both the Conservative and Liberal Parties: "Canada is at war when the Empire is at war," and urged their followers to accept the axiom and to act upon it.

And Laurier's campaign for soldiers to fight in the ranks of the Mother Country certainly bore fruit at the beginning of the War. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, the French-Canadian population as a whole looked upon Canada's entrance into the War with favorable eyes. No less an authority than the *Canadian Annual Review* for 1914 is responsible for the statement that in "Montreal on August 1st and 3d of that year huge crowds paraded carrying French and British flags," and that in "Quebec the English, French and Irish paraded together in an outburst of combined patriotism, and at Ottawa, in London, St. John's, and Halifax, similar demonstrations took place."

If the testimony of one who personally witnessed like scenes can add weight to the above, the writer is well able to furnish it. Towards the middle of August, 1914, I spent several weeks in the north country, and was wonderfully impressed by the eagerness which Canadians of all conditions were displaying to enlist. Out of Haileybury, Cobalt, Cochrane, and the surrounding cities went man after man whose ancestors had left the British Isles to find new homes in the rich and fertile valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, and the Great Lakes, and who had died in blissful ignorance of this new Eldorado upon which their sons were soon to stumble, while out of Ville Marie, that quaint evolution of what

had once been a Hudson's Bay Trading Post, on the opposite banks of the Temiskaming, and in the Province of Quebec, went the descendants of the founders of New France, young men, who though British subjects, spoke English with a foreign accent and only when necessity demanded it. Impelled by one desire, oblivious of the chasm which had separated them for years, they went forth shoulder to shoulder with the English-speaking Canadians across the seas to assist the Allies against the conquering German.

I confess that I, who had visited the northeastern portion of Canada, Quebec, the Saguenay District, and old Acadia, where the children who learned English in the public schools were afraid to speak that language in the presence of their fathers and mothers, and answered people who spoke to them in that tongue: "I do not speak English. I am French," remained a pessimist, and refused to subscribe to the general theory that the petty strifes and jealousies which had existed for years between the two races had been blotted out, and that Canada's greatest problem, the assimilation of her two divergent peoples, might soon be looked forward to.

Two months spent in western Canada in 1916 convinced me that I had been correct in holding to my pessimistic views. The tide had turned. That outburst of friendly feeling which I had witnessed on the banks of the Temiskaming had subsided, and in its place had grown up a feeling of hatred which neither race took any pains to conceal. The English-Canadian talked long and loudly and gave his opinion of the French-Canadian in unmistakable terms. The French-Canadian showed plainly what his feelings were towards the English-Canadian, whom he accused bitterly of trying to defraud him of his treaty rights. From the moment I crossed the border into the Dominion, I was regaled with tales of French-Canadian treachery. If there was one thing apart from universal hatred for the "Hun" upon which western Canada seemed to have agreed, it was in contempt for the "cowardly Quebec *habitant.*" While riding in a street car along the St. Charles road out from Winnipeg, the conductor whose burr betrayed his Scotch extraction, discanted at length upon the hardships of the past winter: "Wages were low, and the price of food exorbitant. The cold was intense, and these plains were covered with six and seven feet of snow, and in the midst of all this the French, the traitors, wanted to turn this country over to the Americans."

I remonstrated with him gently: "We in the States have al-

ways thought the French-Canadian's love for Canada exceptionally great."

"Then why won't he fight for her?" he demanded fiercely. And wherever I went throughout western Canada, I encountered the same question, asked with the same show of bitterness. And from the English-Canadian's point of view there was justice in it, for the west was drained of its able-bodied men. In Winnipeg it became a game of "guess why," every time I saw a healthy looking male under forty in civilian clothes; in Edmonton I watched a division of infantry pass the Macdonald Hotel on its way to the training camp, and there was more than one fifteen-year-old boy in the ranks, if I am any judge of ages; in Vancouver at the exposition grounds where the raw recruits were drilling, and the Canadian engineers were busy digging exhibition trenches, I talked with one of the officers who informed me that he personally knew of two lads, neighbors of his, who had just graduated from knickerbockers, who had recently joined the colors. And in spite of all this self-sacrifice on the part of the west, there was, and still is, Quebec persistently refusing to lend further aid, as far as soldiers are concerned, and there was, and still is, the English-Canadian reviling the Catholic Church in Canada for the attitude of some of its members. Regardless of the fact that such leaders of Catholic thought in Canada as Monsignor Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, and Cardinal Bégin have done all in their power to offset the crusade conducted by Henri Bourassa and Armand Lavergne against the Allies, they are given little credit for their efforts.

To an outsider, it is simply amazing to see that the English-Canadian does not even suspect that in the majority of cases there may be other and valid reasons, besides the influence of the Catholic clergy, which are contributing to the French-Canadian's refusal to respond to England's and France's call for help. He seems to have absolutely no inkling that the condition for which he is blaming the Church is largely the result of his own stupidity. The reason why those early volunteers went forth eagerly from Villa Marie was written in letters large enough for all who cared to read. They were urged onward, not by love for England, nor through any sense of duty, but by affection for France whose memory they still cherished, no matter how they may have despised the irreligious government with which she was afflicted, and by their unrelenting hatred for the conquerors of Alsace and Lorraine, and the desecrators of Belgium. They ceased to enlist when they were made to

realize that they were no longer Frenchmen, nay not even French-Canadians, but denationalized adjuncts of the British Empire. This was where the English-Canadian blundered. He made no attempt to conciliate the French-Canadian at a time when he needed his services most. He found fault from the start with Quebec, which ought not to have been expected at a moment's notice to shake off the peace-loving rigidity of years and to equal the warlike spirit of the youthful and mobile west. He failed to take into consideration that in this old Catholic province, there had been no race suicide, and that as a consequence almost every man of military age had from one to a dozen little ones dependent upon him. He went even further. He deliberately antagonized the French-Canadian by constantly reminding him that he was a conquered subject of Great Britain and as such owed her allegiance. He refused from the very beginning to treat him as a Canadian and an equal. French-Canadians who wished to raise regiments among their own people received little or no aid from those in power, while the English-Canadians, on the other hand, were favored with grants of money from the general or provincial government, but the greatest indictment against the English-Canadian in the eyes of the French-Canadian is that he has broken faith with him. He has attempted to Anglicize him.

To the French-Canadian there are two things more precious than life itself, his religion and his language. Tamper with either, and you do so at your peril. The French-Canadian has remained loyal to England largely because that country has allowed him the free exercise of his religion, and the privilege of having his language taught in the schools and accorded an equal place with English. The French-Canadian was grateful to England for these concessions, and although he acknowledged no inherent obligation to fight for her, merely for Canada, he doubtless would have done so to the best of his ability, had not the English-Canadian been guilty of what he looked upon as treachery to him and to his children. At a time when every means possible should have been taken to win over the French-Canadian, the Province of Ontario, bent on showing its loyalty to everything English, passed a law which relegated the French language to a secondary plane. The result was a protest not only from the French-speaking inhabitants of Ontario, but from those of the entire Dominion. It was useless to attempt to explain away the action of the Ontario Parliament on the grounds that it did not represent the opinion of the other provinces. In

the eyes of the French-Canadian, this deed of the Ontario Parliament was all part and parcel of an infamous plot to make of him a Protestant Englishman. If his language must go, he reasoned, the next attack would be made upon his religion. And thus was inaugurated the campaign of hate which has brought about conscription in the Dominion.

Is it any wonder that when that which he held dearest was threatened, the French-Canadian forgot that he had set out to right the wrongs of humanity, and that he ceased to look upon England as the liberator of the oppressed, and that when disdainfully admonished to enlist, he retorted: "This is not Canada's war; it is England's war, and England has broken faith with my race through the action of the Ontario Parliament. My race has lived up to its obligations. We, French-Canadians, have been faithful to the promises made by our forefathers. We have not taken up arms against the Empire. We have not aided and abetted her enemies. There is no conquering army thundering for admittance at the door of Canada. Why should we go beyond the letter of that which was laid down for us in our treaty, when you have failed to keep your part of the bargain?"

And so it is as *L'Action Catholique de Québec* reiterates: "The die is cast. We are to have conscription." "Canada has entered a new way, the end of which none can foretell, and the calm and consideration we have advocated, are now more than ever necessary."

Yes, indeed, Canada has entered into a new way, the end of which none can foretell. Will a united Canada stand at the turning of the lane? I hope so, but I doubt it. The pride and prejudice of race and religion will never be eliminated from our neighbor of the north, so long as she remains a part of the British Empire. The English-Canadian is, and always has been, first a British subject and then a Canadian. In all probability under existing conditions that is exactly what he ought to be, but it is hardly fair to ask the same thing of the French-Canadian. It is only natural that he should wish to continue to be that which he has always claimed to be, a French-Canadian. It is absurd to exact of him that he be, first, an English subject, then a Canadian, and last of all a Frenchman.

## THE SECOND DROWNING OF LISHUS DOE.

BY JAQUES BUSBEE.

SOME men are born to be drowned, same as some men are born to be hung. But a man can't be hung but one time, while a man can be drowned as often as he falls overboard. When it comes to hanging, I can't say right now what that feels like, but I'm here to tell ye that drowning is a fine, easy death—coming back to life is where a man catches hell. It's like being born, I reckon, only a man's so little and foolish when he's born, he can't remember how bad it hurts.

"They rolled me on a barrel to get the water out'er me the first time I was drownded, and I was too sore and bruised for over a week to move without yelling. Man! it was awful. I wish't when I fell overboard that first time they'd let me gone to the bottom and stay there. Then I'd been safe from me second drowning, though come to think of it, I'm glad I was saved to drown again. I reckon I'll go that way at last, for I mean to sail me schooner as long as I'm living, unless Pamlico Sound goes dry, and I don't much expect that'll happen in my life time.

"Drowning does some men good, 'specially if they don't come back to life, and some it teaches sense, for it took a second drowning to show me what a loon I was. Any man that can't tell which woman he loves the best, don't deserve to have no woman at all; for the sure way to know is to find out which woman loves him best.

"Now my trouble was just this a'way. Tilly lived up here at the Cape and I was mighty glad Omie was ten miles away down at the town of Hatteras. If those two girls ever got together I'd been ruined, for I promised to marry 'em both, and ye know the law won't stand for that. I warn't bothering me head about which of them two 'blonds' loved me the best, but which I wanted for me wife. But then I couldn't decide in me mind which one I loved the best—they was so different.

"Women certainly are jealous-minded—they don't want ye to so much as look at any other woman but them. Now ye want y'r wife to look nice, but ye don't want her to be so pretty that every man comes along is making eyes at her and she getting her head

turned so she can't tend to her work, but is all the time a'thinking about her looks and her clothes and spending her man's money on foolishness.

"Tilly Mashew warn't exactly what ye might call a beauty, but she was nice looking and how she could sail a boat and swim—Man! it was a sight to see; and she warn't but nineteen years old neither. Her hair was about the color of the sand on the beach where it's wet and her eyes was green. Least ways, that's what I told her, just to pester her. But they really was betwixt green and blue—'bout like the surf when it breaks and is all covered with white circling spoon-drift.

"And she'd say to me, 'Well, my eyes is a sight better color than yourn, Captain Ulysses Doe, for yourn ain't no color at all—just black. I'd a heap rather look like white folks than a Spaniard.'

"It certainly is funny how women hate to be teased about their looks. But I never told Tilly how pretty I thought she was, though if I could have me choice, I'd take brown eyes.

"Omie Austin had dark eyes though they warn't exactly brown. Her hair was dark too. She was the kind of girl that couldn't wait for a man to look at her 'afore she'd begin to rouse his attention. She'd been to school over on the main land and she had mighty hyfalutin' ways and spent more money on her back than old man Austin could make in one shad season. Man! she was just 'bliged to have a new dress of store boughten clothes twict a year; but then she certainly was stylish looking. Seemed like she didn't belong at Hatteras nohow, though she was born and raised there. I tell ye, it ain't safe to send a girl off to school. She don't learn nothing that's any use to her and it fills her head with foolish notions.

"Omie had a honing to be a great singer and she was all the time pestering her poppy to give her an organ, so she could practise her squealing, I called it, just to see how mad she'd get.

"'You just wait, Lish,' she'd say. 'I ain't going to spend my life on no sand bar. I'm going to some big city where my voice will be appreciated. They told me at school I could sing wonderful, and it would be a shame not to make something out of it. When we are married you could sail out of Norfolk just as well as here. You wouldn't be at home much anyhow. If we lived in a city I could have my singing lessons and I could see something now and then.'

"If it hadn't been for that prying post mistress at the Cape I'd been all right, but every time I'd get a letter on blue paper, she'd

hand it to me with a knowing smile and say out loud so everybody standing round could hear: 'Captain Doe, here's that love letter ye'r looking for with a Hatteras postmark onto it. They come mighty regular these days and it's a lady's handwriting, I'm thinking. Ye don't go down there often enough to hear all she wants to tell ye. Seems like she has to write ye what she forgot when ye was there. Oh, y'r a sly one! I hear ye'r going to leave the Banks some day soon and live in Norfolk where there's sights to be seen.'

"Well all I can say is, a heap of 'em sees but a few knows; and that fool woman would laugh like she knew when me wedding was to be when I didn't know meself, and the harder I'd try to look careless like, the redder I'd turn. Then somebody'd say, 'Peter Mashew won't ever give his consent for his daughter Tilly to leave home and live where he can't see her every day. Any man that gets Tilly will have to live at the Cape.'

"And then somebody would answer back, 'Who said it was Tilly Mashew? Is it Lish?'

"I knew from the ways the boys 'ud laugh that no secret goings on could stay hid in a place no bigger than Hatteras Banks and I felt like me time had come to make a choice. But I say, d—— folks that's always sticking their bills in other people's business, just like a scoggin.

"Along in February the shad fishing got so fine I had to make three and, if I could, four trips a week, boating fish to 'Little' Washington and Elizabeth City and coming back full freighted. If business kept up till the end of the season, I'd be able to pay off the mortgage on the 'White Doe.' She was a trim, little, two-masted schooner, and two men was all she needed to sail her in any weather. Kit Woden was me mate and the times we've had sailing Pamlico Sound! Poor boy, I can't hardly think of Kit now without crying.

"Shad fishing had failed for two years past, but this season put money in everybody's pockets, especially old man Austin's. But now right in the middle of the fishing come a bad spell of weather putting a stop to everything. I had as much as three cargoes of freight waiting in the warehouse at Elizabeth City, but 'twant no use to sail empty of a load of fish just to bring back a load of freight when in two days after good weather I'd have plenty of fish boxes. So I didn't make a single trip that week. I went down the Banks to see Omie.

"I never seen a woman so set up over a little thing as Omie was by her poppy at last givin' her that organ. The old man had

surprised Omie by sending the cash money to a mail order house for it, and now for over a week that organ had been holding its breath in the warehouse. Omie had got the notice out of the postoffice telling it was there, and her poppy said he'd go plumb crazy if she didn't get that organ soon, or Omie would spend herself running over to the Weather Bureau to see when this spell was going to break.

" Omie was the lovingest thing ever ye saw. She all but kissed me right before her poppy when I went in, and I do believe I could a' kissed her and she never would a' known it—she was so excited.

" ' Oh, Lish, if you love me, you'll go get my organ,' she began before I could say howdy. ' Poppy didn't mean for me to know about it till it got here, but I went to the postoffice and got a notice on a postal card, so he couldn't keep it from me. If you'll go in the morning, Lish, you'll be back with it day after tomorrow.'

" ' I won't have a load of fish till this weather breaks and gives the boys a chance to haul,' I 'lowed, not wanting to own the weather was too rough and squally.

" 'There's three cargoes of freight waiting in the warehouse for you, Lish, you said there was. Won't you make just one trip empty for me? I'd go for my organ in a spreet boat, if I knew how to sail it, weather or no weather. I can't live without it, and if you love me like you say, now's a chance to prove it.'

" I certainly did love that girl a-hanging on me arm and pleading with me to go for her organ, but the weather was rough and unsettled, and I did hate to sail from Hatteras empty, just to fetch a woman something to play with. I didn't say a word for awhile, and Omie put her arms around me and give me a hug.

" 'I knew you'd go, Lish, when I asked you,' she said and looked at me sweet enough to eat.

" I started to drive back to the Cape right away as I had a sight to do if I was going to sail at daybreak. I had to find Kit Woden and I had to see Peter Mashew about his freight that he'd been waiting for, and somehow I wanted to see Tilly, but I was feared to tell her I was going.

" It was near 'bout dark when I stopped in at Peter's store. Kit was settin' by the stove so that saved me looking for him.

" ' What's a little rough weather to a sailor?' I says to Kit when he began to object. ' We ain't losing nothing by going any more than by settin' round warming the chairs. I tell ye, I'm going.'

" ' I'd like mighty well to have them supplies for the store,'

Peter Mashew said, 'but I ain't asking no man to make a trip just for me in such weather.'

"As I went up the road I met Tilly going in her yard. 'I'll be back Friday night all right, if nothing happens.'

"'I wish ye wouldn't go, Lishus,' and Tilly laid her hand on me arm. Then she looked me straight in the face, and her eyes was as green as the deep clear sea water in a slick calm. 'Who are ye going for?' she asked.

"It took me so sudden I couldn't answer for a spell. When me voice came to me it sounded so strange I didn't blame Tilly for not believing what I said, 'I'm going after some freight for y'r poppy,' I stammered.

"Tilly let her hand drop from me arm and turned away. 'Ye'r telling me a lie, Lishus. I know who it is down to Hatteras that's making ye go.'

"I knew she couldn't know for sure as there warn't no way for her to find out, but women certainly are jealous-minded. Yet she knew I'd been to see Omie down there and that was enough.

"'I'll be back Friday night and in to see ye,' I called to her as she went up the steps. 'Ain't ye going to tell me good-bye and God-speed?' But Tilly went in the house and shut the door.

"We sailed at dawn with a fair wind, stiff enough to call it a gale if ye minded to, and hove to that night about ten o'clock with the lights from the town wriggling towards us in the black juniper waters of the Pasquotank River. But I couldn't get Tilly out of me mind, and wondering how much she knew of why I had made this trip without a cargo, just to boat back freight, when I could have brought a load of fish in a day or two longer. Then I wondered if that mouthy post mistress had told her about me letters and if Tilly believed it, for she must have heard something. I couldn't sleep for wondering of it.

"We didn't get our freight aboard till late Thursday evening, but I had Omie's organ stowed safe in the hold, and I warn't much caring about the rest. All night the wind freshened, with little flurries of snow, and when we slipped our cable at dawn and dropped down the river towards Albermarle Sound, we rode into the teeth of spiteful weather.

"The *White Doe* held her nose proud to the wind, but made mighty little headway across Albermarle Sound with its yellow waters all roughened into hillocks topped with white caps. The weather was so thick and smoky I didn't know we passed the north

end of Roanoke Island and was in Croatan Sound, until I heard the bell buoy clanging dismal. 'Kit,' I says, 'we've lost so much time with this contrary wind, we'll not get home tonight, I'm thinking.'

"'Omie sure will be disappointed about her organ and Tilly will be disappointed about her Lishus,' Kit laughed.

"A man is some different from a woman. It don't matter what a man's been up to, he's just bound to tell another man about it; but a woman will always hold back a part from her very best woman friend. She'll come a heap nigher telling a man all she's done than she will a woman. But men don't care. They're proud of their meanness—seems like.

"Kit's laughing made me mad. He knew the fix I was in, though I hadn't told him, but then we never tried to hide nothing from each other, and from what I said now and then Kit knew as well as I did how troubled I was in me mind.

"'If ye'd promised to marry two "blonds" and didn't know which one ye wanted the worst, ye wouldn't think it nothing to laugh at,' I answered short.

"'I wouldn't been fool enough to promise 'em nothing. I'd kept 'em guessing.' Then Kit added cheerful like, 'Maybe this trip'll settle it and ye won't be able to marry neither of 'em, for it's my notion we ain't never going to get home at all.'

"I wouldn't own I was troubled. I'd taken the *White Doe* through worse blows than this, but the seas was insulting us, and the wind not knowing which way to blow, blew from all points of the compass at one time.

"We must have been somewhere in the neighborhood of Long Shoals, as well as I could make out, when suddenly Kit called out in terror, 'Luff her off, Lish, luff her off!'

"Her head was square to the wind and before I knew what had happened, the *White Doe* pitched-poled clean over and we were both struggling in the icy water.

"When she capsized, her anchor slipped off the bow and moored her fast, and for some reason or other, ballast that was caught between decks caused her to float just under water.

"Man! it was a bad capsize. We crawled upon her bottom, wet through and through, and had to stand up in six or eight inches of water. I had on gum boots and an oil skin jacket, but me sweater was under that and if it hadn't been wet I'd a fared well enough. But Kit didn't have no sweater, though he'd been warm enough if he hadn't been wet. The wind cut us like a knife.

" 'Kit,' I said, 'can ye sleep standing on y'r legs like a scoggin? It looks to me like we'd have to spend the night right here. There's no chance of any boat passing and sighting us 'fore day. What about supper?'

" Kit didn't answer for some time, but steadying himself by puttin' his hand on me shoulder, took off first one boot and then the other, pouring out the water.

" 'Let's go below and play us a tune on Omie's organ,' Kit said at last, kinder chilly like.

" 'Ye can't blame Omie, Kit. Blame me for it if ye've got to blame anybody. I'll get blame a plenty, I reckon, when she finds out I've capsized and ruined that organ and she at the landing right now, wagrus mad because I've not come back when I said I would.'

" Kit didn't answer. He kept squeezing water from his coat and shivering. The wind was backing into the north and the smoke was lifting, but the cold crept closer and closer to a man's very marrow.

" All night we stood there without saying much to one another. Just before dawn a few stars pricked through the clouds and the wind began to lull. I knew day was nigh from the way the water looked black and heaved slow against the sky turning a sickly pale color.

" 'Soon as it's light good,' I says to Kit, ' I'm going to dive under this boat and try to cut the anchor rope. We'd drift fast in this strong tide, I know.'

" 'How'll ye cut it?' Kit asked without any show of caring.

" 'I've got me pocket knife,' I says. ' I couldn't be no wetter nor no colder.' So I took off me boots, coat, sweater and breeches and give 'em to Kit to hold. Then I took the knife between me teeth and dové for the cable.

" Once under the water it seemed warmer than in the wind, but I couldn't find the rope. I came up once to get me breath, then dove again. Still I couldn't find the cable, and had to crawl back on the hull. The cold blew through me same as I was a gill net, and seemed like me veins was filled with liquid fire.

" ' 'Taint no use,' Kit urged and the way he looked made me so mad I dove again. Down, down, down—seemed like I warn't never coming up no more, when all of a sudden me head struck the cable and the knife was dashed out of me mouth.

"No—it warn't no use now, and I made a great struggle to come up, but never would a got out if Kit hadn't lent a hand and

pulled me onto the hull. I put on me clothes. They was stiff with ice.

" All day we stood in the water and watched—watched for some boat to pass, but never a sign could we see. The time had passed for being hungry, and there ain't much for fellows to say to one another when they'r to leeward of life and the frost has got into their brains.

" Towards evening Kit began to act foolish and laugh, when God knows there warn't nothing to laugh at. Then he thought I was Tilly Mashew. He looked me straight in the face. ' Tilly,' he said, ' Lish don't know it, but he ain't loving Omie. He's just being biggity. I know him.'

" Kit was dippy all right, but it come over me that I warn't so proud to do something for Omie, as I was to sail me schooner in weather like this and bring her safe to port again when not another man on the Banks would have ventured.

" I put out me hand to Kit meaning to make a clean breast of it and own up I warn't acting right by Tilly, but he warn't there!

" 'Kit,' I said two or three times but never dared to turn round, for I knew he was gone. Frozen, starved, clean spent, I hadn't heard him when he slipped from the hull, and now Kit was floating around somewhere down there under the water and me too near gone to save him.

"Then for the first time, fear took holt of me. I was feared to stand there alone, and I was feared I'd jump overboard and end me misery. I knew right then what was coming to me.

"How I passed that night alone, I can't say. Sometimes I'd think I was talking to Kit and begging him not to blame me—'twould just a been suicide; and then I'd be at Peter Mashew's store setting by the stove. Then I'd think 'twas Tilly begging me not to go. But the greatest fear, that made me weak and dizzy, was that I'd drop asleep and fall overboard.

" The sun rose clear, with a gentle breeze blowing out of the west and the Sound waters dancing and sparkling in the light, with only here and there a little crest of foam. The cold had lightened but I was long past caring. Seemed like I didn't have no body at all—just a little fluttering spot in me chest.

" Far to the so'thard a teeny black speck kept bobbing slowly up and down and I began to wonder what it could be—a bit of wreck most likely from the *White Doe*. Then it grew larger and me heart tried to break through me ribs. I thought I heard the

throbbing of a gas engine, but I couldn't tell for sure, the way the blood was pounding in me head.

" Seemed like it was a gas boat and it was headed towards me! It came closer. Tilly was standing aft and using an oar, and I wondered why she rowed when the boat was moving so fast with the engine going like mad. Her hair was blowing about her face and she waved her hand to me!

" And I knew from the way me heart leaped that Tilly was the one I loved, for her face told me that she loved *me* and was risking her life for me. For a man, love as he will, can't be saved without a woman loves him. Then she came within hailing distance and beckoned to me but did not speak. Then the boat was 'long side, and she put out her hand to me and I stepped aboard.

" Man! I was dreaming.

" The icy water woke me as I stepped from the *White Doe's* hull and sank—sank with no love of life in me and no strength to struggle. But a man will struggle for breath even when he no longer wants to live, and when at last I found meself back upon the hull, there was no telling how long I had been in the water or how I managed to crawl back there. I couldn't stand. I was too weak and spent but sat in the water without feeling it. The day must have passed for the sun was now low in the west and the wind was backing to the north again. When darkness fell I knew it would be all night with me. I thought I heard me name called! Was I dreaming again or was I froze to death—dead and didn't know it?

" 'Lishus, oh, Lishus, I've found ye! I knew I would!'

" It was Tilly's voice, but how could it be Tilly? Yet coming towards me in Peter Mashew's spreet boat, again I saw her. Again she was standing aft, but had no oar and she sprang for'd as the boat touched her prow on the *White Doe's* hull.

" Then I thought me head was tricking me again, and I stretched out in the water and clung with me nails to where I lay, and tried to shut out the vision of her in me brain.

" Her hair was all loosed and her eyes was wild with terror as she leaned over the boat's side and put her hands about me. Tearing free me holt, she pulled me into the boat and put her face down close to mine.

" When I opened me eyes again I was in a bed and Tilly a-setting by holding me hand. Man! I certainly did enjoy coming back to life that time, all but thinking of how Kit had lost his life through me—because I'd been such a loon about girls.

" But after all, there ain't but one girl, and I reckon ye know the one I mean. When I didn't come home Friday night like I promised, Tilly got wild, she told me. She couldn't get nobody to go look for me. They all said if I was fool enough to go out in such weather, I was fool enough to get home safe, for Hatteras warn't on the fool killer's chart. But Tilly knew better. All day Saturday she waited and when Sunday morning come, that girl slipped away down to her poppy's landing, stole his spreet boat and started alone on her search.

"That was ten years ago.

" But when I'm drownded the next time, me boy Kit will be big enough, I hope, to be his mother's man, and man enough too, in not so many years to sail the Sounds in me new schooner that I've christened the *Tilly*."

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## THE HOMELESS GOD.

BY GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON.

*(A Meditation in any church of the Anglican Communion.*[1]*)*

NOT where to lay Thy Head—so from Thy Lips
Fell Thy meek accusation of mankind,
Who brought to Thee for healing sick and blind,
And heard Thee teach from Galilean ships;
Then saw Thy Light from life smite death's eclipse,
And flash new life into the perished mind;
Yet left Thee homeless, less than lowest kind,
And sold Thee to the Cross and Roman whips.
And now, when two millenniums of Thy grace
Have blest the earth, with proud, averted face
This England glories in her cold decree,
Blind to the needs of them that walk the night,
And look to Thee for healing and for light,
That in her shrines there is no home for *Thee*.

[1]Recently one thousand of the English clergy petitioned their Archbishops for permission to reserve the Blessed Sacrament. The petition was denied.

# A PARADOX OF HISTORY.

BY JOSEPH V. MCKEE, A.M.

THE first regiment to leave New York for active participation in the War was the Irish Catholic Regiment, the famous "Fighting Sixty-Ninth." It was altogether fitting that this should have been so, for no unit in the history of American military achievements holds a higher or more honorable record for meritorious service. Just before the gallant soldiers marched away, Bishop Hayes publicly blessed their standards and bade them Godspeed on their valorous mission.

This passing of the Sixty-Ninth, in a military sense, was but an incident in this Great War. But apart from military significance, there is something in the incident that clothes it with importance and points to greater things. In terms of service and patriotism, it indicates the attitude of the Catholics of the country, and shows the spirit of patriotism and service that is the universal mark of their citizenship. In terms of history it looms still larger, and points the great lesson of God's omnipotence working out the destiny of nations.

Vast, eternal and inscrutable and deeper than the power of conqueror or of commonwealth, there is a Force that shapes and guides the destinies of man and nation. Mighty kings and empire-builders, risen by bloody conquest or strategical statesmanship to triumphal regencies, have received the homage of vast peoples, yet in the very attainment of their glorious projects, in the accomplishment of their world-effecting enterprises, they were but executing the silent commands of Him Who is the King of kings. Nations cradled in adversity have grown to majestic power by the wisdom or valor of their statesmen, yet at the appointed hour when their mission was fulfilled, they have toppled and crumbled to ruin. Time, "the true historian," has chronicled the achievements of potentate and empire not as their victories, but as deeds directed to the ends of the "Designer Infinite." Alexander by his conquests erected a monument, lasting, complete and personal, yet in the ultimate reckoning his work was but the preparation for the grandeur of Rome. And the final end of Rome's subjugation of the world was not to centre

the affluence of the universe at Rome, but that the sword might make easy the way for the torch of Christianity. From the decrees of Pharaoh, which gave Moses to the Jews, down through the Roman persecutions, the fanaticism of Luther, the bigotry of England and the trials of the Church in Japan, Almighty God has directed the blind, often defiant works of man to the accomplishment of His divine end. But while the student of history, who reads aright the true factors that govern the acts of men, can trace God's wisdom in the life of every nation, nowhere are its effects so evident, so unmistakable as in the founding and growth of the United States of America.

By Catholic courage and enterprise America was discovered and explored. Aided by Catholic sovereigns, himself a Catholic and his vessels dedicated to the care of the Virgin Mother, Columbus shaped his sail across an unknown deep and planted the true Cross in the New World. In his footsteps followed others who tracked the mighty forests and explored the vast regions, making possible by their daring the future habitations of a new nation. De Soto, Magellan, Cartier, de La Salle—all were torchbearers in the procession of the following century. Then came the Jesuit missionaries bringing the Gospel of Christ to the savage peoples, and accomplishing a work whose beneficent effects can never find adequate appreciation in the pages of mortal history.

But when the harvest came new laborers were in the fields. England had been swept away by the flood of Protestantism, and the storm of bigotry which broke upon the Catholic Church in the Mother Country carried away the last vestige of religious freedom for the Catholics in the colonies. In Pennsylvania alone was the free exercise of religion permitted, while from Massachusetts to Maryland death and dire penalties awaited upon its public profession by Catholics. So strong was the grip of ignorance and bigotry that to the colonist of 1776 the Catholic Church was the dreaded agent of destruction and the Pope a monster of iniquity.

But even more did religion enter into the very causes of the American Revolution. In 1774 George III. of England signed the Quebec Act, which enlarged the Province of Quebec and gave the Canadian clergy the right of tithes for the support of their religion. In reality the bill merely allowed the Canadians the right of worshipping according to their conscience, and restored some of the privileges enjoyed under France. But to the colonists the Quebec Act was of grievous import. Canada and its one hundred and fifty

thousand Catholics had ever been a menace in the eyes of the British provincials. In the previous war, the American colonists had assisted in wresting Canada from Catholic France, feeling secure with Canada in England's possession. But their hatred was so great that in the act that restored to a subjugated people some of their just rights, they saw only the establishment of "Popery" in Canada, and the making of Canadians "fit instruments in the hands of power to reduce the ancient, free Protestant Colonies to the same state of slavery as themselves."[1] The alarm caused by the Quebec Act was even greater than the injustice of "taxation without representation," and in a protest to the people of England, Congress wrote: "Nor can we suppress our astonishment that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a religion that deluged your island in blood and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world."

Thus the American Revolution was waged not only against civil and political injustices, but also against the feared encroachment of the Roman Catholic Church. Yet strange as it may seem, no true history of the War for Independence can be written which does not tell of the deciding influence of Catholic endeavor, that does not relate the brilliant operations of John Barry, the "Father of the American Navy," or of the wonderful work performed by Pulaski, Kosciusko, Stephen Moylan, Rochambeau, de Grasse, d'Estaing, and countless other Catholics who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and sacred honor in the cause of the colonists. Not alone did the Protestant battle to throw off the oppressive yoke of England, for the Rev. John Carroll, S.J., a brother of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, tells us that "the blood of Catholics flowed as freely in proportion to their numbers to cement the fabric of independence as that of any of their fellow-citizens." Nay more, were it not for the help received from a Catholic nation in the darkest hour of their struggle, the colonies would have gone down to lasting defeat.

Here is indeed a paradox. The colonists had done all in their power to destroy Catholic religion, they had published as gross injustice, a *causa belli,* the Quebec Act. They had branded the Catholic Faith as the disperser "of impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world." Yet despite all this, there were none who fought more bravely for the liberty of the colonies than did the Catholics. Nor was it a mean part that they

[1]Address of the first Continental Congress "To the People of Great Britain."

played in the long struggle, for to one fell the lot of founding the American navy, and upon the assistance of Catholic France the successful ending of the war was made possible.

What then can be the explanation of this strange inconsistency? Was it lack of faith that led sturdy Irish Catholics to fight side by side with the enemies of their religion? Was it hope of honor or glory from the colonists that led the oppressed to take up arms with the oppressors? Such could never have been. Nor is the answer to be found in human motives.

In the colonies where was reflected with intensity the bigotry and antagonism of England towards Catholicism and where the colonial government was the support of the established Protestant religion, freedom of worship for the Catholic was impossible. No advancement could be made, no betterment of conditions could be hoped for, as long as the colonists remained dependent on England.

But in the impending struggle which was to sever the political, civil and religious bonds of America to England, the Catholics could hope for civil equality at least, and in the broad spirit of liberty and fraternity that a common cause engenders, might attain religious freedom. This foresight, which actuated them to espouse the colonist cause, is expressed in the words of Charles Carroll, the only Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence: "When I signed the Declaration of Independence I had in view not only our independence of England, but also the toleration of all sects professing the Christian religion, and communicating to them all rights." From motives thus diametrically opposed—the one through hatred and fear of the Catholic religion, the other lest it be weakened and oppressed—Protestant and Catholic fought shoulder to shoulder.

But though comparatively few in number, the Catholics who fought for their country's liberty, have enriched American annals by their heroic conduct on land and sea. Strangest of all is the fact that by them were decided the most important issues, the very outcome of the whole Revolution.

As a daring means to check the movements of the British on land, Congress in 1775 decided to establish a navy whose work would be to harass the transporting of British troops and supplies. At the time England was the greatest naval power in the world, and so little hope of successfully combating her on sea was entertained that Samuel Chase declared the idea "the maddest in the world." But despite the tremendous odds the Marine Committee of Congress

decided to make the attempt, and appointed John Barry, an Irish Catholic, formerly of County Wexford, the first commander of the American navy. In command of the *Lexington,* the first vessel fitted out carrying the colors of the Continental Congress, Barry set sail to battle with the pride of the British navy. In rapid succession he met and took the *Edward,* the *Lady Susan* and the *Betsy.* These victories, coming at the time when the American army was gradually being pushed back from New York, vindicated the desperate risk taken by Congress, and inspired the troops with cheerfulness and courage. But the true patriot is to be seen in Barry's unselfish conduct, when forced to give up his unseaworthy ship. Instead of remaining inactive until repairs could be made, he resolved to assist the army which was in sore straits. Trenton had not yet been taken, the British held New York, and the cause of the colonists seemed lost. Seeing the need of new, strong recruits to assist the ragged, worn-out soldiers of Washington, Barry organized a company of volunteers and hastened to their assistance. After lending efficient aid in transferring the troops across the Delaware and assisting in the surprise of the drunken Hessians at Trenton, Barry was called to Philadelphia, where he was made commander of the port and supervised the preparations for the city's defence. All during that terrible winter when the Continental troops suffered such hardships at Valley Forge, Barry was engaged in destroying British shipping on the Delaware, and participated in the famous "Battle of the Kegs." By brilliant sallies he wrought havoc amongst the English supply ships, sending the captured provisions to Washington at Valley Forge. In recognition of his gallant work and in gratitude for the food received, General Washington wrote: "I have received your favor of the 9th inst., and congratulate you on the success that has crowned your gallantry and address in the late attacks on the enemies' ships."

But while Barry's service against the British navy cannot be estimated too highly, his most efficient work consisted not in any of the numerous victorious combats, but in a mission that required the utmost skill and discretion. America needed money; half-starved and unpaid, the Continentals were deserting in large numbers. Without some financial aid the war would have to end. In order to raise money, Congress commissioned Colonel John Laurens to appeal for aid in France, and ordered Commodore Barry to convey him safely thither. The high seas were infested with British frigates, and the capture of Laurens meant a deathblow to the

colonies. But by extraordinary skill, though only after a desperate encounter with the *Alert,* Barry succeeded in landing Laurens in France, where he obtained from the king a gift of six million francs besides military stores and clothing, which enabled Washington to hasten to Yorktown. Had Barry failed, Laurens would never have reached Paris, Washington could not have moved against Yorktown in time to reënforce Lafayette, and the war would have been prolonged indefinitely. Both on land and sea Barry's work was a prominent factor in establishing the independence of the colonies. Of his efforts a noted naval authority wrote: "For boldness of design and dexterity of execution Barry's operations were not surpassed during the war." But besides the noble work performed by Barry, valiant service in harassing the English shipping was rendered the colonists by Catholic privateers, a partial list of which shows thirty-eight vessels in service during 1779 and 1780.

With equal bravery did the Catholic patriots fight in the Continental armies. In reporting to the Earl of Dartmouth, the traitor Galloway wrote that of the rebels at Valley Forge "the Irish were by far the greater number," and General Clinton reported that "the emigrants from Ireland are in general to be looked upon as our most serious antagonists." Of Washington's Guard, in which only the most trustworthy were enlisted and which contained "the flower and pick of the army," the record show the names of thirty-two Catholics.

But while there are many whose work is recorded by their names only, we have in the lives of Moylan, Pulaski, Wallace, Ryan, Selin, Duffy, Doyle, Moore, Clarke and Brady, all Catholic officers, noble examples of the service performed by Catholic patriots. Moylan did yeoman work under Washington. In 1776 he was appointed Muster-Master General, and later became an aide to Washington. After seeing service in the campaign around New York against Clinton, Moylan was placed in command of the whole colonial cavalry, and conducted his troop with distinction at Brandywine and Yorktown. The noble-hearted Pulaski, after heroic service in the provincial cavalry, organized an independent corps, at whose head he met his death in the brilliant but futile attack on Savannah.

But while Moylan and Pulaski did valiant work in high commands, there were other Catholic officers who served no less worthily in less prominent positions. Sergeant Andrew Wallace, a Scotch Catholic, participated with bravery in many of the more important

battles, and was the first to succeed Lafayette when the French commander was dangerously wounded at Brandywine. Captain Anthony Selin was engaged in the campaign against the Iroquois Indians and also against General Clinton. Lieutenant Samuel Brady was at Bunker Hill, Trenton, Princeton and Brandywine, while the names of Doyle, Duffy and Ryan are inseparably linked to that of Anthony Wayne, participating with him in his daring exploits at Stony Point, Camden, Eutaw and Cowpens. These men have become known to posterity as Catholic patriots, but there are countless others who served equally nobly, although their work as Catholics has not been recorded.

Despite the strategic genius of Washington and the bravery of his troops, little by little the Americans were being driven back. Each battle found their ranks diminished; each march found their force debilitated. Defeat and England's retribution faced the ill-clothed and wretched soldiers. Disheartened, Washington exclaimed: "If we do not have money and soldiers from France, our cause is lost." Thus the people who had raised their voices in bitter recrimination against the Catholic religion as "dispersing impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world," now besought a Catholic nation to save them from utter ruin. How inscrutable are the ways of the Lord!

With their fate resting in his hands, Louis XVI. decided to help the colonists, and in 1780 an army of five thousand two hundred soldiers was dispatched to the aid of Washington. Besides this force, among which were the Irish regiments De Walsh and De Dillon, four fleets were fitted out. With four frigates and twelve other vessels, Admiral d'Estaing arrived at Delaware Bay July, 1778, but finding Philadelphia in possession of the British, sailed north destroying five English frigates and two corvettes on the way. After putting the English on the defensive and ending their offensive work in Rhode Island, d'Estaing sailed on November 4, 1778, to the Antilles and thence against Savannah, where the allied forces were repulsed with a loss of seven hundred to the French. Although defeated, the unexpected arrival of the French fleet made futile the proposed expedition against the southern colonies, by which the Continentals were to be disunited and thus cut off from one another to be the more easily conquered.

In March, 1781, Count de Grasse, in command of a large fleet, left the Antilles with orders to sail along the Atlantic coast and assist the land forces under Rochambeau and Washington.

Before embarking, the French admiral obtained a reënforcement of three thousand four hundred men from the governor and a loan of one million two hundred thousand livres, secured by his private fortune. At the opening of the campaign of 1781 a crisis was impending in the affairs of the colonists. Cornwallis, after a series of skirmishes with the Continental army under General Greene, had refused to follow the Americans into South Carolina, and began a marauding march through Virginia. Unsuccessfully opposed by the slim force under Lafayette, Cornwallis continued his devastating tour when General Clinton, fearing an attack on New York by Washington, ordered him to move towards the coast, so as to be ready with reënforcements, should the threatened attack be made. In compliance with this plan, Cornwallis centred his troops at Yorktown. Washington, seeing the opportunity thus presenting itself, decided to make a swoop upon Cornwallis, hoping to paralyze the British in the suddenness of the attack. Covering up his operations from Clinton, Washington set out by forced marches of sixty miles a day to join Lafayette. Meanwhile Count de Grasse, with almost supernatural foresight, determined upon the Chesapeake Bay as the point of concentration. On September 5th he met the combined fleets of Admirals Hood and Graves hastening from New York to the assistance of Cornwallis. After a desperate encounter and four days spent in manœuvring, de Grasse sailed into the Chesapeake one hour before the arrival of the allied armies. Hemmed in on land by the American and French forces and on sea by the French fleet, Cornwallis was forced to surrender October 19, 1781, and the American Revolution was practically brought to a close.

Thus by Catholic help and valor was made possible the independence of the colonies and the founding of the United States of America. Without the service which was rendered by Catholics there could have been but one outcome to the struggle of 1776—the defeat and subjugation of the colonists. Without Catholic help the American Revolution would have been a brave but vain battle of ill-equipped forces, powerless to carry on a long struggle against the might and power of England.

By Catholic daring and enterprise, America was discovered; by Catholic explorers its realms were traversed and its wealth and beauty pictured to the world; by Jesuit missionaries the light of Christ was first brought to its shores, and by Catholic subjects its first colony was founded. Now by Catholic help a glorious nation was established on its shores.

Yet through it all how plainly can be seen the working of the hand of God. At the opening of the Revolution we see the Catholic hated, deprived of his civil rights and debarred by heavy penalties from the exercise of his religion. But when the generosity of Catholic France dispelled the gloom of a cause well-nigh lost there came a gradual change, a softening in the attitude of the colonists towards Catholicism. So great, indeed, was the transformation that at the war's close we see the Continental Congress attending Mass for the soul of the Spanish agent, M. Morales, and again assisting at the *Te Deum* for victory.

In the light of today, the divinely-inspired wisdom of our forefathers receives wonderful confirmation. In seeming contradiction they battled side by side with the men who fought lest the "ancient Protestant colonies" be reduced to the "slavery of Catholicism." Yet their hope that they might receive justice at the hands of their fellow-patriots who had learned the true meaning of liberty has been signally realized. Under the beneficent laws of the nation whose establishment was made possible only by Catholic assistance, Catholic America has grown to be the loveliest daughter of the Church.

And now in the present War when the call to arms came, the first to go were the splendid men of the Sixty-ninth. Surely their passing was more than a military incident.

## AIMS AND METHODS IN SOCIAL INSURANCE.[1]

BY JOHN O'GRADY, PH.D.

A PROBLEM which has recently been receiving much attention from American employers is that of labor turn-over, or the proportion of the number of employees engaged in different establishments every year to the total number on the payroll. Many employers have discovered that they had been employing, on the average, about four hundred persons every year for every hundred on the regular payroll. This, of course, meant considerable waste. The new men had to be trained, a considerable amount of material was spoiled and the speed of the factory slowed up. In order to avoid this waste, which has been variously estimated from forty to two hundred dollars for each new employee engaged, employers are now making every possible attempt to maintain a steady labor force. They are using every possible device to interest the men in their work, and, for this purpose, they are introducing industrial betterment schemes of all kinds into their factories and workshops. Employers could not invest their money more profitably. As a result of its industrial betterment scheme the labor turn-over of the Ford Motor Car Company has been reduced from four hundred to twenty-three per cent, and the company has increased its working efficiency by forty-six per cent, and the return on the money invested in its profit-sharing bonus has been about twenty-four per cent.

In addition to providing medical benefits for the care of the sick and the victims of industrial accidents, establishment funds provide a cash benefit for the purpose of neutralizing the economic losses due to sickness. The amount of the cash benefit is generally about five or six dollars a week, extending over a period varying from ten to twenty-six weeks. In case of the railroad funds, however, it sometimes extends over a period of fifty-two weeks.

Sometimes the employer defrays the entire cost of the benefit fund; sometimes he makes an annual contribution, or defrays the cost of administration. In most instances, however, the workers bear the whole or the greater part of the cost. Only four of the

[1]Concluded from the September issue.

four hundred and twenty-nine establishment funds studied by the Bureau of Labor in 1908 were maintained entirely by employers; one hundred and ninety depended on the contributions of the workers, and one hundred and thirty-nine received contributions of varying sizes from employers.

How far the workers in this country are protected against the losses due to sickness by establishment funds, it is difficult to say. In the one industry in which these funds have been the most widely adopted, namely, railroading, only twenty per cent of the workers were protected by them in 1907. In all probability, however, the establishment funds are doing as much to protect wage-earners against sickness as any other institution in this country. The benefits supplied by these funds are undoubtedly superior to those of the fraternal orders and trade unions, especially from the point of view of medical aid. Establishment funds, as a rule, have fairly well organized medical benefits. Their medical benefits become especially effective when administered in conjunction with well-organized welfare departments in the factories. In such instances, the workers not alone receive medical attention when they are too ill to work, but are constantly under the observation of competent physicians, who detect the first symptoms of disease.

If all employers were philanthropically inclined, if they were unwilling to take advantage of the power which the administration of an establishment fund places in their hands, it would be a fairly reasonable solution of the sickness problem. But unfortunately all employers are not so inclined. Many do not realize the necessity of protecting their workmen against sickness; many, too, are inclined to use the benefit funds for the purpose of obtaining too much control over their men. How often has it happened that workmen who were about to strike or join a labor organization have had the prospect of losing their benefits held up before them as a deterrent.

Within the past few years the casualty companies have become very active in the domain of sickness and accident insurance. The number of persons whom they protect against personal accidents and sickness cannot, however, be ascertained with any degree of accuracy. It has been estimated that about two million persons carry personal accident policies, and about half a million are insured against sickness in the casualty companies.

In order to sell accident and sickness insurance to wage-earners, casualty companies must make a house to house canvass, and

they must follow the same policy in collecting premiums. We cannot, therefore, be surprised when we find that in many instances the cost of administration amounts to about fifty per cent of the premium. In fact the companies feel that the business is being conducted at a loss when the loss ratio, or the ratio of losses paid to the premiums received, exceeds forty-eight per cent, which means that the workers must pay one dollar for every fifty-two cents received by way of benefits.

From the foregoing discussion the following general conclusions may be drawn:

1. In the first place sickness constitutes a very serious risk for workmen in the United States. For thousands, a sickness lasting two or three weeks means poverty. Even for the more fortunately situated skilled wage-earner it may mean the dissipation of the savings of a lifetime.

2. Saving is not a desirable means of protecting the wage-earner against sickness. It is more economical to distribute the loss due to sickness over a large number by means of insurance.

3. The existing agencies cannot solve the problem of sickness in the United States because there is no hope of their making insurance universal. So long as we depend on them, the persons who need insurance the most will remain without its protection.

4. The existing agencies in so far as they impose the entire cost of insurance on the wage-earner are not based on sound social policy. Sickness, as every modern student recognizes, is due in part to personal neglect, in part to occupation and in part to the unhealthy environment in which workmen live. The cost of insuring against it should, therefore, be borne conjointly by the workers, by industry and by the state.

5. Under the voluntary systems of sickness insurance in the United States very frequently no medical benefit is provided, and when such a benefit is provided, it is scarcely ever sufficient to meet the needs of the situation. In point of fact the providing of an adequate medical benefit which is so necessary for the prevention of sickness and speedy recovery, involves such a large expense that it cannot be very well provided except through the coöperation of the employer, the employee and the state.

During the past two or three years the adoption of compulsory health insurance by American states has been seriously discussed. The United States Commission on Industrial Relations made a special study of the question, and the majority report recommended

the enactment of compulsory sickness insurance legislation in this country. A number of private organizations have also been devoting considerable time to the study of this newer form of social insurance, the most prominent among them being the American Medical Association, the American Association for Labor Legislation and the National Civic Federation. In the spring of 1916, and, again, in 1917, compulsory health insurance laws were presented to the State Legislatures of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In Massachusetts a committee of the Legislature was appointed to study the question and make recommendations. The committee, however, failed to agree and presented a divided report. In California a commission was appointed in 1915 to study sickness and old age insurance. After making an intensive study of the problem of sickness in the state and of the various private institutions which have been organized to protect the worker against the losses due to sickness, the commission recommended that a constitutional amendment, authorizing the Legislature to pass compulsory sickness insurance legislation, be submitted to the voters of the state in 1918. A few weeks ago the Ohio State Legislature created a commission to study health insurance and old age pensions, and the creation of a similar commission is being considered by the New York Legislature.

At the present time the health insurance movement is passing through the same stages as the workmen's compensation movement in 1909 and 1910. Many of the states have at least reached the point when they are sufficiently interested in compulsory health insurance to spend money in studying its results elsewhere, and, were it not for the fact that the complicated problems of the War have diverted the attention of our legislatures for the moment, we would undoubtedly find compulsory health laws on the statute books of American states within the next two or three years.

There is nothing entirely new in the proposal to adopt compulsory health insurance for all wage-earners or others with small incomes in this country. This form of social legislation has been tried by nearly all the more important European states. Its underlying principles are as generally accepted in Europe as the compensation principle in this country. Germany, England, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Norway and Holland have considered it just as important to protect the worker against sickness and disease as against industrial accidents. Other countries, among them, France, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, while not going so far as to

adopt the principle of universal compulsion for wage-earners, have subsidized the different organizations carrying sickness insurance out of the national treasury.

In the health insurance movement, as in all other social movements, the larger issues should be kept in mind, and not be permitted to be overshadowed by minor details which can be easily adjusted in due time. The most fundamental issue of the whole programme is the principle of compulsion and, on this issue, the wise men of America still differ. There are many who believe that insurance against sickness should be compulsory, but are opposed to the present legislative schemes because their own cherished monopolies do not receive sufficient consideration. The different fraternal orders have been in the field of sickness insurance for generations, and they are naturally opposed to any form of legislation which they imagine would interfere with their development. Trade unions have been building up sickness funds during the past fifty years, and many of their leaders feel that compulsory insurance is an unreasonable interference with their activities. The labor leaders and the officers of fraternal orders who are convinced of the necessity of compulsory health insurance are anxious to have their organizations take a prominent position in the proposed scheme.

The insurance companies also feel that they should be considered. They have been developing a large sickness insurance business in recent years, and, if they have been permitted to carry workmen's compensation insurance, they feel that there is no reason why they should not be permitted to carry sickness insurance. After the problem of compulsion has been solved and the various interests affected properly accommodated, we have still to decide on the extent and scope of the proposed legislation, as well as on the equitable distribution of the financial burden.

Very few countries outside of the United States, at the present time, believe that private coöperative effort can of itself protect the workers against the sickness hazard. This does not mean that all countries have decided to adopt compulsory sickness insurance. Sweden, Denmark, Belgium and Switzerland have satisfied themselves with subsidizing private coöperative effort; France has confined its compulsory legislation to miners and seamen, and Italy to railroad workers.

After years of experience with voluntary subsidized sickness insurance it has been found that large numbers of workers are

still unprotected against sickness in countries where this form of insurance has been put into effect. It has also been discovered that the benefits provided under the voluntary subsidized systems do not at all come up to the standards of the compulsory systems.

The most far-reaching and extensive system of voluntary subsidized sickness insurance is that of Denmark. Adopted in 1892 the Danish law provides a state subsidy of one-fifth of the total income from dues for societies that come up to certain prescribed standards in regard to entrance requirements and benefits. Under the influence of the law the various private benefit societies have increased in membership from one hundred and sixteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-three in 1893 to eight hundred and forty-three thousand two hundred and forty-four in 1914; their membership in the latter year being about thirty per cent of the total population of the country. This would seem to make a strong case for the voluntary subsidized system of sickness insurance, the percentages of insured persons in the total population in Denmark being equal to that of Germany and nearly equal to that of England. It must be remembered, however, that half the members of the Danish societies are women. It is not uncommon to find husband and wife insured in the same society, which is not at all so necessary in Germany on account of the extension of the medical benefits to the wage-earner's wife and family, so that, in reality, we find a larger amount of family insurance in Germany.

It is in the matter of benefits granted that the Danish system compares most unfavorably with the compulsory systems. All the compulsory systems require the payment of benefits for at least twenty-six weeks and, in some instances, payments may be extended to fifty-two weeks. In Denmark the benefits both financial and medical do not ordinarily extend beyond a period of thirteen weeks.

Under a compulsory system there is a better chance of insurance becoming universal than under any voluntary plan. Although the subsidy may be large, the cost of insurance will still be too great for the ordinary wage-earner. It may induce the worker who is receiving a high wage to insure, but to those who have scarcely sufficient to maintain a decent standard of life it offers very little hope.

Workmen's compensation legislation has compelled employers in this country to pay considerable attention to the prevention of

industrial accidents. American employers now realize that it is a better economic policy to introduce safety devices into their factories than to pay large sums of money to the victims of industrial accidents. Employers, too, have learned that immediate and careful attention to all the injuries great and small suffered by their employees, expedites recovery and shortens the period for which compensation must be paid. European experience justifies us in believing that similar results will be obtained under compulsory sickness insurance.

In Germany, sickness insurance has compelled employers to pay more attention to the health of their workmen. They have realized that healthy workers mean not only lower insurance rates but also greater output. At no time have European countries realized more fully the close connection between health and efficiency than during the past three years. Under the stress of war conditions they have been compelled to speed up their industries in order to secure the greatest possible output. It has, therefore, been found necessary to pay close attention to every factor affecting the efficiency of workers, and, for this purpose, welfare committees have been organized under the auspices of the government in the different countries at war. These committees have invariably found that lost time was one of the greatest causes of inefficiency, and that most of the time lost by the workers was due to sickness. The remedies suggested as means of minimizing lost time are: more efficient medical aid for the sick; shorter hours; the establishment of restaurants in factories, so that the workers may have an opportunity of obtaining wholesome food at cost. Here we have one of the many instances in which the scientific discoveries of the War have confirmed the theories for which social reformers have been battling for generations.

In organizing the medical resources of the community for the prevention and cure of sickness, compulsory sickness insurance is far more effective than any voluntary plan. The local insurance funds of Germany have placed at the disposal of the worker the best results of modern medicine and surgery. Members of these locals may have medical care in their homes or they may be sent to hospitals or sanatoria established by the funds. Their wives and the members of their families may also have medical treatment in case of sickness. Such effective medical care could not be provided by a voluntary organization; the cost would be prohibitive.

In regard to the persons included under its provisions, compulsory sickness insurance in Europe followed the same lines of de-

velopment as workmen's compensation. For a number of years sickness insurance was in the experimental stage and it was, accordingly, considered necessary to limit its application to certain classes of workers. The original German Act of 1883 was limited to workingmen in mines, quarries, factories and other industrial concerns. By the amendments of 1885, 1893 and 1911, it was gradually extended so that, at the present time, it includes practically all manual workers and salaried employees earning less than two thousand marks ($476) a year. The more recent sickness insurance laws are far more general in their application than the original German Act. The Norwegian Act of 1909 includes all wage-earners and salaried employees earning less than twelve hundred crowns in the rural districts and fourteen hundred crowns ($375.20) in the urban districts. The British act of 1911 includes all wage-earners and salaried employees earning less than one hundred and sixty pounds (less than $800.00) a year.

As a matter of social policy, there is no good reason why any class of wage-earners or any class of salaried employees, earning less than fifteen hundred dollars, should be excluded from the proposed American laws. The inclusion of all classes of workers from the beginning will make the law cumbersome and, therefore, difficult to enforce; but the main objection to a universal law, at first, is a political one. It might not be good policy to arouse the opposition of American farmers and housewives against compulsory sickness insurance, until the other classes concerned have accepted it. The application of sickness insurance on a small scale, in this country, may be an excellent means of educating the public in regard to its practical utility. If the experiment as applied to certain classes of workers should prove successful, there will be little difficulty in making it universal.

The problem which seems to be giving most concern to the advocates of sickness insurance at the present time, is the insurance carrier. As we saw in a previous article there are many organizations in this country having as their aim the protection of the workers against the sickness hazard. What is to become of all these organizations under compulsory sickness insurance? Are all the mutual and fraternal societies whose members are bound together by so many ties to be legislated out of existence, as some would have it? European countries had at one time to face this same problem which is now confronting the American states. In Great Britain, Germany and Austria before the passing of compulsory legislation, hundreds of private societies were providing sickness insurance for

their members. In England and Germany, as well as in other European countries, these private societies were made a part of the national systems. They were permitted to continue their work as in the past, but in order to receive contributions from the employer and the state they had to conform to certain standards in regard to financial solvency and benefits. In Germany, in addition to the societies already in existence, two new organizations were provided for. The local authorities were authorized to establish local funds, whenever the number of persons to be admitted was at least one hundred. The local funds are generally created for persons in a particular occupation. The communes may however combine different occupations in one fund if each has less than one hundred persons. On account of the fluctuating character of the building trades and the unusually high rate of sickness in them it was thought that they could not be included in the ordinary local funds. The authorities were, therefore, authorized to create special funds for them. In order to protect the locals against the burden of insuring low paid labor, a new type of insurance fund was created in 1911, for agricultural laborers and domestic servants. Although the German local funds did not possess any initial advantages over the already existing institutions they seem to have become the most popular carriers of sickness insurance in the Empire. In 1913 the locals had about fifty-seven per cent of the total number of persons insured against sickness in Germany. The reasons assigned by experts for the great success of the German local funds is their efficiency in organizing medical aid, in providing hospital and sanatorium treatment and in increasing the financial benefit to the maximum permitted by the law.

In Great Britain the private institutions have a larger share in the administration of sickness insurance than in any other European country. Under the German system the existing societies are made a part of the national system, but they are not encouraged, the local funds organized by the communal authorities being the standard insurance carriers. In England, on the other hand, the friendly societies, the trade unions and the establishment funds are the standard insurance carriers. The individual, while compelled to insure, is free to join any one of these societies, and the societies are free to reject any person whom they may look upon as a poor risk. Those who cannot find admittance to the friendly societies, trade unions or establishment funds, are compelled to become deposit contributors; that is, they must pay their weekly contribution into the post office.

The Health Insurance Law of the American Association for Labor Legislation recently introduced into the legislatures of New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts is modeled after the German system. It is proposed to make the local fund the standard insurance carrier for both medical and cash benefits. Fraternal orders and other private organizations insuring against sickness are to be permitted to participate but they are not to receive any contribution from employers. This apparent discrimination has naturally aroused the opposition of the private societies as it places them at a serious disadvantage compared with the local funds.

American employers cannot be expected to contribute to fraternal societies and trade unions since they have no say in the management of these organizations. The fraternals and the trade unions, on the other hand, cannot be expected to acquiesce in a form of legislation that prevents their normal development. Some compromise similar to that proposed by the California Social Insurance Commission must, therefore, be worked out, which will be acceptable to both parties. The essential features of the California plan are the separation of the cash benefit and the medical benefit and the provision that the insured must pay the entire cost of the cash benefit. For those who do not belong to fraternal societies, trade unions or establishment funds, it proposes the establishment of a state insurance fund. In addition to providing a cash benefit for those who do not belong to existing voluntary institutions, the state fund is to be the sole insurance carrier for the medical benefit, the cost of which is to be borne by the employer in part, and in part by the state. This plan follows the precedent set by the British act in separating the medical and cash benefit. It is, however, an improvement on the British system, in that it provides for the organization of a state fund for those who are not members of voluntary societies. In Great Britain such persons merely become deposit contributors, and in case of sickness, can only obtain benefits to the extent of the amount placed to their credit in the post office by themselves, their employers and the state. There is no distribution of risk as under the proposed California scheme. One period of sickness may use up all the worker's savings.

After an agreement has been reached in regard to the principle of compulsion and the institutions which are to participate in sickness insurance, the problem of distribution of cost can easily be solved. We must care for the sick in some way, and, if they are not protected by insurance, they must become dependents upon public charity. Of the two, insurance is the more economical because it

places the burden where it belongs and gives the worker the care necessary for a speedy recovery. Modern science recognizes that industry is to a certain extent responsible for sickness among wage-earners. It also recognizes that the wage-earners themselves and society share this responsibility with industry. The more recent sickness insurance laws, therefore, divide the cost of insurance between the employer, the employee and the state. Under the British law the insured contributes four-ninths, the employers three-ninths and Parliament two-ninths of the cost. According to the German law, however, the cost is borne conjointly by the employer and the employee at the rate of two-thirds and one-third, respectively, the state defraying a part of the cost of administration.

Wage-earners who are receiving living wages may reasonably be compelled to bear a part, and perhaps the greatest part, of the cost of sickness insurance; but what of those who are scarcely receiving sufficient to maintain a decent standard of life? It might be a better social policy to have the employer and the state bear the entire cost of sickness insurance in the case of these poorly paid workers. Great Britain was the first country to exempt poorly-paid workers from contributing to the sickness insurance funds. But while the American states may copy the principle applied by Great Britain in this regard, the standards set by the British law are so low as not to offer any precedent for American action. The British law entirely exempts only those earning less than thirty-four cents a day and lowers the rate for those receiving less than sixty cents a day.

A sickness insurance law ought to make up at least in part for the wage loss due to sickness, and provide the worker with the medical care necessary to hasten recovery. In European countries the worker generally receives a cash benefit varying between fifty and seventy-five per cent of the wage scale of the group to which he belongs. England has departed from the general European precedent by prescribing a fixed benefit of ten shillings a week for men and seven shillings for women. The medical benefit, under European laws, generally provide medical attention, dental care, drugs and hospital care when necessary.

Sickness insurance legislation ought to prevent the workers from becoming public dependents or from dissipating the savings of a life time during periods of illness; it ought to give them access to the best things which modern medicine and surgery can offer and from which they are at present excluded.

# New Books.

**OPERATIVE OWNERSHIP.** A System of Industrial Production Based upon Social Justice and the Rights of Private Property. By James J. Finn. Chicago: Langdon & Co. $1.50.

If all laborers were paid living wages; if a considerable minority of them received considerably more than this amount; if all were adequately insured against accidents, sickness, unemployment and old age; and if practically all were organized in labor unions, would the problem of capital and labor be satisfactorily solved? Probably the majority of social students would answer this question in the affirmative. Nevertheless there is a growing minority, entirely outside the ranks of Socialism, that refuses to accept such a solution. Among them is the author of *Operative Ownership*.

The system that he proposes and defends under this title is not new. Briefly, it would make the workers in any establishment the owners. Two stages are suggested; one in which the laborers would own a part of the concern, leaving a part in the hands of the non-working shareholders; and the more advanced and satisfactory stage, in which the workers would own the whole of the business. The first of these is usually called copartnership; the second, "perfect" productive coöperation. What is distinctive in the author's proposals is the method by which either or both of these arrangements are to be realized. He is aware that the number of successful instances of either degree of coöperation is discouragingly small, and he believes that there will be no material increase until the workers receive help from the government. He would have a law passed enabling the workers to form a corporation for the purpose of buying a part or all of the capital. If the capitalists consented, the workers would obtain a voice in the management of the business and a share in its profits. After wages, interest, and all other necessary costs had been paid, the surplus would be divided on an "equitable basis" between capitalists and workers. Out of their share of the profits the workers would gradually buy out the capitalists. Any of the latter who refused to join in this scheme would be compelled by the government to sell their entire holdings to the workingmen's corporations. In such cases the money for making the transfer would be provided by means of government credit. It is the

opinion of the author that when the capitalists were confronted with this contingency of compulsory sale, most of them would prefer the first method of joint profit-sharing and joint ownership, and therefore that the use of the legal power of eminent domain and of government credit would become necessary only in a small proportion of establishments.

There seems to be nothing essentially unsound about either of these methods. Compulsory profit sharing is no violation of the rights of capitalists, and the increased efficiency of the workers, after they had become participants in the management and the profits, would undoubtedly enable them to become within a reasonable time owners of a considerable share of the stock in very many concerns. And the device of a law compelling the workers to invest at least half of their profits in the business would be reasonable and efficacious. Nor would compulsory sale of their property by those capitalists who refused to enter the copartnership involve any violation of the rights of property. It would be necessary for social well-being. As the author points out, the use of public credit for this purpose would be merely a belated extension to the laboring class of governmental assistance such as that given to the farmers, the railroads, the manufacturers and other classes. And the loans could be sufficiently safeguarded to protect the government against more than a trifling amount of losses.

While the author is right in his belief that the wage system cannot endure as the dominant form of industrial organization, and while the methods that he proposes for bringing about "operative ownership" would probably be both just and effective, he exaggerates the proper scope of his own plan, and minimizes the justice and efficacy of other measures of industrial reform. In describing the field to which his scheme could be applied, he makes no distinction between competitive and monopolistic industries. Thus, he would have even the railroads owned and operated by the workers, either alone or in union with the capitalists, and without any "interference by governmental agencies." Yet he ought to know that the railroad industry is a natural monopoly, and as such must be regulated by the government in order to prevent extortionate rates of transportation. This need would be quite as great under labor ownership as under the present capitalist ownership; for human nature is essentially the same in both classes. The labor managers could not be trusted to use their monopoly power with justice towards the patrons of railways. The same is true of all other public utilities,

and of much of the mining industry. In all these fields the preferable form of industrial organization is ownership and operation by the government.

The author minimizes the necessity and justice of other social and industrial reforms, when he denounces progressive income and inheritance taxes, the laws against trusts and monopolies, the use of the police power of the state to crush the excessive power of capital and protect the rights of labor, and the regulation of railway rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the various state commissions. If he were better acquainted with the teaching of the economists and of Catholic moral theologians on the essential justice of the progressive principle in taxation; if he had a more comprehensive knowledge of the concrete facts about monopolistic extortion during the last thirty years; if he would try to acquire the social student's as well as the lawyer's view concerning the necessity of employing police power to prevent the oppression of the strong by the weak under the guise of freedom of contract; and if he had statistical knowledge instead of a newspaper opinion of the fairness of our public regulation of railway rates, he could never have written the virtual apology for unrestrained capitalism that appears in Chapters VI. and VII. Had he made a thorough and first-hand study of the facts, he would have found that the various measures of governmental regulation which he denounces have practically all been in harmony with his own principle of a " fair return to capital." His limited acquaintance with the pertinent industrial facts, and his naïve reliance on second-hand sources are aptly and pitifully illustrated by his citation of ex-President Taft as an authority on the " hostility of legislatures against all successful investments of capital!" From the viewpoint of his own purpose, as well as from the viewpoint of truth, it is a pity that he permitted himself to insert those two chapters. They are not necessary to his argument, and they will tend to alienate the sympathies of all well-informed and progressive-minded readers.

**HISTORY OF THE SPANISH CONQUEST OF YUCATAN AND OF THE ITZAS.** By Philip Ainsworth Means. Cambridge, Mass.: The Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Etymology.

This valuable work consists mainly of translations of early Spanish books and manuscripts relating to Central America, and was the result of work carried on by Mr. Means as a graduate stu-

dent in the Department of Anthropology of Harvard University. The first part is devoted to a study of civilization of the Mayas, who occupied the peninsula of Yucatan, parts of Mexico, Honduras and all of Guatemala. Existing contemporaneously as a branch of the Mayas were those people known as the Itzas, who were to be found in a part of Guatemala and the southern portion of the Yucatan. It is now believed by scientific investigators that the aboriginal races of America, far from being of enormous antiquity as has been supposed, have been in existence for not more than three thousand years. The greater part of Mr. Means' study is devoted to the eighth period of the Maya race (1519-1697), when they were engaged in struggles with the Spanish conquerors. The Franciscans played an important part in the colonization of Central America, and one of the most valuable historical documents relating to the subject, quoted largely by this writer, is the first-hand account of the conquest of the Itzas related by Father André de Avendaño y Loyola. Besides the importance of Avendaño's manuscript, "we must not lose sight of the fact that that same *Relacion* is also a wonderful, though unconscious, testimony to the piety, unselfishness and bravery of him who wrote it."

**THE WOMEN OF BELGIUM.** By Charlotte Kellogg. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.00 net.

Mrs. Kellogg tells a wonderful story of courage and heroism as splendid as any of the battlefield or trench. It is based upon the work of the Belgian Relief Committee headed by Herbert Hoover. Its purpose, however, is not to speak of the great services rendered by this body of men and women, but rather to bring to the reader the untiring patience, the unflagging fortitude and the thrilling self-sacrifice of the women of Belgium.

A little country no larger than Maryland, packed with eight million inhabitants, Belgium found itself at the outbreak of the War the cockpit of Europe. Within a short time she was trampled under foot, and over three million of her people rendered destitute—and not least among these the little children. How the Belgium women took up the work of saving their offspring, how they labored in the canteens to feed the hungry little beggars, the energy with which they bore up under heavy burdens of grief and destitution, forms a page in history brighter with good deeds than all the honor rolls of the War. It is more than a mere story; it is a holy record of noble women sacrificing themselves in their mission of love. The

profits from the sale of this book go to the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

**LILLA.** A Part of Her Life. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.35 net.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has again given us a novel of war conditions. In October, 1914, Captain Robert Singleton, of the British army, is erroneously reported killed. His wife, Lilla, devotes herself to war work. She meets Darrell Carteret, under unusual circumstances, their acquaintance develops into love; they marry and have for some months enjoyed a happiness greater than either has ever known, when Singleton effects his escape from imprisonment in Belgium and arrives in London, having sent no word of his coming, and in total ignorance of what has occurred. Though shocked and wounded when he learns the truth, he has no other thought than that his wife shall return to him. Carteret is a Catholic, but lax; his mother, however, is profoundly devout, and between her and Lilla a warm affection exists. Lilla seeks counsel with her, and Mrs. Carteret states the only opinion possible for a stanch Catholic as to any solution of the difficulty by persuading Singleton to obtain a divorce, to be followed by a second marriage of Lilla and Carteret. Her words strike an answering chord in Lilla's instincts, which are fine and true, and after a bitter struggle she accepts the older woman's standard for her own. Singleton, being about to rejoin his regiment, is induced by Mrs. Carteret to consent that his reunion with Lilla be deferred until after the War; Carteret receives a Government appointment that sends him with Lord Kitchener on the foredoomed journey to Russia; Lilla goes to France to carry on her war work there. On the eve of her departure she is received into the Church; and our last sight of her is on the day the news reaches France of the loss of the *Hampshire,* as she kneels in the church at Bougival to pray for the souls of the great commander and the men who went with him to their death.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is one of the most variable of writers, therefore it was not to be expected that this book should be upon the same plane of excellence as its immediate predecessor, *Good Old Anna;* but it is disappointing to find that unusually well-constructed story followed by the author's relapse into an error to which she is much addicted, the introduction of characters wholly extraneous to the subject in hand and not even indirectly promoting the action, yet in whom she attempts to create an interest by long explanations

concerning their earlier lives, these having evidently formed the material of previous novels. It is incredible she failed to realize that the book's one vitally significant point is in Mrs. Carteret; nevertheless, the reader is not set upon the path to this objective before being led up several blind alleys. When he arrives, at last, he confronts a memorable figure standing out clearly against the confused background, the white-haired invalid, strong of faith as she is frail of body, experienced and sympathetic, exercising tactful speech and wise silences in the hallowed diplomacy by which she saves her beloved son and Lilla from spiritual disaster. It is she whose acquaintance we most wish to renew, at greater length, in the continuation which the title and the somewhat indeterminate ending, taken in conjunction with the author's predilections, seem intended to intimate.

**"BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN."** The Life of the Virgin Mother. Compiled by William Frederick Butler. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. $3.50.

In this handsome volume the life of the Blessed Mother, leading up to and merging in the life of her Divine Son, is beautifully displayed in one hundred and fifty masterpieces of the world's greatest painters. Mary, the blessed among women, has ever been a fruitful source of inspiration to poet and painter as well as to saint. As the Archbishop of St. Paul says in his foreword: "Art, in its many forms of expression, covets the true, the good, and the beautiful, and revels in the task of lending to the invisible ideal visible reflected radiancy.... And so, amid its quests, art caught up the vision of Mary of Nazareth.... The triumphs of human art are its pictures of Mary, maid and mother. Art has been the willing auxiliary of the Church in her fulfillment of Mary's prophecy—'For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.'" To this truth this choice collection bears ample testimony. Taste and judgment have been used to conserve as much harmony in conception and treatment in the sequence as was compatible with the wide range of artists represented. The Italian and Spanish schools predominate, with a fair representation of the French, German and Dutch also. For the most part the examples chosen are in accord with the older traditions.

The whole forms a most unusual and interesting collection well calculated to delight the eye and to uplift the heart, through the Mother to the Son.

**FROM MOSCOW TO THE PERSIAN GULF.** By Benjamin Burges Moore. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. $3.00.

"Persia, a country that has in many ways been worth the visit, but one that I hope heartily never to see again." In these discouraging terms the author characterizes the country which furnished him with materials for a highly interesting *journal de voyage*. An accurate observer of men and customs and gifted with artistic temperament, he depicts in vivid style the beauty and mysterious life of the country. His narrative throws much light on the history, geography, art, archæology, religion, domestic life and moral conditions of the country he has visited, and will prove valuable not only to the general reader, but also to scholars and critics because of the minute description of Persian customs, traditions and monuments. One hundred and sixty illustrations from photographs taken by the author greatly enhance the interest and attractiveness of the volume. A few pages are devoted to Russia, particularly to Moscow. They are not, however, among the best of the book, being merely personal impressions.

**THE RUSSIAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING.** By Alexandre Benois. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00 net.

In his preface M. Benois states: "During the two hundred years of the existence of Western art in Russia, it has produced very few phenomena of a purely artistic character." The sentence adequately sums up the situation; in fact, after reading it and the remainder of the book one wonders if the title quite truly covers the subject. For it is still a moot point—Is there a school of "Russian Painting?"

The early iconography of Russia—the first form of art to make itself manifest—was Byzantine, and for several centuries it reflected the Byzantine influence until the national characteristics began to be crystallized, when it could be called Russian. With the establishment of the state along fairly permanent lines, art became the object of royal and wealthy patronage, and as the state tended to attract Western culture its paintings showed more and more this Occidental influence until art in Russia grew to be a mirror of French, German and English art. In the course of these decades giants arose, but they did not create any school. It may even be claimed that not until the seventies did Russia begin to show anything that approached a national school of distinctive art.

But if the title of Mr. Benois' excellent work is slightly mis-

leading, its contents are ample compensation. It is a clearly written history of the art of a comparatively modern Russia, beginning with the eighteenth century—the time of Peter the Great when the Western influence was the first felt, continuing through the classicism of Sheluyev and Yegorov—on to the romantic stage of Kiprensky and Orlovsky and Semiradsky, the religious painting of Ivanov, Nicolay, Gay, Nesterov, Vasnetzov and Vrubel, and then taking up the three classes of realism and purpose painting, historical and legendary pictures, landscape and free realism, and finally the present state of Russian painting.

As a resumé of the scope and endeavor of painters in Russia, this book is by far the best for those who have an appreciation of art as a foundation. Beside being an historic accounting, it is a keenly critical piece of writing; vivid, charming and delightfully logical—something one so seldom finds in books that have such an ambitious subject as the history of a nation's art. It is to be recommended for the sanity and balance of its comments and its capable appreciation and its excellent background. A large number of illustrations cover the range of Russian paintings from Levitsky to Malyatin.

The fabric of the book itself—its type, reproductions, arrangement and binding—comprise a singularly fine example of book manufacturing.

**THOSE TIMES AND THESE.** By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.35 net.

This collection will add much to Irvin Cobb's growing reputation for excellent craftsmanship and fine standards.

The tales are ten. The opening story relates the anabasis of the sixty Confederate soldiers who started south for Mexico, when Lee surrendered, determined to enlist with Maximilian's army. As they neared Monterey, it dawned on them that they would become men without a country. Wheeling about they galloped back north, their hoarse voices singing " My Old Kentucky Home." Never was there a more welcome sight than the Rio Grande to these returning Americans.

*The Family Tree* gives the account of the old gentleman with the black stock, who unwittingly thought he was a Van Nicht, but measured up to right manhood. *Hark! From the Tombs!* is a delightfully, humorous story of the night watch of the Afro-American Order of Supreme Kings of the Universe. *Cinnamon Seed and*

*Sandy Bottom* proves conclusively that mind has an impelling force on matter. *A Kiss for Kindness* is a vivid description of the old-time political picnic away back in the second Bryan campaign. The last story in the collection delineates the abandoned form of fact—not fancy. Every story is well written, and, as Judge Priest would say, " is as clean as a hound's tooth."

**THE RED PLANET.** By W. J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

This novel, written with much skill, timely to the very minute, and full of human appeal, is destined to be one of the most popular books the World War has brought forth. In a way, it might be called a second " Mr. Britling Sees It Through," although it is hardly so profound a document as Mr. Wells gave us. On the other hand, its success may even surpass that of the Wells novel, because by many it will be found easier to read. It is full of real emotion and the gentle whimiscal humor for which W. J. Locke is famous.

The title of the story is drawn from the very apt verse:

Not only over death strewn plains,
Fierce 'mid the cold white stars,
But over sheltered vales of home
Rides the Red Planet Mars.

A truth which we Americans have yet to experience in the present conflict. Indeed, it is astonishing how faithfully this chronicle, supposedly penned by the crippled Major Duncan Meredyth, veteran of the Boer War, reflects the conditions in which we are today living here in the United States. It will be profitable as well as enjoyable for Americans to read Mr. Locke's books: it may awake many to the peril that threatens our own life, not alone on "death strewn plains," but in " sheltered vales of home."

To the writing of *The Red Planet* the author has brought the finished art of a trained novelist. The plot is absorbing; and although the clue to the chief mystery of the tale is perhaps given away a little too soon for the critical reader, the suspense is sustained, nevertheless, because the story is full of interesting characters drawn in a most life-like manner. One loved the old Major who tells the tale; Betty is refreshing and adorable; Sergeant Marigold is worthy of Dickens at his best. The book presents a pageant, in fact, of charming people, manly men and lovely women, revealing the pure gold of their souls under the glare of the Red Planet as it rides across their paths of life. There is a proper villian, too; and

it is just possible that in this personage named Gedge, Mr. Locke has added a new verb to the language. Henceforth " to gedge " will be to play the mean small-minded purchasable malcontent in the time of national crisis. In the central character, Leonard Boyce, there is likewise a strain of what, for a better name, we must call villainly; and yet he is the hero of the story, and a character so clearly delineated, drawn with so much sympathy and understanding, that we cannot fail to love him and pity him. The story of Boyce is, in fact, a remarkable study in the psychology of physical cowardice, as contrasted with moral courage. Mr. Locke has succeeded, in his portrayal of Boyce, in giving a living character to literature. All the more regrettable, then, is the fact that, despite his success in building up this character, he has failed in the end in depicting its ultimate fate. The conclusion is an artistic blunder, as well as distasteful from the moral point of view. The book may be said, nevertheless, to carry this deep lesson (with which, however, the author can hardly be credited) that the natural virtues alone, unfortified by supernatural grace, cannot suffice to a man's salvation: if Leonard Boyce, striving with all his might to overcome his passions, had had the help of the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, his story, though none the less tragic and appealing, would have been sublimely different in the end.

**THE BASIS OF DURABLE PEACE.** By Cosmos. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, 50 cents. Paper, 30 cents.

This volume presents to the reader in book form a series of articles that appeared sometime ago in the New York *Times*. The writer who offers his work under the title of Cosmos, and who is undoubtedly ex-President William H. Taft, has given us probably the sanest discussion of the terms of peace that the nations must agree upon at the close of the War.

He insists that if there is to be a permanent peace Great Britain and her Allies must be big enough to allow the utmost freedom in the development of the international trade, and not follow up the present struggle by an economic war. All private property at sea not contraband must be exempt from capture or destruction by belligerents. Concerning France, he insists that Alsace-Lorraine must be returned; that the Bosphorus and Dardanelles be given over to Russia, and that the German people must destroy the Prussian militarism that brought on the present conflict.

After discussing these concrete proposals, the learned writer

takes up the question of insuring universal peace after the War. It is more or less the plan adopted by the League to Enforce Peace, which provides for a convention similar to the Hague, which will use its military and economic forces to prevent warfare among its members.

The articles show sound judgment and as far as the settlement of the War is concerned, great practicability. Of the proposals set forth to insure peace, there is grave doubt whether any league of nations can, by physical force, prevent war.

**THE DESTRUCTION OF MERCHANT SHIPS.** By Sir Frederick Smith, K.C., M.P. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. $1.25 net.

This book might be called a brief. It is a valuable little volume, written by the British Attorney-General, presenting the perplexing question of merchant ship's status in war time. The author first discusses enemy merchantmen, and goes into the question of visit and search, seizure and destruction, examining the various points in the light of former decisions on similar cases. He then considers neutral merchantmen, and their position under the customary law. He bases his findings on the practice that obtained in the Russo-Japanese War, and later modified by the discussion at the Second Hague Conference, and the Declaration of London. He does much to clarify this very difficult problem, and gives a comprehensive, trustworthy basis for the many decisions that must be made at the close of the War.

**THE LILY OF ISRAEL.** The Life of the Blessed Virgin. By Abbé Gerbet. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

This is a revised edition of the Abbé Gerbet's well-known life of the Blessed Virgin. It is to be regretted that the volume over-emphasizes the legendary and apocryphal stories about the Blessed Virgin at the expense of the Gospel records. The reader is not warned of the legendary character of the history of St. Joachim and St. Anne, the infancy of the Blessed Virgin, her life in the temple, her espousals, and the details of the sojourn in Egypt. There is certainly enough in the Gospels themselves on which to build up the devotional life of the people without trying to inculcate piety on a basis of imagination and legend. The lives of Christ by Didon, Fouard, Le Camus, Elliott and Coleridge wisely omit altogether the data of apocryphal writings of antiquity, and teach men to love Our Lord and His Mother by a simple presentation of the facts of the New Testament.

**THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.** By Francis Greenwood Peabody. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

This latest work of the well-known Plummer Professor of Christian Morals (Emeritus) in Harvard University carries with it all the characteristics of its author. His easy, graphic style, together with his apt and ready allusions to current thought, makes pleasant reading for the average man, whilst for the trained student of Divinity his vague theological opinions cannot but provoke a certain vexation of spirit.

In his introductory note the author tells us that the purpose of this collection of papers and addresses is " to call attention to some of the influences which direct and some of the qualities which mark the religious education of an American citizen." These he proceeds to discuss in some dozen chapters. In the first, for instance, he tells, with some show of modern psychology, how religion should be taught. In the main we all must agree with him, that the teacher must adapt his teaching to the child mind. This has not, indeed, been done always and by all; but this has been the fault of the individual and not of the system. Psychologists of the day have much to say in favor of the manner in which the Catholic Church has taught her children, instilling religion into them from infancy through all their senses. Thus she makes of religion a *real* element in life—which Mr. Peabody insists upon as the first requisite. Then he would make it democratic, so as to accord with our national bias. Well, the Catholic religion has ever been democratic—her charter is to teach all nations: but as she had definite truths to teach, and as truth makes no compromises, it is for all peoples to believe these truths and be baptized under penalty of being condemned. Here, as throughout the book, we find the fundamental error of Protestantism, *i. e.*, it is not for God to prescribe what religion men are to practise, but for men to let God know with what religion He must be satisfied. This error appears again when the author insists upon liberty of religious belief and practice. He would have " private judgment and consent of the governed " apply to religion as well as to politics. If this be true, why call himself a Professor of Christian Morals, rather than Mohammedan, or any other system that might suit his fancy.

And so, we might follow him throughout his little volume. He says much about the dangers of home, school and university training, which we deplore and fear as much as he. We try to

offset them by fostering Christian morals in the home for parents and children alike, by making our parochial school, our Catholic colleges and universities consistently Christian in theory and practice. This is the remedy we approve and apply. What is being done outside the Church? The vagueness and feebleness of the suggestions made here by the Plummer Professor of Christian Morals are discouraging in the extreme.

Possibly the reason why he speaks so falteringly is to be found in his concluding chapter on "The Place of Christ in Religious Experience." In vain do we look for any definite statement by the author as to the nature of Christ. Were he asked point blank, "What thinkest thou of the Son of Man?" he could not be convicted of having confessed with St. Peter: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God!" And if he wavers in this fundamental belief, what light or leading can be expected from him on the momentous question of "The Religious Education of an American Citizen?"

**THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.** By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.00 net.

The author's work of about a year ago, *A Century of Scientific Thought,* was a note of triumphant cheer to all Christians, in that it showed the change that progressive research, especially that of the last twenty-five years, has brought about in the attitude of science toward faith in revelation, the transformation of a front almost solidly hostile to a broken line that touches at various points all the way from the former extreme position to full acceptance of the Catholic Faith.

The present volume, as the title implies, is addressed more exclusively to Catholics, yet the appeal, though more concentrated, is not narrowed; on the contrary, the book is of broader scope than its predecessor, which dealt mainly with some results of biological investigation that were too hastily believed to have conclusively shattered the argument from design. Since that mid-Victorian tempest beat futilely against the immovable Church, she has been many times assailed with reproaches of superstition, obscurantism and dogged resistance to the advance of knowledge. These accusations have grown to be accepted as commonplaces among writers who have no anti-Catholic prejudice, but will not take the trouble to verify them. The general reader cannot but be influenced by these statements. "If he is a good Catholic he probably makes an Act of Faith, gives

a sigh, and goes his way a little discouraged as to the body to which he belongs."

For the information and aid of all such this book was written. It is a layman's manual, of intense interest and written with the author's accustomed force and charm. From a mass of material so vast as to be unattainable to the average busy man, Sir Bertram has gathered into convenient form the truth concerning the many matters upon which rests the imaginary quarrel between scientific fact and Catholic belief. He sets forth each subject at sufficient length to give the reader a clear idea of it, explains on what grounds the conclusions reached were supposed to conflict with the Church's teachings, and states what is now the position, in the light of further research; the result being, of course, absolute vindication of the Church's policy of deliberateness in accepting new theories, since she has again and again seen them seized upon, dictatorially asserted, wrangled over, tested, disproved and abandoned. A notable instance is the discovery of radium, by which science has been compelled to discard completely the doctrine that it held firmly fifty years ago.

The reader is made acquainted with an imposing array of achievements of the highest order that must be credited to Catholic scientists from the ranks of both the clergy and the laity. The condemnation of Galileo is handled with disarming frankness and thoroughness; in fact, the author pronounces it inexcusable, though he quotes Huxley as saying in his opinion "the Pope and the College of Cardinals had rather the best of it;" and he reminds us that Cardinal Newman has pointed out that the case is the only one of the kind which the enemies of the Church are able to bring against her.

In brief, the book's message is that the advance of science brings with it constantly increasing testimony to the impossibility of antagonism between the Church and any form of truth; that the fancied enmity originated in premature acceptance and proclamation as facts of what were in reality only theories; and that wisdom decrees for the scientist an attitude of humility and patience, and for the Catholic a happy security in the knowledge that any theory that may seem to conflict with Catholic dogma will assuredly, in the course of time, be either proved false and cast aside, or found, when more closely viewed, to be in accordance with the Faith.

The number of topics dealt with is too great to be listed in a review; the space occupied is moderate, yet Sir Bertram seems to

have overlooked nothing. In graciously acknowledging the sources of the help of which he has availed himself, he gives guidance to any reader who has time and inclination to consult the host of authors cited. The book should be upon the shelves of every Catholic library, public and private, and should be in immediate use among educators.

Above all it should, by every means possible, be circulated among young men, at this time when thousands of every faith and of none are going forth to share the life of camp and trench, and to be subjected to tests of unprecedented severity. They will see, as has been seen so often in France during the last three years, the profound impression made upon non-Catholics by the marvelous consolations effected by the sacraments of the Church. The Catholic soldier who has familiarized himself with even a part of this work will be competent not only to meet attacks, but to give to his companion who may be lingering wistfully at the door the word of reconciliation that will enable him to cross over the threshold into the Household of Faith.

**THE HOLY SCRIPTURES ACCORDING TO THE MASORETIC TEXT.** A New Translation. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

An important event in the literary history of the Hebrew Bible is the publication of a new English translation by Jewish scholars of America and England. It hardly indeed deserves the name of a new translation; it is based very naturally upon the Authorized Version of King James, but while it does not wantonly abandon the "admirable diction" of that version, it draws upon all the famous English translations, including our own Douay, and frequently introduces its own new readings. It is a new revision, rather than a new translation, and follows in the wake of the English Revised and the American Revised Versions. Considered scientifically as an aid to understanding the real meaning of the original, it is very valuable for it grasps and expresses Hebrew idioms which previously were imperfectly or wrongly rendered, even in the two Revised Versions. It is gratifying to note that not infrequently it agrees with our Douay version against the Authorized or Revised Versions. The explanation, we believe, is to be found in the fact that St. Jerome, from whom our version is derived, studied Hebrew under Jewish rabbis and drew upon some of the same sources of learning and tradition which the present Jewish translators have ex-

ploited. This new version will tend, therefore, to heighten the ever-rising esteem in which the Vulgate is held by the learned world; but what is more important, it is a very valuable contribution to the more perfect English version which scholars and religious men of all faiths are desiring. A Jewish version, it is typical of the objective and impartial spirit in which scholars now perform the work of translating the inspired text; and it is an evidence that a version might be produced which would be acceptable to men of every faith. The Catholic objective would not be the translation of this or that verse or phrase, though occasionally some difference might be found, but the exclusion of certain books which we regard as inspired and worthy of a place alongside the books received by all.

From the point of diction, the new version is to be commended for removing some antiquated expressions, following in this the lead of the revisers of the Douay. Occasionally, in endeavoring to be more clear, it falls into an error of its own. This is certainly the case with Jeremiah xx. 9:

> Then there is in my heart, as it were, a burning fire
> Shut up in my bones,
> And I weary myself to hold it in,
> But cannot.

This plainly says the opposite of what the prophet, and presumably the translator, intended to say; for the prophet had no desire to hold the burning fire in his heart.

The work is one that is worthy of minute study by all who desire an exact translation of the Hebrew text; it will, however, require a long time before its real value can be carefully appreciated, and the concurrence of many minds.

**THE STORY OF BIBLE TRANSLATIONS.** By Max L. Margolis. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

The editor-in-chief of this new Jewish translation accompanies it with a separate little volume, *The Story of Bible Translations*, which relates the genesis of the new translation, and tells over again the history of the principal translation of the Old Testament. Professor Margolis tells his story interestingly, in an easy, flowing style; he writes in a judicial and moderate spirit, with an evident desire of fairness, and if he lays more stress than is usual upon the work of Jewish scholars, it is because his little book is intended chiefly for Jews and aims to give the Jewish point of view. This constitutes, in fact, the chief merit of the book, which well deserves

to be read in connection with the more complete histories of Bible translations. Professor Margolis appears to be unacquainted with the claim, made by Cardinal Gasquet, of a Catholic origin for the first translation of the Bible into English; nor does he know, apparently, the influence of the Douay version upon the authorized King James. His whole chapter on the age of the Reformation is too much influenced by the traditional Protestant view, and should be revised in the light of more recent studies, Protestant as well as Catholic, of the era of the Reformation.

**SOLUTION OF THE GREAT PROBLEM.** By Abbé Delloue. Translated by E. Leahy. New York: Frederick Pustet Co. $1.25 net.

We regard this book as a very useful and important contribution to Catholic apologetics, and the translator has rendered a good service to the cause of truth in giving this Engish version to the public. It is introduced by a neat preface from the pen of the Rev. George O'Neill, S.J., M.A., Professor of English Language and Literature in the National University of Ireland.

The problem which the learned author undertakes to solve is: What is the meaning and purpose of human life? No thoughtful mind will deny that the problem involved in this question is of fundamental importance, and Abbé Delloue has dealt with it, in our opinion, very clearly and effectively in this book. In the opening chapters he expounds lucidly the problem and the solutions offered by the materialist, the pantheist, and the skeptic, all of which he demonstrates to be unsatisfactory. Then he establishes the existence of God by the use of the usual arguments, which he urges with a simplicity and force that at once bring conviction to the mind. He next deals with the immortality of the soul. Here again the author is happy in his manner of marshaling the old-time arguments to support his contention. "The Need of Revelation," "The Religious Solutions of the Problem," "The Christian Solution," "The Christian Conception of Life," make up some of the chapters of this able and fascinating volume. The chapter which is headed "Where Shall All Find True Christianity?" is particularly well written.

We have read many works on apologetics written with a more scientific and more ambitious aim, but we do not remember to have seen the problem under discussion handled more simply, or more effectively, anywhere than in this book. We have no hesitation in

recommending the book to our readers for their careful perusal. It will be useful to teachers and students in our colleges, and we think too that it ought to find a place on the shelves of every priest's library. Though the price is only a dollar and a quarter, the book, in our opinion, is worth its weight in gold.

**ON THE SLOPES OF CALVARY.** A Religious Drama by Rev. Aurelio Palmieri, D.D., O.S.A. Translated by Henry Grattan Doyle. Philadelphia: Our Lady of Good Counsel Printing School.

This is a devout prose drama dealing with the Passion of Christ, and written primarily as a Lenten exercise in honor of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Something of the simple dramatic spirit of Oberammergau has found a way into its pages, although Father Palmieri's dialogue is more theological and for most audiences might require shortening. While the author acknowledges that his intention was chiefly devotional, the play has been successfully performed by reverent amateurs. Its *dramatic personæ* include the Blessed Virgin, several of the Apostles and various scriptural and apocryphal characters connected with the first Holy Week. Acting permission must be obtained from the Augustinian Fathers, Christian Street, Philadelphia.

**THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY IN BRITISH POLITICS.** By Clarence Walworth Alvord. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co. Two volumes (maps and bibliography).

These volumes treat of the trade, the land speculation, and the experiments on imperialism that culminated in the American Revolution. To the author of this interesting inquiry such incidents as the Boston "Massacre" and the Boston Tea Party do not satisfactorily account for the feeling against England and the resulting war. To find causes commensurate to the undertaking of the colonists, Professor Alvord has conducted his researches chiefly amongst British sources. As the loss of the colonies was but an incident, though a very important one, in the history of the British Empire, it is only in England that one would be likely to find a complete explanation of the origin of the controversy, of its development, and its culmination.

It was while discussing the disposition of the territory acquired by the Seven Years' War that factions began to form. For the deceit of France, as Gallic policy was popularly termed, some English-

men would exact little, whereas others would demand Canada, Louisiana, and her West Indian possessions. Though considerable had been written about them, not much was accurately known of the value of the late acquisitions. Canada, it was believed, might bring a slight extension of the fur trade and yield a few fish. Of the Mississippi Valley, Englishmen seemed to know even less than they did of Canada. Franklin, it is true, had a vision of its future importance, and, long before its acquisition by England, Governor Dongan, of New York, appears to have divined its worth. Did he learn something of its resources and extent while serving in the armies of Turenne? Though one of the greatest of colonial statesmen, he is not so much as mentioned by name in most of the popular histories of the era of settlement.

Before the close of King George's War, 1748, there had been, says the author, no attempt to formulate a Western colonial policy imperial in character. This was not because British statesmen in general knew so little of the needs of colonial life, for that information it was possible to acquire. As early as 1721, Deputy Governor Sir William Keith, of Pennsylvania, had, in response to a request of the Lords of Trade and Plantations, given a detailed account of the trade as well as the trade-routes of the interior. In the same communication he sketched in outline a policy that would enable the English to supersede the French in the traffic with the Indians. Among other suggestions Sir William recommended a union of the colonies for the regulation of the fur trade. The injuries committed on the natives he knew and deplored. The beginning of trouble was still more than two-score years in the future.

The first volume of Dr. Alvord's work includes an excellent sketch of Lord Shelburne from the time of his boyhood, in his native city of Dublin, until the moment of his retirement from British politics. Great though he undoubtedly was, and in some things he was superior to Pitt or Burke, he is not so well known as even the minor statesmen of his day. His knowledge of America was considerable, his sympathy with the colonies was profound. What he might have done had he maintained his leadership in the Government belongs to the realm of political speculation. The section which deals with his policy is of the greatest interest.

Soon after the acquisition of New France suggestions were made for the conversion of the Canadians to Protestantism. By the Proclamation of 1763 the political, legal and social life of Canada was thrown into confusion. On the theory that the disabilities of

English Catholics extended to their co-religionists in Canada the French were excluded from participation in government. English-speaking subjects used the law courts to exploit the French. Roman Catholic lawyers were not permitted to practise before them. A measure of protection, however, was given the French by Governor Murray, who took a broad view of affairs. His pen described the imbecility and the tyranny of the conquerors during the early years of British domination. As reported by him the Canadians had fallen on evil times. The Governor wrote:

> The improper choice and the number of the civil officers sent over from England increased the disquietude of the colony. Instead of men of genius and untainted morals, the reverse were appointed to the most important offices under whom it was impossible to communicate those impressions of the dignity of government by which alone mankind can be held together in society. The judge pitched upon to conciliate the minds of seventy-five thousand foreigners to the laws and government of Great Britain, was taken from a gaol, entirely ignorant of civil law and the language of the people. The attorney-general, with regard to language, was no better qualified. The offices of the secretary of the province, register, clerk of the council, commissary of stores and provisions, provost marshal, etc., were given by patent to men of interest in England, who let them out to the best bidders, and so little considered the capacity of their representatives that not one of them understood the language of the natives.....The heavy tasks, and the rapacity of the English lawyers, was severely felt by the poor Canadians.

The Government was inclined to be tolerant, but it feared the harsh criticism of the more ardent Protestants. Mixed with sentiments of toleration was a vague expectation of converting the Canadians. Burke's enlightened views led him to advocate their cause. Lord Mansfield, who knew something of the disadvantages of persecution, was not less liberal in his opinions on religion. The Whig ministry had feebly resolved on a measure of justice to the French, but by the opposition of a madman, Lord Northington, their good intentions came to naught and, after a year in office, they were driven from power. In the colonies this event corresponded with the repeal (1766) of the Stamp Act. The English political landscape of that day was swept by many an adverse blast, but the most violent was the tempest aroused by the ultra-Protestants. Their opposition to the Quebec Act, presently to be noticed, is an enduring monument to

their fanaticism. But before that event George III. was rehearsing royal functions, and had just transferred his affections from Lord Shelburne to the Duke of Grafton, a statesman immortalized by the literary art of *Junius*. About January, 1768, Chatham and Shelburne left the ship of state to be navigated by other pilots.

"The Quebec Act," says the author, "was passed for the purpose of correcting, after a lapse of almost eleven years, the wrongs inflicted on the French-Canadians by the blunder of 1763." If one but consider the temper of the times, the measure was bold and statesman-like, for Englishmen of influence did not at the Restoration cast aside the principles of Puritanism. They have, indeed, long since abandoned the tenets and the jargon of the Roundheads, but in 1774 they had not done so. Like other great Anglo-Irish Protestants, Shelburne was tolerant in the matter of religious belief.

The first phase of British colonial policy came to an end November 5, 1768, when the treaty of Fort Stanwix was signed. By the new compromise system the limits of the hunting grounds were to be fixed by the empire, while the management of Indian trade was left to the colonies. Keith had referred to the benefits of a union of the colonies for regulating traffic. In fact, it was primarily to promote commerce that he urged their federation. Could the frontiersmen be induced to respect the boundary line without the assistance of imperial officers empowered to punish trespassers? What, under the new plan, would compensate them for the incentive to profit by land speculation? These questions were grave and they were seriously considered.

Before 1763 France had sought to confine the British colonists to the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, and by reason of that attempt brought on a war in which she lost everything. In the endeavor to impose similar restraints on her subjects England was destined to witness the dismemberment of her empire.

In its essence, says Doctor Alvord, the Quebec Bill was "the product of the period of imperialistic thought and of kindly feeling toward the colonies." Its primary purpose was to alleviate the wrongs of the alien [French] population of the North, but that law was made the channel for communicating a new Western policy. The principle of toleration embodied in this celebrated law is largely to be ascribed to Lord Mansfield, who was ably supported by Lord North and Alexander Wedderburn. In breadth of view the statesmen of Scottish connections, so greatly disliked by *Junius*, appear to advantage when compared with many of their English contem-

poraries. As was always the case, Burke was found on the side of civilization. The Earl of Chatham was not abreast of the Irish statesman or Lord Mansfield. He feared that the measure "might shake the confidence of His Majesty's Protestant subjects in England and Ireland; and finally lose the hearts of all His Majesty's American subjects." But believing that it was founded on "the clearest principles of justice and humanity," King George gave his assent to the bill.

In the North American Colonies the Quebec Act aroused the greatest opposition. In fact, it was one of the causes of the war for independence. Grave and learned lawyers as well as college freshmen such as Alexander Hamilton, then a boy of seventeen at King's College (now Columbia University), participated in the pamphlet war that followed. Among many London Protestants there was dismay, real or affected. In America the feeling was a mixture of fear and intolerance. Meetings in considerable number were held for the purpose of protest; clamor was advised, and generally restlessness was stimulated. From the expressions of sentiment and the resolutions of meetings one could compile an interesting anthology illustrating the fact that on the eve of the Revolutionary War, ultra-Protestantism was separated from frenzy by only a thin partition. In a form better suited to an enlightened posterity the Declaration of Independence states that the King had given his assent to acts of pretended legislation "for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies." This is but one of the many proofs that the resolutions of the Continental Congress suffered nothing from Jefferson's rhetorical skill. This declaration concerning Canada, for instance, is much easier to explain than the address of Rev. Samuel Langdon, President of Harvard College, delivered May 31, 1775. Among other statements, that gentleman said: "The 19th of April, 1775, is the date of an unhappy war openly begun by the ministers of the King of Great Britain against the good subjects of his colonies and implicitly against all other colonies. But for what? Because they have made a noble stand for their natural and constitutional rights, in opposition to the machinations of wicked men who are betraying their royal master, establishing Popery in the British Dominions, and aiming to enslave and ruin the whole nation."

Lest perchance there should be any lack of vigor in colonial de-

nunciations of the Quebec Act, English correspondents endeavored to inflame the Puritan intolerance of America. The author's examination of this famous legislation could have been illustrated by excerpts from sermons as well as contemporary letters and from the resolutions of public meetings, but he merely suggests the excitement and dismisses the subject after fairly considering its larger outlines. While it was one of the causes of the American Revolution it was not a major cause. In our country railing at Popery has often relieved and composed the popular mind, without in the least interfering with the ordinary course of affairs. It appears to have been so after the passage of the Quebec Act.

A splendid bibliography and a good index complete this scholarly inquiry. In its extent the literature on the era of independence is immense. Formal histories of the epoch are nearly without number. We have narratives of marches, of campaigns, and of sieges, biographies, and diaries by many, of the participants in that eventful struggle. If we reflect on this preceding activity, the contribution of Mr. Alvord is remarkable. Its worth is enhanced by the use of a clever and dignified style and by an evident purpose to confine himself to facts.

**THE LIVING PRESENT.** By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

This, the latest of Mrs. Atherton's works deals directly and at first-hand with one phase of the stupendous War—the women of France and the magnificent manner in which they came forward in their country's hour of trial—and may be described as a book of facts and theories: facts shrewdly and carefully observed and interestingly set down, and theories built upon them.

The first and much larger part of the present volume, entitled "French Women in War Time," treats of those countless relief organizations known as "œuvres" that have been springing up in France since the beginning of the conflict, in response to innumerable and ever-growing needs. Letters and packages to the men at the front, care of children brought in from the occupied districts, entertainments to raise funds, relief of women thrown out of work or suddenly cast on their own resources and the finding of suitable employment for them, the supply of certain delicacies necessary to the convalescent wounded unable to eat eggs or drink milk, which are the only two articles furnished by the Government—these are but a few of the many activities in which French women have been

called upon to engage, over and above that great body busied in nursing, and that still larger number who have taken the places of men in the fields, the shops, the factories and the munition works.

As with every form of organized effort, however inevitable or smoothly running it may appear, there is behind each of these "œuvres" one outstanding personality, responsible either for its initiation or continuance and usually for both; and it is around the personalties of these founders and organizers that Mrs. Atherton has wisely chosen to weave her story.

To the general reader it is probable that the most interesting portions of the book will be those affording insight into the intricate structure of French society—wheels within wheels, sets within sets, and a veritable *terra incognita* to the average American. Mrs. Atherton sets forth clearly these hard and fast social classes—the noblesse at the top and the industrials and peasant proprietors at the bottom, and between these two extremes the great central mass known as the bourgeoisie.

The last is the most exclusive and self-contained of the classes, and it is far more difficult for a nobleman to enter their circle than for an "intellectual" from the lower ranks to be received by the noblesse; "its top stratum regards itself as the real aristocracy of the Republique Française, the families bearing ancient titles as anachronistic."

In the last five chapters of her book dealing with "Feminism in Peace and War," Mrs. Atherton takes up the tremendous problems that will clamor for solution with the end of the present struggle; and it is here that her want of a definite spiritual philosophy, or in fact of any philosophy, makes itself painfully evident. She speaks indeed of men and especially women from a strictly biological viewpoint, verging at times on the animalistic.

The second part of the present volume is worthless; but the first part where the author states facts, and does not attempt to philosophize, is interesting and even inspiring; for it deals with the noble manifestation of French womanhood, and "without the help of the women France could not have remained in the field six months."

**THE POETIC YEAR OF 1916.** A Critical Anthology. By William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

The last half-dozen years here in America have been great times for the poet, especially for the minor poet, and even for that

lately discovered species, the sub-minor poet. Magazines devoted to verse are now so common as to cause no comment, and the anthologies are thick about us. This, we believe, is a phenomenon of good import, for it has served to mark the appearance of a sympathetic atmosphere wherein the poet might freely unfold his wings and pour forth the song which otherwise might have been chilled at its source.

For the bringing about of this favorable condition none has labored more valiantly and unselfishly than Mr. Braithwaite; and for his really arduous toil in the service of modern American poetry he deserves a great measure of credit and esteem. Only a man highly enthusiastic and persevering could ever have made his way through the mass of contemporary verse he has examined.

So much having been premised, we can with fair grace go on to register our conviction that Mr. Braithwaite never was, and never will be, a critic; and to say this is only to say something which we have long felt, but have never before had so strongly brought home to us as by the present volume. In this latest book of his he has adopted a new plan for the presentation of his poets, namely, that of conversation about them. The scheme of the book is, that four people—two men and two women—meet once a week, usually out of doors, to discuss the new poets they have just been reading; and the result is a bulky volume of over four hundred pages of contemporary poetical criticism. Hence the present work, having a larger share of Mr. Braithwaite's personal utterances, has merely emphasized and drawn out at length the bad qualities which, from the notes to his various anthologies, we had previously known him to possess.

Mr. Braithwaite's faults are in fact many and flagrant, ranging from a disregard of grammar to a lack of definite critical principles; but there are two that lie somewhere in between, which we find especially irritating; one being his apparently constitutional inclination to rhapsody—sometimes over good work, sometimes over worthless; and the other is his want of a sense of the meaning and value of words. Here he is, for instance, speaking of Walter Conrad Arensburg: "A poet of exceptional attainments. One of the most subtle craftsmen in American poetry. A poet with a mind alluringly symbolic. With a touch of prismatic irony. Carving and polishing ivory and jade; chiseling marble, sardonyx and beryl." This is Mr. Braithwaite in characteristic action, and though the precision may wince at a mind that is called symbolic or wonder

what is the nature of that irony which is prismatic, these are by no means the worst, and he may go on to exercise his ingenuity on such phrases and sentences as these: "Through it stream rays of vision embodied in an art of melodic and figured phrase;" "marvelously chiseled gems," or "the poignant essences of the flesh!"

That a writer who thus abuses words will walk frequently astray in the region of ideas is inevitable; and therefore it is no matter of surprise to us to find Psyche, one of the characters, speaking to the following effect: "We do not break laws, we break their restraints, and establish on their foundations higher laws towards which we reach. It's an unalterable truth in life as well as art."

High-sounding nonsense is nonsense still, no matter how *ex cathedra* the manner of its pronouncement; and though, as we said, we must give credit to Mr. Braithwaite for his labors, and even wonder at his industry, it is in the character of a collector and not that of a critic that his real value consists. A man may have sufficient taste—though Mr. Braithwaite's is by no means impeccable—to make a creditable collection of poems, and yet be incompetent to talk well about them; and hence a bare presentation of his favorites is much to be preferred to this latest method, where the poems are drowned in a sea of talk. For it is talk of the most insufferable sort, namely, that of a literary tea-party—emotional, vague, diffuse, grandiloquent, pompously platitudinous.

**SUMMER.** By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Mrs. Wharton is a serious novelist with an established reputation. She startled the reading world a few years ago with a social study called *The House of Mirth.* In much of her work she has made herself the spokesman for the "higher" social ranks. But also she has given us such genre studies as *Ethan Frome*—a bit of stark realism that seemed an actual "slice of life." In her latest story, *Summer,* she has again ventured on to Thomas Hardy ground, so to speak, endeavoring to portray life in a small section of the country into which is focused the struggle and tragedy which characterizes the whole human race. The writer who succeeds in picturing life at its fullest in a small compass, does a big thing—the biggest thing, in fact, that literature can boast of. But to so succeed a universal chord must be struck. The story may be of New England, or of Wessex, or of the Creole South: no matter what its geography; but it must be the story of human life, in which men

and women the world over may recognize themselves, their own struggles, their own problems, their own resisting or yielding to temptation, and the fruits thereof. Insofar as the author achieves this universal appeal, is his success to be measured. Given all the arts of the writer, yet lacking the universal appeal, the common touchstone of sympathy, he will fail.

Mrs. Wharton has failed in *Summer*. It is a wonderfully well-written book so far as the marshaling of words and phrases goes; yet when he is through with it, the reader inevitably asks: "What was it all about?" *Summer* tells a very simple and a very sordid story—the old, old story of rustic innocence betrayed. The art of the author is revealed in her remarkable sustaining of the element of suspense; she puts off the catastrophe with consummate skill. This she achieves by delineating her characters in a very human light—not highly colored, all bad or all good, but compounded of the mixture that goes to make up common humanity. And yet, all this is, somehow, mere art: artifice, not life. We can wonder from the first what is to be the outcome of the meeting of Lucius Harney and Charity Royall—but we wonder more in the spirit of the uninitiated watching the tricks of the magician, than in the mood of men and women beholding a palpitating life story unrolling before our eyes. Was Charity real to Mrs. Wharton? She is not to us: there are only one or two vague moments when we feel with her at all. Most of the time she is but a figure, moving.

We are denied even the momentary pleasure of complete illusion, and have to endure some touches that are decidedly distasteful and unpleasant. There is nothing to think over when the book is put away. We are no richer by our experience of it. We have been stirred only to the vaguest feeling of resentment against Harney for his wrong doing; we are likewise stirred only to a half-hearted pity for Charity Royall. Never once has she swept our souls with the tenderness or compassion that would have acclaimed her a genuine figure of tragedy. We have not been lifted up nor taken out of ourselves. Maurice Francis Egan says: "Life has always turned to God, and literature, echoing life, has always written the symbol of God." But in *Summer* there is no echo of life, no symbol—nothing but a dead level and flatness, arid and barren.

# Recent Events.

**France.**

It would be too much to say that the "sacred union" has been dissolved, but it cannot but be admitted that it has been weakened by recent events in France. For the fifth time since the commencement of the War, a change of Cabinets has taken place. M. Vivani, the Prime Minister at the beginning of the War, was succeeded by M. Briand. M. Briand presided over two Cabinets, the latter being a reconstitution of his first. On his resignation M. Ribot became Prime Minister. M. Ribot has now been forced to resign by the refusal of the Unified Socialists to act with him. M. Painlevé, M. Ribot's Minister, was chosen by the President to form a new Cabinet of War. This, after some difficulty, he has succeeded in doing, retaining with the Premiership the Ministry of War. M. Ribot retains the office of Foreign Secretary. The recent change is due to the Socialists who took up an attitude of firm opposition to M. Ribot for having refused to give passports to the members of their body who had been chosen to represent them at that Stockholm Conference which has been the occasion of much trouble in many countries. Their refusal to coöperate involves the elimination of the Unified Socialists and the much-to-be-regretted departure from public life of M. Alfred Thomas, who has been a most efficient Minister of Munitions. The new Ministry with this exception is a National Ministry, containing representatives of all parties. It involves also a reversion to the system of large Cabinets, for it has no fewer than eighteen members, with eleven Under-Secretaries. Sixteen of the Ministers have held office in former governments, while three have been Prime Ministers. The most noteworthy addition to the Cabinet is that of M. Barthou. Whether the self-excluded Unified Socialists will remain quiescent to or offer an active opposition remains to be seen.

In one respect the change of Cabinet involves no change of policy—the determination to carry on the War. In the ministerial declaration to the Chamber, M. Painlevé reaffirmed the determination to continue it until Alsace and Lorraine should be restored to France, as well as full reparation made for the damage done by the Germans in the northern provinces which they have occupied.

Even the Socialists, who stand aloof from the Government, concur in this policy. Their object in wishing to go to the Stockholm Conference was not to bring about a premature peace, but to counteract the efforts of the German Socialists.

The widely-circulated assertion that France had been bled white and was no longer able even to hold her own has been refuted by the brilliant offensive which resulted in driving back the Germans at Verdun, and in forcing them to relinquish the most important parts of the ground for which the Crown Prince had sacrificed the lives of tens of thousands of his men. One after another the bastions of that defence which the Germans won in the spring of 1916 have been regained. As worthy of note as the achievement itself is the spirit of the soldiers of France which rendered it possible, and this shows that in them lives again the spirit of the France which in past ages has done so many things for God—the extraordinary patience of the French soldiers. "This combined with his excellent physique, makes his mind and body so untired in spite of the mental and bodily strain of the War that he seems today just as full of energy and even more determined than in the first enthusiasm of the rush into Alsace and Lorraine." Faithful Catholics may well believe that the twenty thousand Masses daily said in the trenches and the three thousand priests who have shed their blood for France have had no small influence in contributing to so sublime a result.

**Russia.**

Russia has definitely been proclaimed a Republic, so far as it is in the power of the five men who now constitute the War Committee of the Cabinet, of which M. Kerensky is the head with practically dictatorial powers. This proclamation made on the fourteenth of September is based upon the necessity of putting an end to the external indefiniteness of the State's organization, and finds its sanction in the unanimous and "rapturous" approval of a Republic at the Conference held at Moscow in the last week of August. Whether and how far this proclamation will be accepted by the one hundred and eighty millions for whom it is meant to decide their form of government, is a thing which the future course of events will disclose. Nothing is said in the proclamation as to who is to be the President, how he is to be elected, or what his powers are to be. "The Russian State," the Provisional Government declares, "is to have the Constitutional organization according to which it is to be

ruled as a republican organization." Everything beyond this is left undefined, as are its future prospects of maintaining itself in existence. All the powers of the State are intrusted by the Provisional Government to five of its members, two of whom, including M. Kerensky, are Social Revolutionists, while the rest are not members of any party. The Cossacks who, on account of their discipline, warlike spirit and special privileges, form one of the most powerful and influential elements of the population, have taken towards the new Government a somewhat doubtful attitude, but the even more powerful or at least self-assertive Council of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates as well as the Committee of the Peasants' Delegates which represents some eighty-five per cent of the population have, by large majorities, given their approval to the proclamation. Open opposition is, however, being offered by the Extreme Radicals, Maximalists and Bolshevikis, whose demands include the exclusion from all share in the government of the representatives of the propertied classes and the abolition of all private property. The new Government leans indeed in that direction, but is not prepared to go to such extremes. Amid all these dangers and transformations the resolution to continue the war remains unshaken. In fact, once more the Germans are being forced back, both before Riga and in the southwestern front, but not to any appreciable extent. Russia's safety from her enemy depends more upon the weather than upon her own strength or steadfastness. Perhaps German irresolution may be taken into account, the fate of Napoleon being a warning not to venture too far into the heart of Russia. Space does not permit more than a reference to the events which led up to the settlement, if such it may be called, which has now been reached.

The brief and successful offensive of General Korniloff, who was hailed at the time as the saviour of his country and is now in prison as a rebel and traitor on account of his want of success in the attempt to bring order out of chaos, was followed by the complete collapse of the Galicia offensive, owing to the desertion of their posts by thousands of soldiers. In many cases this took place without any pressure on the part of the Germans. The gallantry of the officers was noteworthy. The retreat was not stayed until the whole of Galicia had been evacuated, as well as the Bukowina. No further advance has yet been made by the enemy towards Odessa or into the wheat-growing province of Bessarabia. At the other end of the line, however, an advance,

not so extensive, has been made, but one which has had perhaps a greater moral influence. Riga, after a long resistance, is now in German hands, and thereby a step, although only a short one, has been taken towards Petrograd. The former of these events so evidently placed the country in danger that unlimited power was given to the Provisional Government by the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, a body which is itself practically a usurper of power, and to whose malign influence must be attributed the disorganization both of the army and of the country, and to a certain extent of the relations of Russia with her Allies. M. Kerensky, having received this authority, proceeded to take such measures as were in his power to bring to an end the anarchy which threatened ruin to the Fatherland. At the State Conference, held a short time after at Moscow, the hopes entertained of his acting effectively did not mature, or at least were not fully realized. As he himself sprang from the Revolutionary Socialists and was dependent upon them for his power, he hesitated to take the steps which the more conservative members judged to be necessary. Of these General Korniloff made himself the spokesman, and when he was not listened to he took the extreme step of revolting against the Government. His attempt proved abortive, and he is now a prisoner. Thereupon a Republic was proclaimed, mention of which has already been made. The prospects of its stability are, however, by no means hopeful; still less is it to be expected that there will be an effective carrying on of the war.

So many have been the disappointments since Russia has set herself free from the absolute rule under which she suffered such long-continued degradation, that the temptation is strong to regret that the attempt to secure this freedom has ever been made. The habits of freemen fit for self-government are not easily formed; the chaos and anarchy which have manifested themselves since the deposition of the Tsar seem to make this clear. Yet so rotten had become the autocratic government of the Tsar that there was no alternative: it fell by its own weight. A *régime,* under which a wretch like Rasputin was able to control the destinies of millions, was beyond endurance, and he was only one of the many traitors who were acting against their own country. The collapse of Rumania was long a puzzle. It is now ascertained as fairly certain that that country was forced into the war, although it was known not to be prepared by an ultimatum sent by the pro-German Prime Minister of Russia, Boris Stürmer, and that through his agency

the plans of the military campaign were divulged to the German army chiefs. This act of treachery, however, was not the first. The Minister of War in the first stages of the conflict, General Soukhomlinoff, is now under trial for his conducct. He is accused by witnesses of the highest integrity, such as the President of the Duma, of a series of almost incredible crimes. He deliberately kept the armies short of the ammunition of which they were in absolute need. Two shells a day were for a considerable period as much as some batteries were able to fire. In many instances soldiers were sent into the field who had absolutely no arms of any kind, and were consequently mown down by the tens of thousands. Worst of all, to agents of the Kaiser he is said to have communicated important plans of forthcoming movements. For the honor of human nature it is to be hoped that a vindication may be found. In these cases the Tsar himself does not seem to have been implicated. Revelations, however, have been made that show that he was as willing to betray his Ally as his ministers were to betray him. Between him and the Kaiser, behind the back of his Foreign Secretary, a secret treaty between Germany and Russia was on the point of being made, the result of which would have been to have placed his own ally, France, in a state of complete subservience to Germany in the event of France not being willing to wage war against both Germany and Russia. That the "Willies" and the "Nickies," as they style themselves, should have it in their power to toy with the destinies of nations is soon, it is hoped, to become a thing of the past. However discouraging the prospects of Free Russia may be at the present moment, it cannot fall so low as the Russia of the Tsar had fallen. Self-interest alone will prevent her from making a separate peace with her enemy, for such a peace would result in her becoming a German colony, a place where Germany would help herself to foodstuffs and men for her armies.

**Italy.**

With the exception of the French successes before Verdun nothing of special importance has been achieved except by the Italians. On a front, forty miles in length, extending from Tolmino to the Adriatic, in a region of stupendous mountains, Italy has advanced into Austrian territory on the way to Laibach. The crowning victory of all has been the capture of Monte San Gabrile, of which the slope on one side and the summit are now in Italian

hands. More than thirty thousand prisoners have been taken and losses amounting to one hundred and thirty thousand inflicted upon the enemy. Such are in broad outline the chief results of a battle which lasted for three weeks. On account of the locality in which the conflict took place, the strong positions held by the enemy, so strong as to be looked upon as quite impregnable, the means taken by General Cadorna by which he accomplished the impossible, the battle must be considered as one of the most stupendous in history. The Austrians have now brought up reserves, among whom there are said to be Turks, and have in some instances made a counter-offensive. These so far have failed.

**Germany.**

After the reply made by the President to the Holy Father's Peace Circular, the chief point upon which Americans will fix their attention, so far as the enemy is concerned, is the prospect of the transfer of power from the ruling Hohenzollern family to the people upon whom their rule has brought so many miseries. The President relegated all questions of territorial restitutions to the second place, making the primary question the formation of a government in whose word trust can be reposed. He refused to take even into consideration making peace with the present rulers of Germany so long as they retain their present powers. This demand does not, indeed, in its very terms involve the deposition of the present ruling house. If, by a change in the forms of government, the Kaiser were brought under the real control of a Parliament, truly representative of the German people and giving the controlling voice to its will, the first condition demanded by the President would be fulfilled. So great a change is, however, very unlikely. Some few steps in that direction have been taken, or rather promises, whatever they may be worth, have been made. Prussia is at once the chief obstacle to reform and the dominating State among the States which make up the Empire. The franchise is of such a character as to place the voting power in the hands of a small upper class. Last Easter the Kaiser, as King of Prussia, declared that he had come to the conclusion that there was no more room in Prussia for this class-franchise. He, therefore, ordered the Minister-President to conclude preparations for the necessary change in order in this way to liberate the people—a step which he declared to be most dear to his heart. The carrying into effect of

these preparations was to be deferred until the end of the War, which he declared to be near at hand. In the course, however, of the political crisis which resulted in the resignation of Herr von Bethman Hollweg, the King took a further step in the democratic direction. As a supplement to the Easter decree he enjoined upon the Minister-President the duty of drawing up the electoral law on a basis of equal franchise. Moreover, the bill making this change was to be presented early enough for the next elections, and these were to take place according to the new franchise. Nothing is said, however, as to the time when these elections are to be held, whether before or after the ending of the War. The second message of the King marked a considerable advance upon the first. This, indeed, announced the abandonment of the three-class voting system and proposed direct and secret voting, but did not point to the grant of universal manhood suffrage, similar to that by which members of the Reichstag are elected. This is the concession announced by the second message. No effect has as yet been given to either of these decrees. Even when full effect is given, the King of Prussia will still be far from being under the control of his subjects, and the President's first condition of negotiations will be a long way from being fulfilled.

The prospect of this fulfillment must be looked for in another direction. At least this is the more probable course of events. The German people must have it so clearly brought home to them that Hohenzollern rule is ruining the Empire, that they will be ready to force submission as the one condition of their own salvation. This is being steadily accomplished, although some little time may yet elapse before the real state of the case is learned by a sufficiently large number. Germany's losses have been calculated with all the accuracy possible under the circumstances by the French Military Staff, and this calculation is in almost complete agreement with that of one of the best informed students in this country of the military situation. Out of the eleven million two hundred thousand men available for service at the beginning of the War, four million have been permanently lost. Germany now has five million six hundred thousand men on the line and behind the line in necessary services. From three to three and one-half millions is probably the number of those engaged in fighting or in immediate reserve. About five hundred thousand are in hospitals with the prospect of returning to the battlefield, while there are some six hundred thousand besides, mostly boys of the class of 1920,

sooner or later available for service. Losses average fifty thousand a month. Three-quarters of the reserves upon which Germany will be able to draw for the campaign next year will consist of boys of nineteen and under. In the event of the War being prolonged through 1919, Germany would be unable to bring into the field no fresh troops older than eighteen, of the class of 1925. France, on the other hand, has not yet called up any of the class of 1920, or put into the fighting line any of the class of 1919.

These facts point to the gradual weakening of Germany's military strength, for youths so young cannot rival the achievements of older men. This has been proved in the Napoleonic wars, and, in fact, to a certain extent in the present. A more important point, however, must be noted. The older soldiers of Germany, so many of whom have been killed, came into the War full of confidence in a speedy triumph, derived from their victories in recent wars and with a *morale* which had been unbroken. The boys now coming in hope for nothing more than to save the situation and to escape defeat, and, if reliance can be placed on travelers in Germany, imbued with a growing distrust of the wisdom of their rulers, and with the desire for a change on account of the losses which the people at large are sustaining. They have, in fact, become politicians. This spirit may be expected to grow more and more strong, and may in the end bring about that change which our President desiderates as a condition of negotiation. In the last chapter of Mr. Gerard's *Four Years in Germany* will be found a valuable exposition of the political situation in Germany and of the probability of the formation of a Liberal Party, which may effect the necessary changes in the German Constitution.

# With Our Readers.

THE sound or the sight of Latin gives at once to hearer or reader a sense of human security. It links him with his fathers. It binds all of us, members of one race, by a common bond. It breathes that human solidarity without a sense of which we are lost, disconnected, aimless and purposeless elements in unmeaning space. It bridges the past and the future. Yesterday is not meaningless darkness; nor is the sunlight of today to fade into hopeless night. Latin is essentially the tongue that speaks of human hope and human unity. A too radical present will oftentimes have none of it, and therefore it is at times banished from school and college. The only result is that modernity loses much in forfeiting the treasures that belong to antiquity alone, or, it would be truer to say, the treasures that are the permanent possession of the race. It will ever remain true that no man is well educated, not even in English literature who does not know Latin.

To scout it is but to show oneself an inconsequent and irresponsible child of the rebellious moment that protests because it is a part of the hour; that is historically absurd because it denies its essential dependence on the moment that gave it birth and the moment that will be its child.

Consequently Latin has become and will remain the language of that Faith which is the common inheritance from the Son of God, the one bond that unites us all before God, the one and only road of salvation for all humanity. That Faith binds us to God, and in God unites us all forever—our fathers of the long centuries past, our children of the long centuries to come.

The earthly language of the Communion of Saints is Latin. It echoes eternity. It speaks the common spiritual aspirations of humanity. It brings heaven a little nearer to earth.

* * * *

IT was no source of wonder then that the Latin of the Pope's peace appeal to the nations did of itself stir the hearts of thinking men. It showed plainly the Holy Father's high and sole position, independent of nations, the representative of Christ, the teacher and guide of truths spiritual to the whole world. It reëchoed clearly, so that all might understand, that Voice of the Centuries which established peace in Europe, which dictated the truths on which civilization is founded,

and which, above the turmoil of human strife, human passion, of brute force and material aims, still dares to declare those fundamental truths of justice and of truth upon which any peace that is enduring must be founded. Thus was Latin recognized by some of the more thoughtful journals of America, as for example by the *Evening Post* of New York, as singularly appropriate for the peace message of the Holy Father. A further and singular evidence to Latin as the mother language of Christian unity is furnished by The World Conference on Christian Unity of Gardiner, Maine. The Conference is composed principally of Episcopalians. All of its pamphlets have, of course, been published in English. But to our amazement on receiving its latest publication we found it entitled *De Unione Ecclesiarum,* and while the plural gave us a shock, the very use of Latin, for the entire thirty-two pages are written in Latin, we say the very sight of the Latin, made us feel at once that we were in touch with the one, age-long Church of Christ. May we not hope that the longing to use Latin may beget a desire to know the Truth of the ages and a willingness to accept it, and thus enter into the common inheritance of humanity, bestowed by Our Lord and Saviour.

* * * *

APROPOS of the use of Latin, it may be entertaining to recall a passage from Hilaire Belloc's *Road to Rome,* which is not the story of a conversion, but the pilgrim song of a believer on his way to the city of the spiritual Mother of the race. The traveler has committed the folly of starting on his day's walk without bread or coffee. Later when he meets a man and asks for coffee, he loses his good temper because the man refuses, and also because the man speaks a language different from his own.

"I took him to be a heretic," says Belloc, "and went down the road making up verses against all such and singing them loudly through the forest that now arched over me and grew deeper as I descended. And my first verse was:

> Heretics all, whoever you be,
> In Tarbes or Nimes, or over the sea,
> You never shall have good words from me,
> *Caritas non conturbat me.*

If you ask me why I put a Latin line at the end, it was because I had to show that it was a song connected with the Universal Fountain and with European culture, and with all that heresy combats."

A better mood takes possession of him, however, and he adds: "There is no doubt, however, that if one is really doing a Catholic

work, and expressing one's attitude to the world, charity, pity and a great sense of fear should possess one, or at least, appear. So I made up this verse:

> On childing women that are forlorn,
> And men that sweat in nothing but scorn:
> That is on all that ever were born,
> *Miserere Domine.*

Then as everything ends in death, and as that is just what heretics least like to be reminded of, I ended thus:

> To my poor self on my deathbed,
> And all my poor companions dead,
> Because of the love I bore them,
> *Dona Eis Requiem.*"

* * * *

IN thinking of the universal appeal of Latin, we are reminded of another portion of the same book when the traveler hears a Catholic congregation sing a Latin hymn. He had seen the whole village pouring into the little church. "At this I was very much surprised, not having been used at any time of my life to the unanimous devotion of an entire population, but having always thought of the Faith as something fighting odds, and having seen unanimity only in places where some sham religion or other glozed over our tragedies and excused our sins. Certainly to see all the men, women, and children of a place taking Catholicism for granted was a new sight, and so I put my cigar carefully down under a stone on the top of the wall and went in with them. I then saw that what they were at was vespers.

"All the village sang, knowing the Psalms very well, and I noticed that their Latin was nearer German than French; but what was most pleasing of all was to hear from all the men and women together that very noble good-night and salutation to God which begins *'Te, lucis ante terminum.'* My whole mind was taken up and transfigured by this collective act, and I saw for a moment the Catholic Church quite plain, and I remembered Europe and the centuries."

* * * *

THIS Latin pamphlet, *De Unione Ecclesiarum,* contains many statements upon which it would be interesting to comment. One of its most important admissions or statements is contained in *Caput III. "Ecclesia Episcopalis Americana."* Therein we read *Ecclesia Episcopalis Americana, ab ea (Anglicana Ecclesia) tanquam surculus virens processit.* "The American Episcopal Church springs as a green branch from the Anglican Church." Antiquity thus called upon to

bear witness may give testimony not to the liking of those who have summoned her.

* * * *

THE claim of those who have fathered "The World Conference" is that they are not Protestants: that the Episcopal Church of America is not Protestant but Catholic. But here they admit that the Episcopal Church of America is the child of the Anglican Church of England, and there is no plainer historical truth than that the Anglican Church of England was born immediately of the Protestant Reformation in England, and is officially Protestant today. Today, the King of England at his coronation swears to maintain "the Protestant Church as by law established," and that Church by law established is the Anglican Church. It is unquestionable that the Anglican Church of England was founded on a denial of that truth which is the test of Catholic Faith, obedience and submission to the Bishop of Rome, the Pope, as the Vicar of Christ in all matters that concern faith and morals.

Let us take a concrete example, prayers for the dead, belief in purgatory, as a place of temporal suffering after death, has always been and still is a matter of faith to every Catholic, and a cardinal matter of faith. In other words anyone who would deny these truths would cut himself off from the Catholic Church. The Anglican Church officially denied these truths at its inception. In framing its liturgy in 1552, as the London *Tablet* recently said, it deliberately and advisedly excluded every vestige of prayers for the dead. Whatever else may be said for such a proceeding this at least must be evident to every thinking man—that by such an act the Anglican Church broke with, protested against the teachings of the Catholic Church which then as now was known of all the world. Consequently and undeniably the Anglican Church is a Protestant Church. And the *Ecclesia Episcopalis Americana,* even if the title is written in Latin, is a Protestant Church also, for it springs as a green branch from the former.

* * * *

THE London *Tablet* continues: "The exclusion is so thorough and ruthless, that a man with a microscope might search the Anglican formularies from cover to cover and find no trace of any such belief. It is not merely that the 'Memento for the Dead' was swept out of the Communion service, but lest by any chance the words, 'let us pray for the whole state of Christ's Church,' should seem to include the Church suffering, or faithful departed, the limiting words, 'militant here on earth,' were pertinently added to them to shut out all possibility of such an interpretation. Even in the burial service,

where it would be found, if at all, there is not a breath of intercession for the soul of the Christian who is being laid to rest."

* * * *

AND the reason for this definite and drastic exclusion was that the creators of the Anglican Church were Protestants; they believed in the essentially Protestant doctrine of justification by faith alone. There was no need of any middle state after death. The soul was justified by the merits of Christ or it was not. If it were, it merited immediate entrance into heaven; if it were not, it had no chance of salvation whatever and went at once to hell. It may be hard for Protestants of today to realize or to feel any sympathy with the mind of their forefathers who could believe and act on any such inhuman and blasphemous doctrine as justification by faith alone. But they should not blink the fact that upon this doctrine rested the structure of their forefathers, and that, though much of the foundation has crumbled, much of the superstructure still remains. Many Protestants cannot today understand the Catholic doctrine of purgatory and prayers for the dead, because their minds have never been enlightened as to the true teaching concerning justification and the supernatural life. That the multitude of them have rejected the doctrine of justification by faith alone which is so opposed to human reason is beyond question. The New Testament printed by the American Bible Society, to be distributed to the members of the Army and Navy, prints the Epistle of James and puts in large type the caption: "Faith without works is dead." But to this refusal to accept Luther's doctrine, must be added a positive and definite explanation of Catholic teaching before enlightenment, understanding and acceptance can come.

* * * *

A FURTHER indication that the elimination by the Anglican Church of prayers for the dead was due to the belief by that Church in justification by faith alone, is pointed out by the London *Tablet:*

"In 1662 the Anglican Church proceeded to revise its liturgy. There and then was its opportunity to introduce some intercession for the dead if it wished to do so. For more than a hundred years Protestantism had been in full possession, and the bulk of the population of England belonged to the Established Church, and the generation of people who had been charged with the abuses of the Catholic doctrine had long since passed away. Yet, in the work of revision, the elimination of all intercession for the dead was by Convocation rigidly maintained and confirmed, and that, in spite of the fact that a suggestion for some prayer for the departed had actually been made in the documents which the revisers had to deal. The danger of abuse

had disappeared: the root-reason remained. In 1662, as in 1552, the Anglican Church would tolerate no prayer for the dead in its liturgy."

* * * *

A PARTICULAR incident may be noted here which proves emphatically the accepted tradition in England. An English divisional commander on the Western Front recently noticed that the letters R. I. P. were written indiscriminately on the soldiers' graves. Eloquent testimony to a universal human prayer. But the officer ordered that in future these letters should be written over only the graves of soldiers who were Roman Catholics—not over those of Protestants and non-Conformists.

* * * *

THE question is treated at some length here because when our American troops enter the firing line, when the casualty lists are published in our own country and the fearful meaning of war comes home directly to our own hearts, human nature will assert itself, will seek the comforting word from God, of mercy and rest for those of our beloved ones who have been taken by death. Catholic faith leaves unanswered no worthy longing of the human heart. It completes everything that is good in nature. Christ came not to destroy but to fulfill. A sorrowing mother instinctively asks prayers for her dead son. And this war, if it continue, will bear one further testimony, as it has borne many others already, to the necessity and the supernatural worth of Catholic truth.

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IN some paragraphs above we spoke of the worth of those lessons learned by, and taught to us, by our fathers. Certain fundamental "primer" truths, they might be called, and absolutely necessary at all times for the well-being of society and of all its members. It has been repeatedly stated that the coming world is to be a new world, radically different from everything that has gone before. But the conviction is now growing stronger, in the light of world events, that as we must seek a peace, bounded upon justice, so must we return to the truths that have an old sound but an ever fresh, living value.

* * * *

READERS of the secular press of today have no doubt been surfeited with theories of education wherein all the rules of the old school were turned upside down. These did not remain mere theories. They were widely adopted in practice, and our country is now realizing how bitter are the fruits of such seeds. Education without religion is proving not the ally, but the destroyer of democracy. From every side, even the most unexpected quarters, we read of the

necessity of a return to old standards. The worth of Catholic education, the training given to Catholic children, simply from the viewpoint of citizenship, is becoming more apparent to those who never before realized it, and is being preached as an ideal by many who formerly condemned it.

The instance of the commanding officer at the training camp at Plattsburg dismissing the Boy Scouts because they were unruly and undisciplined and therefore useless, and the substitution of boys trained in Catholic schools, is typical.

The conduct of the Catholic soldiers when on service at the Mexican border; their morality, their discipline and consequently their greater worth to the service of our country has been an enlightening example.

The extremes to which the youth of the country have gone in lack of discipline, disregard for law and authority, disrespect for parents are proving to a people who have long experimented with an education without religion that unless something effective is done the coming generations will be not a support but a menace to democracy.

* * * *

THE New York *Times* in a recent article made a strong appeal for a more wholesome training of children; a training to which moral responsibility and all that it entails should be brought home to the child. The article pleaded for home discipline, home unity, the sanctity of the family—that without these the way to national discipline, national unity and efficiency was forever closed. True democracy, it said, demands discipline. Upon our children rests the permanency of that democracy for which we are now fighting. But the old healthy discipline has gone by the board. The old-fashioned habits of obedience, promptness, self-control, patience and humility have disappeared; and with their disappearance rise the just fears of those who love American ideals. Morality was never yet successfully inculcated in the minds of the young without the sanction of religion. Is it too much to hope that the deeper realization of the former may lead to a true sense of the necessity of the latter in the training of children?

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## A LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, August 30, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

DEAR SIR: In reference to article in present issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD by Margaret B. Downing, I wish to say that it is my opinion that the city of Washington was laid out not from the plans of L'Enfant, but the improved plan of James E. Dermott. L'Enfant drew the first plans in 1791.

Very truly,

W. L. J. GRIFFIN.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
*How to Debate.* By E. Du Bois Shuster. $1.35 net.
THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, New York:
*Native Clergy for Mission Countries.* By Rt. Rev. Monsignor Joseph Freri, D.C.L. Pamphlet.
JOHN LANE CO., New York:
*The Rebirth of Russia.* By I. F. Marcosson. $1.25 net.
B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:
*Jean Jaurès.* By M. Pease. $1.00. *Your Part in Poverty.* By G. Lansbury. $1.00 net.
E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
*The Coming Democracy.* By H. Fernau. $2.00 net. *Under Fire.* By H. Barbusse. $1.50 net. *The Spires of Oxford.* By W. M. Letts. $1.25 net. *Army and Navy Information.* By Major De Witt Clinton Falls. $1.00 net.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
*A Harmony of the Synoptic Gospels.* By E. De Witt Burton and E. J. Goodspeed.
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:
*Red Pepper's Patients.* By Grace S. Richmund. $1.35 net.
HODDER & STOUGHTON, New York:
*The British Commonwealth of Nations.* Speech by Gen. Smuts. *Deutschland Über Allah.* By E. F. Benson. *A German to the Germans.* By Dr. H. Rösemeier, Ph.D. Pamphlets.
BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
*The Life of Mother Pauline von Mallinckrodt. Manna of the Soul.* By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Silk cloth, 40 cents; imitation leather, 60 cents. *Thursdays with the Blessed Sacrament.* By Rev. C. McNeiry.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
*Tertullian's Apology.* By J. E. B. Mayor. *Over the Top.* By A. G. Empey $1.50 net.
LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
*In the Night.* By R. G. Barnes. $1.25 net. *The Church and the Sacraments.* By P. T. Forsyth, D.D. $2.00. *Arthur Stanton.* By Right Hon. R. W. E. Russell. $3.50 net.
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, New York:
*Word-Book of the English Tongue.* By C. L. D.
THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
*The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne.* By E. Gosse, C.B. $3.50. *The National Budget System and American Finance.* By C. W. Collins. $1.25. *Christine.* By Alice Cholmondeley. $1.25.
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
*The Case is Altered.* By Ben Jonson.
THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
*Popular Errors About Classical Studies. Pope's Letter on Preaching.* Pamphlets. 5 cents each.
GUARANTY TRUST Co., New York:
*France and America.* Pamphlet.
ST. ANTONY'S ALMANAC, St. Joseph's College, Callicoon, N. Y.:
*St. Antony's Almanac, 1918.* 25 cents.
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
*The Life of Henry David Thoreau.* By F. B. Sanborn. $4.00 net. *Faith, War and Policy.* By G. Murray. $1.25 net. *Long Live the King.* By Mary R. Rinehart. $1.50 net.
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
*Family Allowance, Indemnity and Insurance for Officers and Enlisted Men of the Army and Navy. Reorganization of English in Secondary Schools.* By J. F. Hosic. *Development of Arithmetic as a School Subject.* By W. S. Monroe. Pamphlets. *Negro Education.* Two volumes.
J. H. FURST Co., Baltimore:
*The Nature and History of the Bible.* By Rt. Rev. W. A. Fletcher, D.D.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
*English Literature.* By E. L. Miller, A.M.
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK Co., Cleveland, O.:
*A Social History of the American Family.* By A. W. Calhoun, Ph.D. Volume I. Colonial Period.
B. HERDER, St. Louis.:
*Is There Salvation Outside the Catholic Church?* By Rev. J. L. Weidenhan, S.T.L. 50 cents net. *A Manual of the History of Dogmas.* Volume I By Rev. B. J. Otten, S.J. $2.00 net.
KANSAS STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, Topeka:
*Twentieth Biennial Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture.*
NOTRE DAME BOOK STORE, Notre Dame, Ind.:
*Notre Dame Verse.* Compiled and edited by S. Strahan and C. L. O'Donnell, C.S.C.

THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

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## "SPECIAL CREATION."

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S., K.S.G.,

*President of University College, Cork.*

PROFESSOR SCOTT of Princeton has recently given to the public in his Westbrook Lectures[1] an exceedingly impartial, convincing and lucid statement of the evidence for the theory of evolution or transformism. On one point of terminology a few observations may not be amiss, since there is a certain amount of confusion still existing in the minds of many persons which can be and ought to be cleared up. Throughout his book Professor Scott contrasts evolution with what he calls "special creation." In so doing he is evidently in no way anxious to deny the fact that there is a Creator and that evolution may fairly be regarded as His method of creation. In one passage he expressly states that "acceptance of the theory of evolution by no means excludes belief in a creative plan."

And again, when dealing with the palæontological evidence in favor of evolution, he points out that Cuvier and Agassiz, examining it as it was known in their day, interpreted the facts as the carrying out of a systematic creative plan, an interpretation which the author claims "is not at all invalidated by the acceptance of the evolution-

[1] *The Theory of Evolution.* By William Berryman Scott. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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ary theory." He is not, we need hardly say, in any way singular in taking up this attitude since it was held by Darwin, by Wallace, by Huxley, and by other sturdy defenders of the doctrine of evolution.

Yet, just as at the time that Darwin's views were first made public, many thought that they were subversive of Christianity, so, even now, some whose acquaintance with the problem and its history is of a superficial character, are inclined when they see the word creation, even with the qualifying adjective "special" prefixed to it, used in contradistinction to evolution, to imagine that the theory of creation, and of course of a Creator, must fall to the ground if evolution should be proved to be the true explanation of living things and their diversities.

It is more than a little difficult for us, living at the present day, to understand this curious frame of mind; yet it certainly existed and existed where it might least have been expected to exist. Nor is it quite extinct today, though it only lingers in the less instructed class of persons. The misconception arose from a confusion between the fact and the method of creation. As to the former no Catholic, no Christian, no theist has any kind of doubt; indeed there are those who would not be classified under any of those categories who still would be prepared to admit that there must be a First Cause as the explanation of the universe. Some of them, whose reasoning is a little difficult to follow, seem to be content with an immanent, blind god, a mere mainspring to the clock, making it move, no doubt, but otherwise powerless. If we neglect —in a mathematical sense—those who adopt the agnostic attitude; content themselves with the formula *ignoramus et ignorabimus* of Dubois Reymond, and confine their investigations to the machine as a going machine without inquiring how it came to be a machine or what set it to work, we shall, I think, find that most people who have really thought out the question admit that the only reasonable explanation of things as they are, is the postulation of a Free First Cause, in other words an Omnipotent Creator of the universe. Such, of course, is the teaching of the Scriptures and of the Church, and it must be admitted that neither of them carries us very much further in this matter. In other words, whilst both are perfectly clear and definite about the fact of creation, neither of them has much to say about the method. Yet, as all admit, evolution concerns only the method and tells us absolutely nothing about the cause.

Being omnipotent, it is obvious that its Maker might have created the universe in any way which seemed good to Him—for example, all at once out of nothing just as it stands at this moment. Such a thing would not be impossible to Omnipotence and as we know Fallopius, suddenly confronted by the problems of fossils in the sixteenth century, did suggest that they were created just as they were, and that they had never been anything else.

There is nothing more sure than that the world was not created just as it is. Reason and Scripture both teach us that, and geology makes it quite clear that the appearance of living things upon the earth has been successive; that groups of living things, like the giant saurians, which were once the dominant zoölogical objects, had their day and have gone, as we may suppose, forever. A few very lowly forms, like the lamp-shells, have persisted almost throughout the history of life on the earth, but on the whole the picture which we see is one of appearances, culminations and disappearances of successive races of living things. There was a time when Trilobites, crustaceans whose nearest living representatives are the King-Crabs, first became features of the fauna of the earth. Then they increased to such an extent as to become the most prominent feature. Then they declined in importance, disappeared and for uncounted ages have existed only as fossils. Thus we conclude that the creation of species was a progressive affair just as the creation of individuals is a successive affair, for every living thing, coming as it does into existence by the power of the Creator, is His creation and in a very real sense a special creation. Now we know very well how living things come into existence today; can we form any idea as to how they originated in the beginning? Milton in his crude description in *Paradise Lost* pictured living things as gradually rising out of and extricating themselves from the soil.

> The grassy clods now calved, now half appeared
> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
> And rampant shakes his brindled mane; the ounce,
> The libbard and the tiger, as the mole
> Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
> In hillocks: the swift stag from underground
> Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
> Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
> His vastness.

In this description Milton probably represented the ideas of his day—a day penetrated with literal interpretation of the Scripture, though it is well to recall to our minds the fact that not one word or idea of the above is contained in the Bible. The only suggestion is that the body of Adam was fashioned from the " slime of the earth," the precise meaning of which phrase has never been defined by the Church.

Again we have to say that the Miltonic scheme is not impossible, any more than any other scheme is impossible, but we may further say that it is more than improbable, and with every reverence we may add that to us it does not seem to be specially consonant with the greatness and wisdom of God. There remains the derivative form of creation, compendiously styled evolution. That this also is a possible method of creation no one will deny, and it has been discussed as such by many of the greatest thinkers in the history of the Church. We can consider it, therefore, from the point of fact or of knowledge as we now possess it, and we can do so without imagining that, in so doing, we are contemplating a method which is anything else but the carrying out of a creative plan, existing perfect and complete and from all eternity in the mind of the Being Whose conception it was and by whose *fiat* it came to pass. Moreover, each form produced is a special creation since it was specially designed to be as it is and to appear when it did just as the clockmaker intends his clock to strike twelve at noon, though he can hardly be said to make it strike at that moment. Hence to place special creation in antagonism to evolution is really to use an ambiguous phraseology. No doubt, it is not easy to find the proper phraseology. Some have employed the terms "immediate" and "mediate," to which also a certain amount of ambiguity is attached. Perhaps " direct " and " derivative " might convey more accurate ideas, but whatever terminology we adopt, we are still safe in saying that whether God makes things or makes them make themselves He is creating them and specially creating them. This is not the place to enter into any elaborate discussion as to the truth of the theory of evolution. Few will be found to deny the statement that it is a theory which *does* explain nature as we see it and as we learn its history in the past, but that does not necessarily prove that it is true. St. Thomas Aquinas, dealing with the movements of the planets, makes a very important statement when he tells us, in so many words, that though the hypothesis with which he is dealing would explain the appearances which he was seeking to explain, that does not prove that it is the

true explanation, since the real answer to the riddle may be one then unknown to him. There are, however, one or two points it may be useful to consider before we leave the question. That evolution may occur within a class seems to be quite certain. The case of the Porto Santo rabbits, one of many cited by Darwin or brought to knowledge since his time, will make clear what is meant. Porto Santo is a small island, not far from Madeira, on which a Portuguese navigator, named Zarco, let loose, somewhere about the year 1420, a doe and a recently born litter of rabbits, which we may feel quite sure belonged to one of those domestic breeds which have all been derived from the wild rabbit of Europe known to zoölogists as *Lepus Cuniculus*. The island was a favorable spot for the rabbits, for there do not appear to have been any carnivorous beasts or birds to harry them, nor were there other land mammals competing with them for food; and, as a result, we are told that they had so far increased and multiplied in forty years as to be described as "innumerable." In four and a half centuries these rabbits had become so different from any European rabbits that Haeckel described them as a species apart and named it *Lepus Huxlei*. This rabbit was much smaller than the European form, being described as more like a large rat than a rabbit. Its color is very different from its European relatives; it has curious nocturnal habits; it is exceedingly wild and untameable. Most remarkable of all and most conclusive as to specific difference, Mr. Bartlett, the highly skilled head keeper of the London Zoölogical Gardens, utterly failed to induce the two males which were brought over to those gardens to associate with or to breed with the females of various other breeds of rabbits which were repeatedly placed with them. If the history of these Porto Santo rabbits had been unknown to us, instead of being a matter as to which there can be no doubt, every naturalist would at once have accepted them as a separate species. We need not hesitate, it appears, to do so and to admit that it is a new species which has been produced within historic times and under conditions with which we are fully acquainted. It may, however, be argued and quite fairly argued that such a process of evolution, though definitely proved, is a very different thing from such an evolution as would permit of a common ancestry for animals so far apart, for example, as a whale and a rabbit, or perhaps even nearer in relationship as between a lion and a seal. To discuss this further would require a dissertation on the highly involved question of species and varieties and that is not now to be attempted. What, however, may be said

is that the difficulties presented by what is called phylogeny, that is the relationships of different classes to one another, are so great as to have led more than one man of science to proclaim his belief that evolution has been poly—and not mono—phyletic. Such is the view which has been enunciated by Father Wasmann, S.J., whose authority on a point of this kind is paramount. It has also been upheld by Professor Bateson, a man widely separated from the Jesuit in all but attachment to science. Professor Bateson summed up his belief in the text which he placed on the title-page of his first great work on *Variation:* the text which proclaims that there is a flesh of men, another of beasts, another of birds, another of fishes.

Darwin remained to the end of his life undecided between the two views, for he allowed his original statement as to life having been breathed into one or more forms by the Creator, to pass from edition to edition of the *Origin of Species.* If the polyphyletic theory be adopted, it must be said that the position of the materialist is made far more difficult than it is at present. Let us see what it means. On the materialistic hypothesis, and the same may be said of the pantheistic or any other hypothesis not theistic in nature, a certain cell came by chance to acquire the attributes of life. From this descended plants and animals of all kinds in divergent series till the edifice was crowned by man. I have elsewhere endeavored to point out all that is involved in this assumption which, it must be confessed, is a very large mouthful to swallow. Let us now consider what the polyphyletic hypothesis involves. According to this view one cell accidentally developed the attributes of vegetable life; a further accident leads another cell to initiate the line of invertebrates; another that of fishes, let us say; another of mammals: the number varying according to the views of the theorist on phylogeny. Let us not forget that the cell or cells which accidentally acquired the attributes of life, had accidentally to shape themselves from dead materials into something of a character wholly unknown in the inorganic world. If one seriously considers the matter it is—so it seems to me—utterly impossible to subscribe to the accidental theory of which the immanent god—the blind god of Bergson—is a mere variant. One must agree with the late Lord Kelvin that "science positively affirms creative power.....which (she) compels us to accept as an article of belief." But what are we to say with regard to the series of repeated accidents which the polyphyletic hypothesis would seem to demand? Is it really possible that any man could bring himself to place credence in such a marvelous

series of occurrences? I once read a book on spiritualism which purported to explain the mechanical methods whereby the occurrences of the séance were produced, and I must confess that the explanations were so wonderful as almost to lead one to the conclusion that the spiritistic theory was the simpler of the two ways of explaining the facts. Monophyletic or polyphyletic evolution whichever, if either, it may have been, presents no difficulty on the creation hypothesis.

The Divine plan might have embraced either method. It is not merely revelation but ordinary reason which shows us that the wonderful things which we know, not to speak of the far more wonderful things at which we can only guess, cannot possibly be explained on any other hypothesis than that of a Free First Cause—a Creator.

## THE WRITINGS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

Sweet lore aflame with mysteries,
  Words from the core of Heaven caught,
O marvelous antimonies!
  O paradoxes power-fraught!

Restraint is proved unguessed release,
  Earth loss, illimitable gain;
Cold dearth, a plenitude of peace
  Where ecstasy is one with pain!

Counsels which freeze and burn the soul!
  Mad maxims which allure, affright,
And urge unto an endless goal—
  The Heart of All—the Infinite!

## THE PROPAGANDA OF PAGANISM.[1]

BY DUDLEY G. WOOTEN.

### II.

THE Thirty Years' War, concluded in 1648, reduced all of the Teutonic and Scandinavian countries to the sway of the politico-religious system inaugurated by the Reformation. England had already fallen under the same influences by methods somewhat peculiar to her own situation. In Germany, for more than a century after the Treaty of Westphalia, the conditions were dismal in the extreme. The intrigues and rivalries of petty principalities paralyzed the energies and aspirations of real nationality; social and religious life was shadowed by the gloomy introspection of the new theology, or disordered by the fanatical zeal of discordant proselytizers; and, despite the activities of the *Renaissance* in other parts of Europe, the intellectual and artistic capacities of the people were either held dormant or hopelessly distorted by the obscurantism of the prevalent propaganda. It was at this period, however, that the impress of *subjectivism,* which is the soul of Protestantism, was graven deep on the German mind and heart, developing in later times that type of *culture* that is rooted in the arrogance of human reason and has found its fruition in the autocracy of intellectual and material pride.

Under the reign of Frederick the Great the potential supremacy of Prussia became apparent, although that monarch despised the talents of his own subjects and fostered foreign influences as represented by the brilliant coterie of French skeptics led by Voltaire. But Frederick was tolerant in his religious views and his liberality afforded a grateful relief from the narrow bigotry of the dominant sectaries. By the latter half of the eighteenth century the foundations of modern German literature, philosophy, science and art were securely laid, and with them began to be evolved that splendid machinery of military and governmental power whose perfection and efficiency, increasing with the subsequent years, is the masterful marvel of our own day. As we have seen, the two essential products of the Lutheran movement were the dogma of

[1] Concluded from the October, 1917, CATHOLIC WORLD.

private judgment in matters of faith and morals, and the doctrine that the religion of the prince is the religion of the land; which are indeed complements and corollaries of each other. It is the operation of these two factors in the equation of modern civilization in all Protestant lands that has produced existing conditions, and especially was it so in Germany. The genius of German institutions and life, in whatever aspect they may be considered, is that of a supreme confidence in the prowess and infallibility of man's mental and physical resources, a sublime presumption and audacity of mere human capability. In the course of four hundred years, the initial dogmas of Lutheranism have so far developed their logical consequences in that empire as to bring about two notable and concurrent results. Religion, and moral truth as its necessary concomitant, instead of being relative—a system of commands and promises from God to man, communicated by revelation and to be accepted without argument or proof, upon the sole testimony of the Church —are purely subjective, a matter of man's own choosing and construction, the evidences of which are to be apprehended by the mind, examined by the reason, and approved or rejected by the judgment of each individual. This, of course, reverses the order of the divine plan, substituting the creature for the Creator as the source of truth, and making religion proceed, not from the bosom and bounty of God, but from the brain and bias of man. It is the apotheosis of humanity and the dethronement of Deity in the moral government of the world. Its product is the Superman, a monster of mentality and brute force.

To accomplish the ends and ideals of such a philosophy of life, state absolutism is a necessary and a logical postulate, and accordingly it has been so ordered in the development of German nationality. A vast and enveloping paternalism, benevolent in its professions but despotic in its practice, absorbs and appropriates every aspiration and interest of the people, to secure the maximum of strength and efficiency with the minimum of individual distraction or dependence. The citizen must minister to the state, in all his relations, a slave to the system that vaunts itself upon the theory of the sovereignty of personal volition and private decision; and the whole mechanism of social order and political administration revolves around the common centre of imperial authority. This is the practical realization of Schiller's maxim—*"Die Welt-Geschichte ist das Welt-Gericht;"* which is just the opposite of Bulwer-Lytton's saying: "Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and

men would have no more history than a flock of sheep." It is likewise the triumph of four hundred years of subjective rationalism applied to every human interest, temporal and eternal. The instruments relied upon to achieve these results have been the purely human ones of law and education—an arbitrary code of *verbotens* based upon exclusively material considerations, and an artificial curriculum of studies addressed to no higher sense than the intellect. Both legislation and education have been sterilized of any moral tone or religious meaning, to accommodate their functions to the basic principles of the Protestant cult.[2] Those who indict the crimes of German autocracy and imperialism, civil and military, and seek to marshal the world's forces for their destruction, should first understand their genesis and genius.

The case of England, since the Reformation, has been different from that of France or Germany, but the conditions and tendencies approximate the same general conclusion. The revolt against the Holy See and the adoption of a national religion, in the sixteenth century, were accomplished by the *fiat* of the government, not by the wish or consent of the masses of the English people. By that token, the transition was political rather than a fundamental choice between two systems of faith and worship. National and international prejudices soon widened the breach between the British monarchy and the Roman allegiance, and the hereditary traits of the English character, emphasized by the insular position of the country and the growing isolation and individuality of its commercial ambitions, speedily aroused a racial and patriotic hostility to " Popery " and all " Papists." The intrigues and sinister aims of France and Spain—both Catholic—and the alliances brought about by the holy wars on the Continent, contributed to cement and embitter public opinion against everything pertaining to the Church, the more especially as the cause of the common people against the usurpations of the crown more than once seemed or was made to appear imperiled by Catholic influences. The Church of England was established to satisfy the national conscience and to gratify a traditional devotion to institutional forms. It has served much the same purpose as the institutions of King, Lords and Commons, in the constitutional fabric of the British government. Its mutilated creed and ritual, with its genteel formalism, appealed to the taste and

[2] " *Cult* is a term which, as we value exactness, we can ill do without, seeing how completely religion has lost its original significance." F. Hall, *Modern English*, p. 172.

pride of the aristocracy, while they soothed the complacency of the middle classes and awed the respect of the lower orders. To such as still retained the devout inheritance of an attachment to the true Faith, the new Anglican communion, despite its more than doubtful origin and its wholly inadequate worship, appeased their pious longings by the reflected glory and blessing that seemed to linger above the barren altars of the royal religion. Meanwhile, the ancient bond of Christian union and authority being removed, and the artificial rites of a secular substitute failing to enlist the serious sympathies of a people naturally responsive to the deeper emotions of real piety, the disintegrating dogmas of the New Evangel found ready acceptance among the masses, who distrusted the sincerity of kings and courtiers and looked askance at ceremonies reminiscent of Rome, and therefore detestable to the stubborn prejudices of British patriotism.

The majority of the English considered civil and individual liberty as a birthright, and their inherited love for the subjective pleasures of personal independence had become a racial and national trait. To them the doctrines of Protestantism appealed with peculiar attraction, under existing political conditions, and they espoused the new politico-religious cult with a fervor that flamed into fanaticism, gradually fusing into a sullen fire of fierce intolerance, that radiated the gloomy ardors of a harsh and narrow creed. It was a temper keenly adapted to the task of persecution and singularly alluring to that innate spirit of self-righteous assurance that has ever been a characteristic of the true Briton. Also, it had unlimited possibilities for indefinite expansion. The " right of private judgment " ran all the phases of independentism in religion, gathering fresh vigor from repression and odium, and finally issuing in a multitude of incongruous sects whose discordant contentions and subjective sophistries have largely neutralized their own potency for the promotion of Christianity, and alienated many a noble spirit from all semblance of religious belief. Three hundred years and more of this chaotic struggle, alternating between a dismal despotism over intellectual and moral freedom and the waste of pious energy in fruitless controversies about speculative absurdities —united upon nothing but an insensate hatred of Catholicism— caused the poet Shelley to exclaim that he had " rather be damned with Newton and Kepler than be saved with Paley and Malthus." The same feeling made Tennyson write, " There is more faith in honest doubt than half the creeds;" and it led Huxley to invent

the word "agnostic," to describe the last refuge of a great mind baffled and groping for the light in a man-made darkness.

The Established Church, like many another British institution that has outlived its purpose and usefulness, still "lags loitering on the stage," preserved by force of ancient custom, by the traditional conservatism of the nation, and by that attenuated thread of historical association that links it to the Mother Church. Its gentle leading frequently draws some yearning wanderer back to the ancestral fold. For the rest, its condition is one of monotonous pietism or sporadic zeal, tending more and more towards the decadence of faith and the collapse of the whole crumbling system.

Our own country presents the record and results of composite influences, including the elements that have controlled the course of events in the three countries just considered, with admixtures derived from the various other components of our citizenship, and certain features particular to ourselves and which have been the outgrowth of our institutions and methods of life and thought. Fundamentally, this is a Christian country. There should be no mistake about that. From the inception of the government, the courts, state and federal, high and low, have uniformly held that Christianity is a part of the common law of the land; that no other religion is known to our laws or recognized in the social and moral constitution of our people; that, although all religions, or the lack of any at all, are tolerated and protected under our system, so long as they do not violate decency or cause acts and utterances illegal or injurious to public peace and morals, the religion of the American Republic is that of the Christian's Bible.[3] The organic law of the land does not undertake to define, nor does it permit any department of the government to define, what particular form of Christian faith and worship is to be accepted as the norm of the national religious sentiment. The courts have simply said that our institutions and civilization are based upon "broad and tolerant Christianity;" and it necessarily must be assumed that this means the kind of Christianity that bears the stamp of divine approval and can furnish the proofs of historic authenticity and authority. It would seem, therefore, that one of the highest duties of true Americanism should be to find out and to follow the teachings of that Christian body that possesses these credentials. From what has been said, it is clear

[3] *Holy Trinity Church v. United States*, 143 U. S., 472; *Vidal v. Girard*, 2 How., 198 (42 U. S.); *Updegraph v. Com.*, 11 Serg. & R., 394; *Com. v. Kneeland*, 20 Pick., 218; Chancellor Kent in *People v. Ruggles*, 8 Johns., 289.

that neither Protestantism nor Catholicism can claim the recognition of our laws and constitutions, but at the time of the original settlements the former was established and enforced as the state religion in all but one of the thirteen Colonies. The exception was the Catholic colony of Maryland, where universal religious freedom and toleration were guaranteed. All of the Protestant colonies compelled conformity to the religious creed and worship of the dominant majority, not only against Catholics but dissenting Protestants as well. This was in accord with the dogma that the religion of the ruler shall be the religion of the land. But the wise and liberal statesmen who secured American independence and framed the institutions of republican freedom, expressly repudiated that historic tenet of Lutheranism, and fixed the permanent policy of our government by prohibiting forever religious tests and discriminations or the establishment and maintenance of state churches of any kind. The legal and constitutional safeguards of religious liberty and freedom of conscience, so proudly acclaimed by all Americans, are perpetual memorials of the fact that proscription and persecution were the earliest and exclusive fruits of Protestant bigotry in the United States; and it should be remembered that several of the states retained and enforced the most rigid penal statutes against Catholics for years after the formation of the Union.

It must be conceded, however, that historically and by the rule of majorities, this has been and is today a Protestant country. Its prevalent religious sentiment is of that sect; the ruling classes everywhere and in all those departments of activity and influence that give color and tone to the life and opinions of the people have been under the control of that element; great care has been taken by those who shape the culture and prescribe the studies in the public educational institutions to inculcate the Protestant view of history and humanity and to teach no substantial fact favorable to any other Christian body of believers. This can be demonstrated by a casual examination of the textbooks used. In a considerable part of the Union to be a Catholic is equivalent to disqualification for office, and in all sections the participation by Catholics in political affairs is regarded with suspicion and disfavor. The influence of the Church and of her splendid membership has been and is a tremendous force for good and for all that is stable, safe and sound in the social, domestic and public character of the nation; but it is a minority influence, discountenanced and discredited by every hostile device and discrimination that bigotry, ignorance, fanaticism and

falsehood can invoke, while all the vile and destructive agencies of atheism, anarchy and rabid iconoclasm are welcomed apparently as valued allies in the war of hate and proscription. These easily obvious conditions are mentioned here, not for purposes of recrimination, nor even by way of protest, but to emphasize and enforce the outstanding truth about American religion, morals, politics and social relations, namely, that, if there be any blemishes in the national character, or any stains upon the national virtue, or any signs of disintegration, decay and degeneracy in the ideals and institutions of the Republic, the sole responsibility rests upon the Protestant majority that has dominated the religious field, dictated the social conventions and monopolized the political functions of the American commonwealth since its history began. Nor can this enormous liability be offset or liquidated by pleading the value of the country's material assets or its intellectual trophies. These have no logical or necessary relevancy to the issue. It is a fact familiar to every student of sociology and philosophy of history, that wealth, luxury, power, the brilliant products of intellectual genius and the highest perfection of social and political organization are entirely compatible with the grossest corruption of morals, the deepest degradation of civic ideals, the complete loss of religious faith and the worst abuses of political absolutism. The most splendid periods of material prosperity and mental achievement have often been those of the lowest standards of public and private virtue and the heaviest burdens of governmental exaction. It is the merest folly of national egotism—a delusion of visionary vanity—to imagine that this age or these people are exempt from the same influences or superior to the same deteriorating agencies that have operated in other lands and distant times. There is profound truth and a practical philosophy in the soliloquy of Byron's gloomy hero, as he gazed upon the mournful ruins of classic greatness—

> There is the moral of all human tales:
> 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past.
> First freedom, then glory—when that fails,
> Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last,
> And History, with all her volumes vast,
> Hath but one page.

The complete emancipation of mind and conscience from all superior authority and artificial restraints, which is at once a virtue and a hazard of a democracy like ours, has permitted the peculiar

implication of Protestantism to have full sway and abundant fruition in the United States; and the intensiveness of the American spirit, in whatever direction its energies are displayed, has wrought startling results with amazing rapidity. No other era in any other country in the world has witnessed such activity and achievement in so short a time, unless it was the age of Pericles, and that was an age distinctively preëminent for intellectual and artistic brilliancy—its triumphs were essentially those of man's nobler faculties. It is significant, too, that the fires of Grecian genius, stimulated by the "fierce democracy" of that period, burned themselves out in the short space of sixty years. Pretermitting what may be called the heroic age of the Republic, whose teachings are now for the most part falling into desuetude or are regarded with indifference, the aspirations and accomplishments of our national life during the later decades have become almost wholly material and more or less sordid. The accumulation of wealth, the conservation or development of physical resources, the ingenuity and enterprises of invention, discovery and applied science, the adaptation of a vast system of state education to the cultivation of acquisitiveness and the perfection of industrial organization—these in the main are the motive and the measure of our present-day civilization. We are deifying, not the Superman, but the Economic man, which, for all moral and spiritual purposes, is the same thing. Like symptoms are prevalent in all the leading Protestant nations, but their pernicious effects are more violent and distressing here, because we live faster and more furiously and are less restrained by traditional conservatism and institutional safeguards than the people of older lands.

With characteristic assurance and audacity, we have been engaged for some years in the making of a nation that shall be unsurpassed in its physical and mental capacity and efficiency for dominance, and we are confident in the belief that this can be done by the exaltation of merely human virtues and the mastery of the material world. Meantime, we have been losing steadily and not slowly the virtues that make for both national and individual sanity, strength and security. It is remarkable and not gratifying to thoughtful minds to note the distinct absence of reverence for ultimate truth and a pious recognition of the supreme rulership of God in the utterances of our public men. A comparison of the official records of the first three-quarters of a century of our history as a nation with those of the past twenty years, and particularly the past ten years, discloses a painful decadence in the spirit and senti-

ment of religious faith among the statesmen whose voice is presumably the voice of the people in their corporate sovereignty. Judged by all outward expressions and by the general tone of political and social discussions, official and otherwise, the American government has ceased to stand for any kind of faith, except belief in itself and in the divinity of some sort of destiny that is able to set at defiance the precepts of its founders and to ignore the lessons of all other lands and all other times. Social consciousness, civic welfare, economic justice, service to humanity, universal democracy, the brotherhood of man, the gospel of service—these are the pet phrases of the new deliverance; but in all the cant and jargon of this current philosophy, the mind and soul are called to contemplate no higher source of authority, no more reliable test of fundamental truth, than the subjective standards erected by human reason and to be enforced by human agencies. By taking thought we are to add to our stature the perfect proportions of a manhood that makes civilization in its own image. One of the most brilliant of the young apostles of this new cult of Humanism has said that it "has no quarrel with the previous civilizations; they were necessary in the development of man. But their purpose is fulfilled, and they may as well pass, leaving man to build a new and higher civilization that will exposit itself in terms of love, service and brotherhood. We know how gods were made; comes now the time to make the world." This is a bold and candid expression of the motive and purpose of that militant element whose desolating influence upon American life and institutions can be seen in many manifestations of the times. It is the culminating coalescence of Rousseau's atheistical democracy and Comte's altruistic positivism—the Infallibility of the People dedicated to the service of the Great Being of Social Organism. There are in it and its implications no element of divinity, no promise of permanent progress, no hope beyond the frail and variable standards which man, in his selfishness and cupidity, may erect at the bidding of the multitude.

An inevitable effect of this theory of social and political evolution is the overthrow of constitutional government, whose necessary predicate is the existence of fundamental principles and permanent rules for the organization and functioning of civil authority; and accordingly we find that the practical application of the theory is rapidly destroying all idea of durability or continuity in the basic institutions of social and political order. Having repudiated the divine source of real justice, truth and righteousness, and com-

mitted the destiny of mankind to the vague and vagrant arbitraments of human judgment, there is no longer any stable foundation for a constitution that shall restrain alike the absolutism of the one and the despotism of the many. Absolutism in any form, whether of the majority or of an oligarchy or of a tyrant, is abhorrent to the idea of constitutional government, and the unrestricted power of the multitude is of all forms of absolutism the most intolerable and immoral. To supplant the lost value and virtue of safe, sane and stable organic law, the new school of reformers rely, as have the Prussian absolutists, upon education and law to furnish the necessary factors of regulation and enlightenment; but since the system of state education is avowedly without moral and religious meaning, and addressed solely to the material and intellectual interests of society, and the legislation of the day is merely a collection of arbitrary commands and inhibitions, framed to meet isolated contingencies, the whole structure of social regulation is without any sustaining strength of living, abiding, ultimate purpose. Culture is merely the expression of current tastes and sentiments; law is a "wilderness of single instances," without informing motive or enduring wisdom; and government itself is a "rope of sand," dissoluble at the caprice or the self-interest of whatever faction may for the time being muster a popular majority. Constitutionalism—that principle of social and political organization which postulates government and law upon fixed and immutable rules and methods of action—be it remembered, is distinctively mediæval in its origin and application. Like so many other of the most valuable things in the life of the world, it was the product of the Christian conception of government as advocated and adopted by the Church of the Middle Ages. It never existed among the ancient nations, and its modern development has been one of the characteristic blessings of Catholic Christianity.[4] It is, therefore, entirely logical that the decay of Christian ideals and the loss of religious integrity should involve the impairment of constitutional authority and the gradual disintegration of constitutional forms.

It would be a dismal task of supererogation to discuss at length the moral deterioration consequent upon these teachings and ten-

[4] *Lord Acton's History of Freedom and Other Essays:* I. "History of Freedom in Antiquity," II. "History of Freedom in Christianity," *passim. Lectures on Modern History*, by same author: I. "Beginning of the Modern State," pp. 31, 32. Freeman's *Historical Essays*, iv., 253. McCabe's *Crises in the History of the Papacy*, chapters on Gregory VII. and Hadrian I. Nevin, *Mercersburg Review*, iv., 48. Lecky, *The Value of History*, 21. Harrison, *The Meaning of History*.

dencies. It is too palpable to escape notice or to evade disapprobation among right-minded men. The sanctities and obligations of domestic life are openly questioned and shamelessly abused. The very decencies of normal existence are disregarded and the primitive proprieties of humanity are scandalized by a publicity that shrinks from no obscenity. The literature, drama and art most in vogue are either psychopathic or pornographic, with violent variations into the realms of forbidden lusts and the primal passions of savagery. And it is all excused in the name of a moral code that proclaims man's and woman's right to live the life God gave them according to each one's conception of the truth. It bespeaks the debasement of

> A race that binds
> Its body in chains and calls them Liberty,
> And calls each fresh link Progress.

The genesis of this pitiable phantasmagoria of human weakness and folly is not far to seek. Years ago, in one of his admirable sermons, Newman pointed out with great force and clearness the essential nature of faith, and the fundamental fact that " it is a state of mind, a particular mode of thinking and acting, which is exercised, always indeed towards God, but in various ways."[5] So regarded, the faculty of faith is a spiritual sense, and it apprehends those truths that lie beyond the physical and intellectual perceptions of humanity, no matter to what department of human interests they relate. Primarily this faculty is exercised more especially with reference to religious truth, but it equally takes cognizance of truth in any or all of the concerns that affect man's relations and obligations as a social being and as a moral agent in this world. One of the distinctive attributes of this sense of the soul is that if it is lost or impaired in its primary function of apprehending spiritual truth, it undergoes destruction or loss of sensibility as to all minor and subordinate interests; and once lost or seriously diminished, it leaves man a mutilated and morbid creature, incapable of fulfilling his highest and holiest destiny in this life, as well as in the next. Without faith men are as maimed in soul as they would be in mind by the loss of memory, or in body by the loss of sight. And another quality of this supreme faculty is that, if it is subordinated to any lower faculty of man's nature, if its exercise is made to depend upon the volition or the mental apprehensions of humanity, it is fatally im-

[5] " Faith and Private Judgment," *Discourses*, p. 192

paired and eventually extinguished. Newman did not follow the arguments to these lengths, but once the premise is established—and it cannot be denied—the conclusions are inevitable, and moreover they are demonstrable by all the facts of history. It was the recognition of these principles that led Washington to admonish his countrymen that religion and morality are the indispensable supports of political prosperity; that they are essential to true patriotism; that morality cannot be maintained without religion; and that education of the intellectual faculties, to the exclusion of religious training, cannot beget or sustain morality. Viscount Morley has expressed the same idea when he wrote: "Those who would treat politics and morality apart, will never understand the one or the other."

Transmitted to the Western world, the doctrines of Luther and his associate reformers have here enjoyed immunity from any restraint of the traditions and institutions connected with Christianity in that elder day when the One, Catholic and Apostolic Church was the sole ruler of men's consciences in faith and morals. The results to religion are best described by a Methodist clergyman, who speaks with the authority of an official statistician: "We scarcely appreciate our advantages. Our citizens are free to choose a residence in any one of fifty states and territories, and to move from one to another as often as they have a mind to. There is a wider range for choice and change in religion. One may be a pagan, a Jew or a Christian, or each in turn. If a Christian, he may be six kinds of an Adventist, twelve kinds of a Mennonite or Presbyterian, thirteen kinds of a Baptist, sixteen kinds of a Lutheran, or seventeen kinds of a Methodist. He may be a member of anyone of one hundred and forty-three denominations, or of all in succession. If none of these suits him, he still has a choice among one hundred and fifty separate and independent congregations, which have no denominational name, creed or connection."[6]

There could be but one end to such a chaos in the realm of religious faith—the end of faith itself, and with it the loss of the sense of the soul that enables men to discern and embrace the fundamental truths of morals, politics, social science and every other subject that admits of belief and requires conviction. Under such influences it cannot be surprising that those who profess the exposition of Christian doctrine and are actually engaged in Biblical in-

[6] *The Religious Forces of the United States*, by Rev. H. K. Carroll, late Government Expert in charge of the Religious Statistics of the Eleventh Census.

struction, should solemnly declare that our conception of God and our views of His nature and government must be revised to suit the current of modern thought—that religion, like the natural sciences and the experimental studies, must change with man's advancement and the enlargement of human ideals.[7] Yet none of these reverend critics of divine truth would attempt to revise the theorems of Euclid or to modernize the law of gravitation.

Christianity, as represented by the ablest of its Protestant advocates, is today in this country little more than a sentiment, a system of social service, of ethical philosophy, of philanthropic enterprise; and in more than one instance its "divine philosophy" has indeed become "procuress to the lords of hell." Its professions of humanitarian service and sacrifice are no longer illumined by the radiance of faith in the mysteries of the Godhead or in the authority and authenticity of revealed truth. Its sacred symbols have been transmuted into mere types of earthly virtues. The president of a great American university, once the citadel of orthodox Presbyterianism, very recently disclosed the barrenness of Protestant conceptions of heroic thought and noble deeds when he said: "The cross, whether worn as a decoration upon the breast, or marking the dust of the noble dead, is today the sacred symbol of the world. It is the symbol of honor, because it is the symbol of sacrifice. The way of honor in this day of darkness and confusion is the way of sacrifice.[8] That is the conclusion of the whole matter, as Protestantism views it. The cross—not the Crucifix; sacrifice—not the Sacrifice; human honor—not holy humility; faith—not the Faith delivered to the saints, without which there can be no real faith in anything, sacred or profane.

It is not the finger of pessimism that points out these plain and unpalatable facts in the history of our times. It is rather the organized propaganda of a real and potential pessimism that has made them possible—a pessimism that preaches the gospel of irreverence and dishonors the noblest monuments of piety and patriotism that mark the annals of the race; that storms with impious audacity the bulwarks of the world's ancient trust in truths upon which change lays not its hand and time leaves no impress; that sears man's spirit-

[7] *Religion and Bergson*, by Lucius H. Miller, Assistant Professor of Biblical Instruction, Princeton University; *The Stewardship of Faith*, by Rev. K. Lake (Lowell Lectures, 1913-14).

[8] *Baccalaureate Address* of President John Grier Hibben, Princeton University, delivered at Commencement, June 16, 1917.

ual vision and mutilates his divinity, and condemns the human soul to wander in despair, sightless to the beauties of holiness in this life and of happiness in the life beyond the tomb. But there is an antidote for the disease of this modern iconoclasm—a panacea for the ills of a paganism that is worse than the mythical monstrosities of the past. It will be found in the perdurable promise that is the corner-stone of the age-old and indestructible edifice of Catholic Christianity. The Church will never change or compromise her dogmas, and she cannot die. She has " never sold the truth to serve the hour." She stands for the only democracy that deserves to live or that is safe for a waiting world—the constitutional democracy that founds freedom on authority and liberty on discipline, and scorns the rule of the mob, " fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain." She clothes with a sacrosanct security the felicities and purposes of domestic life, and guards with flaming sword the Christian home as the source of social order and the citadel of enduring civilization. Her Faith is the one immutable thing in a universe of ceaseless mutations. Her voice is the Voice of her Founder, and her consolations shall yet be the balm for the healing of the nations.

# THE RETREAT OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL.

BY GEORGE NAUMAN SHUSTER.

MR. CHESTERTON has said that the novel is "a creation of the mystical idea of charity," which implies first of all that the novelist is not the devotee of a sovereign creed or doctrine, but rather the interpreter of such matters from the common existence. All theories find their truest value in dramatic possibility. Aristotle's *Politics* and Kant's *Critique* taken by themselves are frail and unimportant, but acted out or given even a potential reality, they become startling and stupendous as daylight. A near-sighted professor writing philosophy in his barred cell often seems fatuous, but the same principles applied in living, rend the thoroughfares of the world. Now the novelist is privileged to deal with ideas after they have been clothed with this virile being; he is concerned with a Jean Christophe whom Europe has tossed about, and an Oliver Twist who has been whipped by a brutal charities system. In short he is a market-place philosopher syllogizing in flesh and blood. But the definition has also another side. Our novelist himself is the creature of tolerance, often great and hearty enough to be overwhelming. His existence is commensurate with a demand. Double-deckers are children of leisure, and Thackeray might have made shoes, had not the people been keenly concerned with his response to the question-points in life. Unspeculative enough to cherish no fondness for metaphysics, they were yet eager for the same ideas in coat and trousers. Colonel Newcome and the "magnanimous man" are quite identical, and Quilp could not be distinguished from sin. We know that character is always contingent on belief. Men are not formed by any such broad agency as "life," but frequently they do become the crystals of an epigram. Thus the novel is veritably the creation of charity, being found in the hearts of men and gathered again by the hearts of men. It is an endless game of ball between the outposts of experience.

The modern interplay has been qualified by many things, but perhaps most impressively by the seriousness it has assumed. When Dumas or Fielding told a story, they made it as rollicky, as exciting

and even as lewd as possible. The author liked that and so did his readers. It held for them the wine of life, was a sort of tavern-gossip that could be continued quietly for one's self. Then the ladies commenced reading and we got an endless tale of love. Because undying affection was the most fascinating matter in the world, hero and heroine were led through steeplechase after steeplechase, till they entered the land where everybody lives happily. Scott carried this high romance into history and it has remained, the *Castle of Utranto* transported it to nowhere, and it has resided there ever since. But for various reasons things changed with the nineteenth century. Dickens brought the ideals down into the streets and mingled them with ideas. Victor Hugo discovered humanitarianism, and actually created a vast and unsteady philosophy. Since then the novel has been as much a creature of theory as of narrative; it has championed social impulses and concerned itself with the institutions. Could the novelist alone have thus transformed the medium of his art? Hardly. But the leisure of the people had grown uneasy. They wanted visions to soothe the soul as well as the emotions. At any rate they craved a sedative for the everlasting longing that was in them.

Today this demand is almost hectic. Everything has suddenly become very vital. Love is no longer a dream but a sex-problem. The laboring man is not Joe of *Great Expectations* but a very passionate prophet whom one meets in such books as the *Harbor*. Yesterday Mrs. Deland related that there was a benign old Dr. Lavendar, but he seems to have been swallowed up completely by the iconoclastic Hodder of Churchill's *Inside of the Cup*. The European " Time-Spirit " has been particularly strenuous. There is Mr. Hardy with every creature a study in pessimistic ebony; Mr. Suderman with every figure a fagot of gleaming passion; Paul Bourget with a constant analysis of institutions, and Monsignor Benson with a continuous logic of faith. For a multitude of writers the novel has become a laboratory wherein the muscles of human desuetude are made to quiver out their causes. The spirit of *belles lettres* has turned scientific. Naturally we in America have caught this serious fever rather recently, having just arrived in the modern world from pioneer seclusion. But in the past ten years we have made up for much lost time. *Huckleberry Finn* has been dressed up as *The Mysterious Stranger,* Mr. Churchill has become an iconoclast, and even Mr. Tarkington, most old-fashioned American of us all, has written *The Turmoil*. We get a dozen new problems every day.

Here is the novel which is going to end the war, and lo! there is one to inspire the most gory patriotic fervor. One woman describes the process of making the Old Lady new and another informs us how to keep the New Lady old. We have asked so many questions of matrimony that we are actually getting bored with the answers. In a thousand volumes the soul of man is being molded into heroism so rapidly that it reeks with the strange, white heat of the forging. The discourse is unremittingly hortatory, and the gentle week-day preachers of Thackeray have become venomous indeed.

All this indicates how eager we are for truth, or at least palliatives, for matters that distress us. The springs of this passion are, however, somewhat difficult to trace. Is it that men of today are radically different from those of yesterday? Not if literature is honest. Take, for instance, the illuminative example of Cooper, who is discussed so frequently. His love-passages are heavy with false sentiment; his heroines everything that goes to make up the "clinging vine." These gentle females are always fainting, everlastingly shrieking, consistently quivering. They are not only in love but never out of it. For a certain type of modern reformer they furnish excellent effigies, assuming that the originals ever existed. Yet it is plain that Cooper in drawing them was not the conscious artist but merely the respecter of literary tradition. He lived at a time when the idea of woman was etherealized in a chivalric dream, which never becoming actual, yet had decided poetic advantages. Cooper's professed heroes are just as insipid as his heroines, and leave one full of unmingled gratitude for not having been born on the exalted plane. But let him get away from the air-castles of fashion and there is *Leatherstocking* and the *Captain of the Red Rover,* bearded gentlemen who could be picked out of a crowd even today. In the *Spy* he also discovers a real woman, and Betsy, the camp-follower, with her humor and curious system of commercial morals, might be selling apples around the corner. The world of Cooper's time was probably as poorly stocked with his heroines as is our own, but it seems to have held a great many real people. One might go on to say that the women of the Civil War were about the same as those of our own, and that Mrs. Wilson is apt to be a facsimile of Mrs. Lincoln. In all the primal moments of existence, particuluarly in those ghastly ones now grown so vivid, we undergo the same emotions as our grandfathers did. There are still eager persons with dreams. On the other hand, Mr. Masters has shown that dead villagers could sin as efficiently as the city people who fall under Mr.

Dreiser's observation. It will be a thrilling day when the twentieth century discovers that it is human.

If, then, Adam fails to account for the novelist's changed mood, it may possibly be explained by environment. We do live in a new age. Ant-hills, crowded, restless, abnormally putrid, have sprung up in the green grass. There is a great deal of coal-smoke, structural iron, and Edison. The immemorial haunts of man, the brooding forests and the talking streams are curios we visit for a week or two in summer. Harsh, mechanical noises have replaced the songs of labor, and barefoot boys are scarce. Men have been partially stunned by the nerve-racking conditions of modern labor, and women have lost control of the stove. Most vital matter of all, is the relation of the masses dependent solely on a wage, to the masters who control that wage. Gentlemen are neither so healthy nor so jolly as they used to be, and we are continually worried about their wives. But after all, people have lived in close quarters before, and health inspection has been worse. History is rich in vast labor movements, suffragettes and buildings. There have always been a great many wealthy men and considerably more poor ones. Travel has been intensified, but no permanent human need is filled by travel. We have great economic and political problems to face, unprecedented exploits to carry out, and a thousand novel ways of making a living. But finally it is the same old problem of making a living, and of adjusting one's self to environment. The pioneers did the same thing with much less fuss. Every human being that has risen from slumber since the first day, has warmed his fingers at an alien sun.

When everything that can be said for environment has been emphasized, the causes of modern unrest remain unestablished. Our trouble is deeper than business or riding on cars. The novelists agree that the quest of happiness is in danger, that men are being remade on the anvils of new philosophies and that Quilp does not quite stand for sin. Human nature is not an answer now, but a question. Love was a dream so long as fulfillment was expected; it became a problem when there seemed no destiny. In the form of a prologue, labor can appear quite comic, but seen as the *dénouement,* it is sombre, stark and abysmal. The intensity of our new life is literally its depth. We have fallen and it is not quite certain where we are. There is a harrowing eagerness for straws. In the old tragedy like that of Shakespeare, death was an answer to the riddle of existence. Hamlet died, and it seemed to make all

things well. There was sanctity in the final sleep of Cordelia, and grim justice in the downfall of Iago. Life was only the first act, sad or foolish, but ending always in a round full release. More modern times brought Ibsen for whom death too was the end, but not the solution. His heroines and villains die, but the question instead of being answered is merely dropped like lead. Some people have found veracity in this, but scant satisfaction. And so the modern novel has come to ask that life be both enigma and solution. We demand that dreams be fulfilled on the very next morning and that heroes and heroines face no "after" in their happy living. We either do this or deny any reply, which is very galling and unpopular. For our star is success. "The incentive to efficiency," says Walter Lippman, "is not alone love of competent work, but a desire to get greater social values out of human life.....the genuine hope is to substitute for terror and weakness a frank and open worldliness, a love of mortal things in the discipline of science." That is the modern *credo*.

Let us see how some of our later novelists make it human. It is perhaps useful to note that prominent American writers, as a rule, spring from conservative stock. Their parents were the sort of people whose associations were very select, and it took all the irresistible pressure of modern throngs to make them realize that the world is inhabited. When such novelists treat of things as they were fifty years ago, when everything was calm and secure, their books are pleasant reading. *The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard,* for instance, is a story treating of the extremely tumultuous period of Southern Reconstruction, but it is utterly impossible to find a thoughtful novel dealing with the present era, which has anything like the same serenity of inner life. Mr. Churchill, however, is such an excellent instance that his metamorphosis should not pass unnoticed. In *Richard Carvel* and the *Crisis* he inhabits a quiet territory whose people are bound by ties of honor and patriotism. The heroes and heroines fall in love without much rendering of anything except hearts. Richard and Dorothy grew up together and settled down together. This is all placid, sentimental and a bit wishy-washy if you insist, but it made nice reading.

Before long, however, Mr. Churchill went sailing and discovered the world. It is a strange place and did not fail to impress him as such. He could not restrain himself for the weirdness of it. In *A Modern Chronicle* he tells the story of Honora Leffingwell, up-to-date maiden, who meets life in a new way: that is, with a differ-

ent attitude towards the institution of marriage. The first man is all business and pink shirt, the members of his set are vile, and Honora hungers for the old satisfying emotions of life. But she does not go back to the established order. Instead she gets farther away by obtaining a divorce. The next gentleman is even worse than the first, and his death is quite a relief. So finally, Honora, a much changed and wiser individual, drifts into the arms of Peter, who typifies all that is established and secure. The book is full of the contrast between the outlook of an older generation and the altered moods of the new. It is dismayed not so much at the defiance of sacred conventions as at Honora who, in defying them, seems actually more sinned against than sinning. What shall we make of this? The answer is vague, and perhaps even Mr. Churchill does not quite know it.

Having learned that people regarded the old order as instable, Churchill himself became reformer. The Rev. Mr. Hodder of the *Inside of the Cup* learns that his church is merely a shoddy and pudgy routine. It is still the Episcopal formula, but the infusion of divine grace seems to have been lost. Accordingly he throws a cargo of old dogmas overboard, and kicks the rich men off the vessel. He finds that he has a ritual but no religion, and accordingly makes one that is up to the requirements of the *Hibbert Journal* in every respect. The amazing popularity of this rather unexciting volume was due simply to the fact that many well-meaning people had come to regard their churches in a similar light. It is likely, however, that not so many agreed with Mr. Churchill. In *A Far Country* the author attacks American political life not in the satiric manner of *Coniston* but almost with the tactics of a diatribe. There is an energetic housecleaning in statesmanship, and the accumulation of graft is quite startling. But everybody turns socialist in a prudent fashion and the world is renewed. Yet the book is concerned not so much with objective conditions, but voices a harrowing dissatisfaction with the grounds of political faith. Just as the Church cannot exist unless it has a working principle of salvation, so there is no reason for the state, if it is merely an excuse for electing people to office. It is the foundation of institutions that the novelist and his readers are questioning. Love has grown extremely conscious of its responsibilities, and life is ruffled by the spectre of "Why?" But Mr. Churchill does not confront these problems with anything like his old security. He is perplexed, saddened and disturbed. If existence is a riddle, there must be an answer, but what is it?

Enter Margaret Deland, amiable *raconteur* of *Old Chester* and its amiable ways. Things are beautiful and exalted in that bright locality. Dr. Lavendar with his old-fashioned beliefs, his charity and his humor is as good a person as ever breathed. Old Chester sinned and was foolish occasionally, but there was always enough oil left in the lamps to greet the bridegroom. Conflicts came, but there was peace too. Life was calm, measured out as the old Cornish ballad says, "By the tick-tick-it-ti-tock of the grandfather's clock."

In the *Iron Woman* even, with its modern environment, Mrs. Deland works out a defence of matrimony in a safe and satisfying way. But in *The Rising Tide,* whose heroine does awful things, and actually uses slang, the aspects of the pet modern theory of "feminism" are aired thoroughly. For such as realize that irreverent diction is as ancient as Aristophanes and as common as dust, it seems impossible that such a person as Frederica's mother could have lived, but she probably did, for the morality of the middle-Puritan period consisted largely of conventional "don'ts," such as no music on Sunday. The youthful unrest in the book is however vivid and easy to understand. The staid and comfortable ways of meeting existence have been torn up. When the heroine asks: "Did I ask for life? Was I consulted?" we remember having heard that before, and that birth control, failure of marriage and woman's rights have been mentioned several times. The problems of this book are being lived out, largely in slang, but they are really breathing. Times have changed. The placid old American mother can only rub her spectacles and say, "Bless us, what are we coming to?" Her maxims sound foolish now, but the reader and Mrs. Deland are convinced that they are not so silly after all. The institutions have stood firm for centuries, and there is no adequate reason for scuttling them. But why, to use a popular phrase, have they "lost their sand?"

Mr. William Dean Howells is not only our most venerable literary figure, but he has not received half the recognition to which he is entitled. Always an ardent follower of Tolstoy, and never very enthusiastic except on matters of art, he has come to rely upon the sound simplicity of American democratic life and to interpret it in a genial spirit. While he has dealt with problems many times, it is certain that none of his books present as significant a thesis as the recently published *Leavenworth Case.* Externally, the story is simple, telling of an eccentric religious fanatic who gives himself

out as God and turns the religious opinions of the Ohio Valley topsy-turvy. Of course he is merely a paranoiac and collapses utterly in the end. But underneath all this description of fatuity runs a very subtle suggestion. If this man with all his fervor and apparent vision is only a fool, can it be possible that all our religious beliefs are hectic insubstantialities? Have we been deluded by a constant mirage of something supernatural, and are we after all only natural? The question is put in honest bewilderment, and has been put several times in the past. But it has never before voiced the trend of Puritan America. We have read the same thing in a dozen abysmal biological treatises, but it is recent in the pulpits. The same uncertainty is put with fearful violence by Mark Twain, and is implied in a score of varied novels. We have almost caught up in living with Herbert Spencer's thinking.

Everywhere books seethe with this prying into mystery, this tapping of the hollow conventional, this incessant concern with human craving. Naturally the feminine question, having received the most advertising, is accorded greatest attention. Mary Johnston, Ellen Glasgow and Mrs. Atherton put it with poignancy and appeal. But from countless other angles, writers are undermining the world of our fathers. Dreiser, Sinclair and Paterson have cut sluices in the dam of reticence. Nothing is so filthy or abhorrent but that it can come out with its smudgy little interrogation point. In a great many instances, of course, we can trace this fever for "truth" to a proffering of sensations for the sake of riches. But the writers mentioned are all sincere and capable; many of them have endured comparative neglect for the sake of what they avow. The bourgeoisie even finds them dismal. Assuredly then we are witnessing a great philosophic retreat. Yesterday we were calm, rather pleased with ourselves and we quoted Browning. Today we are actually taking Bernard Shaw seriously. The beliefs of older America are simply in rout. One fires on the other, and no one is conscious of any presence save the enemy's. An idea is merely a microbe, but it can develop into a disease.

This revolt against the institutions is without precedent, though many of its doctrines are frayed. One can find in Plato's *Republic* a Socialist-feminist scheme almost as thorough as Bax's. None of our cynicism or derision has half the edge of Aristophanes, and the highest points of our indignation are candle-lights to the eruptive hate of Dante. But when in the past an attack was leveled at the institutions, the slogan read that there was too much in the insti-

tution, our revolt cries that there is not enough. Socialists denounce the state not because of its tyranny but because of its dotage. Henry VIII. abolished matrimony because he wanted connubial liberty; Mr. Shaw believes that it is much too free. Luther's *furore* found an echo in souls for the reason that he aimed at lowering the prestige of the Church, and Julian the Apostate blasphemed because God is almighty. The modernist is an infidel who conceives of all religion as futile and unfounded. The theological basis of our agnosticism is the problem of evil: we can truthfully say that it used to be the question of relative good. Yesterday a man went to the devil because of a preference, but today he goes because he is hungry. This trend is evidenced in a hundred ways. Thought is leaving the home because it finds the home empty, it storms at the state because the state is lazy, it leaves the churches because the churches are tottering. I do not believe that the unrest of women is so much a demand for employment as actual boredom. There is an actual and menacing tendency to regard the soul as trivial and to adore the energy of business. Is that because the soul has been so very much at ease?

Well, it is the immortal soul which is giving us all this trouble. There are, indeed, millions to whom the divine ache of the twentieth century has never penetrated: tiers and tiers of onlookers at the spectacle for whom it is just so much pomp and sensual food. But even they have caught some of the tragic flame, some of the heart-pang and the nausea, some of the pæan of desperate thought. For if modern America had not produced this revolt, as the lands of Europe have conceived their own, one might have said that the soul of man is unbelieveably feeble and smudgy, a spark flickering at the end of an anæmic candle. For what has the spirit thrived on during the years that have gone? Retrace the steps of Protestantism till you come to the energy of Puritanism, for it had an energy once that could place its Jonathan Edwards and Cotton Mather in a burning desert but still keep them refreshed. It was an ascetic gleam that folded itself in from the world and went a straight and bitter path alone. We can say that Puritanism lacked a thousand treasures of beauty and goodness, but still we never deny that it owned a soul, begotten of vital parentage.

But watch the Puritan descend the ages. His negations become more artificial and less inspiring. His conventions do not fit a changed environment. The ancestral motto had been, " Work and Duty!" and suddenly there was neither, according to the rules laid

down. No one oppresses him and nature is forgetful. The seasons bloom in dazzling fragrance, the winds whisper caressingly over lighted seas. The air is warm, there is peace and plenty. His inner life collapses beneath the haunting memories of his youth. Suddenly he comes to realize that if he had not forbidden himself music he might have learned song. Had he not been so busy with the damned, there might have been a tryst with the blessed. In dismay he goes back to his inner life for consolation and food. Lo! the tavern is empty. There was nothing in it except negation, or a permanent principle of contraction. His soul has shrivelled up until it is gone. And so he must go forth and find it again. Today he is groping, searching, prying everywhere.

No wonder that he is distraught and torn by the winds of shifting belief. Everything that the ancient fires of life and the new fumes of science could hurl at his abstentions has been flung with a vengeance. When he is confronted with the flaunting challenge of his conventions, he must awake to the terrible "Why?" There is no why. He hurries to the Bible for defence of matrimony, and finds St. Paul declaring that marriage is a great sacrament in Christ and the Church. The forefathers abolished sacraments. Christ Himself was a miracle and miracles are out of date. Science declares that His cosmogony is mythical, and he discovers that his creed has thought out no adequate cosmogony. And so, in every instance in which he takes up the ancient armor of battle, the pieces crumble and rust in his hands. The ingots have been weighed in the balance of thought and found wanting. His dismay and retreat are, therefore, not startling. But what is he to do? First of all, he must stop being a Puritan, and the step is taken resolutely. Where formerly he was modest, he now is shameless. Yesterday he sat reticent and today he is vile. He used to go to church and now he talks business. By all the hunger that is in him, he must get food for his inner life.

There are various avenues he may enter. It is not so likely as is commonly supposed that he will turn pagan, for the placid Horatian groves were never so far away. However, he may become a Buddhist or Christian Scientist, which means going from hardtack to mush. The diet is popular but it will not last long. He has seen better days and after all the porridge is very thin. He has only to scrape a little and there is the cracked china again. Then, he may come, generally does come, to what is called the outlook of modern life. This regimen consists of various substantial ingredients such

as the welfare of society, vegetarianism, the new woman and science. It is characterized by such phrases as a "broad liberalism of thought," "coöperative efficiency" and "a frank meeting of the facts of life." Posterity and truth are the two main reasons for its existence. But in succumbing to it, the Puritan will merely bow to the absolutism of new standards. His soul will not kneel in worship to God, but to business. He will be told that the future of mankind is based on the sources of wealth, and that economic combines will achieve the destiny of man. It implies absorption but not introspection. The disciples must submit, feverishly, blindly and unabatingly, so that they will forget themselves. If he adopts this course, the penalty is a disavowal of the cherished inner life.

We do not think that it will content him. When all his conventions have been broken down, and when the last serf-thought springs up unshackled, there will remain the simple, steadfast "Why?" After all, science is but another series of negations—after seventy-five years, after a century, what then? We who see the lives of strong men crushed like a field of flowers, and observe the civilization of centuries submerge itself in a moat of primitive gloom, may question whether the Tower of Babel is any higher after all. Can it be likely that the years will discard the memory of modern industry as they have buried the cities of the East? The spirit of man searches continually for something firmer than a promise, something more enduring than a word. We must have faith in something positive: that which passes away is but another denial. And so it is probable that Mr. Hodder and Frederica and the whole, eager serious tribe of them will again become human which is synonomous with believing. They will demand a faith in which all things are hidden, even the hunger and hopes of man. It must be a creed with manly strength, with fervor that leads to victory, and negations consistent with the high purposes of life. It is very likely that many of them will find a very efficient and humble door which they passed many times, but which is always open in mystic welcome, and which is like the *alpha* of a language never learned. For the door was builded on a rock.

More than this dim and hopeful probability no one can foresee. The success of the quest is based on everything that is noblest and most virile in the souls of the seekers. They must find it as best they can, after years of tumult and sorrow, even as the elect entered the Promised Land. When one considers the massive power of the opposition—all the authority which modern materialistic thought

has abrogated to itself, the schools which it controls, the wealth that is held in its hands, and the numbers who have come to adore—battle against it often appears hopeless and laden with sacrifice too great to bear. Just now one meets an optimistic credence in the War, a blind faith that the fields of blood will bring forth eternal fruit. Is it not rather a presumption? Armed conflict is ineradicably beastly and vile, and faith that has never been born out of spears is not likely to blossom out of cannon. True, the war is a grand Shakespearean finale for those who sink in battle, and a desolate chastening for those who are left to mourn. After all these things, too, are passing like fiery storms of woe. The vintage that we must seek is the sustaining draught of peace.

Nevertheless, it is in the spirit of earnest warfare, wherein all that is most cherished lies at stake and which will define the borders of our liberty and inner peace, that we wish to approach this conflict. From more viewpoints than one this development of nineteenth century ideals in American life is as much the concern of the Catholic as of his neighbor. We too have inherited a great deal of the routine materialistic attitude, have in a large measure come to forget the birthright of our Grail. Is it not evident that many of our symbols have lost their poetic significance for even the educated, and that the high thinking of the ages of Faith slumbers in a coma of misunderstanding? These things are proved fully by the novels offered to the people as Catholic. When one has glanced over the list, the books appear almost invariably trite, juvenile and uninspired. Our authors have begotten a limited vision. For them the world is not yet alive nor seething with the terrible fires that have been kindled. It is all very well to write books for the young but when the thinking Catholic seeks a book which voices the aspirations of his belief in tones cadenced to the life of the times, he is obliged to go to England, France and Germany. Not that all of this is chargeable to the authors. The American Catholic has come to his own through long struggles up the valley of economic serfdom and civil prejudice. The insatiable battle for bread, for social recognition, to a decent position among men, has demonstrated miraculously well the strength of our Faith as applied to common life, but has rendered an artistic appreciation of these victories negligible.

This book, however, is sealed. The war on smudgy prejudice has not ceased, but is waning. We have come to a new field where men challenge not so much our credence in holy water as our belief in Christian institutions and in God. It is no longer so urgent that

we fight Protestantism, for that has turned suicide. Our position is now in the midst of chaos, face to face with the dragon of modern thought. For these reasons there must and will be a restatement of Catholicism in terms of flesh and blood. Europe has already done much for us. The inspired reply of Pius X. when he opened the Tabernacle wider than it has been unbarred since the days of the martyrs, seems to have nipped that cankerous growth of pride in the bud. Great principles on the rights of labor laid down by Leo XIII. have outlined a programme of industrial adjustment whose thoroughness becomes more striking every day. Monumental thinkers, poets and novelists have talked so forcibly for the Church in foreign lands that it becomes simple for us to repeat what they have said. Too simple in fact. But American Catholicism is waking to its mission. There will be a new and better spokesmanship, sturdier and deeper thought. Moreover, if we can rely on the promise of what has already been done in myriad ways, resuscitation of Christian art is not far distant. Since the novel is the creation of charity, the lips which have brought consolation to the hunger of the world for two thousand years will not fail us now.

There will be no peace until these things are settled. There is so much discontent, so much running amuck with the fever of thought, that some form of spiritual revolution is well-nigh born. As the armies of Sobieski and Charles Martel fought back the Turks, and as the shield of Charlemange rang with the onslaught of a horde of foes, so the defences we have built round the things we hold more sacred than life, will be besieged. And we believe that our ultimate victory will be no less certain than was theirs.

# THE SAINT OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOSEPH H. MCMAHON, PH.D.

THE pages of the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis* are scarcely the place where one would look for entertainment. The table of contents seems to promise dreary reading save for the canonist or ecclesiastical administrator. Yet, to the thoughtful mind, the various *Acta* of Pontiff, Congregations and Tribunals teem with interest because reflecting the many-sided activities of the Universal Church. Vaster is the field included than even the confines of the greatest secular empire: more intimate, and even more human, than the official record of any mere worldly government, are the enactments that fill the pages of this *Commentarium Officiale* that will always remain as a monument to the revolutionary activity of Pius X. Events grave and gay, tragic and sordid, inspiring and consoling, food for the sinister reflections of the cynic as well as comfort for the saintly and God-fearing heart, jostle one another in these pages, whereon the commonplaces of life are dignified by the sonorous Latin of the Roman Curia. These reflections came to mind as I glanced through the issue of July 2, 1917, and doubtless were suggested by the sight of the abbreviation *Arequipen,* under the *Acta* of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. At once my mind called up the vision of *La Villa Hermosa,* the City Beautiful of Pizarro, enthroned on its high Andean valley in Southern Peru. Long before the *conquistadores* had scaled the Andes the victorious soldiers of the Incas had come upon this valley, long and fertile and of wondrous beauty, and had exclaimed to their leader Maita Capac, Child of the Sun, "Let us remain here," to which he replied in the Quichua tongue, "*Ari, quepai*"—Yes, remain. There had they built the city they called Arequipa. Their choice and taste were both ratified centuries afterward when in 1539 the sturdy followers of Pizarro built the modern city of that name, and called it the City Beautiful, *La Villa Hermosa.*[1] Stretching across the narrow valley and up the slopes of the mountain on either side, its white houses with gleaming red tiled roofs are lovely in contrast with the luxuriant

[1] Its altitude above the sea is about the same as that of the city of Mexico (8,000 feet). If not the most beautiful place in South America, as its admirers claim, it is certainly the most restful. Zahm, *Along the Alps,* p. 143.

vegetation of the tropics. Overhanging it rises in tremendous lonely majesty the great volcano Misti, eighteen thousand five hundred feet above sea level, feared by the aboriginal Peruvians and placated by annual sacrifices of young maidens. Four times in the centuries elapsing since the Spanish foundation has Misti shaken and damaged the City Beautiful. But so strong is the fascination of its loveliness that its population still grows and clings to it, until now more than thirty-five thousand souls are accounted fortunate as its inhabitants. It is ninety miles from Mollendo, the nearest Pacific port, with which it is now connected by a railway. It became the seat of a bishopric in 1609. It has always possessed a reputation for intellectual culture. Its university, still extant, goes back to the days of the *conquistadores*. Its poets occupy an enviable place in the rich literature of Peru. The most striking building of the city is the Cathedral, a structure built to replace the ancient church of the Conquest burned in 1849. Its four venerable and stately monasteries have been secularized as a result of revolutionary progress. But their glory revives as we read the story of a soul who dwelt in one of them as set forth now in the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis* in *Arequipen,* a Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites given on June 13, 1917, for the introduction of the cause of the beatification and canonization of the servant of God, Anna of the Angels, née Monteagudo, a professed nun of the Order of St. Dominic.

Note the confident judgment of the Mother of all the Churches: "The symbol of Christian faith which the renowned Christopher Columbus planted and erected in the remote regions of America, has in the course of time borne and *does not cease to bear* there the choicest fruits of virtues and holiness." This surely will come as a surprise even to many Catholics of the United States who in the smug satisfaction caused by their own material prosperity are blind to the glorious history of the South American Church, and easily swallow the ignorant calumnies that have cheapened and blackened the reputation of that Mother of Saints and Martyrs. The Decree goes on to say that the immediate object of consideration is the city of Arequipa in Peru where Anna of the Angels, a professed nun of the Order of St. Dominic, following St. Rose, a maiden of Lima, of the same order, the first fragrant flower of South America, gave a like odor of virtue and splendor. This servant of God was born at Arequipa in 1602 of honorable and wealthy parents. As a child she was sent to the flourishing convent of St. Catherine of Siena in her native city, where she was educated in what we now would call

domestic science and *belles lettres* as well as in religion and piety. Her academic training finished, the girl returned to her home. Her parents wished her to marry. She, however, aspired to the higher life of religion, and diligently cultivated by pious practices what she felt was a divine calling to the nuptials of the King. Then came the old, old story. By every means in their power these devoted Catholic parents sought to thwart their daughter's desire. She persuaded one of her former mistresses to shelter her in the convent and to give her an old habit with which she proudly garbed herself as a child of St. Dominic. When the cause is debated the devil's advocate will no doubt have much to say as to the conduct of this nun in breaking seemingly several of the rules of well-regulated convents. But at any rate the girl seems to have come under the protection of the cloister. Her parents coaxed and pleaded, in their effort to attract their favorite daughter from the austerity of the convent to the luxury of the home. Failing by gentle means they resorted to threats but with the same ill-success. Their child of grace remained constant in her determination to follow the will of God. Her persistence at length reduced them to passive resistance, much to the relief of the perplexed prioress who apparently did not wish to offend these powerful citizens of the City Beautiful, and who, nevertheless, did not wish wrongfully to place any obstacles in the way of what seemed a true vocation. As so frequently happens, Anna found in her two brothers allies who adroitly, by degrees, calmed the opposition of their parents and finally caused it to disappear altogether, so that at the end of the novitiate they gladly gave the girl a suitable dowry and their full, free and joyous consent to become an inmate of St. Catherine of Siena. It speaks well for the religion and virtue of these young men who evidently were of the gilded youth of *La Villa Hermosa*. It would be interesting to trace their subsequent history, but, alas! Roman official documents do not trail off into inviting side paths. In one pregnant sentence Anna's life after her religious profession is summed up: "Obedient and subject to the prioress of the monastery, sedulously intent upon the splendor of divine worship and constant prayer, absorbed in her varied works of charity, she gave to the other nuns an example of life and conduct, of activity and contemplation, worthy of praise and imitation."

In the course of time Anna was made Mistress of Novices, a post she no doubt filled with great satisfaction, for in 1648 she was elected prioress. The Decree tells us that she accepted both these

offices under obedience, filled them wisely, and that she ruled and governed her religious family with meekness and fortitude. Troubles, difficulties, serious dangers were encountered during her administration of the affairs of St. Catherine's in the City Beautiful, but by God's help she was able to overcome them all. Despite the cares of her high but onerous office she constantly sought the paths of spiritual perfection, living chastely and austerely, sustained by the frequent reception of the sacraments, distinguished for her love of God and her neighbor, most exact in the observance of her vows, afflicted for a long time with a most painful disease borne with the greatest patience and resignation. Finally, peacefully and suddenly she went forth to meet her heavenly Spouse on January 10, 1686. For eighty-four years she had lived in the City Beautiful. Here, the ages lost in the mists of obscurity, vestals had ministered at the altars of the Sun throughout the region that stretches up to wonderful Titicaca whence came "Manca Capac of virgin birth to be the redeemer of mankind." Strange is it not that the place of the vanished vestals should be filled by vestals such as she who worshipped the Lamb, the Sun of the City Celestial.

Ponder on the facts suggested by this life so summarily sketched in this Decree, you boastful citizen of the Great Republic of the North. Before Virginia had received its first settlement this woman was born in a city whose beauty is, even now in the twentieth century, unexcelled by any city of our great country. When the *Mayflower* anchored at Plymouth Rock she was peacefully pursuing the higher studies in the academic halls of the beautiful and well-ordered convent that was to be her future home. When the Roman Catholic colony of Maryland was founded in 1632 by Lord Baltimore to give the world a specimen of real, not pretended toleration, she was a professed nun at St. Catherine's with all the marvels of orderly civilization therein implied. Pennsylvania was founded five years before her death, but even then *La Villa Hermosa* possessed a university, select schools of which we might be proud, a literature rich in every department and a civilization that preserved the Indian inhabitants instead of exterminating them. While the Catholic missionaries were exploring and traversing the wilderness from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes preaching the Gospel to the filthy savages in the umbrageous depths of the forest primeval, she was ruling a convent of nuns, many of whom were doubtless of Indian blood, aiming at the higher flights of spiritual perfection. While Jogues and Brébœuf were suffering tortures at the

stake, she was treading the wine-press of voluntary mortification within the walls of the cloister in that City Beautiful which Spanish civilization had so quickly erected in the wonderful Andean valley over which broods majestic Misti.

What a light we gain on the completeness of that civilization when we are informed in this Decree that shortly after her death, so great was the fame of her sanctity, the ecclesiastical curia of Arequipa instituted a commission to prepare the "Informative Process," first step in the long process of canonization. How our curiosity is aroused by the next sentence or rather phrase: "*Cujus tamen acta nonnisi anno 1887 in Urbem transmissa fuere.*" Why we wonder? What caused a delay of two hundred years before the record of this life of heroic sanctity found its way from the City Beautiful of the Andes to the Imperial City of the Seven Hills?

Again the calm confidence of the Church which "*securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" With the assurance of one who speaks with authority she receives the records that ought to have come to her two hundred years before, assents to the petition of the representative of the great order to which Anna of the Angels belonged, whose seven hundred years of history is but little more than a third of that of the Church of which it is an ornament, hearkens to the voice of the hierarchy of South America gathered in plenary council in the very shadow of the Vatican, listens to the plea of the present Bishop of the City Beautiful, legitimate successor in unbroken line of him who first pronounced official judgment upon the sanctity of Anna of the Angels, joined to that of the Bishops of the Republic of Peru, of the chapters of cathedral churches, the heads of religious orders, congregations and sodalities, of men distinguished in ecclesiastical and secular life, together with the Master General of the Order of Preachers and the Prioress of the venerable monastery of St. Catherine in the City Beautiful who rules now in due succession to her whose canonization she pleads—how wonderful it all is as a testimony of the unity of the Church; how significant it is in contrast to the lack of organization in the Church of North America where there are no cathedrals in the liturgical sense, no chapters, where, until quite recently, there were none of those monasteries devoted to the seraphic life, and where even now the contemplative orders are looked upon askance.

And now more than two hundred years after her death, the terse question is put in a session of the Roman Congregation: should a Commission issue for the introduction of the cause of Anna of the

Angels? And Immortal Rome gives the answer in the affirmative. The holy woman, whose case is in question, has been dead for upwards of two centuries; the City Beautiful of which she is the most precious jewel has undergone many changes; her family name is perpetuated only by her sanctity: but the same Rome by whose authority she ruled then over the convent of St. Catherine in the City Beautiful, speaks with the same authoritative voice today. Doubtless another saint shall grace the altars of South America to shame us sluggards of the most materially prosperous Church on earth.

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## HIS WAY.

BY HUGH F. BLUNT.

At the dawning came my Chief;
Oh, life seemed so good,
Till I heard His sigh of grief;
He commanding stood.

"This our battle day," He said;
"Arm thee for the fight."
In that moment youth was dead;
Dawning turned to night.

"Callest me, my Chief?" said I;
"I am weak and young;
Battle means mayhap to die,
All life's joy unsung."

"Yea, so weak, but God is strong;"
And He crossed my brow;
"War is short but peace is long;
God calls once—and *now*."

Lo, the warm blood in my heart,
As He signed my head;
"Now to war let us depart;
Lead on, Christ," I said.

Still He leadeth through the fray,
Still He cheereth me;
Christ, I care not what the way,
If it ends with Thee.

## FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THEY are wrong who call Francis Ledwidge a peasant poet. For the matter of that there is no such thing as a peasant poet in Ireland. There was one, Keegan, who came nearest to it. Francis Ledwidge was by accident born in a peasant's cottage in Meath. There was nothing of him peasant—not his beautiful handwriting, his lovely and distinguished choice of words, his delicate color-sense, his music, his mind, himself: they are all gentle.

Lord Dunsany, his discoverer, has not been able to avoid the name of Burns when he talks of Francis Ledwidge as a peasant poet. For one so remote from the obvious it is unexpected. Burns was an inspired peasant: when he was most inspired he was least a peasant. He could build a gallant song on a gallant fragment, gloriously. But, side by side with the inspired poet, there was the peasant coarseness. One cannot imagine Francis Ledwidge writing a poem *To a Louse on a Lady's Bonnet in Church.* He was all gentlehood. There was nothing to refine out of him. He was born refined.

Lord Dunsany found him road-mending in Meath. To be a road-mender is a very good school for a poet. He has the skies over him and the fields around him: in Meath he has miles and miles of pastoral country full of the lowing of herds; he has immense whitehorn hedges; the birds sing to him and the little streams, and the world jogs by in gigs or carts or afoot or driving its cattle. It is very placid there. There is but one fly in the amber of its peace—the motor-car. In Meath no one is strenuous: the climate forbids it and the cattle fatten of themselves. The peace of Ledwidge's poetry is almost untroubled.

He sent a copybook full of his poems to Lord Dunsany, in a fortunate hour, a year or so before the War. Lord Dunsany found errors, immaturities, *clichés* of a bad kind. He shook himself free of these things very soon. He had to learn so little. I think it was in 1913 I met him with Lord Dunsany at the private view of A. E.'s pictures in Dublin which used to take place in the autumns of the incredible period, *ante bellum.* He was then contributing to the *Saturday Review.* He or someone else sent me a copy containing

a poem of his within the week. He must then have been quite a new discovery.

He had a high-colored, eager, winning face. Perhaps it was the excitement made the high color. I remember that he was wrapped in a big frieze coat as though someone had carried him off, unawares, to what used to be something of a fashionable function, and he, protesting that he was not dressed for the like, had wrapped him up in the big coat. I can see the eager gentle face, under the dark, soft hair, with the desire to please obvious in it. He was very humble and deferential to an older writer. There was nothing self-conscious about him. He was entirely simple and sincere.

A couple of years passed before his first book came to me for review. Perhaps indeed it was 1912 when I first met him, for Lord Dunsany, in his preface to *Songs of the Fields,* over the date, June, 1914, mentions that two years earlier, when he was "wasting June" in London, he received the copy-book of Francis Ledwidge's poems. He adds to the preface a year later, when Francis Ledwidge had been nine months in the army and had attained to the rank of corporal. He served in Gallipoli, in Serbia, on the Western Front; was wounded once, not badly; went back again when the wound healed, and was killed by a fragment of a shell on July 31st of this year, the first day of the new offensive.

I do not know when he could have found the time to write poems in the grocer's shop in Dublin, about which Lord Dunsany writes, telling us how he broke away and tramped thirty miles to his mother's cottage. That grocer's shop in Dublin must indeed have been a trial to the poet, though it is quite possible that he may have found some there to appreciate his gift. But he must have missed the seat by the roadside and the procession of the seasons, the stars and the secret things of the fields and groves and "the wind on the heath."

Reviewing his first book I found an essential beauty—a Greek sense of beauty, to use a *cliché* and a rather worn-out one—perfect in phrases and moments, within a setting as yet unsure. He had not quite mastered the art, which came so easily that it had only just to be discovered, in its wholeness, but his phrases were magical:

> And wondrous, impudently sweet,
> Half of him passion, half conceit,
> The black bird pipes adown the street.

And this of April:

And she will be in white, I thought, and she
Will have a cuckoo upon either shoulder.

And again there is a lovely line:

Sweet as rain-water is the blackbird's flute.

All these lovely things gave assurance of the full beauty that came a few months later in *Songs of Peace*. I do not propose to quote from an already published book, which those who love poetry may acquire for themselves. By this time he had become a traveler. He had been at pretty well all the fronts of war. He had seen the dreadful things which all soldiers must see in these days. The Chariot of War had driven over him and left him untouched. He was still the boy who sat by the roadside in Meath and loved the fields and the thorn-hedges and the long roads fringed with cow-parsley, and the blackbird's note, and the color of blue with which all his poems are colored, and his mother and all simple and quiet loves. Reviewing *Songs of Peace,* I had the thought to write to him. Apparently the letter traveled for some time before it reached him, but it did reach him and his answer is dated January 6, 1917. It is eagerly, enthusiastically friendly and grateful for the advance on my part. He was the most friendly thing alive, while he was yet alive.

"If I survive the war," he wrote, "I have great hopes of writing something that will live. If not, I trust to be remembered in my own land for one or two things which its long sorrow inspired.

"My books have had a greater reception in England, Ireland and America than I had ever dreamt of, but I never feel that my name should be mentioned in the same breath with my contemporaries.

"You ask me what I am doing. I am a unit in the Great War, doing and suffering, admiring great endeavor and condemning great dishonor. I may be dead before this reaches you, but I will have done my part. Death is as interesting to me as life. I have seen so much of it, from Suvla to Strumnitza and now in France. I am always homesick. I hear the roads calling and the hills, and the rivers wondering where I am. It is terrible to be always homesick.

"I don't like to send you a poem in pencil. If I can borrow a fountain pen I will transcribe one for you. If I go home again I should certainly like to come and see you. I know Claremorris, Ballinrobe and all the little towns in Mayo."

In his next letter there are two poems enclosed:

### In France.

The silence of maternal hills
  Is round me in my evening dreams
And round me music-making bells
  And mingling waves of pastoral streams.

Whatever way I turn, I find
  The paths are old unto me still
The hills of home are in my mind
  And there I wander as I will.

### Had I a Golden Pound to Spend.

Had I a golden pound to spend
  My love should mend and sew no more,
And I would buy her a little quern,
  Easy to turn on the kitchen floor.

And for her windows, curtains white
  With birds in flight and flowers in bloom,
To face with pride the road to town
  And mellow down the sunlit room.

And with the silver change we'd prove
  The truth of Love to life's own end,
With hearts the years could but embolden,
  Had I a golden pound to spend.

The letter in which these were sent talks with a happy confidence. I am not to think he is lonely. There are a few about him who care for the only things that matter, as he does. And he has letters from home, from brothers and sisters and cousins and his loving mother. They are all artists in a way: one collects flowers, one examines into causes, and thinks he has discovered the cause of gravity. "When I am at home we are all happy together."

"I was with the first British troops who landed at Saloniki. We spent all last winter fighting the Bulgars in the hills of the Varda and Usküb..... I dare say you know the horrors of the retreat. I love Serbia. It is a delightful country even seen as I have seen it under the worst conditions of weather, etc. I spent a year in the East, going first to the Dardanelles. I was in Egypt, Cyprus, Mitylene and had a pleasant fortnight in Naples."

His next letter gives some indication of his odd ways of writing. "When I read the proofs of *Songs of Peace* there were sev-

eral poems I hardly recognized as my own, for I scribble them off in odd moments, and if I do not give them to someone they become part of the dust of the earth and little things stuck on the end of hedges when the wind has done with them. My manuscripts are scattered about two hemispheres, some lost forever, others wandering in the corners of newspapers, like so many little Abrahams, changing their names as if they had given over an old faith and were set on new endeavors. I lament in sober moments and forget them again when some new tune breaks out in my mind.

" I wish you would come to Louth. There are charming places about Dundalk and Drogheda, and the people are so beautiful. When I am in Louth I always imagine voices are calling me from one distance to another, and at every turn I half expect to see Cuchullin stride over the hills to meet some new champion of Maeve. You could only be happy in Louth or Meath.....

" What a pity the birds must suffer as we do! I had a special way of feeding them when I was at home in winter. I used to put potatoes on the garden wall for the crows and under a covering of sacks spread bread and meal for the smaller birds. It was taboo to open the kitchen door for that would disturb them.

" So A. E. has been telling you of my doings," he says in another letter, " but he did not know that the poems which I destroyed were very amateurish; and how sick I was of them, for I had repeated them until they became vapid. I try to keep my poems now by sending them to Lord Dunsany, or home, but out here one has not always the time or the convenience, and, after all, when the pleasure of writing them has passed, what does it matter? I still have hundreds. My next book will be the best of mine.

" I may be in Ireland for May Day yet."

But May Day found him still in France, and the longest letter he has written me is dated May 31st. I fear I was slow in answering his letters. He always wrote at once with a great understanding and forgiveness.

" Your letter came yesterday evening like melody from the woods at home, as welcome as rain to the shriveled lips of June. It was like laughter heard over a low hill. I would have written to thank you for the sweets, only that lately we were unsettled, wandering to and fro between the firing line and resting billets immediately behind. This letter is antedated by two hours, but before midnight we may be wandering in single and slow file with the reserve line two or three hundred yards behind the fire trench. We are under

an hour's notice. Entering and leaving the line is most exciting as we are usually but thirty yards from the enemy, and you can scarcely understand how bright the nights are made by his rockets. These are in continual ascent and descent from dusk to dawn, making a beautiful crescent from Switzerland to the sea. There are white lights, green and red, and whiter bursting into red and changing again, the blue bursting into purple drops and reds fading into green. It is all like the end of a beautiful world. It is only horrible when you remember that every color is a signal to waiting reënforcements or artillery, and God help us if we are caught in the open, for then up go a thousand reds and hundreds of rifles and machine guns are emptied against us, and all amongst us shells of every calibre are thrown, shouting destruction and death. We can do nothing but fling ourselves into the first shell hole and wonder, as we wait, where we will be hit. But why all this?

"I am indeed glad to think you are preparing another book of verse. *Will you really allow me to review it?.* I don't want money for doing it. The honor would be more worth than money. I reviewed Seumas O'Sullivan's poems a few years ago, and hope I helped him to a wider public, though he has not yet the fame he deserves. His very name is a picture to me of lakes and green places, rivers and willows and wild wings. *You* give me a picture of a long lane, with many surprises of flowers, a house hidden in trees where there is rest, and beyond that, mountains where the days are purple, and then the sea. A. E. sets me thinking of things long forgotten and Lord Dunsany of gorgeous Eastern tapestry carpets. Do you get such impressions from the books you love? I met a traveler in Naples who told me that he never read Andrew Marvell but he remembered a dunce's cap and a fishing rod he had when a boy, and never could trace the train of thought far enough back to discover where the connection lay.

"I am writing odd things in a little book whenever I can. Just now I am engaged in a poem about the Lanawn Shee who, you remember, is really the Irish Muse. One who sees her is doomed to sing. She is very close to you. I am writing it in the traditional style of the *Silk of the Kine.* Here are the opening verses:

Powdered and perfumed the full bee
Winged heavily across the clover,
And where the hills were dim with dew
Purple and blue the West looked over.

A willow spray dipped in the stream
  Moved many a gleam of silver ringing,
And by a finny creek a maid
  Filled all the shade with softest singing.

She told me of Tir n'an Oge.....

And there, she told me, honey drops
  Out of the tops of ash and willow,
And, in the mellow shadows, Sleep,
  Doth sweetly keep her poppied pillow.

And when the dance is done, the trees
  Are left to Peace and the brown wood-pecker,
And on the Western slopes of sky,
  The day's blue eye begins to flicker.

" She tries many devices to woo a lover, and to secure his pity, laments one who loved her for long but one day left her for earth, ' fairer than Usua's youngest son.'

You rode with Kings o'er hills of green,
  And lovely Queens have served your banquet;
Sweet wine from berries bruised, they brought
  And shyly sought the lips that drank it.

If I do not tire of it you will read it all some day (D.V.). I enclose a little thing written on Ascension Thursday. It is time I remembered you would be weary of this letter and will close with regret. I am sad when I think on the boy from Roscommon. He will remember you in his kingdom. Mention my name to him, saying how sorry I am not to have known him, and that I hope he has not any pain.

" I may be home in June yet."

The boy from Roscommon referred to in this letter was John Higgins, a young writer of brilliant promise, who died of consumption eighteen days before Francis Ledwidge was killed. May not Francis Ledwidge have overtaken him?

Here is the poem he enclosed:

ASCENSION THURSDAY, 1917.

Lord, Thou has left Thy footprints in the rocks
  That we may know the way to follow Thee;
But there are wide lands opened out between
  Thy Olivet and my Gethsemane.

And oftentimes I make the night afraid
Crying for lost hands when the dark is deep,
And strive to reach the sheltering of Thy love,
Where Thou art herd among Thy folded sheep.

Thou wilt not ever thus, O Lord, allow
My feet to wander when the sun is set
But through the darkness, let me still behold
The stony by-ways up to Olivet.

On June 19, 1917, he wrote:

"This is my birthday. I am spending it in a little red town in an orchard. There is a lovely valley just below me, and a river that goes gobbling down the fields like turkeys coming home in Ireland. It is an idle little vagrant that does no work for miles and miles except to turn one mill-wheel for a dusty old man who has five sons fighting for France. I was down here earlier in the spring when all the valley wore its confirmation dress and was glad to return again in the sober moments of June. Although I have a conventional residence I sleep out in the orchard, and every morning a cuckoo comes to a tree quite close and calls out his name with a clear voice above the rest of the morning's song like a tender stop heard above the lower keys in a beautiful organ.

"I am glad to hear the experience of your boy in Macedonia. I had a rather narrow escape above Lake Doiran in the winter of 1915. Ten of us went out to rescue a few sheep which we had discovered on a mountain top, and we were attacked by a Bulgar force. We sought the cover of rocks in a deep ravine and we were able to keep the attackers off, although we could not return until help arrived. We secured three sheep after which we named the battle. I wrote the song of it for the *Sunday Chronicle* in Manchester last year.

"I hope ——— will be duly rewarded for his coolness and bravery, for after all is not every honor won by Irishmen on the battlefields of the world Ireland's honor, and does it not tend to the glory and delight of her posterity?

"You are in Meath now, I suppose. If you go to Tara go to Rath-na-Ri and look all around you from the hills of Drumcondrath in the North to the plains of Enfield in the South where Allan Bog begins, and remember me to every hill and wood and ruin for my heart is there. If it is a clear day you will see Slane Hill blue and

distant. Say I will come back again surely, and maybe you will hear pipes in the grass or a fairy horn and the hounds of Finn—I heard them often from Tara.

"Be sure to remember me to Lord Fingall if he is at home.

"I am greatly afraid *Lord Edward* will never reach me.....

"My next book is due in October. Did you ever know I wrote a play. It is a one-act thing called *A Crock of Gold,* and is about a man who went to dig for gold which another man dreamt about. I showed it to many in London and Dublin and they liked it..... I will show you the play when I come to see you.

"About the mine—it made a greater explosion in the newspapers than on Hill 60, but was beautiful all the same.

"It is growing dusk now: it is 'the owl's light,' and I must draw to a close."

With this letter came three poems.

THE FIND.

I took a reed and blew a tune
  And sweet it was and very clear
To be about a little thing
  That only few held dear.

Three times the Cuckoo named himself
  And nothing heard him on the hill
Where I was piping like an elf,
  The green was very still.

'Twas all about a little thing,
  I made a mystery of sound,
I found it is a fairy ring
  Upon a fairy mound.

STANLEY HILL.

In Stanley Hill the bees are loud,
  And loud a river wild,
And there, as wayward as a cloud,
  I was a little child.

I knew not how mistrustful heart
  Could lure with hidden wile
And wound us in a fateful part
  With dark and sudden guile.

And yet for all I've known and seen
Of Youth and Truth reviled,
On Stanley Hill the grass is green
And I am still a child.

THE OLD GODS.

I thought the old goods still in Greece,
Making the little fates of man,
So in a secret place of Peace
I prayed as but a poet can;

And all my prayer went crying faint
Around Parnassus' cloudy height,
And found no ear for my complaint
And back unanswered came at night.

Ah, foolish that I was to heed
The voice of folly, or presume
To find the old gods in my need
So far from A. E's little room.

The last of these letters is dated July 20th. It is poignant, as Francis Ledwidge's name is now a poignancy, and rouses a fierce indignation that such as he should be killed—and after nearly three years of service. Presently out of his memory will come nothing but sweetness, a bruised sweetness if you will, because he has gone to join the great company, taking with him so much of his lovely message for the world and especially for his own country.

"We have just returned from the line after an unusually long time. It was very exciting this time as we had to contend with gas, lachrymatory shells, and other devices, new and horrible. It will be worse soon. The camp we are in at present might be in Tir n'an Og, it is pitched amid such splendors. There is barley and rye just entering harvest days of gold, and meadow-sweet rippling, and where a little inn, named *In den Neerloop,* holds its gable up to the swallows, blue-bells ,and goldilocks swing their splendid censers. There is a wood hard by where hips glisten like little sparks and just at the edge of it mealey (?) leaves sway like green fire. I will hunt for a secret place in that wood to read *Lord Edward.* I anticipate beautiful moments.

"I dare say you have left Meath and are back again in the

brown wides of Connaught. I would give one hundred pounds for two days in Ireland with nothing to do but ramble on from one delight to another. I am entitled to a leave now, but I'm afraid there are many before my name in the list..... Special leaves are granted and I have to finish a book for the autumn. But more particularly I want to see again my wonderful mother, and to walk by the Boyne to Crewbawn and up through the brown and gray rocks of Crocknaharna. You have no idea of how I suffer with this longing for a swish of the reeds at Slane and the voices I used to hear coming over the low hills of Currabwee. Say a prayer that I may get this leave and give as a condition my punctual return and sojourn till the war is over. It is midnight now and the glow-worms are out. It is quiet in camp, but the far night is loud with our own guns bombarding the positions we must soon fight for.

"I hope your boy in Macedonia is doing well and that your other boy is still in Ireland."

One is quite sure that the blameless soul of Francis Ledwidge, before it sped on its way to its ultimate Source and Goal flew over the fields of Meath and hovered a while near those scenes and friends for whom he had so tender and faithful an attachment.

The completed manuscript of the *Lenawn Shee* he sent me under date of July 27th. It reached me, as a similar manuscript reached his constant friend, Lord Dunsany, on the morning of July 31st, the day he was killed.

# THE GLORIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A., PH.D.

## I.

## The Truth.

THE traveler starting from the valley to climb to the top, while still confined to the horizon of the valley, has but the most limited grasp of the landscape. His eyes cannot survey its rural beauties, because of the walls of rock around him. Even the sky is partly shut off from him. But as he advances up the ascent, the horizon broadens: his eyes discover new lands, new verdant forests, new and enchanting valleys; all creation seems to lie before him, and above stretches the sky in serene resplendence. And when, at last, the highest peak of the mountain is reached, he swims in an ocean of light: his lips are silent as he gazes upon nature's marvels:

> What a landscape lies below!
> No clouds, no vapors intervene,
> But the gay, the open scene,
> Does the face of nature show,
> In all the hues of heaven's bow;
> And, swelling to embrace the light,
> Spreads around beneath the sight.
>
> Old castles on the cliffs arise,
> Proudly towering in the skies!
> Rushing from the woods, the spires
> Seem from hence ascending fires!
> Half his beams Apollo sheds
> On the yellow mountain heads!
> Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
> And glitters on the broken rocks!

But, though his lips be silent, his heart repeats melodiously the lyric accents of the Psalmist: "The heavens shew forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands" (Ps. xviii.).

In like manner, a Catholic soul needs to ascend the heights to enjoy a broader view of the Church of Christ on earth. At times, the cares of our daily life shut us in and make us lose sight of that

harmonious whole which is the Catholic Church. We pay attention only to a particular corner of it; we fix our eyes upon a single stone of its majestic building, and it seems to us so perfect, so worthy of our admiration, that we cannot detach ourselves from its contemplation. We linger on it in ecstasy, and fail to raise our eyes to the summit, where the genius of the Divine Builder shines in the fullness of his infinite wisdom. We are gratified by the features of that small portion of the majestic building nearest our own vision, and, so to speak, closest to our own interests, immediate needs and limited range of action, and we easily forget that it is only on the heights, the " top of Thabor," that we are able to embrace at one glance the gigantic lines of the Church whose foundations Jesus Christ laid and cemented with His Blood; whose structure God and man—divine grace and human will—have embellished for centuries. We forget that the greatest, the most touching events of the life of our Saviour took place on the summits, nearest heaven, and similarly the greatness, the glory of the Church of Christ shines in a more vivid light when we look at it from a higher point of view and with broader horizons; when we regard it as not closed within the narrow walls of a church or of a village, or limited by national frontiers, but as overpowering the whole world, as setting up the universal brotherhood, as struggling for an ideal which has no landmarks either of space or of time. Then, we see her as a gigantic tree, whose branches cover the whole world, as a universal kingdom which rules all the peoples and nations; as an intergrowth of heaven and earth; as the allied army of the invisible and the visible world.

That the Catholic Church is the most perfect, we may say the only one institution which may rightly claim the epithet of divine, can readily be seen from these attributes. Even her adversaries are forced to avow that her structure reveals the skill of a divine artist. She is not denominational. She is simply the Church of Christ. She realizes the ideal of a perfect society gathering into its bosom all the true members of the mystical body of the Saviour. The principle of her unity was not implanted in her heart by man, for men are used to divide, whereas the Church is the great unifying force of mankind. If we study her life, if we peruse the records of her struggles, we shall see that her glory is as the glory of God. As man was created to the image and likeness of God, so the Catholic Church was built to the image and likeness of her divine Founder. All the glories of Christ shine in her diadem, and illuminate her

countenance, distinguishing her from the institutions built by the hands of men, imprinting upon her the marks of the true Church of Christ.

Among those glories, is the glory of truth. The Catholic Church claims to possess it, and to have inherited the fullness of the word of Christ. She claims to have preserved her doctrinal inheritance among the discordant voices of false prophets and teachers. She asserts, in her own behalf, a full authority over the patrimony of truth which she has received. She claims the right to explain the revealed word of God, to declare it, and clothe it with unchangeable formulæ. In fact, she has always exercised the noble mission of the recipient and guardian of the truth, and we are Catholics precisely because we feel and are most sincerely convinced that her claims to the exclusive possession of Christian truth are based on the firmest grounds. It is not because of human interest, or petty ambition that we boast of our membership in the Catholic Church, for, very often, we must sacrifice, for her, substantial advantages and material welfare. Still less is it the outward beauty and splendor of the Catholic Church which links our life to her life, and rivets our heart to her heart. We love her, and we belong to her, soul and body, because, as thinking beings, we adore the truth which we receive from God through her: because, as Christians, we know that Jesus Christ is the embodiment of truth, the Word of God made man, and that the declaration and defence of Him as the Living Truth, God and Man, are the work of the Catholic Church.

Whatever may be said of Our Lord Jesus Christ we are bound to assert or to deny his Divinity. If we say that He is no more than man, then as man He did not speak the language of truth, for He claimed divine Sonship. Consequently, he would deserve to be placed in a lower rank than the greatest founders of false religions, who attributed to themselves a divine mission, without denying their purely human nature or claiming divinity for themselves. But if we kneel before Christ as God, and His Divinity is luminously proven by His work, the incomparable purity of His doctrine, the sweet fruits of His teaching, the centuries of Christian civilization, and the full regeneration of the human race, we must affirm that He brought to us the truth of God, the Father. That truth He heralded for all times and generations, and His claims to the abiding character of His teachings would be groundless were His doctrinal inheritance not assigned to a legitimate authority invested with the charge to teach in His name.

That the Catholic Church embodies this legitimate authority is certain because of the character of the truth which she announces to the world. Truth is at once immutable and active. Her immobility, however, is not that of a dead body. It is rather a mark of her perfection, as immutability is one of the essential perfections of God. As the living word of God, the Christian truth in the Catholic Church does not alter its original features. The waves of the ages do not efface them. Truth springs forth the perfect word from its eternal source. It does not undergo the phases of growth and decadence which characterize human life. It is not as the leaves on the trees:

Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.

It is perpetually identical with itself, although men, in gazing at it, discover new shades of beauty in its face, or see it in a brighter light, or strive to add the ornaments of human skill to its native simplicity.

Although immutable, the Christian truth in the Catholic Church is not a dead formula. It is a living source of intellectual and moral perfection, for Christ Himself, God and Man, lives in the heart of the Catholic Church, in the hearts of her healthful members, and this word, the word of truth, lives with Him. The true Church of Christ is that which harmoniously blends the unchangeableness of truth with the pulsations of an intense life: which under the guidance of the Holy Ghost continues the work of Christ, the enlightenment of every man "that cometh into this world," which dispels the mists and darkness spread, from time to time, by deceitful men over the undefiled teachings of the Saviour.

Christian truth partakes of the characteristic traits of the principle of life. That principle is the source of the most varied movements, a spring of activity and fecundity. So it is with the truth. Outside the Catholic Church we do not find the admirable blending of the above-quoted characteristic traits. On the one hand, as in the Orthodox Church, we discover a lifeless immutability: entire absence of any life-giving principle; on the other hand, in Protestant denominations, the immutability of truth is sacrificed for ephemeral outbursts of life, doomed to early death. On the one side we have the truth as a soul without body; on the other, we have a body without soul, stirred by apparent vital movements. Therefore, in neither direction may we find the harmony and perfection of truth, any more than we could find the harmony and perfection of man, in a

soul divorced from the body, or in a dead body animated by an electric current. The perfect and substantial union of soul and body, the perfect blending of an immortal principle of life with a mortal frame constitutes the living man; and, similarly, in perfect truth immutability and activity are necessary to each other.

In the Catholic Church alone truth lives a full life, avoiding both stagnation and feverish delirium. The Catholic Church follows the middle course. She does not fall into the excesses of either extreme. She does not lay away in a golden coffin the truths of Christian revelation, nor squander them to suit the capricious tastes of superficial hordes. By her conduct, the Catholic Church proves that the truth of Christ is living in her bosom.

A French physiologist defined life as a power which relentlessly withstands the destructive energies of death. There is some truth in the definition, although it does not express exactly that mysterious essence which makes life. We may also say that, to some extent, the life of Christian truth is associated with the power of resistance to the forces of error assailing it. Christian truth lives in men and among men, and consequently it cannot escape the hostility and hatred of its foes. As the struggle with evil is a daily manifestation of the life of the Church which is called the City of God, built up against the strongholds of Satan, so the struggle with error is the daily task of Christian truth. Hence it follows that those branches of Christianity severed from the Catholic Church which pretend that the struggle has ceased, which state that the Church should no longer repel the assaults of the falsifiers of the teaching of Jesus Christ, plainly misunderstand the rôle of the Church in her earthly life. And this is the case with the Orthodox Churches of the East.

They practically reduce to powerlessness the intellectual activity of the Church, as heir of the teaching mission of Christ. They do not deny that Christian faith rests on the ground of Holy Writ, of the apostolic traditions, and the dogmatic definitions of Ecumenical Councils. But they regard the period of doctrinal development of Christian truth as closed with the eighth century. Hence they accuse the Catholic Church of having corrupted the deposit of Christian revelation committed to her charge. The Catholic Church is scorned for introducing innovations in the realms of dogmatic truths, of discipline and of liturgy; for having surreptitiously introduced into the Christian revelation some doctrines which were unknown to the Fathers of the earlier Church; and for

having obstinately convoked Ecumenical Councils after the fatal date of the eighth century. And in accordance with its principles, Eastern Orthodoxy rejects the possibility of further dogmatic definitions, and holds that the Church of Christ which once spoke through the lips of the Bishops of Rome, or in the solemn assemblies of the Ecumenical Councils, is doomed to perpetual silence for all time to come. The magisterial task of the Church has lost its meaning in the Orthodox beliefs and practices. "The dogmas of our Church," writes the most famous historian of the Greek Church, Diomedes Kyriakos, "are the dogmas of Christian antiquity. Eastern Orthodoxy did not commit the sin of adding new dogmatic definitions to the teaching of the Holy Fathers. The history of its theology does not mention any change in its doctrine. It reproduces the ancient Christian faith, which developed in the earliest centuries under the influence and the genius of the Greek Fathers. We cling firmly to the true and authentic faith, which the Apostles preached in Greek to the Hellenic World."[1]

Why after the eighth century the Church, the guardian of Christian truth, was obliged to renounce her ceaseless struggle with error, is a point which Orthodox theology has never been able to explain. Neither revelation, nor the apostolic tradition, nor the Ecumenical Councils themselves ever defined or suggested that the intellectual activity of the Church in the domain of Christian dogmatics was exhausted at the close of the eighth century. Down to that epoch, as would appear from all the ecclesiastical records, the Church heroically grappled with all kinds of heresies which attempted to substitute the tinsel of human opinion for the pure gold of revealed truth. In all their writings, the Fathers claim for the Church the right of driving from her pastures the sowers of tares and the preachers of novelties; of placing in a fuller light those teachings of the Saviour which were wrapped in a veil of mystery; of stating in a more appropriate and precise form by dogmatic definitions the meanings of the evangelical truths. The work of defining and formulating the dogmatic truths of Christian faith never ceased in any age of the life of the Church. Heresies against the Divinity and Personality of Jesus Christ, against the blessed Motherhood of Mary, against the divine constitutions of the Church, were exploded, pulverized, buried by the force of the Ecumencial Councils, in full exercise of their teaching functions, or by the decisions of the Roman See. Truths which are scarcely outlined in the earliest doc-

[1] *Antipapika*, Athens, 1893, p. 40.

uments of the primitive Church, after the debates of the Councils, appeared in all the brilliancy of their divine origin: the craftiness of heresies was detected; ambiguous expressions in the formularies of faith were proscribed; and the sophistry of heresiarchs gagged forever. Thus, truths which lay unperceived within the deposit of Christian revelation, and which were implicitly believed by the conscience of Christianity, came forth to challenge the wiles and subtleties of the novelty-loving reformers.

The Church did not hesitate to coin new words, and to clothe with them the unchanging doctrines of the teaching of Christ. From the very outset, the history of the development of the Christian thought is filled with carefully coined words, which by their mathematical exactness close all access to the creeping in of dogmatic alterations. And the Eastern Church accepted as divinely inspired the philological work of the Ecumencial Councils. Even in a later age, the Church dared to introduce in her symbolical documents a term which scholastic theology had forged and adopted to express with admirable precision the Eucharistic mystery, the term "transubstantiation." By her conduct and her utterances she acknowledged the elaboration of dogmatic formulæ by the infallible authority of the Church to be wholesome and beneficial to Christian faith.

Why, then, through the mouths of their theologians, do the Eastern Churches affirm that the teaching office of the Church as concerns a clearer and more precise explanation of dogmatic truths, came to an end at the close of the eighth century? Did later centuries produce no lovers of novelties, who spread the darkness of human beliefs over the eternal truth of Christ? Could we affirm that the dogmatic tenets of the so-called Reformation, or the bold denials of modern rationalism, are less dangerous to the purity of Christian faith than the attacks of the ancient Christological heresiarchs against the Divinity of Christ? Or has the Church lost her vitality to the point of being utterly unable to discover the cockle among the wheat and to extirpate it? Were it so, the Church would sink to the level of human institutions which are swept away by the rising tides of time. After a period of youthful life, and all the fruitful labors of her maturity, she would suffer the dreadful symptoms of a decrepitude hurrying on to death. May one say that it is useless to raise a battering ram against the citadels of error? No man of good sense would yield assent to that proposition. Christian truth has not only the right, but the duty of holding

its ground, of warding off the invaders, and if the Church is the guardian of that truth, she cannot claim exemption from her office of enlightening the ignorance of her children, of preventing them from tasting poisonous food, of answering the objections of her foes.

It is absolutely false to say that the sophistry of error in the realm of dogmatic truth no longer exists, no longer fights aggressively. We learn from history that error rises up from its continuous defeats, and puts on new garbs, according to the latest fashion. Error numbers among its following many mediocrities, who are amazed at its high-sounding, sonorous periods, and at the glittering pomp of its language. It spreads its influence by using the plumage of truth, and because of the speciousness of its fallacies. This being so, why do the Eastern Churches refuse to do the work they once did with wonderful success when the Church was undivided, and when they recognized "a first see in the world, and a supreme court of Christianity" (Theodoret of Cyrus). Alas! through their inertia, the Eastern Churches show that they have lost the possession of living truth! They have condemned themselves to a self-isolation. Alexander Rangabe, a Greek historian of modern Greek literature, frankly avows that they have cut short the theological development of Christian faith. They are impotently idle, a fatal languor has seized them, their blood has ceased to flow. Schism has crippled their energies. Without a centre of unity they cannot realize what St. Vincent of Lerins called a "vehement progress in understanding, in knowledge, and wisdom with regard to faith." They have left to the Catholic Church alone the glorious mission of preserving the teaching of Christ in its native purity, of avoiding both a lifeless inactivity and the disintegration of the doctrinal body of true Christian revelation. They have exhausted the literary fecundity of the Hellenic genius in the realm of speculative theology.

By the uninterrupted exercise of her supreme magisterium the Catholic Church has built up a theological system which, as an impregnable rock, withstands all the attacks of heresies, schisms and human aberrations. By repudiating her guidance and authority, with regard to the truth, Protestantism went to the extreme diametrically opposite to Orthodoxy—to doctrinal anarchy; and has now succeeded in blurring the original features of Christianity. In the maze of warring creeds, and conflicting statements, and changing dogmas, which in Protestantism sap the foundations of Chris-

tian faith, one cannot recognize the characteristic traits of the truth preached by Jesus Christ to men.

Teachers who dogmatize in their own name, and take to themselves the mission of correcting, rehandling and renewing the doctrine of Christ, substitute their own image for His, or so confound both as to make identification impossible. As the image of Christ, as Christ still living in the world, the Church is "the pillar and ground of the truth." They who work not with her, destroy the ground and shatter the pillar. Under their hands the doctrinal body of Christian truth has been broken into a thousand pieces.

The history of Christian thought shows that the great crime of the disruption of Christian unity has produced, outside of the Catholic Church, either an intellectual stagnation or the loss of Christian beliefs. Here the dullness of a corpse-like catalepsy; there the Babel-like confusion of tongues. The East ceased to draw fresh water from the wells of Christian speculation: the Reformed West nearly submerged Christian truth under a flood of bold negations. The former by sluggishness, the latter by tumult, have impeded the victory of divine truth over human error.

From what we have said it follows that it is refreshing, consoling and invigorating for a Catholic soul to dwell in contemplation upon the everlasting titles to glory of the Catholic Church. Those titles constitute her outward beauty. The beauty of the Catholic Church does not shine chiefly in the monuments of marble, or bronze, or stone erected to her by the artistic genius of her children. It consists, above all, in her mystical life: in her soul, the perennial source of life, of holiness and of high moral perfection, in her mind, the truest mirror of the divine truth. It is the vision of that glory and beauty of the Catholic Church which strengthens our faith, and guides our steps. We see in her utterances the distinguishing marks of truth, and consequently we claim for her, and for her alone, the glory of truth. Truth lives; truth revives; truth pursues its victorious ways; error falls before it. Such truth, living and reviving, combating and overcoming error, is found only in the Catholic Church, which teaches and defines, and proclaims and explains the true meaning of Christian revelation by the infallible agency of the supreme Pontiff. Truth also is one. Unity, so to speak, is the silk of its wedding-dress; the gem of its wedding-ring. The partisans of error war against each other; each speaks his own language. Truth, on the contrary, speaks to all the same language; it silences hatreds, and still

contests; it is a force of cohesion which gathers around the same altar all its followers from the remotest corners of the world. In its sanctuary divided hearts fuse into one heart; conflicting minds acquiesce in one mind; rebellious wills yield to its supreme, convincing and authoritative word. Such is the character of Christian truth in the Catholic Church. The possession of the living and unifying truth is a title of glory. The Catholic Church holds that title. The glory of truth illumines her habitation, and dwelling in her we experience the fulfillment of that promise of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, "I will not leave you orphans."

## A SONG.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

> ....."Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
> Bidding adieu."

THE SEEKER.

Oh, Joy! I prithee wait until I come;
Go not from me. O see! the soil is wet
With bloody footprints and the sun is set.....
Oh, Joy! I prithee wait until I come!

CHRIST.

Sad heart! sad heart! I prithee come with Me;
I, too, am weary and My soul is sad;
But Night shall end and I shall make thee glad.....
Sad heart! sad heart! I prithee come with Me!

# THE PORTRAIT.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE portrait hung over the piano, in a quaint house, which had stood since the pre-Revolutionary times, on the southwestern portion of Long Island, not so very far from where the battle of Long Island was fought. The portrait, like the house, had survived the Revolutionary storm. It was that of a young girl, who had been fair to look upon. The blue eyes, long-lashed and prettily shadowed, seemed to look into futurity. There were deep, deep thoughts, indeed, in that half wistful, half eager countenance. The lips were red and slightly smiling. The costume, in that half length presentment, was a ball gown of white displaying the slender youthfulness of the figure, the drapery of tulle around the shoulders, caught by a single rose. The room in which the portrait hung, was square and old-fashioned, with high-silled windows and lozenged panes. From a broad hall outside a winding staircase, with small, low lamps, led up to the top of the house. There in a neglected corner stood a square box of oak, with a finely carved lid containing the story of the portrait, or rather of its original, which I, as a friend of the family, was permitted to read. The leaves of those written pages were yellow and the ink pale; but I managed to make it out and this is, in some sort, how those disjointed fragments of a life history appeared to one, who sat by the window on the stairway and read, with an interest that never flagged, during the course of a long, summer afternoon. Some of those entries in the diary, which had not become obliterated by time, may be here reproduced.

The original of the portrait, Marion Lawrence, had been born and bred in that house, which was already old when the Revolutionary storm swept over the country. She had spent all her youth there, where the surges from the coast sounded in her ears and lent something of melancholy to the dreams of her girlhood. She was about nineteen when the portrait was painted. But the diary dates back some three years before and goes onwards to record, with more or less regularity, the chief events of her life. It gives glimpses of a nature born to suffer and feel profoundly the incidents that cluster around even the most ordinary life.

"Today," begins the diary, "I am sixteen. Mamma and grandmamma have told me the same thing, that I am no longer a child and must conduct myself like a grown-up person. That makes me feel sad, as I do when I hear the waves dashing on the shore at night. It was so pleasant to be a child and play there on the beach, and run with the dogs and weave flower chains. Even in this bright noonday I seem to be afraid, as if I were being pushed on towards something. I have not told this to anyone, except the new woolly puppy. He only shook his long ears as though he did not desire the confidence.

"It is All Saints' Day and that makes one's spirits rise. Grandmamma says such charming things about heaven and about the saints, I can almost see them up there upon those 'hills of Sion, all clothed in living green.' She says their faces are radiant with joy as they move at will through vast spaces, so beautiful that all the beauties of earth do but faintly mirror them; or they walk in snow white garments, washed in the Blood of the Lamb, beside the River of Life, over pavements of molten gold, or within walls of precious stones. She made me read from her leathern prayer book, with its heavy clasps of silver, that hymn, *Justus ut palmis,* which sounded so splendid from the choir of the church. Mamma, who is not a Catholic, laughed when she heard me reading from the book, but I fancied she was a little vexed, too. And she said that grandmamma was trying to make me into a precocious, little saint before my time. Grandmamma looked up at her, over the gold-rimmed spectacles, with that look of hers all kindness and gentleness, and she said: 'Do not be afraid, Sophia. Saints are far more rare than diamonds, and mostly they are gems cut and polished by suffering. We are fortunate if we can but bring some pale ray of their sanctity into our lives, and let it shine like morning sunlight on the young.'

"Mamma only shook her head and made such a pretty, little grimace. She is very pretty and young to have a grown-up daughter. 'Youth is short,' she said, 'and must not be burdened with the wisdom of age. I want Marion, for the present, to interest herself in pretty frocks and gay, young cavaliers.'

"'All well in their way,' responded grandmamma, 'and our Marion will take to both kindly enough, as they come along.' I was quite confused because of the look, half smiling and half sad, which grandmamma gave me. Then when my mother had left the room, she took hold of my hand and squeezed it hard.

"'My child,' she said, 'these other things will come easier,

perhaps, to your temperament, but keep a place warm in your heart for God and His saints, and remember always that your destination is that beautiful city where there is no mourning nor weeping.' "

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" It is a day of early November; all my flowers are dead and there is rain in the air. The clouds are hanging low, and last night the waves beat so loud on the shore and the wind was blowing a hurricane. All sorts of thoughts crowded into my mind that fly like ghosts when the light comes. I buried my head in the clothes, for I seemed to see drowned mariners going down to awful depths full of terrible monsters, and people with agonized faces drifting about on rafts or clinging to wrecked ships. I prayed for them all on All Souls."

" *November 10th.* This morning I woke very early and there was a pale gold over everything. The earth outside, in the new light of day, seemed as if it, too, were young. All my fears fled away and my heart beat with joy. Mamma is taking me to New York, to get a lot of pretty frocks and a bonnet of white chip, wreathed with flowers. I am so excited I can scarcely think of anything else, and very nearly forgot my morning prayers. But then, as mamma says, I cannot have an old head upon young shoulders. I hear her calling now, and we shall go across the river on the old scow. Oh, how I love the bright, sparkling water; the sail will be charming, and New York is so big, so big—like a new world after this quiet place."

In the next few pages she is swept along in a new current, full of other thoughts and emotions, until in her eighteenth year Marion is introduced into society; not only that which the immediate neighborhood afforded, but such balls and routs, dinners, picnics and supper parties as the life of colonial New York offered. She visited at one house or another; she drove in fine coaches, and promenaded, with young girls of her age, on the Parade or passed the Bowling Green where officers of the garrison were assembled. She entered, with her whole heart into that life of gayety so, that very often, she forgot to inscribe the various happenings in her diary, just as she occasionally forgot both morning and evening prayers. As was evident from the scattered entries, her mother delighted in her daughter's success and her grandmother was far too wise to cast a shadow over the brilliant sunlight of that young existence. She listened, with an indulgent smile, to the girl's rhapsodies over

some new admirer, or some particularly gay assembly. Only, she put in a word now and then when she could, about the end of the way whither the gayest feet are tending, and kept the girl faithful to many small practices of devotion as well as to the fundamentals of her Faith.

"I love the world so," wrote the girl, in the journal of her eighteenth birthday, "and I love pleasure and gayety and the beautiful dresses with which mamma loads me. How good and kind she is, and how proud of my success. When she sees me surrounded with the most eligible young men, one would say that she is as happy as I am. How can anyone be unhappy in such a glorious world? And yet, at times, when I wake early in the morning or in the middle of the night, my old fears come back and I seem to be dreading something. Mamma says it is silly to attend too much to our own sensations, but grandmamma seemed to know when I told her. She says it takes many years to understand oneself."

The first entry concerning the portrait was made in December. "It is an exquisite day, though wintry. The hoar frost is over everything; the bare trees gleam in the morning sunshine, and the ground and the leafless bushes in the garden are glittering, too. I love things that are bright and glittering. I am having my portrait painted; the painter is an old man with mournful eyes. I hope he won't make me mournful, too. I am wearing that same gown in which I was presented to society. Between the times that I wear it, it is kept away in silk paper and lavender; one has to be careful of a gown like that. It will have to be worn so many times. It is strange to think that that portrait of me will, perhaps, be here when I am old, with white hair and wrinkles like grandmother. It frightens me to think of that time. So many things frighten me: fears that fall upon my heart and soul like cold lead. I wonder where they come from—shadows, perhaps, from death so gray and weird."

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"The portrait will soon be finished; both mamma and grandmamma like it very much. The old painter—he is as much as forty-five, they say—has not made me look so very mournful after all; only, he seems to have put into my eyes some of those thoughts that often make me turn pale in my lightest moments, or cause the tears to gather under my lids. Grandmamma says that while learning to know ourselves, we must guard against being egotistical. Perhaps young people always are; I don't know. In a diary it

doesn't matter, no one will ever read it. When I am most afraid, and shadows pass over my soul, I like to creep near to grandmamma; she is so still and tranquil, as though she had passed through all the storms."

Quite soon after the painting of the portrait occurs the first reference to a notable event in that hitherto uneventful girlhood: a courtship which led to marriage. "I met Monsieur de Chambrun at dinner. He has a very graceful manner and his eyes are very gay, as if he saw only the sunshine. They are not so dark as those of most of his nation. Rather a gray or hazel. This young man interests me more than any I have met, and he seems to have a preference for my society. I should like to ask him if he found life all gayety: perhaps those of his sex do not feel fear and sadness as we do. But, of course, I cannot ask him such intimate questions yet. When I know him better I shall do so..... Nothing is talked of now but war, war, war; it seems already such a very long time since war was declared. This gay, young man, whom they say is wonderfully brave, has left his own country to be a soldier with General Washington. He followed Monsieur de Lafayette from France. They are cousins."

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"This evening mamma invited Monsieur de Chambrun to dinner with some other officers from General Putnam's camp. I put on my prettiest dress and looked a good while in the mirror. It seems odd that I should be so anxious to please him. I saw him look at me when I came into the room. I wonder what he thought. After supper he stood and looked for sometime at my portrait; then he came and sat down beside me. 'Yes, mademoiselle,' he said, 'the portrait is a true resemblance in so far as it may be. It is hard to do justice to such an original. It speaks, that portrait, and tells many things.'

"I wondered what those things were, but, naturally, I could not ask him. Perhaps they are the thoughts that the painter has put there. He stayed for sometime beside me; we seemed to find a good deal to say to each other. He made me laugh a good deal, but I think I liked him best when he did not laugh but said in a low voice some things which it pleased me very much to hear. It is so still tonight, except when the wind stirs the dry leaves or whispers in the trees outside my window. It is like a voice calling and it makes me afraid as though it were telling me things which I don't want to

hear. The waves on the shore are murmuring, too, in a great calmness. They remind me of sunny mornings when I played on the beach. This continual talk of war is depressing, and it makes me shudder to think of Monsieur de Chambrun—of all those gallant men—going into battle. It brings before my mind scenes of suffering and death. Sometimes when our own brave Continental troops are defeated I could cry my eyes out. It makes us all despondent. When I tell grandmamma of all the mournful things that come, sometimes, to chase away my cheerfulness she bids me pray. But I can't pray like her, I become distracted. Since mamma is a Protestant and I have been much with her of late, I find it harder to pray.

"Monsieur de Chambrun is a good Catholic. Perhaps that is why grandmamma likes him so much. I think she would wish me to listen to his suit, if he should speak. As yet he has said nothing, at least in words, of such a serious matter as marriage, and I may be only vain and presumptuous to imagine that he will sometime do so. In any case I shall be very unhappy when he goes away. Since the camp is not very far away he comes often now. He took up grandmamma's rosary this evening and kissed the cross so prettily when he returned it to her. She had dropped it from her reticule, and she blushed like a girl at being caught praying in the drawing-room. After he had gone she said to me: 'I pray God that my little lady-bird may love and marry so good a man.' I was so confused that I did not answer, but she only smiled and kissed me."

A page or two farther forward, after the various incidents in that delightful, young romance are duly recorded, there comes an entry which is like a clarion note of joy: "My heart tonight is overflowing with happiness. Henri de Chambrun has spoken. He went first to mamma and grandmamma, who were both delighted, the former because he is such a good match; then he came to me. I was in the drawing-room, beside the piano over which my portrait hangs. The moonlight was streaming in so as to pale the tapers. I cannot write down here all he said, though in truth it was not much. But there is the one thing of which I am certain: he loves me, and he prays that because of the uncertainty of military service, our marriage may take place soon. He looked up at my portrait and said: 'To think that I have won the far more beautiful original!'"

Very shortly after, an item which occupies but a few lines of the journal, chronicles a wedding at St. Joseph's Church, Philadel-

phia, with Father Farmer, S.J., officiating. There is, too, the echo of distant cannonading, and the rumor of a great victory making the very air jubilant. In some of those pages, which the hand of time has obliterated, there were, no doubt, hints of the gloom and despondency of Valley Forge, when the patriot army, barefoot and half clothed, slept upon the frozen ground; and of the joy and exultation of Princeton, Saratoga or Trenton. During the absence of the young husband, who had been placed on the staff of General Schuyler, the hope and courage of the bride are sustained by the faith and piety of her grandmother. "Grandmamma and I are intensely patriotic, and sometimes mamma laughs at me a little and says it is as well I had not a Tory lover, instead of a French one. But that is merely her way of jesting." There are pretty, little side lights thrown upon the great struggle, the patriotism of the women in depriving themselves of fine clothing and other luxuries; and glimpses given here and there of the Americans, who fast were making history, and their gallant allies, Lafayette, Pulaski and Kosciusko. All of these made flying visits to her home in company with Monsieur de Chambrun. At last there is the despairing entry:

"Oh, boundless, measureless grief! All the shadows, all the clouds that used to obscure the sunshine are as nothing. Dear God, shall I ever feel happy again? Will this black veil that obscures everything be ever lifted? Will this pain ever lessen? Death has come so close. Terrifying, awful! It has swept away grandmother, whom I loved and *him, him.* I saw my portrait yesterday, still hanging in the old place, and I fled from it. Its smile mocked me. Enough has befallen to chase that smile forever from my lips. Only I can pray now. I can take grandmamma's rosary and pour out my soul. Oh, what strength she has given me by her beautiful faith. To pray for the dead. Ah! that makes sorrow less. I could not endure this pain were it not for that.

"The old fears oppress me at night; they close heavy and dark around me, till, like a dream of brighness, comes the remembrance of grandmamma's smiling, old face. I dreamed of her last night, as she used to sit there with her rosary. She turned her head and looked at that exquisite Madonna which always hung in her room. I awoke, cheered and comforted, though the sound of the waves on the shore sounded loud and omnious, and the moonlight streaming across my floor was cold and pale. All the next day I was able to tell myself, that though the worst has happened to me, for those I love, it is the best. Grandmamma is with the saints

of whom she used to talk, and he, my beloved, has died a noble death, receiving the last Sacraments, as the chaplain wrote me, with true faith and resignation and sending me his love with his last breath. Perhaps that is why the sunshine was always with him; that he was never to know the shadows of life."

After a pause of several years, during which it seems probable that Marion was absent frequently, if not all the time, from home, the chronicle is resumed abruptly:

"And so I have acceded at last to mamma's pressing entreaties, and have agreed to marry Horace Winslow. He is very wealthy and we have been poor since the war. This marriage will be such a help to my poor mother; but as to me, it tears open all those wounds which I thought were closed. Like mamma, my husband that is to be is a Protestant. If grandmamma had lived should I have done so? Who can say? I am to be married in sober gray, and very quietly. This is my wish though mamma is disappointed. But I want it to be as different as possible from that other wedding, where all was youth and hope. I have prevailed in so far that the priest will marry us. He is to come here to perform the ceremony. It seems to me heart-breaking that I cannot be married before God's altar. How weak I have been, and I scarce dare ask for help and guidance. On that other day, which memory keeps recalling to torture me, we received Communion together—Henri and I. The poor, little widow, who must remain a widow at heart, will try to do her best. Perhaps I may win this other to the Catholic Faith, if I am strong enough to give him good example. But I fear my own weakness."

That she had need of strength became all too soon apparent. One entry after another told briefly and bitterly of dire unhappiness, even of harsh ill-treatment on the part of her second husband, due to her own efforts to remain faithful to the religion which her grandmother had striven to plant deep in her heart. Then came cries of anguish in the birth and death of two children, whom secretly and without the knowledge of her husband she had contrived to have baptized. Through all those pages runs, like a silver thread, the memory of her grandmother sustaining her hope and courage. Finally there is the still sadder record of her own weakness and instability when exhausted by many griefs, and through the combined influence of her husband and her mother she virtually loses her Faith and plunges into a very vortex of worldly pleasure, living abroad in the various capitals of Europe. The entries during that

period are few and very perfunctory as though she had not the mind to put down in black and white the true sentiments of her heart. She describes on one page a ball dress, designed for her presentation to the French court, that of Napoleon, of cloth of silver in the fashion of the empire and upon her neck a circlet of diamonds, and she adds:

"My pearls, my dear precious pearls! which Madame de Chambrun might well wear, belonged to that other self which is dead and buried. All is brilliant and glittering now, like the diamonds, and certainly it is a gay, splendid world here. Only I am glad that I never hear the surges on the beach, which used to terrify me as a girl. A girl whose childhood lasted past her teens. Mamma is always near and enjoys it so much." Only once there is a cry of despair:

"Why should I conceal from you, my diary, that I have married a brute. Even mamma has no idea of my sufferings. He taunts me with the Faith I have given up for him. He is an unbeliever, a reprobate. His conduct is scandalous, though he tries to keep up appearances before the world, which always condones the wickedness of a man who spends his wealth lavishly. Could I but call on God for help, but no, that is impossible."

Harsh treatment, as is briefly recorded somewhat later, is followed by desertion, abandonment. It is only after several years that she again writes in the long neglected journal, which has accompanied her in all her wanderings. She has returned home alone, for her mother is dead and her husband, when last heard from, living in Russia. She describes herself thus, with a touch of cynical frankness:

"Here I am at last, visible to mortal eyes, an old, wizened woman. The wrinkles in my face are hidden under a coating of paint and powder; the touch of red in either cheek is unnatural; my curled hair is false, false as my life has been for years. I tremble no more at the sound of the waves on the shore, the wind in the trees. The worst has happened. Fear is as dead as hope. Sorrow is felt no more."

The next entry is unconsciously but splendidly dramatic: "Today, today I entered, for the first time since my return, the drawing-room and stood before my portrait. It was youth and age confronting one another. Oh, how I shrink and tremble before that young, brave, hopeful figure, those eyes that smile. In those eyes is the shadow of the future which the painter, which Henri

saw. Oh, my God, my God! beside the portrait on the piano, as if placed there by an invisible hand, was grandmother's prayer book. Oh, how infinitely right she was when she spoke of the strength I should need and strove to lay foundations upon the shifting sands of my unstable nature. I threw myself upon my knees, sobbing before that picture of my other self, seeming to see once more the gentle figure of grandmother, and crying to her from the very depth of my spirit to guide and teach me once more."

There is a final entry in her own hand, when once more she has settled down to her life in the old home: "The waves beating on the shore last night had to me, in my old age, a sound of joy and triumph. Perhaps it is an echo of that shoreless ocean whither my course is tending. Sometimes I could cry aloud for very gladness of spirit. In repentance I have found peace. In heart I am young again, playing a happy child upon the shore, though the frost of many winters silvers my head. Grandmother, and my heart's best beloved, Henri, are waiting for me over there and calling. When I leave the dear, old home again, it will be to go to them in those happy mansions of which grandmother talked so much, and when I shall have won complete forgiveness of all those wasted years.

"The poor are my constant visitors now, the orphans, and the good sisters who have come from France to care for them. The war added much to their number. They come across the water from New York to spend the day with me; or sometimes to sing at Mass or vespers in the chapel which was once grandmother's room. They pray there for her and Henri, for mamma, too, though alas! that she was not of the Faith. And so rejoicing I wait for the end."

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There is a brief inscription after that in another hand. It briefly records the death of Marion Winslow at an advanced age, and after some years of benefactions to the poor and numberless deeds of kindness to all. Her phantom, continues the worn and faded manuscript, is said to haunt that house. Now it is the old woman, withered and frail, the spirit of a spirit. But more often it is the embodied spirit of youth, the true spirit of the house, as shown in the portrait.

# THE PLAY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

APART from some external evidences, there is in the play of *Julius Cæsar* a good deal of the evidence we call internal, as to its belonging to the middle period of Shakespeare's work. The characterization is fine, and we feel the reserve and sense of proportion which do not usually belong to early work, and which certainly did not belong to Shakespeare's first plays. This play is not disfigured by those worrying puns and conceits which we strive to think reasonable in the mouths of certain conditions of men, with an uneasy feeling of desire for their absence. The only things of this nature in *Julius Cæsar* which really grate upon us are Antony's:

> A world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
> And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

And the conceit of Cæsar's blood, "rushing out of doors to be resolved if Brutus so unkindly knocked or no." Rosalind in Arden may make the pun on the word hart; but fie upon Antony!

The versification is free and harmonious with few of the early work rhymes, and without the strongly marked tendencies observable in Shakespeare's latest work to run one line into another by ending it with a word on which the voice does not, or cannot rest. Neither have we the difficulties and obscurities of expression which we find in the last period of our poet's work; nor yet the compression of thought which seems to have grown with the growth of the thought itself. We have not, in the play before us, those closely packed lines that seem, at first, as if they could hardly bear the weight laid upon them; and yet bear it and bear it right nobly.

As to the origin of this play, although Shakespeare may, to a slight extent, have been indebted to Appian's *Chronicle* in its description of Antony's oratorical art, there is no doubt that to Sir Thomas North's englishing of Plutarch he was more than deeply indebted. In this, as in the other Roman plays, *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra,* the poet stands in a special relation to his original. In using his materials, he knew what to alter, what to leave unchanged. What he borrows is usually borrowed in the rough;

he has to free his gold from its ore: he has to cut his jewel until it catches the light on its many facets and becomes a wonder and a glory; but in the three Roman plays it is not so. The very wording of North is frequently used, and it has been noticed that many touches which seem to be essentially Shakespearean are to be found in the pages of this noble translation, and yet we have Shakespeare, not North. Shakespeare takes from North's Plutarch the gift he is to give to us: it is a good gift, and as such he will give it; but it must pass through him, and behold in some wonderful fashion it is the same and yet not the same. We may go to the "pasture of great souls," as Plutarch's work has been called, and find delight and nutrition, but we come to Shakespeare and receive more and greater most abundantly.

We note the influence of the Renaissance upon Shakespeare in the deep imbuing of his mind with the sense of "the grandeur that was Rome." He could recognize how great was her greatness: he felt the true Roman to have been an image of strength, a man simple, resolute and brave. Of Antonio, the merchant of Venice, it is said that he is "one in whom the ancient Roman honor more appears than any that draws breath in Italy." "I am more an antique Roman than a Dane," says that ideal friend, Horatio.

In all Shakespeare's Roman women there is not a moral flaw: Volumnia, Valeria, Portia, Octavia, all are worthy to share the life of a Roman citizen, and to bear him sons and daughters worthy of "the breed of noble blood." Apart from the distinctively Roman plays, we can trace the same admiration and sympathy for Rome and the Romans. In one of his poems Shakespeare has treated the story of Lucrece, the chaste and noble; the scene of *Cymbeline* is partly laid at Rome, and there are many allusions to Rome and her children scattered throughout the plays.

Shakespeare's imagination appears to have been more than strongly impressed by him whom he makes Brutus call "the foremost man of all this world;" and in the first scene of the third act of *Richard III.* there occurs one of the most remarkable mentions of the great Roman leader:

> That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
> With what his valor did enrich his wit,
> His wit set down to make his valor live.
> Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
> For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

Other striking mentions of Cæsar could be recalled.

All this should be borne in mind when we come to consider the statement which has been made that the play named after Cæsar has Brutus for its true hero; that Cæsar is represented in a light that is actually unheroic: that we see but little of him, and that little disfigured by what Rosalind calls "thrasonical brag," and by irresolution, the offspring of superstition, in the scene where Calpurnia urges that in the face of such evil omens as there have been, he shall not go forth, and he says:

> Cæsar shall forth: the things that threatened me
> Ne'er looked but on my back. When they shall see
> The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Again:

> Danger knows full well,
> That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
> We are two lions littered in one day,
> And I the elder and more terrible.

Again, at the senate-house, Cæsar insists on his own firmness: it is not possible, he says, to move him; with him there is no revocation of the decree once made that Cimber's brother be sent into banishment. The couchings and the lowly courtesies of Cimber might fire the blood of ordinary men, but not indeed the true quality of the blood of Cæsar.

It is urged that certain bodily defects of Cæsar are brought into prominence, such as his deafness, his dependence on Cassius for deliverance from the angry flood, which his physical courage had made him dare, but before which his failure in physical strength had made him quail. Cassius speaks of him with contempt as fever-stricken, and describes his weakness with a certain curious and illogical gusto that might make one wonder whether Cassius would have supposed a man of real greatness immune from the visitation of sickness common to humanity.

It seems to me at least that a good deal of this impression of Shakespeare's having intentionally drawn Cæsar's character in this particular play as unheroic, arises from two things: lack of careful study and the habit of, consciously or unconsciously, using a later world standard when judging of an earlier mode of characterization. It can hardly be doubted that Shakespeare's was, compared with ours, an age of unreserve, and that words were uttered and deeds done involving none of that loss of dignity which, in our day, would assuredly follow hard upon their utterance and their doing. I do not mean that we can suppose our forefathers to have had no sense

of the absurdity of high-falutin and tall talk; otherwise we should never have come into possession of our joy forever, in those things of beauty, Ancient Pistol and Captain Bobadil. But these men are unheroic: they are not doers of high and gallant deeds; the men who have done great things feel they have a right to tell of them, and they exercise that right. They are conscious of their own strength and proclaim it with a bold simplicity unplagued by the thought of a something yet beyond what they have attained to, or ever can attain to, which means hope, or ill-ease, or despair, according to the manner wherein it is taken. Allowing for the difference of ideal in these later times, Cæsar need not appear a braggart.

Is Cæsar really represented as influenced by superstitious fears? Possibly, to a certain extent, he is wrought upon by the fears of Calpurnia, but surely had it not been for his love for her, he would not have allowed her cries in dreaming of his murder, or her account of the strange and terribly ominous sights and sounds reigning in the streets of Rome to alter his plans. It is unnecessary to dwell on the fact, that, in Shakespeare's day, belief was much in sympathy with the belief of the pagan world in omens and auguries. All through Shakespeare's work we find that the brave, if accepting fate, do not reject premonitions, hintings and presentiments, any more than they disbelieve in the influence of the planets on their lives and fortunes. Does not much of this linger in our twentieth century? Where, in Shakespeare, we find absolute disbelief in these things, it is in the bad men, not in the good. It is the true-hearted Kent (in *King Lear)* who exclaims:

> It is the stars, the stars above us govern our conditions,
> Else one and self-same mate could not beget such different issues.

while the false-hearted Edmund says:

> This is the excellent foppery of the world that when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behavior) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars.

In the words of Coleridge, who pointed out this: " Both individuals and nations may be free from such prejudices by being below them, as well as above them."

As has been said above, the want of careful study of the context is one of the factors in the production of the impression that Cæsar is here set in unheroic light. When we apply this to the stress said to be laid on the great dictator's physical defects, we see that it is chiefly Cassius who lays special stress on Cæsar's weakness.

I have always felt it as a defect in Cassius' mentality that he is incapable of recognizing the true greatness of Cæsar. I have always felt that here his mind's eye is short-sighted; and I cannot hear of this account of his having had to save Cæsar from the roaring torrent, and his contemptuous comments on Cæsar's illness in Spain without feeling irritation at his thick wit and his thin heart.

The play is rightly named after Cæsar, not after Brutus, however the preference of beholders and readers may lean to the latter, who comes before us, in life and in death, only in relation to Julius Cæsar and in subordination to him.

Cæsar is the dramatic centre of the play and all converges to him, in his living, in his dying, and in the life of his spirit after the death of his body. It is on Cæsar that the interest of the play depends: it is his relation to him that first sets Brutus apart as it has set Cassius apart before him. It has been shown by that fine Shakespearean scholar, Dowden of Dublin, working out a suggestion of Doctor Albert Lindner's that as it was against the spirit of Cæsar that Brutus fought, so that spirit never ceases to be the protagonist of the play. Brutus strikes down the body of Cæsar, and henceforth the spirit rises with a force that is resistless, for his revenge is more the revenge of nature herself, the revenge of that power which God has ordained to bring forth to our sight, the fruit of the plant whose seed our hands have sown. "It is Cæsarism that is victorious, whether represented by Julius or Octavius."

It is Antony who prophesies of this revenge when he stands alone by the "bleeding piece of earth" wherein the great spirit of Cæsar had sometime dwelt:

> A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
> Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
> Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
> Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
> And dreadful objects so familiar,
> That mothers shall but smile when they behold
> Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
> All pity choked with custom of fell deeds,
> And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
> With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
> Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
> Cry "Havoc" and let slip the dogs of war;
> That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
> With carrion men, groaning for burial.

The man who grapples most prominently with the spirit of Cæsar seems to stand forth as the noblest of those Romans for whom Shakespeare had so sympathetic an admiration. Pure, faithful, brave and gentle, he enters the lists. Is he defeated because his antagonist is greater than he? Or is it that circumstances are too strong for him? Or is it that the causes of defeat lie deep in his own nature? To the life of Brutus a terrible struggle has come. He sees, as he believes, the attempted sapping of the very foundations of Rome's high liberty; and the hand of the sapper, that guilty hand, is the hand of his friend, of his "best lover." For a time the struggle has gone on unknown as it seems, to any; the struggle between the love that is none the less for Cæsar and the love that is all the more for Rome; but evidence of the combat appears in there being no room left for the thought of the graciousnesses of life, and "poor Brutus, with himself at war," his nature shrinking under the burden of a thought terrible though not yet clearly shapen, "forgets the show of love to other men." His rest is broken; in the little sleep that comes to him he tosses restlessly about: he is absolutely unhinged; he cannot eat, nor talk, nor have any quiet.

Cassius has formed a purpose, and, having determined that Brutus shall assist in its execution, sounds him and finds that he is ready, at any price, to save Rome. Having given himself to his country, Marcus Brutus can unhesitatingly give everything else; for all else is included in the sacrifice of himself. But he will decide nothing hastily; he will have time to consider what Cassius has said, will hear with patience what he has to say, and "find a time both meet to hear and answer such high things." A little later and Brutus' mind is made up. It must be by the death of Cæsar that Rome shall be set free. It has been a hard time for him, and a hard time for her who loves him and who, as yet, does not know the cause of the evident disturbance of his nature. He has risen suddenly from his meal, walked about musing and sighing, with his arms crossed. When Portia has questioned him he has stared upon her with ungentle looks, and when she has further urged him, has stamped with his foot and, at last, with an angry wave of his hand, given sign for her to leave him. This from him so courteous and tender to her, so beloved and revered.

In the soliloquy of Brutus at the beginning of the Second Act, we have strong evidence of that flaw in his judgment which we shall meet with again and again, learning, as we must, how his lack of wholeness and soundness of judgment helps to ruin the cause

which is to him a pure and holy struggle for freedom. He knows "no personal cause to spurn at" Cæsar: indeed, personally, Brutus has received from him high favors and tokens of warm friendship; a friendship which had silenced the note of obligation which might have sounded through it.

Antony in his great funeral oration, touched only on the love of Cæsar for Brutus: this made his speech more effective, and his object was not truth but effect; but we know how Brutus loved Cæsar with a great love, only exceeded by his love for Rome. It is "for the general" only, for the people, for the republic that Brutus must spurn at Cæsar. In the argument that he brings forward we see how he is under the sway of false reasoning, and therefore inevitably comes to a false conclusion. Cæsar is to be destroyed because he *might* do mischief! Brutus has not known the time when Cæsar's affections have swayed more than his reason; but Cæsar *may*, when he has attained the top-most round of the ladder, scorn the lower steps, the base degrees. "Then, lest he may, prevent."

What would become of the world if we all acted on this principle, and, in destroying that wherein there is potential evil, destroyed also that wherein there is potential good, and obtained mere negatives where we should seek and find affirmatives? We see also how Brutus does not recognize that for the republic there is now no salvation: Cæsar Imperator is virtually king. Nor can the republic be restored. See how the people crave for a ruler: Pompey, Cæsar. When Cæsar lies low they would fain crown his better parts in Brutus; let Brutus be Cæsar. A new spirit has arisen, necessitating a new form. The new form comes, and under Augustus Rome will win for herself fresh glory and renown; but the old republic shall not live again. When men are great enough to serve without force and pressure, except that force and pressure which duty exerts upon them, they will not need a commander, for they will know what is right and will to do it.

The mind of Brutus recoils from conspiracy; nothing that is dark or even suspicious in its nature finds a kindly soil in his breast. It has been said that Brutus is used by the conspirators to cover their own moral nakedness: we may carry on the metaphor by adding that the garment they have donned impedes and stays them in their course. Cassius, the most prominent among them, a man much lower in moral stature than Brutus, is possessed of judgment sound and practical, but he, as well as others, is under the control of a power in Brutus which, consciously or unconsciously, he exer-

cises all through. Thus, when Cassius urges the importance of Antony's death, as, if he be spared, he may well find means to injure them all, Brutus instantly objects:

> Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers.

The limbs must not be hacked, though the head must be cut off. He does not understand the power that is veiled under Antony's love of sport, his wildness and addiction to company. So Brutus has his way.

Out of Brutus' singleness of heart there springs that assertive self-belief which is not vanity, but is an identification of himself with his cause, the cause which he believes must prosper for its absolute rightness' sake. His is, as it were, the personification of a great principle, though he is also a man framed to love and be loved, and counting the love that is given him as a good thing. Thus he says of Caius Ligarius:

> He loves me well and I have given him reasons:
> Send him but hither and I'll fashion him.

It is this also, as it seems to me, that makes him so confident of the power of his simple summing-up of the reasons for the death of Cæsar to satisfy the populace, who must, he thinks, recognize its truth; and his inability to see what mischief may come of the permission to Antony to address the crowd. All through, we find that Brutus deals with his fellow-workers and with those around him, as if they were like himself, simple and pure: he takes no account of secondary motives, because he has none of them himself.

Once the die is cast, once Brutus has made up his mind what is right, and formed the resolution to do it, he is at peace, a peace no doubt can trouble, no remorse assail. He will never repent of his deed, though the day must come when he shall atone for it.

It is worse than nonsense to talk of the *result* of a deed justifying or condemning it. A deed has to be judged, as to its rightness or wrongness in itself. If the assassination of Cæsar was right, none of its results could make it wrong: bad results do not always even *prove* a deed to be wrong. If it was wrong, it was wrong, even though the republic had straightway been established and the crown of her old glory circled the brows of Rome. Brutus hates the means, but believes the end to be so purely right that these means must be used. Henceforth he sees only the end. The responsibility is his, for he says of Cæsar, "*I slew him.*"

Within a few hours of the execution of the plot, a woman becomes possessed of the knowledge of it. Portia enters into her lord's confidence as one able and worthy to enter into it. This woman is shown to us in one relation only, as the wife of one entirely worthy of her. Her life is blent with that of Brutus, though that blending has not involved the loss of her individuality. The fine scene in which she claims the confidence of her husband has been compared and contrasted with that (I., Henry IV.) in which Lady Percy seeks to win partnership in Hotspur's trouble: there is a striking antithesis in the two men, the two women and the relation of the two wedded pair to each other.

Shakespeare has not used Plutarch's beautiful account of the emotion of Portia later on when Brutus must go forth, at the sight of the picture of the parting between Hector and Andromache: it was not necessary dramatically, but I think the incident may have influenced him in his drawing of the character, and his showing her as so over-strained by the burden of the great secret as almost to betray herself at the time of the fateful meeting at the senate-house. A bodily wound she could give herself to test her powers of endurance, but the stroke of that dagger she had used, was nothing in comparison to the mental torture she had willed to endure.

Portia's life is Brutus, and when he is taken from her, what remains? Volumnia and Valeria stay in Rome after Coriolanus has gone, as it seems, never to return: but Portia will not live without Brutus. These other women live on for Rome; Portia has lived for the noblest Roman.

After the assassination of Cæsar, Brutus, who had insisted on sparing Antony, commits another practical blunder in allowing him to make the funeral oration. What man could have listened to Antony's words without feeling on fire with pity and indignation? What kindly uneducated man but would feel his whole being deeply shaken? What crowd, with its quick electric thrills, its rush of sympathetic emotion, but would be half maddened by such an appeal? The scene which we know "took nobly" in Shakespeare's own time, is one that must always be one of the specially telling parts of the play.

It is curious how unconscious Brutus appears of having given any occasion of annoyance to Cassius, when he quietly comments to Lucilius on the enforced ceremony shown by Cassius, marking the beginning of the sickness and decay of love. Cassius has refused, so Brutus believes, to send gold to him, and Brutus has, without any

deference to Cassius' intercession, condemned and noted (disgraced) Lucius Pella for taking bribes. Brutus' sturdy honesty cannot bend to expediency, nor can he take the view of the worldly-wiser general that "in such a time as this it is not meet that every nice offence should bear his comment." He cannot see that the greatest tact is required for the cherishing of an unpopular cause. With scorn he says he had rather be a dog and bay the moon than a Roman who could contaminate his fingers with base bribes; and yet, though he "had rather coin his heart and drop his blood for drachmas than wring from the hard hand of peasants their vile trash, by any indirectness," with curious inconsistency he blames Cassius for not sending him gold—the gold of whose source the unpractical man does not think! What irony of facts is here. The quarrel is made and the friends bury their unkindness. Cassius learns of the "insupportable and touching loss under which Brutus is laboring." The death of Portia was, as it were, the seal set upon the gods' acceptance of Brutus' sacrifice of himself for his country. We know what this woman has been to Brutus: she is none the less to him for the quiet "speak no more of her." The loss is too great, the grief too deep, for words.

Now again Brutus blunders. In his anger, Cassius has spoken truly, "I am a soldier, I, older in practice, older than yourself to make conditions." Cassius is the better general, but Brutus cannot see it, and the cause he loves is shaken, ready to fall before the resistless spirit of Cæsar. Brutus can always have his way against the opinion of Cassius, and now, against that opinion, the march to Philippi is determined upon, and the generals part, brothers in arms as in heart. We note the gentle courtesy and consideration shown by Brutus to his servants: they are to "sleep on cushions in (his) tent." They must not "stand and watch (his) pleasure." To the boy Lucius he apologizes for having asked for a book which he had forgotten having put into his pocket and supposed he had given to Lucius, "Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful." And when the lad, willing but weary, sings to his instrument in response to his master's wish, and, yet singing, falls asleep, that master takes the lute from his hand and lays it down, lest it should drop from the sleeping boy's hand and be broken.

Evil omens gather round Brutus; the spirit of Cæsar appears to him, his "evil spirit" now, to meet him, as he tells Brutus at Philippi. The two eagles that had perched on the standard of Brutus and Cassius fly forth, and in their stead come ravens, crows and

kites that fly over their heads " as they were sickly prey," the carrion birds' shadows making a fatal canopy over the doomed army. It is against Cassius' will, as he calls Massala to witness, that the liberties of all have been set on one battle.

The spirit of Cæsar indeed walks abroad and turns the swords of his enemies into their proper entrails. " Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then," Brutus had said when, at Sardis, the great spirit had appeared to him. At Philippi he meets him and falls conquered. It is Antony who says, and Antony who says truly of him:

> This was the noblest Roman of them all:
> All the conspirators, save only he,
> Did what they did in envy of great Cæsar;
> He only, in a general honest thought,
> And common good to all, made one of them.
> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world " this was a man!"

The life of Brutus had known great good: he had loved and possessed Portia; he " had found no man but he was true to (him)." Best of all, he had been to his own self true, and so had never been false to any man. He kept his ideal throughout all conflict, all change, and in apparent defeat, dying to live for us, as " the noblest Roman of them all." A great poet has sung of:

> .....that dim bust of Brutus, jagged and grand
> Where Buonorotti passionately tried
> From out the close-clenched marble to demand
> The head of Rome's sublimest homicide.

Perhaps the best expression of the difference between Brutus and Cassius is in North's saying that Cassius was not so simple and pure as Brutus.

To do Cassius justice we must look at him as a thinker, one who can plan and carry out a plan if he is allowed; but who is swayed by a great love for Brutus which leads him to sacrifice his own judgment and sacrifice it knowingly. The tribute that Brutus pays him shows what he was in his friend's esteem, and Brutus' words are not mere oratory:

> The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
> It is impossible that even Rome
> Should breed thy fellow.

## "OUR MAURICE FRANCIS."

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

E is a prince, our Maurice Francis; a prince and a consorter with kings. As he is also a grandfather, it may seem a bit familiar to speak of him thus in such lightsome vein; but he has a touch of eternal youth in him; he is still one of us, still "our" Maurice Francis, with all his brilliant achievements, his honors and his titles —poet, critic, novelist, doctor of a half a dozen laws, philosophies and what not; and finally, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to the kingdom of Denmark. I speak, of course, of Egan, the one and only Egan—Maurice Francis.

Doctor Egan is not only one of the warmest-hearted of men, but the warmest-hearted clever man I have ever met. In fact, he is all heart, all kindly human impulses and Irish "give." And yet he is clever—one of the cleverest men in public life today. It is an unusual combination. One does not generally take to the clever man—the man who, by nimble wit and the sharp eye of the opportunist, is able to advance himself in the world until he shines far out above all his fellows. Egan has the wit; and his eye is far from dull to the main chance; but he has more—something bigger, better and finer than all this combined—a heart of pure gold and the pure soul of a poet; an unselfish spirit and an open, generous hand.

Maurice Francis Egan has perhaps gone further in the world than any other Catholic layman of the time. His story is one of steady progress from one position of trust to another until today he is easily in the front rank of American Catholics in public life. By the time that a man has achieved some twenty or more volumes of literary output, his work takes on an air of permanence that demands consideration; and when to these achievements he adds a memorable record in the service of his country, his story is, according to the custom of the world, more or less public property. People naturally wish to know about him. And yet, when one comes to look things over, it is surprising to see how little is known or has been written about Maurice Francis Egan—a man who is, nevertheless, almost constantly in the public prints. There is, in fact, no one in the literary world today who has advertised himself

more by the actual merits of his work, and less by puffs and "write ups," than Egan. He has kept himself in the forefront through his own legitimate efforts.

His personality is somewhat puzzling. Despite the impression he gives of being very easy to know, one does not really know him till after long acquaintance. That is the "diplomat" of it, I suppose: he does not give himself away, though he may seem to. He is really, to use perfectly plain English, a very clever man, with an unusually strong tincture of common sense in his make-up. This common sense it is that has kept him ever on the safe side of life. Gifted with all the fine temperament and aspiration of a poet, he has not, however, made the mistake of letting himself develop one-sidely. He saw the folly long ago, no doubt, of giving away too freely to his emotional inclinations. He has struck a happy medium, and has made his gifts serve him, instead of becoming a slave to his gifts. Does this lessen his rank among the stars? On the contrary, I think it denotes an innate strength of character that is remarkable: he has chosen wisely to let his light shine surely and steadily rather than blaze meteorically and be extinguished. It would have been easy enough for him perhaps, even with the fairly prosperous start he had in life, to have become a hungry *savant* poring over his tomes —or a hungrier poet in a garret. Very picturesque! But I imagine that Maurice Francis had the foresight to see that, if he loved books, learning, culture, position, and all that these things signify, he must put himself in the way of earning them and possessing them beyond recall—even though at times he must relinquish some of his momentary dreams and shape his wares according to the market that he served.

And this is what he has done. He has won more than the usual number of the rich prizes of life: comfortable means, if not actual wealth (which I do not believe he ever craved); and he has done it by keeping a clear eye on the market. Yet, do not for a minute think that Egan, clever, far-sighted, man of the world and equal to the world at its wiliest, has ever sold one iota of his birthright for the pottage of success, or sacrificed one grain of manhood for advancement. Not by a long shot! That is the beauty of his story; he has succeeded, gone ahead, got on top; but never at the cost of a single farthing of the pure gold of his character. In a world that has too many nominal Catholics in the high walks of life; in a world that puts a premium on paganism in the arts, Egan, on the top, and in the front rank of the doers and devotees of art, is unique.

He stands always for the sheer, pure, unadulterated Christian spirit in literature. He is a Christian poet, a Christian critic, a Christian teacher without equivocation or quibbling. His books are challenges to the Time-Spirit. It really gives one a little more faith in this old world to see a man of Egan's type succeeding.

So today Egan has his books, his culture, his position—everything, perhaps, that his heart could desire; and what proud, joyous possessions they must be, earned as they have been; worked for manfully, and won on merit! In Copenhagen he has an even more delightful and charming home than the one in Washington which was for years the *rendezvous* of the country's best, in every walk of life, from Presidents to poor poets. For the latter, the Egan house was a sheltered haunt, and his study a holy of holies. In the Danish capital his study is just at the head of the stairs; and once that room is entered, you feel that you are really "behind the scenes." It is a typical literary workshop. The rest of the house, under the ordered eye of its quiet, well-poised mistress, may be indeed the home of the American Minister Plenipotentiary to Denmark; but in this room the man's native spirit breaks out in happy disorder. The four walls, from floor to ceiling, are solid with books. You wade knee-deep in books from door to desk. There are books heaped on the floor, books piled on chairs, books strewn on the table—books, books, books!—everything from the tragedies of Sophocles to the latest treatise on Scandinavian dairy farming.

In the midst of the books is the man himself, rising to greet you, bright eyed, cordial, suave, his gray hair and gray beard giving a little *distingué* touch to his appearance that would strike you as a trifle foreign in air were it not a familiar memory of the old days in Washington. From time immemorial, Egan has worn a beard; and though it is a bit gray now (why not at sixty-five?) the blue eyes are as blue and boyish as ever. For with all his distinction and dignity, there remains always something of the imperishable boy in Dr. Egan. Perhaps that explains his great success in writing for the young, a something that he has never lost the trick of, no matter what the years have brought him. He has always been a boy. In the old days he loved to gather his university students about him; and the young still gravitate toward him. His youthful Danish secretary at the legation is as much his worshipper—he thinks him a second Keats—as was ever any lad back in his professional days at the 'varsity.

In the midst of the books, the man; a man who has never lost

himself in books. He is thoroughly of the world, alive, alert: his books are but windows through which, when he retires at hours of ease or study, he may glimpse the universe through others' eyes and so challenge it and measure it by the standard of Truth and Faith that happily are his. For the lover of books, Egan has a story to tell: "Read, read, read—the best of everything; acquaint yourself with the thoughts of the great thinkers of the ages; but never read supinely, subserviently. Measure their thought by your own; challenge their belief with your own!" That is what books mean to him. I suppose half, at least, of the volumes in his immense collection are autographed; and in those autographs half the world of learning and genius of the time is represented, subscribing itself to him, not formally, but in terms of affectionate regard. A glance at some of the pages of Egan's autographed books is like reviewing the ranks of the celebrities of a century; for the dates go back amazingly far! It makes one feel old for a minute; but it is touching, too, to note how this man, so thoroughly of the present, was esteemed by the giants of yesterday as he is loved by the great of today. For Egan is a lover of books only because he is so heartily a lover of "men and things." Only a man with an understanding and practical eye open to the human equation, could do what he has done since going to Denmark: master the fine points of Danish agriculture to such a degree that the United States Department of the Interior, on his last visit home to America, "borrowed" him from the State Department and sent him on a tour through the country lecturing on the advanced methods of intensive Scandinavian farming! Not one man in a thousand, with the training that Egan has had, the training of a poet and a bookman, could achieve such a thing as that. It assuredly shows a remarkably open and adaptable mind. No wonder he is a favorite with our home government; and no wonder the Danish government, and the King himself, have done everything in their power to have him retained in Copenhagen year after year. He is, in fact, the ideal diplomat for this country: the genuinely democratic American who represents our country at a European court without offending by an ostentatiously "democratic" spirit, or making a mockery of democracy by subserviently aping the manners of the older world.

There is a lovely vein of generosity and unselfishness in our Maurice Francis; the very essence of hospitality. In the old days in Washington it was his delight to give young literary aspirants or social postulants a happy surprise by carrying them off to a

brilliant encounter with an aristocrat of letters, or the titled scion of some ancient house serving on the diplomatic corps, and thus initiate the youngsters into the mysteries of a world of which they fondly dreamed but hardly hoped to enter. Egan had the open sesame there to an exclusive world. But he did not keep his good things to himself. That was not his nature. So now, in Copenhagen, ushered into his sanctum, to be regaled, we know, with a feast of wit and enough wisdom to make a happy balance, we are quite likely to be surprised by an invitation to a royal garden party, or an embassy ball, or a salon of the gods before the hour is past. It is the good old fashion of hospitality. There is really a flavor of the South in it, or of the old world—what is mine host's is mine. We are reminded that Maurice Francis is a descendant of the gallant Chevalier MacEgan and of the courtly de Florens; and that his grandmother in her day entertained Lafayette at the old Egan home in Philadelphia.

Like his autographs, Maurice Francis' recollections go back, back, back in the most startling manner. To us Booth and Augustin Daly seem of a bygone day; but he chats of them as of friends who might have been with him yesterday. In his early journalistic days in New York he came into contact with most of the personages of the time. For six years he was associate editor of *The Freeman's Journal* under the great McMasters. He has a fund of stories to tell. He is one of the best *raconteurs* in Europe. Who having read *Sexton Maginnis* needs to be told of his keen sense of humor? And what a saving sense it has been to him in his adventures as an American diplomat! It has enabled him, for one thing, to see things with a clear eye. The comedies that are enacted, for instance, by some of our fellow-countrymen abroad in their pursuit of crowns and garters would be hopeless tragedies to one less gifted with the quick and twinkling eye. Another man might be tempted, in short order, to throw up the job and come home and let Uncle Sam find someone else to look after his interests across the sea. But the man who can see the humorous side of things as well as the serious, generally sees all around a situation; and such a man's observation and judgment is worth listening to. Today, Dr. Egan's word, I have been told in Washington, "goes" in our State Department on many points touching the diplomatic service. He talked earnestly on this subject. "It is absurd," he said, "to imagine that the United States must try to dazzle the courts of Europe by sending them ambassadors of great wealth. In every capital there are plenty of rich

*parvenus* who can furnish all the flash that's needed!" And again: "Another common mistake is the belief that it is well to send to any foreign country a representative who was once of its nationality, but who has become an American. About the best thing that a man who has severed connections with his fatherland can do is *not* to flaunt his Americanism by returning there in an official capacity."

But it is not alone of books and writers, nor of diplomacy and knee-breeches that Dr. Egan chats over our tea and cigarettes. It is astonishing how simply and naturally the names of the world's renowned are interwoven in our family gossip. Gerald, his only son, is married and living in Washington; and there are happy anecdotes of the days when Mr. Roosevelt was President, and would enjoy a wrestling bout with Gerald every time he came with his father to the White House. Then the father and the President would talk about Irish mythology until everything else was forgotten. In the end, T. R. was himself writing essays on Cuchullain and Queen Maeve for the reviews. It was Roosevelt who originally sent Egan to Copenhagen ten years ago; and there he has remained through all the succeeding administrations, proof sufficient, assuredly, that Maurice Francis is a diplomat and not a politician.

Yes, Gerald is married; he is on one of the big dailies at Washington. And Patrice, the elder daughter, she too is in Washington, the wife of Elmer Murphy, another successful journalist, formerly editor of the Los Angeles *Tidings*. And Carmel, the baby, is married!—living away off in the Philippines, her husband, Gabriel O'Reilly, a prominent lawyer of Manila. So today the Egans, in their stately home in Copenhagen, are alone. "Back to where we began," the Doctor says, with a smile for his gracious wife, who has just come home from her round of afternoon calls. They are alone—but there are children and children's children keeping the old land new for them against the day when they will return.

In the meantime, Doctor Egan, engrossed as he is with his diplomatic duties, and they have increased a hundred-fold since the War began, continues to write. One wonders how he manages to turn out so much and such finished work; it is almost as much of a puzzle as to figure how his secretary can decipher his perfectly abominable penmanship. I remember when Patrice used to help him get his manuscripts out to the editors: she knew his writing better than the chick of the story knew Horace Greeley's; but when Patrice left —well, there was confusion in the legation for awhile, and also in the offices of *Scribner's* and *The Century!*

It was in this dreadful writing, for he does all his composing by long hand, that Dr. Egan wrote his famous *Maginnis* tales. In them he achieved that highest of all achievements of an artist—he *created*. He put the parish sexton permanently into literature; and how he put him there, laughing and adding forever to the gayety of the nations, all who have read him know. Who could forget the wily Kerry man with his "Brother Gamborious, a Passionate monk, who died of dropsy of the heart;" or his ecstasies over the sermon on hell, which was "the most elegant thing?" Happy Maginnis—happy except when the redoubtable Herself was on his trail. He never tells a lie, unless in the interest of truth! And does he not vow never to do it again—unless he has to?

This was the latest of Egan's books. Back of it stands a whole shelf full of volumes, great and small—poems, novels, critical essays, short stories, juveniles, a remarkable output of a high order of excellence. Our Maurice Francis excels in everything he touches. In poetry he is a master of the sonnet; his verses are fine-chiseled to perfection; and always breathe the purest spirit of Christian philosophy, challenging the paganism of the time in no uncertain voice. In his critical essays he takes some views that his friends may dispute; but never can they question the grace or clarity of his expression, whatever his opinions. He is not an admirer of Tennyson. He may tolerate the *Idylls,* but he has no time for *In Memoriam.* "I doubt whether any heart in affliction," he says, "has received genuine consolation from this decorous and superbly measured flow of grief." He loves the ancient classics; and perhaps more than any other writer in English, excepting Keats, he has woven the old gods of Moschus and Theocritus into his songs; but always to celebrate, transcendantly over them, the Living God of Eternal Truth. With him, indeed, literature is a symbol of God. "Life has always turned to God," he says, "and literature echoing life, has always written the symbol of God!" And again: "God, Who is the centre of life, is the centre of the written expression of life, which is literature." This is Maurice Francis Egan's literary creed. It reveals a man of the noblest ideals—a man fitted in the fullest degree to teach the young, to lead his fellows, and to serve them in the arena of world activities. Certainly he has used his talents wisely and well. He is one of whom Americans, and very especially we Catholic Americans, claiming him as "ours," may be justly proud.

## WAR IN THE VILLAGES.

BY THOMAS ALEXANDER BAGGS.

IN the busy hives of men, war and its spectre death stalk by grimly, unchallenged. On the same city pavement the pomp and parade of arms jostles with careless unconcern the sable pageant of mourners. No one questions the incongruity: familiarity has bred its contempt. *Autres temps, autres mœurs,* and silently the change is accepted.

It is different in the little villages where life flows deeply, serenely. Outward signs of the great calamity are few—a scarcity of men folk, a public roster in the village church, a collection of rude wooden crosses huddled together in the God's acre. No more, but in the hearts of the villagers a mute inexpressible sorrow that peers softly forth in their faces.

Scattered over the breast of Europe are thousands of such little villages, each typical of the rest. In the Polish wastes, in the smiling French vinelands, in the snug retreats of the Tyrol, in the fresh, green English countryside, everywhere they abound. Each proudly bears its burden; each secretly suffers.

One such I recall in Normandy, far from the beaten track. It was just a row of straggling cottages, a church, a manor, and less than a hundred inhabitants. No railroad came nearer than twenty kilometers. Its name—the map does not record it, and yet its name is legion.

It was late one July afternoon. I had walked from Bayeux a score of miles, and rounding a hill I first glimpsed it, tucked away in the hollow, steeped in mellow sunlight. Tall trees whispered about it, and ripening orchards, herd-dotted pastures and wheatfields, seas of tossing gold, flung broadcast their bounty. Thoughts of the World War were jarring. "Man's inhumanity to man" seemed unreal, unthinkable. Here, said I, war has passed lightly by or, like time and that crazy thing civilization, has forgotten the hamlet's existence.

On the tall iron Calvary near the church a wreath of fresh-cut laurels had been hung. I was later to learn its import. In the shade of the little stone church, with its stunted bell-tower and roof

of once red tiles, the mould had been turned in five heaps. At the head of each was a simple cross with crudely charactered inscription. I read: *Charles Bertaut, tombé à Fleury; Henri Chatelain, tué à St. Eloi; Hippolyte Puy, mort le 24 avril, 1915; Auguste Frénard, tué à Thiaumont; Jacques Nodain, péri en mer pour sa patrie.* Five empty graves a-bloom with summer flowers! A green chaplet on the Calvary! Thus war greets one in the village.

In the street, flanked on both sides by crazy cottages, not a soul was stirring. The blacksmith's shop was shut; the cobbler's barred and shuttered—on the door a scribbled legend: *Etienne Arnaud, mobilisé le 15 aout, 1914.* Save for the creaking of shutters in the wind, everywhere was brooding silence. My footsteps rang disturbingly as footsteps in a vault. I thought it a deserted village. The door of the inn was open as I passed, and within were two old cronies, mumbling incoherently. They did not even look up as I entered. But the good lady of the inn, a buxom, cheerful woman of forty, quickly saw to my needs. I sat long over the cider and meanwhile mine host gossiped.

Ah, it was quiet, she said, these days in the village! They had all gone—fine young fellows, thirty of them, and at least a dozen fathers. It was sad—and hard, too. They needed men for the harvesting. But the women would do it. She herself was kept at home with an infant. The others, yes, they were working and with them the old men and children. The harvest this year was good. Was it not terrible, this war? The village had lost its half. Monsieur must see the roster in the church. Six were dead—one the day before yesterday, three were prisoners, and the good God alone knew how many wounded and missing. Yes, the wreath on the calvary was fresh. It was for young Eugène Pollet, such a fine fellow! Soon the cemetery would own another grave, and another cross of honor.

An old man, bent and stooped with age, entered with a black tin letter-box. He swallowed a *petit verre,* and then shuffled on. "The postman," said madame. "Each day he tramps twenty kilometers from Bayeux. And, *mon Dieu,* what news he brings! These two letters, here—who knows their tidings? We welcome Henri, monsieur, but nowadays always fearfully. Only the day before yesterday he brought ill news to the widow Pollett—Eugène was shot by a sniper. One of his comrades wrote."

Madame busied herself with the lamp. Dusk was now falling. The chapel bell tolled drowsily. Along the street came the clatter

of clogs and voices. A dozen women, three old men and some boys rustled into the inn. Their voices were shrill, though subdued.

"Is there anything, Marie?" demanded the spokeswoman.

Marie delivered the letters and then and there they were read aloud, the whole assembly eagerly listening and quaffing great glasses of cider in the hearty Norman fashion.

One came from a kinswoman in Paris and was quickly passed over. The other from the communication trenches. The wife read slowly, repeating the phrases, ever and again interrupted by some buzz of interested comment. I could see the letter from where I sat. It was scrawled indistinctly in pencil on the gray squared paper indispensable to the French bourgeoisie. It was a letter of love from husband to wife—not a love letter. I would give much to reproduce its golden glow of devotion, its simple pious trust in the ordering of all things. One phrase I remember: "When you think to send me a little present again, my darling, will you send me the flowers of our Norman fields, flowers gathered by you that shall speak to me of you and our village?" Then the letter spoke of the rough and ready life of the trenches. It was simple, graceful, poignantly human.

An hour later, lights twinkled from the cottage windows. At the doors the women and children were sitting, knitting and chattering in groups. Their talk is seldom of the War itself—always of their men folk and memories. The whole village is a family. The loss or hurt of one is a loss or hurt to the whole little community. They will accept it quietly, as the will of God, with that air of weary, pathetic humility, not without a touch of the sublime, that shines in Millet's *Angelus*. The cardinal virtues, faith, hope and love, are not deadened but quickened by war in the hearts of the villagers.

Night comes on and her sober livery sits well on the little village. White dust sleeps along the lanes, moonlight floods the orchards, lending their tumble-down walls an eerie, mysterious grayness. One by one the lights are extinguished. The village is quietly sleeping, but its soul is dreaming away in the distant war zone with father, brother, husband and friend.

The little villages of Europe may differ in nature's externals, but all are one in spirit, in their modest, heroic endurance of the burdens of the nations at war. Away from the fever and fret of the cities' antagonisms, they see the havoc of war more clearly and perfectly, for being but small, they see it whole. Theirs are the true, simple pleasures of life, love of home, love of country; theirs the faith that removes mountains. Closer to earth, they are closer to God.

# A NEW THEORY OF POLITICAL SOVEREIGNTY.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

THE doctrines and performances of the ruling class in Germany, as manifested to the world since July, 1914, have enabled intelligent persons to become pretty generally acquainted with the Prussian theory of the Omnipotent State. Philosophers, such as Hegel; political scientists, such as Ruemelin; historians, such as Treitschke; military theorists, such as Bernhardi; rulers, such as Bismarck; and war directors, such as Von Tirpitz, have in substantially uniform terms proclaimed that the State is the supreme reality, that for it the individual exists, and that for its extension and preservation the use of every means is legitimate. According to their theory, the State is above the moral law, and its will and welfare constitute the supreme law for individuals and social groups.

We are properly shocked at the enormous immorality of these doctrines, and we see in them a powerful reason for desiring the success of the Allied arms in the present world conflict. How many of us are aware that substantially the same theories are at least implicity contained in the current view of sovereignty expounded in the standard text-books of political science which are printed in the English language? That these implicit doctrines have not received explicit expression in text-books and class-room is probably due to the fact that our writers and teachers do not feel constrained to carry to the logical conclusion theories which run counter to their intuitions of morality and common sense. That the doctrines have not been formally adopted nor put into practise by legislators and executives is to a large extent explained by the relatively slight influence exerted among English-speaking peoples by political theory or any other form of merely academic opinion.

The conception of sovereignty accepted in our treatises on political science derives mainly from the English writer, John Austin. In essence it declares that the sovereign power of the State is incapable of *legal* limitation. Understood in one way this principle is quite harmless, is, in fact, almost an identical proposition. From its very nature a sovereign State is not limited by nor subject to the laws of any other State. If it were so restricted it would be

a section or province of some other State, not a sovereign among equal sovereigns. So long as a State retains its independence, its sovereignty, legal supremacy, supreme governmental power, it is limited neither by the laws of other States, nor by the political ordinances of its subordinate parts. In other words, sovereignty is *politically* unlimited both from without and from within. We repeat that this is a harmless and a self-evident proposition.

The mischief begins as soon as the word *legal,* in Austin's definition, is taken to include all kinds of law, moral as well as political or civil. In this sense the unlimited sovereignty of the State becomes freedom from the restraints of all forms of authority. It means that the State is not subject to the moral law, nor bound by the laws of God. Thus we have the Omnipotent State. The fact that it arrives by the route of analytical jurisprudence does not make it any more attractive than when it emerges out of the mazes of Hegelian metaphysics.

Now this is the conception of State power and authority that is logically deducible from the theories of sovereignty set forth and defended in our American text-books and class-rooms. Let us glance at the statements of a few typical authorities. Professor W. W. Willoughby, of John Hopkins, tells us that the political philosophy of England and America is in advance of that of the Continent, because in the latter region the idea of natural law "still persists to a very considerable degree." Only when the concepts of natural and divine law have disappeared do we get the "completely secular, scientific conception of the State." With the passing of these ideas vanishes "the alleged subjection of the political power to any will but its own." The modern conception, he informs us, holds the State to be "secular, positive, independent and absolute;" and he does not hesitate to call this the "true conception of the State."[1] Evidently this conclusion, that sovereignty is absolutely unlimited, must be adopted by anyone who denies the existence of the natural moral law, as well as the authority of the Church. If neither nature nor revelation imposes obligatory ordinances, there is no lawgiver morally competent to limit the power of the State. While admitting in theory that the authority of the State is limited by the laws of God and of reason, Burgess denies the proposition in effect; for he declares that the State itself is the best interpreter of these other laws, that it is the human organ least likely to be wrong, and therefore that we must hold to the principle that the State can do no

[1] *The Nature of the State,* pp. 380, 388, 393.

wrong.[2] Professor Garner maintains that the sovereignty of the State is unlimited, but asserts that this does not mean that the State has a moral right to exercise its power in any way that it chooses. This is a restriction, indeed, but it is one for which Garner provides no theoretical or rational basis. If we cannot point to a definite moral law that limits political power, how can we logically defend the proposition that the State has not a right to do as it pleases?

It is unnecessary to observe that neither the political authorities nor the people of America accept the logical and practical implications of the foregoing theories. Neither our public nor our popular thinking is influenced by academic thought to anything like the degree that obtains in Germany. Nevertheless the teaching of our universities has some effect upon our everyday life and opinion, and it is an increasing influence. Some importance, therefore, attaches to the appearance of a book from the pen of a university man, and the press of a university publishing house which opposes flatly the theory of sovereignty indicated above.

Professor Laski's work is in the main critical. It is mostly devoted to the task of showing that the current theory of sovereignty in unacceptable. The State's power, he declares, is not unlimited, nor is the State the only corporate body to which men owe and give allegiance. Instead of being the supreme society in which the life and purposes of all lesser societies are merged and, if necessary, absorbed, the State is but one of many corporate organizations which possess their own life, and exercise their own sway over the hearts and lives of men. In addition to the State, there exist other "monistic entities, club, trade union, church, society, town, county, university, each with a group life, a group will...." (pp. 4, 5).

With the exception of the first chapter and two appendices, the book is taken up with the task of demonstrating the foregoing propositions by certain historical events. These are the disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843, the Oxford Movement, the Catholic Revival in England, the Catholic Reaction to the French Revolution, and the *Kulturkampf* in Germany. Each of these chapters is handled in able and entertaining fashion, and each is of great historical interest, independently of its bearing upon his thesis. He contends that each of these great historical facts shows the sovereignty of the State to be not unlimited, since each exhibits an important group of persons successfully resisting the power of the State in order to

[2] *Politics and Comparative Constitutional Law*, i., pp. 54-57.

safeguard their freedom of allegiance to another society, namely, a church.

The author's viewpoint is frankly pragmatist. In effect he contends that the sovereignty of the State is not supreme if important groups of men sometimes prefer other and narrower kinds of sovereignty. If men decide to obey their church, their trade union, or their private political association instead of the State, and if they consistently act upon that belief, how can it be seriously maintained that the sovereignty of the State has no limits? Is it not more in accord with reality to say that the power of the State is measured by the extent to which it is able to command allegiance and obedience? To the contention that such a view makes sovereignty nothing more than "the ability to secure consent," the author responds: "I can only reply to the objection by admitting it" (p. 14). He likewise admits that his theory "dissolves—what the facts themselves dissolve—the inherent claim of the State to obedience. It insists that the State, like every other association, shall prove itself by what it achieves.... It does not try to work out with tedious elaboration the respective spheres of State, or group, or individual. It leaves that to the test of the event" (p. 23).

Were Professor Laski to follow the lines of strict logic the passage just quoted would compel him to concede, or even to maintain, that the State which succeeded in enforcing its will ruthlessly upon the members of other societies would have justified its claim of unlimited sovereignty. It would have "proved itself by what it achieved," and thus complied with the pragmatic test of truth. In this instance, at least, the theory of absolute sovereignty would have been demonstrated to be right.

On the other hand, the author appeals occasionally to some formally ethical standards of State authority. The State, he says, is entitled to ask of its members not all that it can exact by force, but only that "which conduces to the achievement of its purpose;" it could not, for instance, demand that one of its citizens assassinate another who is blameless; "for so to demand is to violate for both men the whole purpose for which the State exists" (pp. 17, 18). Evidently the purpose in question is the welfare of individuals; but this is a moral consideration. It is a principle assumed to be true just beforehand, not a pragmatic induction from a conflict between the State and particular wills. Again, he declares that the State is entitled to preëminence over the other associations to which a man may happen to belong, only when it possesses a "superior

moral claim" (p. 19). He points out and deplores the danger that in modern times "people will believe the legal sovereignty of a State to be identical with its moral sovereignty" (p. 20). He protests against a theory of sovereignty which would "exalt the State above the moral law" (p. 23), and maintains that in a conflict of wills "men should give their allegiance to that which is possessed of superior moral purpose" (p. 24).

Possibly there exists some "higher synthesis" in which these statements can be reconciled with those quoted in the third last paragraph. In the absence of such a device it is not easy to see how the power of the State is limited by moral considerations if the determination of these moral values is to be left "to the test of the event." If the proper sphere of the rights of the individual or group, as against the State, cannot be marked out beforehand, how can we rationally condemn the State that should show itself powerful enough in fact to reduce all individual and group wills to complete submission, and disregard all their commonly recognized rights? In the face of this determination of the State's competence by "the test of the event," how could Professor Laski reasonably or logically stigmatize such action as an attempt to lift the State above the moral law?

These difficulties and the excesses of the prevailing theory of sovereignty are both avoided by the Catholic theory. While admitting and insisting that the supremacy of the State is complete within its own sphere, the Catholic conception holds that this sphere is not unlimited either outwardly or inwardly. The authority of the State does not extend beyond temporal affairs, and even within that field its exercise is always limited by the law of morals. Both the individual and the private association have natural rights which may not be violated by the State, be it ever so powerful. Professor Laski declares that his own theory "does not try to work out with tedious elaboration the respective spheres of State or group or individual." That very thing is attempted by Catholic political philosophy. Since State and group and individual all have their proper place and function in society and in life, their respective spheres must be capable of at least approximate determination and delimitation. The basis of this distinction of provinces must be reason and experience. A reasoned theory of the freedom and opportunity that properly belong to the private association gives men beforehand a justification for their claims as members of such groups, tends to prevent them from pushing their claims too far at the expense of

the State, and places their allegiance both to the State and the private society upon strictly moral grounds. Surely this proceeding is more rational than that which would leave all these matters "to the test of the event," which is only another phrase for the arbitrament of force and conflict, physical and intellectual. If clashes between the State and the group are to be reduced to a minimum the limits of their respective spheres must, so far as possible, be ascertained and set forth. In this process men may and do make mistakes, but these are fewer and less costly than those which result from failure to adopt any reasoned theory defining the limits of State and group and individual.

Two features of Professor Laski's theory call for special criticism. He seems to look upon the State as merely one among many forms of association. In other words, he seems to reduce the State to the same plane of moral importance as the lesser and smaller societies. According to the Catholic position, the State is superior to all of these. It is a perfect society because it is self-sufficient, and because it is necessary for human welfare. None of the lesser societies is self-sufficient, and only one of them, the family, is strictly necessary for the well-being of mankind. Hence the State is morally superior to all the others, even though they all have rights which it may not transgress. In the second place, the author seems to base the rights of the smaller associations on the ground that they possess unified and corporate wills, and command the allegiance of their members. Surely this is an inadequate foundation. A treasonable conspiracy against a legitimate government fulfills these conditions; yet it has no right to exist or to function. Private associations have rights against the State only when and because they promote the welfare of their members without interfering with the legitimate province of the State. Their validity and sacredness are derived from their end and functions, not from their corporate character and the allegiance which they are able to command.

Had we space we should like to notice some of the statements which the author makes in the chapter on the Catholic revival. We should like to show, for example, that the claim made by the Church to fix the limits of its jurisdiction in case of a conflict with the State is not a claim of supremacy over the State. Such a claim leaves the bulk of the State's province immune from ecclesiastical control or authority. It is only the borderland, the twilight zone, that is in question, and in the absence of amicable agreement the line through this must obviously be drawn by the spiritual and

higher, not by the temporal and lower, society. Many other points in this chapter, and in some of the other chapters, will be found of particular historical interest to Catholics. In this article we are mainly concerned with the theory of sovereignty that is expounded in the book.

The work contains an immense amount of erudition, and is exceptionally well written. As a sample of the thought and the style, we subjoin the following passage: "To distrust the old theory of sovereignty is to strive towards a greater freedom. We have been, perhaps, too frankly worshippers of the State. Before it we have prostrated ourselves in speechless admiration, deeming its nature matter, for the most part, beyond our concern. The result has been the acceptance of a certain grim Hegelianism which has swept us all unprotestingly on into the vortex of a great All which is more than ourselves. Its goodness we might not deny. We live, so we are told, but for its sake and in its life, and are otherwise non-existent. So the State has become a kind of modern Baal to which the citizen must bow a heedless knee. It has not been seen, or perhaps has been too truly seen, that the death of argument lies in genuflection" (p. 208).

# New Books.

**THE NEW ARCHEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES AND THEIR BEARING UPON THE NEW TESTAMENT AND UPON THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.** By Camdem M. Cobern, D.D., Litt.D. Introduction by E. Naville. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $3.00 net.

The purpose of the present work is thus stated by the author in his preface: "Specialists have written many ponderous volumes touching limited areas of the general subject, but no one has previously attempted to give a summary of all the discoveries, in all lands, so far as these in any important way have cast light upon the New Testament writings or the life of the primitive Church. The aim has been to make this work a *corpus* of all the more fascinating facts and all the most beautiful and worthy sayings that have floated down to us from those opulent centuries in which the earliest Church was trained." Certainly the author has spared no pains to realize his aim, analyzing hundreds of publications, checking and sifting their contents, selecting what would be useful to his contemplated readers and finally arranging the material in a logical and pleasing manner.

The work is divided into two parts. Part I. (pp. 1-350) deals with the literary remains, such as Greek papyri, ancient New Testaments and other documents recently discovered. Part II. (pp. 350-669) considers the monuments, inscriptions and other ancient remains with references to the life and times of the primitive Church. The fact that Dr. Naville has written the introduction is sufficient guarantee of the scholarly character of Dr. Cobern's work. The present volume will prove of the greatest utility to the large number of readers who look for just such a ready reference to the scientific discoveries of modern times, and scholars, too, with large libraries at their disposal, will welcome the main facts presented in this condensed form. Dr. Cobern, it is true, does not intend to substitute his "summary" for more extensive works and more special monographs, yet he says enough to present clearly the various facts and their bearing on the New Testament and the primitive Church.

The style is always pleasing and the reading never grows tiresome. We can recommend Dr. Cobern's pioneer work to our

readers as a very instructive and interesting one, calculated to render great service to all those interested in the study of the New Testament or of the primitive Christian Church.

**A MANUAL OF THE HISTORY OF DOGMAS.** Volume I. By Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $2.00 net.

The history of dogmas is a record of the development of the teachings of the Catholic Church, special attention being paid to both the internal and external causes of that development. As Professor Tixeront of Toulouse declares in his well-known *History of Dogmas:* "It calls for an accurate and truthful determination of the course followed by Christian thought in that evolution which thus brought it from the primitive elements of its doctrine to the development of its theology. What were the stages in that progress? What impulses, what suspensions, what hesitations did it undergo? What circumstances threatened to bring about its deviation from that path, and, as a matter of fact, what deviations did occur in certain parts of the Christian community. By what men and how was this progress accomplished, and what were the ruling ideas, the dominant principles which determined its course? These questions the history of dogmas must answer."

Three volumes of Tixeront's scholarly work have been published by Herder in an English translation, but his work is too extensive to be of much use to the average reader. Father Otten, Professor of Dogmatic Theology in St. Louis University, has done well, therefore to publish a compendious manual for ecclesiastical students and college-bred men and women desirous of making a thorough study of the teachings of the Church.

His first volume covers the period from A.D. 100 to A.D. 869. The work is carefully and accurately done, the arrangement orderly, and the salient facts of dogmatic development clearly set forth.

**TERTULLIAN'S APOLOGY.** Annotated, with an Introduction, by John E. B. Mayor, M.A. With a Translation by Alexander Souter, B.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.25.

The late Professor Mayor of the University of Cambridge left among his papers copious notes of his lectures upon the *Apologeticum* of Tertullian. These notes Professor Souter of the University of Aberdeen has edited and published with a scholarly and excellent translation of Tertullian's well-known work.

Oehler's text has been used throughout, although Gerald Rauschen's edition of 1906 has superseded it as more accurate and complete. The chief value of the book lies in Mayor's notes which cover three hundred and fifty pages out of a total four hundred and six. They contain parallel passages from profane and sacred authors, references to the Sacred Scriptures and hundreds of illustrations of peculiar grammatical forms and words. The Latinist and the student of the Fathers will find this critical work invaluable.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MacDONAGH. THE POEMS OF JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT.** New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.75 each, net.

There is a singular and pathetic suitability in this simultaneous publication of the works of these two devoted, young Gaels, leaders alike and victims of the ill-timed "poets' revolution" of 1916. And the personal differences, so manifest in their writings, are quite as interesting as the similarity of their aims.

Joseph Mary Plunkett, whose poems carry an interesting biographical foreword by his sister, Geraldine Plunkett, was by nature a scholar and by intention an artist. He was, moreover, a Stonyhurst man, who lived close to the mystics, and there was something apocalyptic about his muse. He wrote, it is said, with difficulty and with a self-criticism that seldom called for revision: yet his genius was extremely pictorial, and at moments—as in *Heaven in Hell*—it achieved a breathless literary abandon close akin to Swinburne. The present collection contains the best of Plunkett's earlier work, a highly suggestive essay on *Obscurity in Poetry,* and the poems which under the title of *Occulta* he had himself designed as his next volume.

Of the work of Thomas MacDonagh, his friend James Stephens says truly: "Here are the poems of a good man, and if outside of rebellion and violence you wish to know what his thoughts were like, you will find all his thoughts here." They are the thoughts of a brave and very loving dreamer, a pure, human, whimsical boy-soul who sang naïvely of *himself* and the things about him, of eternal beauty, and of the imaginary Chaucers and Calvins he met on the Dublin tramway. MacDonagh would seem to have possessed a charming and prodigal gift of imagination, without great sense of order or design. Into the *Wishes* for his

little son it is impossible not to read a curious and tragically significant commentary upon the mingled achievement and defeat of his own brief life-story:

For I wish you more than I
  Ever knew of glorious deed,
Though no rapture passed me by
  That an eager heart could heed,
Though I followed heights, and sought
Things the sequel never brought.
Wild and perilous holy things
  Flaming with a martyr's blood,
And the joy that laughs and sings
  Where a foe must be withstood.
Joy of headlong happy chance
Leading on the battle dance!

**THE CYCLE OF SPRING.** By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

This newest of Tagore's dramatic poems is rather a masque than a play, and has been performed outdoors in Calcutta by the masters and boys of the Bolpar School. In our own country it is likely to delight the *habitués* of those exotic " little theatres " springing up on all sides. *The Cycle of Spring* is a poetic glorification of the spirit of youth—a wistful glorification of childhood, such as only mature hearts dream of, since the child himself plays always at being "grown up!"

Like Tagore's other plays, the volume contains many charming lyrics. It is pungent, too, with a growing spirit of irony; and one notes the passionate praise of *activity,* which is as essentially the Bengali poet's message to the East, as *contemplation* and repose may be said to sum up his message to the West.

**LUTHER.** By Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Translated by E. M. Lamond. Edited by Luigi Cappadelta. Volume VI. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.25 net.

The opening chapter of Father Grisar's last volume deals with Luther's attitude toward social life and education. He proves conclusively the truth of the famous saying of Erasmus: " Wherever Lutheranism prevails, there we see the downfall of learning." His revolt contributed to the decline of learning by its confiscation of so many livings and foundations established for educational purposes. The strongly utilitarian temper of the age emptied the uni-

versities and caused a general contempt for learned studies. Protestants, like F. M. Schiele, admit that the immediate effect of the Wittenberg preaching was the collapse of the educational system which had flourished throughout Germany.

The spread of Lutheranism had also a bad effect upon the municipal movement for the relief of the poor. Luther's schemes for helping the needy came to naught because of lack of organization, and the avarice and hardheartedness of those who had enriched themselves by the robbery of church property. He himself admits the utter lack of charity among his early followers, saying: "No one will give, and unless we had the land we stole from the Pope, the preachers would have but scant fare." ".....Woe to you peasants, burghers and nobles, who grab everything, and pretend all the time to be good Evangelicals."

Chapters XXXVI. and XXXVII. treat in detail of the darker side of Luther's inner life: his early suffering, bodily and mental; his many temptations; his pseudo-mysticism; his pretended dealings with the devil; his impudent and dishonest insistence upon private revelations; his morbid imaginings that the Pope was anti-Christ; the Catholic religion utterly depraved, and himself a man blessed with personal experiences and gifts beyond all other men. Some physicians and historians have considered Luther absolutely insane, others, the victim of hallucinations, while others again have traced his morbid states to gout, heart disease, over-work or melancholia. Father Grisar rejects utterly the insanity theory. He writes: "The theory of Luther's not being a free agent is excluded not only by his doubts and remorse of conscience, but also by the bitter determination with which at the very beginning he persuades himself of his ideas, insists upon them later when doubts arise, and finally surrenders himself to their spell by a systematic self-deception. Such behavior does not accord with that of a man who is not free."

In Chapter XXXVII. Father Grisar shows, from Luther's own words, the utter falsity of his later account of his life in the convent and the reasons for his apostasy. Chapter XXXVIII. pictures Luther as the enemy of freedom of conscience. He was intolerant toward Catholics, urging his followers to slay priests, monks and cardinals "like mad dogs." He advocated the death penalty for the Anabaptists and the Sacramentarians, and his theory and advice were carried out to the extreme in the Saxon Electorate.

Father Grisar refutes in full the legend of Luther's suicide, and shows how such stories were very current in the controversies of

the sixteenth century. In a final chapter he gives extracts from the writings of Luther's early biographers, sermons preached immediately after his death, and estimates of his character by Orthodox Lutherans, pietists and liberal theologians. The author concludes: "To get as close as possible to the real Luther and not to present a painted or fictitious one has been our constant endeavor in the present work. We venture to hope that the claims of objective history may be recognized even in a field which trenches so closely on religious convictions."

The readers of these six volumes of Father Grisar must indeed recognize that he has written the most objective, the most thorough and most unprejudiced life of Luther.

**THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF NAZARETH, KENTUCKY.** By Anna Blanche McGill. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. $2.00.

This goodly volume of nearly four hundred and fifty pages chronicles the story of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, and fittingly celebrates their centenary.

Truly this pioneer band of founders, six in number, were valiant women, worthy daughters of the early colonists of Kentucky, and greatly they needed the hardy virtues they so well cultivated. In the year 1812, in a quaint little log cabin, was laid the foundation of a great work for humanity. The dawn of 1912 found a society numbering forty branch houses, almost a thousand Sisters laboring for twenty thousand children and ten thousand sick in hospitals. Their Motherhouse is at Nazareth where a Mother General and her Council preside over a work stretching from New England to Oregon. The story is a long record of superhuman fortitude, heroic self-sacrifice and noble perseverance, which have caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

**DREAMS AND REALITIES.** By Rosa Mulholland. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50 net.

Happily there are still those to whom the love of God—and even the love of Ireland—bring not a sword but peace. And of these is Lady Gilbert, regnant always in the calm, silver beauty of her work. It needs no introduction: each new volume is sure of its old welcome, and the present poems will bring no disappointment. They are rich with the pre-Raphaelite glamor which long ago became a part of Rosa Mulholland's thought; the sacred verses have

the old, naïve sweetness; and there is a very modern note, too, in such poems as *The Factory Girl.* The poems of dread and foreboding are interesting, and undoubtedly Celtic: but less truly " Gilbertian " perhaps than those in which the love of bird and blossom and earth and sky runs riot. For here is a poet whose singing is always—and half-unconsciously—running up the celestial stairway, and to whom the dream is always a little more real than the reality.

**THE LIFE OF MOTHER PAULINE VON MALLINCKRODT. FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERS OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.** By a Member of Her Community. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50.

That marvelous growth of religious congregations, characterizing the first half of the last century, manifested the undying youth and vigor of the age-old Catholic Church. Among them was the congregation of the Sisters of Christian Charity—a name well exemplified by their works, which embrace the active exercise of charity in every department. Their foundress, Pauline von Mallinckrodt, belonged to a race of soldiers, and on the maternal side to a family of earnest, devoted Catholics. Her brother, Herman von Mallinckrodt, was the distinguished colleague of Windthorst, in the Centre Party's courageous battle for right and justice.

Born in Westphalia in 1817, Pauline received her education in Aix-la-Chapelle, having as her most venerated teacher the convert-poetess, Louise Hensel. Curiously enough, two of her school companions likewise became foundresses of religious congregations —Clara Fey of the Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus and Frances Schervier of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis.

Sweetly and gently, Divine Providence prepared the way for Pauline's life work, and in 1847 she laid the foundation of her congregation in the city of Paderborn. A glance at the appendix of her life shows how widely the congregation has spread. Over a hundred foundations, comprising day and boarding schools, orphanages, homes for the blind, hospitals, etc., exist today; some in Europe—Germany, Denmark and Bohemia—but by far the greater number in North and South America. The rise and progress of the work was attended by even more than the usual trials; for Pauline and her Sisters lived through the days of the *Kulturkampf,* sharing the exile of the older religious orders. She did not bow before the storm, until every effort dictated by prudence and wisdom had been exhausted. She even called on Herr

Falk, the author of the iniquitous May Laws, but his suggestion that her community lay aside their religious habit was promptly rejected, and she set herself to provide asylums for her Sisters and to open new centres for their religious activities. So it was that the New World benefited by the mistakes of the Old. Eighty-eight convents, each radiating Christian charity, were the result. But Pauline herself did not go far from her beloved Paderborn. She retired to Brussels and there established her Motherhouse, wishing to be at hand should the storm abate. And in 1880, after a visit to the foundations of America, she quietly resumed her life where she had begun her labors. On the 30th of April, 1881, she went to her reward.

This valiant woman possessed a great mind, a tender heart and in large measure that charity of Christ which was the inspiration and the aim of her life and work.

**CHRISTINE.** By Alice Cholmondeley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Except for a preface that explains and supplements the main substance, this short but very interesting book is—ostensibly, at all events—made up of an English girl's letters written from Germany during 1914, the first date being May 28th and last, August 6th.

There is a great deal of speculation among readers and reviewers as to the genuineness of the letters. Whether fact or fiction, they have the ring of truth and spontaneity. They are all written to the author's mother; thus we get the girl's unstudied record of everyday experiences and impressions of people and things in the *pension,* in the homes she visits, in the city streets and in the country. From the first she is aware of a " muffled unfriendliness " to England on the part of these new acquaintances; it amuses and puzzles her, but her comments are light, for she is happy in her progress and her teacher's encouragement and kindness. It is at his house that she meets her future lover, and through him she is enabled to pay a visit to the country, which she describes delightfully. Then comes the news of the murder of the Archduke and with it the revelation of unsuspected ferocity, of fanatical adoration of " Majestät." She sees many of those who have been friendly to her transformed by England's declaration of war into frigid aliens, and, filled with horror and deadly fear, she attempts to escape.

The manner in which this is told is extraordinarily vivid, yet marked with a moderation that gives a more telling effect than could

be obtained from any intricacy of plot. The book is, as the preface states, "a picture of the state of mind of the German public immediately before the War." As such it is most graphic and convincing.

**THE METHOD IN THE MADNESS.** A Fresh Consideration of the Case between Germany and Ourselves. By Edwyn Bevan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

This English book on the Great War has two unusual characteristics: it is written in a style of fine and deliberate quality, and its writer is almost as much as it is humanly possible to be, fair and dispassionate. Mr. Bevan, who is an Honorary Fellow of New College, Oxford, set himself indeed a most difficut task—to lay bare, in the midst of the present turmoil and hurly-burly, the truth, the real facts; and he has, we believe, accomplished his object as far is it is possible to do so at this time.

The chief value of Mr. Bevan's book lies in his endeavor to pierce through to those basic truths which good men of all countries unite in holding, and by thus finding a common ground, to discover also a plan by which not only a just peace may be concluded, but a safe means may be provided for the subsequent expansion and contraction of the various nations and so remove a potent cause of future embroilment.

With regard to the attainment of peace, his chapter entitled "Differences on the Major Premise" is of especial worth as showing that after all the difference between the contending parties is not so much a difference of primary principles as of judgment on particular facts. Concerning the second object, the provision of a safe means for the transference of sovereignty over land, the author has some very wise remarks in his final chapter, "Practical Conclusions." His ideas on colonial expansion or, as he terms it, "imperialism in the tropics," are exceptionally good.

In one place only throughout this book would we take issue with the author on the validity of his principles, and that is in his chapter "Concerning Lies." His definition of a lie, for instance, as "a false statement made with the consciousness of its falsehood" omits the further necessary element of "intent to deceive." This, however, we would incline to let pass, were it not for certain statements of his later on, where he says that "in this connection one may reflect that there is no concrete moral principle which is absolute." And again, after instancing various exceptions to the precepts against lying and killing, he remarks, "And so with all other

concrete moral rules." This is very loose language or very loose thinking.

With the exception noted, this book certainly deserves a wide reading. Mr. Bevan is neither intellectually cold nor passionately controversial, and though his affections are, of course, *a priori* on the side of England and the Allies he does not permit that fact to be the deciding factor in his judgment. Moreover, there is an absence of mere denunciation in his book that is most grateful to an ear long wearied with extravagant charges and passionate accusation.

**THE LIFE AND POETRY OF JAMES THOMSON (B. V.).** By J. E. Meeker. New York: Yale University Press. $1.75 net.

Here we have one of those tragic stories of the life of a man of genius with which the annals of literature have taught us to be but too familiar; and it is the sad distinction of the present work that it has to do with perhaps the most utterly gloomy and tragic of them all. For not only was Thomson's life from his earliest years to his miserable end in a London hospital one long, unrelieved experience of grinding poverty, religious darkness, absolute pessimism, and physical and spiritual loneliness, but it was also almost completely devoid of that literary recognition, either present or prospective, with which the man of letters is wont to solace hardship and failure.

James Thomson, or "B. V." as he always signed himself, was the son of Scotch parents, and besides inheriting from his mother a strong bias to melancholy, was brought up by her in the most rigid conformity with Calvinistic doctrine. This last influence on coming to manhod he threw off, but despite his apparent emancipation and his complete disavowal of faith in God or a hereafter or even in any merely, natural joy in human existence, his nature was essentially religious, and his philosophy of life was simply the extreme rebound from the grim creed of his childhood.

This philosophy of his, of complete and absolute negation of hope, temporal as well as eternal, and the death in early youth of the girl he profoundly loved, were the chief inspirations of his genius; and these working upon the harsh materials of his life, first as an army schoolmaster, then for the greater part of his career as a hack-writer on obscure London journals, served to create that sombre masterpiece, *The City of Dreadful Night,* on which his fame is chiefly built.

Thomson, as his present biographer forcibly puts it, "finds a tragic irony in the fact that man's one short life should be a spasm of pain between two eternal oblivions," and on this he never ceases to ring the changes.

> I find no hint throughout the Universe
> Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse;
> I find alone Necessity supreme.

or again:

> The world rolls round forever like a mill;
> It grinds out death and life, and good and ill;
> It has no purpose, heart or mind or will.

With such an outlook it was of course inevitable that Thomson should not win popularity; and his greatest poem failed of adequate recognition, partly on its own account and partly because of the medium of its appearance, a radical and far from literary periodical. Failure indeed seemed to mark his every endeavor, and public interest either in his life or poetry has never been more than languid and intermittent.

This is not entirely as it should be, for as a man Thomson possessed certain admirable qualities, notably courage, that deserves commemoration, and moreover his life in itself has an interest for us beyond that of a mere human document; while as a poet his lines give forth an austere ring, an iron music, which is singularly appropriate to his dark theme of despair and which we can find nowhere else. He gave powerful utterance to an essentially forbidding subject, and though profoundly fatalistic he was neither a cynic nor a mere railer. His sincerity kept him very far indeed from the theatricalities with which Bryon would have invested such a theme.

Mr. Meeker's book is clearly and entertainingly written; and he did well in his account of such a life as Thomson's to adopt the method, as he tells us, of "using his poems and his prose chronologically as a key to his inner development." The author compares his subject's career to that of Poe; but a much closer parallel could be drawn out between the external lives of Thomson and another little-known genius, James Clarence Mangan. In both an early disappointment in love was the source of a life-long sorrow and a dominent influence on their poetry, both were abject failures in practical affairs, both were addicted to drink, and both have had meted out to them a full measure of the world's neglect in life and

in death. To such a parallel, however, one important exception is to be made, and that is the matter of their spiritual inheritance and possession; though both "paced the places infamous to tell," it was faith that spelt the tremendous difference between them, the difference between *My Dark Rosaleen* and *The City of Dreadful Night.*

**MERLIN.** A Poem. By Edwin Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

The reader whose knowledge of this old tale is derived from the *Idylls of the King* will find Mr. Robinson's treatment of the Arthur-story arrestingly modern in method. The author of *Merlin* has worked in the tradition of the most realistic, least conventional, of the modern poetic schools, and the result has little in common with the symbolism and stately harmonies of the Tennysonian line. Especially in diction is the heroic strain abated—the wording of the poem is every-day, terse, conversational, at times lapsing into a state of almost ludicrous "undress." Yet the experiment succeeds, on the whole; the reality of the medium helps to establish the reality of the story conveyed.

It cannot be said, however, that the triumph of realism is complete. If the method is free from the ambiguities of symbolism, the structure itself is not. An undefined but terrible power called fate is the chief factor of the poem, fate moves through Merlin to make Arthur his creature, through Vivian to make Merlin hers. Not Vivian's treachery but change and destiny work the evil magic in Merlin's life. He wanders from Broceliande, her retreat, back to Camelot to behold the sin-wrecked kingdom he had once established for Arthur. The fate foreseen by him at the height of his feasting with Vivian, has fallen at last, and the end is "a wild and final rain on Camelot." This taste of futility and desolation lingers longest after the poem is read, and puzzles most as to its meaning. A faint promise is half-given, in the end, that catastrophe will be the teacher of men, and that the world will finally profit by these mistakes and sins. But it is hard to reconcile this tentative afterthought of hope with the strong sense of fatalism in the poem; the sense that a will before which the human will is powerless, has caused each act and directed each disaster.

On the whole, in spite of Mr. Robinson's literary power, we prefer the terrors of "mid-Victorian morality" and the symbolism of the *Idylls of the King.*

**YOUR PART IN POVERTY.** By George Lansbury. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00.

The author of this book is an Englishman, and he writes of English conditions. With much feeling, though without violence or bitterness, he outlines the economic and social evils of his day and country, headed: Workmen; Women and Children; Business; Churches; What We Must Do. Perhaps the main distinctive feature of his descriptive pages is the insistence that concrete human beings and institutions are responsible for the evils. The Church (meaning all the churches) comes in for a great deal of blame. After having one's moral indignation roused by his portrayal of social suffering, one begins eagerly and hopefully the last chapter in which the author tells us "what we must do" in order to cancel the responsibility for "our part in poverty." We are there urged to examine the source of our incomes, and if we find that they include interest or profits we must use every means in our power to "transform the present social order from competition to coöperation." Specifically, we are exhorted to join the more advanced section of the working class movement, the section which aims at the complete control of the great industries by the workers in each industry—what is frequently called "Guild Socialism." The difficulties which would confront such a system are lightly brushed aside by the author in a spirit of simple faith. As regards the land, apparently he would have it taxed to the full extent of its rental value. In other words, he would have the State confiscate the land properties of all present owners. About the only general statements in the last chapter that can be accepted without reservation are these: "there is no royal road or short cut to social salvation," and "we all need a complete change of heart." Most persons who subscribe to the first of these declarations will reject the "short cuts" which the author himself proposes. When we all have experienced a "complete change of heart," we shall find practical reform devices less important than they are today.

**WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION.** By J. E. Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The remarkable extension in the United States within a few years of the policy of compensating workmen for injuries, has made the subject of very general interest. An immense amount of literature has become available, but it is mostly in the form of articles in periodicals, or of treatises on some particular phase of

the matter. Hence the appearance is to be welcomed of a volume which aims to give a brief history of the whole compensation movement, and an outline of the general principles upon which is based the compensation system. In the introductory chapter the reader will find a good summary of the origin, essence, development and defects of the doctrine and practice of employer's liability, which has been superseded by the policy known as workmen's compensation. Then follow chapters on accident insurance, the development of the compensation principle in Europe, the agitation for and early attempts at legislation embodying this principle in the United States, the constitutionality of such legislation, the essential elements of the legislation as we have it today, some important questions of administration, and some social aspects of the policy. In addition to these chapters, there are three very useful appendices, an extensive bibliography, a table of court cases, and an index. All in all, the book will be found extremely useful by the reader who desires to get a fairly comprehensive knowledge of the essentials of workmen's compensation. Chapter VI. on the constitutionality of compensation legislation is a good example of the author's ability to present clearly within a brief compass all the important elements of a complex situation.

**THE NATIONAL BUDGET SYSTEM AND AMERICAN FINANCE.** By Charles Wallace Collins. New York: The Macmillan Co.. $1.25.

In December, 1909, President Taft organized a national Commission on Economy and Efficiency for the purpose of investigating the method by which our Government is financed. What that commission found and told in its report would make sensational reading, even in these days of war excitement, if it were published in a form accessible to the general reader. Over and above the self-praises we love to sing to ourselves and our neighbors about our "American efficiency," rise vague rumors of "American slipshod," "American bungling," and so on. Perhaps these rumors are echoes of the report which President Taft's commission made a few years ago. At any rate, the report is there, for anyone who will, to read; and, better still, here, from the pen of a member of our Congressional Library staff, is a little book giving us presumably all the essential facts that lie buried in that report, with a very interesting and illuminating commentary on them.

"Today there is not a student of affairs nor a man in public

life who would venture to defend the haphazard way in which the Government [of the United States] is provided with funds for its running expenses," says Mr. Collins in his treatise on the budget system. As he reveals the facts to us, we see indeed that we " have consciously retrograded from decade to decade " in the management of our national business. No merchant or manufacturer in the land would dream of conducting his affairs as we do those of our country; to do so would be to court disaster. The natural inference, then, is that we are courting national disaster, and that a day of reckoning must yet come when we will have to pay for our folly. But there is an obvious remedy. It is the budget system, already in use in all the progressive countries of the world except our own. It is almost unbelievable that we have held back so long. The thinking reader of Mr. Collins' book will not be slow, however, in concluding that there is a reason for our tardiness in this regard, and a selfish reason at that. The budget system would practically wipe out " the pork barrel," the " local drag," and all that sort of thing, on which greedy politicians thrive. Until a higher ideal is achieved by those selfsame politicians, or a new light is seen by them—or forced on them by their constituents—we will have no national budget system. It is not hard to believe, however, that the time is being hastened—and hastened not a little by the war of today—when popular demand will at last achieve this much needed reform.

**OVER THE TOP.** By Arthur Guy Empey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Out of the vast tide of war books this volume will perhaps remain " on top " longer than the majority, not because it is a literary masterpiece—for truth is, it shows every sign of hasty writing—but because it is a genuine human document, a living testimony from the heart of the great conflict, by one who has veritably passed through fire and lived to tell the tale. A rather refreshing, if not indeed "fresh," touch of typical American humor lights the pages of Gunner Empey's book, and through it all there breathes the spirit of buoyancy and optimism that is characteristically American. It is easy enough to understand how it came about that our young American recruit in the British army found himself disciplined now and then for " Yankee impudence." But however trying this same " impudence " might prove in the military ranks, it makes the book delightfully human, and enables the average person to read its account of war's horrors without being completely nauseated.

There is one chapter in Mr. Empey's story that bids fair to become a classic of the World War. It is the story of "Albert Lloyd," an English boy who was a slacker and a coward, but who, in the last moments of his poor, weak life, retrieved himself so valiantly and with such an exaltation of heroism that none who have read his story can ever forget it. The account of the actual *Over the Top* is likewise a remarkable bit of graphic writing. "I knew I was running but could feel no motion below the waist. Patches on the ground seemed to float to the rear as if I were on a treadmill and scenery was rushing past me"—and so on: it is all an unconscious piece of quite wonderful writing, and indicates, perhaps, what the author may yet do with his pen. An entertaining and informative "Tommy's Dictionary of the Trenches" completes the volume; and here again the "Yankee impudence" of the American soldier of fortune lights things up with a happy grin.

**THE LIFE OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.** By Edmund Gosse, C.B. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

Mr. Gosse's book, which has been awaited with lively interest, will probably remain the standard life of Swinburne. The author brings to the acomplishment of his task not only recognized literary ability, but the additional advantage of an intimate acquaintance with the poet, supplemented by the recollections of relatives, friends and other contemporaries. The portrait he has drawn will be pronounced by some a speaking likeness, while others may criticize or condemn details of outline or treatment.

It is undeniable that, along with vagaries and perversities approaching, at times, to eccentricity, Swinburne possessed endowments of the highest order. His sense of beauty, cultivated and refined by education, his unsurpassed faculty of producing exquisite musical effects through the mere medium of language, produced an art which, by its vigor, freedom, and variety of movement and cadence, has exercised a potent and beneficial influence on English verse.

But as we trace his course, we are reminded that the Muse which could soar so buoyantly, could also wallow. The comparatively clean paganism of *Atalanta in Calydon* was destined to lapse in later productions into gross animalism, downright lewdness and blatant impiety. This, his biographer does not explicitly declare. Indeed, he rather rallies, with indignant zeal, to the defence of his hero against what he satirically calls the "Podsnapian" morality of

the British public. From this very vindication, however, we can estimate the extent to which that morality was startled and scandalized by the poet's audacity.

But if Mr. Gosse elects to minimize or ignore these decadent propensities, he notes, with more readiness, another defect of Swinburne's, which he terms the ossification of his genius—a tendency to wordiness and vagueness which grew with advancing years. Swinburne was always too eager to rhapsodize, and his very facility of utterance beguiled and finally overwhelmed him. This fault makes the perusal of some of his longer poems a veritable task, from which the jaded reader rises with a confused impression of nebulous ideas and still-born fancies buried under cloying masses of sonorous verbiage.

The poet's prose works, of which probably the best known are his Shakespearean studies, receive a larger share of the biographer's eulogy than their lack of popular favor would appear to warrant. Swinburne, though versed in the literature of several languages besides his own, did not have the judicial patience and stability necessary for a trustworthy critic.

Mr. Gosse advances a theory in regard to the connection between the physical traits and imaginative gifts of famous artists, notably exemplified in the case of Swinburne. But whatever may be its general merits, the theory does not afford a satisfactory basis for definite judgment. Admiral Swinburne furnished a better one in an interview recorded in the *Life*. After one of his son's periodical orgies, he lamented that the latter in receiving the gift of genius, had not received that of self-control.

On the whole, the book makes thoroughly interesting reading. The author, while keeping the chief figure steadily in view, contrives to throw numerous sidelights on the cultured circles of the Victorian era, especially the pre-Raphaelite group of which Swinburne was the supreme pontiff.

**ARTHUR STANTON.** A Memoir. By Right Hon. George W. E. Russell. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

The life of Rev. Arthur Stanton, curate for fifty years in the Anglican Church of St. Albans, Holborn, has special interest because of the insight it affords into the history of the High Church movement in England since 1862. Soon after his ordination Mr. Stanton offered his services to Dr. Pusey, but was rejected on account of his extreme ritualism and his personal views concerning

the province of Anglican Sisterhoods. He next offered his services to the rector of St. Albans, a man of his own way of thinking, and was at once accepted. He spent his whole life in this slum parish doing his utmost to win the poor by attractive "Catholic" services, frequent preaching, social clubs and leagues, and unstinted giving, both of his time and money.

St. Alban's extreme ritual and its determined advocacy of Catholic doctrines and practices brought its rector, Mackonochie, and his fighting curate, Stanton, into constant conflict with the Protestant bishops of the Establishment, and their Erastian ecclesiastical courts. After twenty years of controversy the rector was finally deprived of his benefice, and Stanton was forbidden to preach in a number of English and Welsh dioceses.

Many have wondered why Mr. Stanton never became a Catholic. This book fully answers that question. He had the average Englishman's hatred of the Papacy and the Jesuits, and like a bigoted sixteenth century Protestant declared his chief objection to the Roman Catholic Church to be "its untruthfulness and its worldliness." Moreover, his constant disagreement with his superiors made him utterly restive under authority. As one of his friends put it: "He never would have been a success in any church where obedience was required." Stanton himself declared this friend to be right.

**INSIDE THE BRITISH ISLES, 1917.** By Arthur Gleason. New York: The Century Co. $2.00 net.

It is somewhat hard at first to say just why Mr. Gleason's imposing volume of four hundred and twenty-eight pages does not make a stronger impression. He certainly has a sufficiently interesting subject—the rise and spread of democratic principles through all classes of British society—and evidently he has been at some pains to gather his facts; and yet his book is diffuse and unsatisfying. Perhaps the best word to describe its effect would be "scattering," for though democracy is a frequent term with him, his instances are isolated rather than bound together by a common principle, and in general he betrays a want of philosophic grasp.

The handling of such a theme as Mr. Gleason's is indeed no easy task, and there are just two satisfactory ways in which it might be accomplished: either the investigator should approach his subject with a perfectly open mind and draw out his facts to their logical conclusion, or, if he has preconceived notions, he should

make liberal allowance for their presence and not permit them to govern his findings. Unfortunately it is this last that Mr. Gleason has largely failed to do, so that the impression he creates is of a mind previously made up, and using only those facts which will support his thesis.

The jacket of this book describes it as "a vivid picture of the changes and prospects of change wrought by the War in the social fabric of Great Britain." As to the actual changes already brought about, Mr. Gleason's instances are neither numerous nor important enough to justify a general conclusion; but prophecy is an easier affair and it is on the prospects of change that he lays emphasis. For many readers this book will have a strong appeal, for democracy is in the air nowadays, and popular journalism consists in telling people what they want to hear. Not that Mr. Gleason is consciously and in principle a popular journalist; but he is so in effect. For by the turn of events it happens that many socialistic tenets, which Mr. Gleason has long held—many of which are commendable, divorced from their basic principle—have now caught the popular fancy, and Mr. Gleason has only to preach what he has long sincerely believed, in order to win wide approval. But this very state of things militates against his impartiality as a thinker and makes us accept his conclusions with too great reservations. In other words, Mr. Gleason is a special pleader rather than a philosophic investigator, and it is only a philosophic investigator who could convincingly treat such a subject as that of the present book.

**NOTRE DAME VERSE.** Compiled and edited by Speer Strahan and Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. Notre Dame, Indiana: The University Press.

"It happens just now that poetry is in fashion," the editors of this little volume remark in their foreword. It is; and it would be better for the world if more poetry of the kind included in this little book were fashionable—in preference to some of the elucubrations that are in vogue. Not that this is a complete collection of poetic masterpieces; nor that devotional verse is the only kind to be commended. It is rather the spirit of the writings herein gathered that appeals; the uniform sense of high ideals, of nobility in aspiration that is refreshing.

Some famous names are included in the list of contributors. Charles Warren Stoddard is here, with his inimitable *Lahaina,* and his *Indiana;* Maurice Francis Egan with an equisite sonnet, *An*

*Eventide;* Father Charles L. O'Donnell offers four beautiful selections, one a quatrain of the sort that the lamented Father Tabb was wont to write; Speer Strahan is also represented, whose verse is well known—and whom we also suspect of being ("somebody else!") and two or three others, perhaps not quite so familiar. Paul R. Martin's sonnet, *Kathleen ni Houlihan* is one of the best pieces in the book.

The little volume is a fitting literary memorial of the recently-celebrated golden jubilee of Notre Dame University, where poetry, as the editor tells us, "is a tradition." Any school might be proud of having produced such a group of poets.

**A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY.** By Arthur W. Calhoun, Ph.D. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.

Dr. Calhoun, of Clark University, is adventuring something new and rather daring in historical writing in this, the first volume of a work treating of the Colonial period of American social life. Three volumes are contemplated, the second bringing the history through the Civil War period; the third focussing its attention on the present generation.

Recognizing the family as the unit of society, every historian must go to the family as his source in studying the life of a nation. But here is a work that does more than merely advert to the intimate social life of the American people; rather, it wholly concentrates its attention on the family, opens the inner doors, and goes straight to the hearthstone for its material and its authority. Such a work must be of the most practical value.

The socialist's materialistic conception of history has so colored the glass through which many men now contemplate life that what Dr. Calhoun calls "the economic interpretation," is practically inescapable to the present-day writer. In plain English, this "interpretation" means that we are to look for the cause of human events, not so much in men themselves as in the material circumstances surrounding them: with the Marxian socialist it means that, if people are criminal, it is because they are poor. Such a theory makes no account of the very human possibility that, if certain people are poor, it may be because they are criminal; and reckons not at all with the corrupting power of the wealth which it would make so coveted. Of this "economic interpretation" the modern historian must beware if he is to record life in its due proportions. Dr. Cal-

houn, despite his avowed intention not to exaggerate in this direction, does, we think, lay too much stress at times on the "economic interpretation" of life.

However, in Dr. Calhoun we have unquestionably a sincere and ardent searcher into the human problem. Only a sincere historian would have dared to explode, as he does, so many of the picturesque and romantic ideas of our Colonial life which we have all cherished from infancy, and which the fiction writers have so long and zealously fostered. Dr. Calhoun, we must remember, is studying the sources of modern social evil. By the medium of his book we behold what a vast and inevitable process is the making of the life of a whole people; with the touchstone of a "spiritual interpretation"—in contradistinction to the "economic"—we can sense, through the same medium, how inescapable are the fruits of sin, "even to the third and fourth generation."

The Catholic student, although he finds Dr. Calhoun on the whole impartial and careful, will be inclined, nevertheless, to challenge such a reference as he makes in his chapter on "Old World Origins" to "mediæval ecclesiastical jugglery which sold divorces while pretending to prohibit them." No footnote or appendix explains or substantiates these bald words; they are stated as a matter of fact; and perhaps it is the spirit of the utterance, as much as its context, that the Catholic critic resents. We suspect that, in this instance, Dr. Calhoun has not acquainted himself, as he should, with the Church's marriage laws. For the general reader it will be only necessary to note in refutation that the Church which refused King Henry VIII. a divorce, when every material advantage argued for it, can hardly in justice be accused of the "ecclesiastical jugglery" of which our author speaks with such assurance. But on the whole, as we have said, Dr. Calhoun is clear-sighted and open-minded. He has, for instance, the courage to show what dire fruits the Reformation and the loose moral teaching of Luther have borne to the world. His history will be a valuable addition to our American social literature.

**THE CITY WORKER'S WORLD.** By Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

In this slim volume, Mrs. Simkhovitch has crystallized her impressions of fifteen years as Director of Greenwich House, the Social Settlement in Jones Street; and those curious to know how the majority of their neighbors live will here find the loves, fears, joys

and sorrows of the industrial family painted with a sympathy always vivid, yet refreshingly lacking in sentimentality.

By the term industrial family, Mrs. Simkhovitch includes those engaged in trade, manufacture, etc., whose maximum wage is not over $1,500. The minimum amount now compatible with maintaining an American standard of living, as reached by the latest researches, is $1,000, and at the time of the thirteenth census the average yearly income in New York City was five hundred and eighty-four dollars. The fact that a large number of our fellow-citizens are living in actual want, is thus brought home to us with uncomfortable certitude, particularly when we consider that with less than eight hundred dollars, under-nourishment is almost inevitable.

Overcrowding and semi-starvation, Mrs. Simkhovitch, declares, constitute the ablest factors of physical and moral deterioration. "The longer and intenser the hours of labor, the more debasing the forms of recreation will become." Before we can increase our citizens' ideals, we must see that their families are fed. "To create interest in the submerged is to attempt to teach the kindergarten child—calculus. The man or woman on the raft wants neither libraries nor cooking lessons—but rescue."

Mrs. Simkhovitch affirms that, as all reforms must come from within, she believes that the poor must ultimately secure for themselves the organization, the insurance and the safeguards to health that their situation demands.

Though frank to admit that Catholicism retains its hold far better than either Protestantism or Judaism, Mrs. Simkhovitch lacks that faith in the enduring power of the Church which is the Catholic's heritage. Like many Protestants, she gropes for some intangible, future expression of religion, which she defines as "the capacity to face life triumphantly." Catholics know that power is to be found only under the shadow of Christ's Cross in His Church.

**THE BRITISH NAVY AT WAR.** By W. Macneile Dixon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

There was a time when people, this side of the water at any rate, believed that the World War would soon be settled by some great battle of dreadnoughts on the high seas. That was in the early days of the conflict, when a mighty naval clash was hourly anticipated. It did not come. Instead came the submarine. And

in the dread and horror of the submarine, we have been prone to forget almost altogether the part actually played by the water fighters of the sea. Mr. Dixon's little volume comes, then, as a sort of an eye-opener in this direction. Every word of it makes interesting reading; and not a small part of the pleasure the book imparts, is due to the author's clear and flowing style. In the compass of less than one hundred pages he tells what the British navy has done in the present war, and he tells it with the graphic word and high spirit that are infectious. The charts, maps and photographs which illuminate his text are as clear as his own swift and telling phrases. On the whole, the book is valuable, makes good reading, and is just a bit refreshing after the long sieges of trench warfare and shell-hole fighting which the present-day critic of books must endure. A dash of the salt spray seems to flavor the little volume from cover to cover.

**FAITH, WAR AND POLICY.** Addresses and Essays on the European War. By Gilbert Murray. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

The present volume of the well-known Professor of Greek at Oxford has, for a book on the War, a plan refreshingly out of the ordinary. It is made up of papers written at various times since the beginning of hostilities down to March of the present year, and since, as he tells us, "I have not altered a sentence," we have here the extremely interesting record of the mind of a scholar and a Liberal through the last three cataclysmic years. There is discoverable, of course, here and there a change or widening of the writer's views as the War went on, but it was not a basic change, and this fact speaks eloquently for the high quality of his thought and of the political principles with which he started.

"First Thoughts on the War," "How Can War Ever Be Right?" "The Evil and the Good of the War," "Ireland," "America and the War," "America and England," "The Sea Policy of Great Britain," are titles of some of the most interesting papers. His chapter on Ireland, with its three subdivisions of "The Dublin Insurrection," "The Execution of Casement," and "The Future of Ireland," treats a troublesome question with sanity and enlightenment; and his paper on "Democratic Control of Foreign Policy" is a particularly clear and judicious showing of the difficulty and grave danger of popular meddling in intricate affairs of state. The least satisfactory chapter is the one called "Herd Instinct and the

War," which is an endeavor to explain mass consciousness in the terms of brute creation. His principles here contain more than a hint of Darwinism, and if it were not for the scholarly reputation of the author, we should say that in places his words sound perilously like nonsense, and nonsense of a discredited sort.

Because of the unusual method of the book's composition, it is to the preface we must look for a summary of the author's present views and position, his ripened conclusions. The preface, therefore, with regard to immediate problems at least, is the most valuable part of the work, and concerning two of the most momentous of these immediate problems—the Irish question and the question of peace—the author has some striking things to say.

The big lack in political thought here in America, is an almost complete want of knowledge of international politics, and though circumstances hitherto have been so disposed as to allow us to dispense with such knowledge, that day has now passed. If we are not to make egregious blunders and perhaps fatal ones on the world's stage, henceforth we shall have to concern ourselves with questions outside our own immediate interests, and it is to such books as the present that we shall have to apply to obtain this essential knowledge. Professor Murray's book affords a wise and statesmanlike view of complicated problems, and not the least of its merits is the temperate spirit with which these problems are discussed. As he himself says of another work, " Even if this book were less good than it is, it would deserve reading for its admirable manners."

**ITALY, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN.** By E. M. Jamison, C. M. Ady, K. D. Vernon and C. Sanford Terry. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.90.

This volume purports to be a textbook for use " as an introduction to more detailed studies." The number of such manuals of Italian history in English being quite limited, a new work to supply the want should be " a consummation devoutly to be wished. " Unfortunately the authors of the book under consideration have not brought to their task that freedom from bias and prejudice so essential for the adequate treatment of the many phases of Italy's development and organization. For in Italy, more perhaps than in any other European country, the national history is interwoven with that of the Church, and cannot be fairly presented unless Church history receives its meed of studious attention and just judg-

ment. These the authors of the present work have not seen fit to give it. Old slanders pass muster as facts, and statements and expositions of Catholic beliefs and practices are made which no Catholic can possibly accept. Hence, while the work may have its partial uses as a reference book, it cannot be recommended as accurate, authoritative or comprehensive.

**SUCCESSFUL CANNING AND PRESERVING.** By Ola Howell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.00 net.

This is the second volume of a prospective series of "Home Manuals" in process of publication by the Lippincott Company. It is designed for practical use in schools and clubs, as well as the home, and is arranged with a list of questions after each chapter, concerning the instruction given therein. The title does not do full justice to the extent and value of the information contained which is on a most comprehensive scale, including directions for the preservation of meats, a chapter on the place of fruits and vegetables in the diet, another on the organization of canning clubs, etc. A list of supplies needed in small canning laboratories is provided, also lists of addresses of firms furnishing supplies for canning and preserving; and there is an alphabetical list of state institutions that direct agricultural work. The book is fully indexed and profusely illustrated. No better guide could be found for those who wish to take part in the patriotic work of food conservation.

**WORD-BOOK OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.** By C. L. D. London: George Routledge & Sons. 40 cents.

To that good old-time mentor of ours who first showed us how to dip pen in ink, and who was never done warning us to "beware of the Latin derivative," this little handbook would prove a delight. Its avowed object is to show the speaker or writer, or whoever deals in the English language, how beautifully he can get along on pure Anglo-Saxon, how easily he can dispense with "the Norman yoke that lies so heavy on their speech." No doubt the book will prove very useful, and in due time will take its place on the reference shelf along with other standard dictionaries and compendiums. The author is careful to note, however, that he deals less in synonyms than in "other good English words," which may stand in the stead of the less vigorous and less accurate Latin or Norman French word too often put to use.

# Recent Events.

**Russia.**

The political and military condition in Russia during the past month has been a cause of deep anxiety to the Allies. Towards the end of the month the internal situation showed improvement. This improvement was due to the success of the effort of M. Kerensky in resisting the attempts of the extreme radicals to gain the supremacy. The extreme radicals hoped to secure political domination, but they were in the end defeated and a Coalition Government, to which they were bitterly opposed, has been formed. The stable existence of this new Coalition Government is, however, not yet secured, for the extreme radicals still maintain an attitude of hostility and still plot to gain absolute control. Although defeated in their attempt to elect as the President of the Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates the arch-anarchist, Lenine, they secured the election of one who is almost equally radical, M. Troitsky. Strange to say, Troitsky a few months ago was declaiming his doctrines in New York City. He returned to Russia when the Revolution called back the exiled political agitators.

The Coalition Cabinet which has been formed, with M. Kerensky as Premier, embraces some of the more conservative elements of the Revolution, although those who are looked upon as the most experienced statesmen, such as Premier Lvoff, M. Rodzianko and M. Miliukof, who prepared Russia for the Revolution and guided it in the beginning, are not found in it.

Until the last few days the Russians have maintained something of a defence against the Germans, but even that seems now to have broken down. The German fleet has entered the Gulf of Riga, German troops have been landed and a march on Petrograd is threatened. The Germans have so far failed to advance much beyond Riga, nor have they entered into Bessarabia, where stores of grain are a tempting prize for them. Whether their failure to do so was due to an insufficient number of troops, or to the fear of once more uniting Russians in the defence of their country, cannot be known. In one sense, at least, it is to be hoped that the threatened march on Petrograd will be taken, for it will divert German troops

from the Western Front and will probably unite Russia as nothing else could.

The situation in Russia deserves the most careful study of every student of political affairs, since it shows clearly the result of several centuries of autocratic government. President Wilson has declared that one of the objects of America in entering the war is to make the world safe for democracy. When the practical results of autocracy in Russia and of a like autocracy in Germany are considered, it will be clearly seen how necessary is the task which the United States has undertaken for the world's well-being. The untold miseries which the world has suffered in the Great War, are due to the fact that the autocratic Hohenzollern dynasty, having secured first of all the complete domination of Germany, has been able to rally all its forces to an assault upon the freedom of its neighbors, and to an endeavor to secure a dominant position in the world at large. This is what a *strong* autocratic government has been able to do. In Russia, on the other hand, are seen the effects of a *weak* autocratic government. The Russian Government, although the life or death of the country depended upon its victory over Germany, was unable to achieve such a victory because of the treachery of its own ministers. From the beginning of the war, when success might reasonably have been looked for, the bureaucrats, fearing to lose their place in power, began to intrigue with Germany for a separate peace. The war minister, the prime minister and various other officials, even it is said the Empress, entered into such intrigues. As to the Emperor, there is reason to believe that he was true to his country. But as a consequence of the treachery of many in high places, the soldiers were without arms and without food. The people themselves were faithful, but they had not wherewith to defend themselves. More than nine millions of them, women and children, old and young, had to abandon their homes and take refuge as best they could in the interior of Russia, because forced to give up to waste and destruction vast districts of their country that might otherwise have provided food for the invading Germans. The motive back of this treachery on the part of the ruling classes of Russia, that is to say the bureaucrats, was the fear that the free principles of government which characterize France and Great Britain should penetrate Russia and strengthen the democratic ideas already at work in that country. They preferred to see Russia defeated by Germany than to have the form of government change—an outcome which they regarded as inev-

itable if victory were secured with Russia in alliance with France and Great Britain.

When the Revolution broke out, the entire nation was thrown into disorder. Liberty being proclaimed, Russians were unable to distinguish between true liberty and license, a distinction indeed which requires special education and which even President Wilson declares to be a difficult matter. Hundreds of thousands of the soldiers deserted from the army, simply for the purpose of securing for themselves the possession of the lands at home, which as a result of the Revolution, they expected to obtain by any means, fair or unfair. The discipline of the army was destroyed. Committees were appointed to pass upon the orders given by officers. Many of these officers who had been cruel in pre-Revolution days were summarily shot. The soldiers when ordered to attack, refused to do so until they had consulted these popular committees. For this reason, the offensive undertaken by General Korniloff failed, and the Russians were forced to retire from Galicia and Bukowina. The Russian reverse was caused by the voluntary defection of the Russian troops. Back of these troops and the instigators of their action, was the propaganda of the Bolsheviki or the Maximalists, the extreme radicals, who adopted a policy similar to that of the bureaucrats who were in power prior to the Revolution. They also advocated a separate peace with Germany, but for reasons differing from those of the bureaucrats. The extreme radicals, represented the international organization of the workingmen of the whole world against the capitalists. They regarded the capitalist in Russia as the greatest of all enemies, even greater than the German invader. They claimed that a victory won by Russia with France and Great Britain as her allies, would be a capitalist victory. They are ready to sacrifice their country rather than to secure such a success. These extremists are unaccustomed to bear any responsible part in the conduct of state government. They could not see that all discussions concerning capital and labor in Russia were futile unless the war with Germany was won. If Germany gained the day, she herself would take care of all these relations. This sudden introduction of amateur and extremely radical forces into the government of the country is one, among many others, of the direful consequences following upon the sudden release of the country from all definite governmental control.

It would take many pages to enumerate the further similar instances which the recent history of Russia affords. The result

has been all but chaos and anarchy. The railways have broken down, and their failure to carry food has resulted in starvation for many in the midst of plenty. The workmen have refused to labor except for wages exorbitant and almost impossible. Soldiers have stopped trains only to rob them. Every possible and impossible theory of government or of no government at all, was advocated and propagated. This perhaps is only natural among people who have never before been able to discuss freely their own political interests.

With regard to the future something like hope may be reasonably entertained, provided we are willing to be optimistic. Indeed, there are some entitled to attention who feel confident that Russia will eventually find a way out. Among these is Mr. Elihu Root who was sent to Russia by President Wilson. His report, however, has not been published in detail, and it is still more or less a matter of conjecture. Others, far less confident, are of the notion that the country will not reach a political settlement without a civil war. Last July the Bolsheviki made an attempt to establish their rule by force of arms. They were defeated by the Provisional Government. General Korniloff assigns, as the reason for his action, the knowledge he possessed of a similar attempt which was to have been made last September. The dictatorship is still looked upon as a possible means of bringing about unity. In the minds of some it is the one remedy. Others believe that in place of a dictatorship a constitutional government with a king who has only nominal powers, should be formed. If events take the course which the present Provisional Government with M. Kerensky at its head has marked out, the Republic, at present declared to be the form of government, will be definitely established. The method by which the Republic is to be established is the calling together of a preliminary parliament. This parliament is in turn to prepare the way for the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. The Assembly will represent all Russia and settle definitely the Constitution of the country. Little fear is entertained of a reversion on the part of Russia to the autocratic rule of the Romanoff dynasty, although it must still be reckoned as one of the possibilities.

The great lack of Russia today is unity. Russia is in sore need of a leader and a guide. The country has no established and even no definite traditions of democracy. A long time will be required for their formation and acceptance. Even in a country where such traditions have been the very life of the nation, national

unity is absolutely necessary, particularly in time of danger. In our own land of ordered liberty, with all our life-long traditions of democracy, the need of national unity and its public expression is universally felt. It was this need that gave birth, among us, to the Association called the League for National Unity, of which His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons is Chairman. The purpose of the League is "to create a medium through which loyal Americans of all classes, sections, creeds and parties can give expression to the fundamental purpose of the United States to carry on to a successful conclusion this new war for the independence of America, and the preservation of democratic institutions and the vindication of the basic principles of humanity." No one will maintain, despite the patriotism of the vast majority of Americans, that such a League is useless. There are unfortunately those, among us, who seem to think that after the law-making authority has reached a decision, they are at liberty to oppose, to attack, to resist, if not openly at least covertly. They do not seem to understand, however lawful such a protest might be in ordinary circumstances, it is absolutely criminal when, as now, the very life of the nation is endangered. Having entered into the war it is a matter of life and death that our country should win. For such a victory the complete unity of the nation is absolutely necessary. The Catholic Church, as represented by Cardinal Gibbons, in thus fostering the movement for National Unity among us, is but repeating her century old and traditional work for national concord, national strength and national peace. Throughout the ages the Catholic Church has proved herself the formative and directing instrument of national unity.

The great Ambrose brought Maximus and Theodosius to mutual understanding; Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, reconciled Henry of Anjou with Stephen, and as a consequence, the Treaty of Wallingford ended the civil war; Catherine of Siena "entered into correspondence with the princes and Republics of Italy..... and set herself to heal the wounds of her native land and to stay the ravages of factions;" Bernardine of Siena was an apostle of Italian unity, and the founder of the "Peace Congress" movement was a Catholic monk, Emeric Crucé. It is historically appropriate that a Prince of the Church today should be a leader in national unity.

As far as one may judge at the present time Russian foreign policy, there is no prospect of that country making a separate peace with Germany. The present Russian Government has so assured

the Allies. But, of course, all this is contingent upon the defeat of the Bolsheviki's attempt to obtain supreme power.

**France.**

The revelations of Bolo Pasha throw light upon the fall of M. Ribot's cabinet. The first blow that it received was the comparative failure of the attack made by the French last April on the Aisne. Although this attack achieved some measure of success, it involved so great a loss of life, which France could ill afford, that the Commander-in-Chief was removed. The refusal to allow the French Socialists to attend the Stockholm Conference also weakened the Cabinet. But the movement for a separate peace with Germany, of which nothing was heard at the time, was perhaps the factor that determined its downfall. M. Malvy, the Minister of the Interior, was charged with neglecting to take such steps as would absolutely prevent any such movement. The movement, as far as it went, was due to the subvention of certain newspapers in France by German sympathizers who advocated a separate peace. As a result of popular condemnation, M. Malvy was forced to resign, and eventually the Cabinet was overthrown. The Bolo revelations show that the so-called movement for peace was insignificant, and that France as a nation is resolved to carry on the war until, as has been declared, Alsace-Lorraine is restored.

**Peace Talk.**

In every country much is being said about the conditions on which peace should be made. The starting point of these discussions may be taken to be the resolution passed last June by the Reichstag. That resolution declared: "that, putting aside the thought of acquisition of territory by force, the Reichstag is striving for a peace of understanding and lasting reconciliation of nations; that with such a peace political, economic and financial usurpation are incompatible, and that the Reichstag repudiates all plans which aim at the economic isolation and tying down of nations after the war." If this resolution of the Reichstag be examined closely it will be seen to be ambiguous. It has failed to secure even in Germany the adhesion of all parties. The Pan-Germans have absolutely repudiated it. They still demand indemnities and annexations. The southern states of Germany have also repudiated it, and entertain the same hopes as the Pan-Germans. The new German Chancellor, Dr. Michaelis, has definitely refused even to discuss the

restoration to France of Alsace-Lorraine. Therefore, so far as Germany is concerned, any discussion of peace is futile. France has declared her determination to insist upon the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine as her lowest terms, and England has recently declared her determination to stand by France in this demand. In the mind of the Allies, the demand for the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine presupposes that Germany will restore Belgium and make restitution for the damages inflicted upon that country. It also presupposes that Germany will return the present occupied provinces of France. The demands of the Allies go further than this. They include the restoration of Serbia and that part of Rumania now occupied by German troops. It is unnecessary to add that the Russian territory of which so large a portion is now in possession of Germany, would have to be evacuated and restored by that country. What satisfaction is to be given to the Serbs, the Zechs and the Poles, the Rumanians and other races included in the Austro-Hungarian territory is left open to debate and depends much upon the complete success of the Allies. Of Poland very little is heard, except that Russia has committed herself to its independence and has included in independent Poland the parts which are now under Austrian and Prussian dominion. It will be recalled that President Wilson has insisted upon the restoration to Poland of complete independence.

The question of the German colonies has not been discussed. It may be taken as certain, however, that Great Britain will never consent to the restoration of these colonies, except possibly that of East Africa. An attempt on the part of Great Britain to restore these colonies would, it is almost certain, result in the disruption of the British dominions. Neither Australia nor New Zealand nor South Africa would consent to give back to Germany colonies which are in their immediate neighborhood.

But perhaps of all the demands to be made upon Germany as a condition of peace, the most exacting has been that of President Wilson. He has set aside all discussion of details, and has insisted upon the establishment in Germany of a Government which can be trusted. The President has said: "We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure, unless explicitly supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting. Without such guarantees, treaties of settlement, agreements for disarmament, covenants to set up arbitration in the place of force, territorial adjust-

ments, reconstitutions of small nations, if made with the German Government, no man, no nation could now depend on." Such are the terms, so far as any authoritative statement has been made, on which peace may be based.

A conference of the Allies will soon be held in Paris, at which, because of the request of Russia, the terms of peace will be discussed. The United States will not take part in this conference, being unwilling to change its definite policy of refraining from political alliances. At a later conference, however, to arrange the details of the campaign of 1918 of the Allied Nations, our country will be represented. A military decision is now the only possible means of obtaining a definite peace.

**Belgium.**

Some time ago leading Catholics of Spain, priests and laymen, presented an address expressing their deep sympathy with Cardinal Mercier and with the Belgian bishops for the outrages which had been inflicted upon them by the Germans. It has been left to the bishops of Spain's smaller neighbor in the Peninsula, Portugal, to present a collective address. In this address the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon and the archbishops and bishops of Portugal join their voices with those of the Catholic world and cordially greet the bishops of Belgium, and especially Cardinal Mercier. They express their admiration for the way in which the Belgians have endured the extreme sufferings brought upon them by those who have outraged their country. They also express full approval of the action of the Belgians in taking up arms in defence of their rights against the invaders. They declare their gratitude for the example Belgium has set in preferring justice and patriotism to material well-being. They assert that the achievements of Belgium during the past three years will live forever in the pages of history, and express admiration for the ravaged ranks of the clergy who have added so many names to this latest martyrology. They also recall the protest uttered in every country against the inhuman treatment that is being inflicted on the civil population of Belgium. "Contrary as it is to the rights of nations, to international right and the moral law, contrary, too, to the most cherished traditions of the Church and all that she has won by her long and patient efforts, such violence cannot but meet with direct and formal reprobation from us." They rejoice in what they believe to be the end of deportations, and they hope for a peace which will come soon, but will be con-

ditioned upon the full restoration of Belgium's independence, and a complete compensation for all she has suffered.

It will be fitting here to publish the protest of the burghers of Antwerp sent in 1916 to Governor General von Bissing on the subject of the Belgian deportations. The letter was published for the first time in America in the October, 1917, *Atlantic* and appears in Vernon Kellogg's book *Headquarters Nights.*

To His Excellency Baron von Bissing, *Governor of Belgium, in Brussels:*

Your Excellency:

By virtue of an Order of the Military Governor of Antwerp, rendered in accordance with the instructions of the German General Government in Belgium, dated November 2, 1916, our citizens without work whose names are on the lists of the Registry Office *(Meldeamt)* are instructed to present themselves immediately at the Southern Railway Station. From there they will be transported, by force if necessary, into Germany, where they will be compelled to take up work which will be assigned to them. The same measures have been taken in the rest of the country. Without having committed crime, and without trial, thousands of our free citizens are being thus deported, against their will, into an enemy land, far from their homes, far from their wives and their children. They are being submitted to that most terrible treatment for free men; being forced to labor as slaves.

We, Deputies, Senators, and notables of Antwerp and its environs, would believe ourselves recreant to all our duty if we allowed such things to occur under our eyes, without resorting to the right that we have of addressing the executive power under any circumstances, in order to make known to it our griefs and our protests.

By what right is this forced labor with deportation introduced into our unhappy country? We seek in vain for a response to this question. The Rights of the People condemn such a measure.

There is no modern author who justifies it. The articles of the Convention of The Hague, defining requisitions made for the benefit of the occupying army, are directly opposed to such a measure.

The constitutional right of all European countries, including Germany, is not less opposed to it.

The most illustrious of your sovereigns, Frederick the Second, has regarded and honored as a dogma, individual liberty and the right of every citizen to dispose of his capacities and of his work as he wishes. An occupying authority ought to respect these essential principles which have been the common patrimony of humanity for centuries.

It cannot be denied that the Belgian deported workers, under the conditions created by this action, will set free a proportional number of German workers to go to the front to fight the brothers and sons of the deported Belgians. This makes them forced partakers in the war against our country, something that Article 52 of the Convention of The Hague prohibits in express terms. That is not all. Immediately after the occupation of Antwerp thousands of our citizens had fled the country and taken refuge in that part of Holland stretching along the Belgian frontier, but the German authorities made most reassuring declarations to them.

On October 9, 1914, General von Beseler, Commander-in-Chief of the be-

sieging army, gave to negotiators from Contich a declaration stating: "Unarmed members of the Civic Guard will not be considered as prisoners of war."

Under the same date, Lieutenant-General von Schutz, the German Commander of the Fort of Antwerp, gave out the following proclamation: "The undersigned, Commander of the Fort of Antwerp, declares that nothing stands in the way of the return of inhabitants to their country. None of them will be molested; even the members of the Civic Guard, if they are unarmed, may return in all security."

On the 16th of November, 1914, Cardinal Mercier communicated to the population a declaration signed by General Huene, Military Governor of Antwerp, in which the General said, for purposes of general publication: "Young men have nothing to fear from being taken to Germany, either to be enrolled in the army or to be employed at forced labor." A little later the eminent prelate requested Baron von der Goltz, Governor-General of Belgium, to ratify for the whole country, without limit as to time, these guarantees which General Huene has given for the Province of Antwerp. He was successful in obtaining this.

Finally on the 18th of October, 1914, the military authorities of Antwerp gave a signed statement to the representative of General von Terwiega, Commander of the Holland Field Army, to the effect that the young Belgian men and unarmed members of the Belgian Civic Guard could return from Holland into Belgium and would not be molested. One of his sentences was: "The rumor according to which the young Belgian men will be sent into Germany is without any foundation."

Upon the faith of these solemn public declarations, numerous citizens, not alone of Antwerp but of all parts of the country, have returned across the Holland-Belgian frontier to their own hearth-stones. Now these very men, who, once free, returned to Belgium, relying upon the formal engagements of the German authorities, will be sent tomorrow into Germany, there to be forced to undertake that labor of slaves which has been promised would never be put upon them. Under these conditions, we believe it right to demand that the measures taken for these deportations be countermanded. We add that the agreement of Contich formally stipulated that the members of the Civic Guard would not be treated as prisoners of war. Surely, then, there can be no question of transferring them to Germany to give them a treatment even more severe.

The preamble of the Order for the deportations seems to reproach our workers with their idleness, and it invokes the needs of public order and regrets the increasing charges of public charity to take care of these men. We beg to remark to Your Excellency that, at the time of the entrance of the German armies into Belgium, there were in this country large stocks of raw materials whose transformation into manufactured articles would have occupied innumerable workers for a long time. But these stocks of raw materials have been taken from us and carried to Germany.

There were factories completely equipped which could have been used to produce articles for exportation into neutral countries. But the machines and the tools of these factories have been sent to Germany.

Certainly it is true that our workers have refused work offered by the occupying authorities, because this work tended to assist these authorities in their military operations. Rather than win large wages at this price they have preferred to accept privation. Where is the patriot, where is the man of heart, who would not applaud these poor people for this dignity and this courage?

No reproach of idleness can really be made to our worker classes who, it is well known everywhere, are second to none in their ardor for work.

The Order refers in addition to the necessity of good order, and refers also to the necessity of not allowing an increasing number of workless people to become a burden on the public charity.

Public order has never been trouble. As to charitable assistance, it is true that millions of francs have been spent in charity since the beginning of the war, but, for the accomplishment of this immense effort of benevolence, nothing has been asked from the German Government, nor even from the Belgian Treasury, administered under your control and fed by our taxes. There should be, then, no anxiety on the part of Germany concerning this money, which in no way comes from it. Indeed, your Excellency well knows that this money does not even come from immediate public charity, but is arranged for by the Comité Nationale, which will continue to arrange for it in the future, as it has in the past.

None, then, of the motives invoked to support the Order of deportations seems to us to have any foundation.

One would seek in vain in all the history of war for a precedent for this action. Neither in the wars of the Revolution, nor of the Empire, nor in any which have since that time desolated Europe, has any one struck at the sacred principle of the individual liberty of the non-combatant and peaceful populations.

Where will one stop in this war, if reasons of State can justify such treatment! Even in the colonies forced labor exists no longer.

Therefore, we pray Your Excellency to take into consideration all that we have just said, and to return to their homes those unfortunates who have already been sent into Germany in accordance with the Order of November 2, 1916.

**Germany.** The fall of Von Bethmann Hollweg, it seems clear, was due to the influence and power of those who favored a more drastic war policy. For some two years he had been a moderating influence and had excited the bitter opposition of the Pan-Germans and their sympathies. The new Chancellor, Dr. George Michaelis, has proved to be a representative of those who favor extreme methods, and although he made a show of yielding to the demands for parliamentary control by nominating a committee, consisting of the heads of the various parties of the Reichstag, whom he was to consult on important matters, yet even this small modicum of the desired reforms has not been realized in practice. His management of affairs has been of such a character as to excite the criticism of the Social Democrats, the largest single party in Germany, in which criticism, to a certain extent, the Centre Party and the Radicals have joined. His resignation has been demanded, but whether the demand will meet with success or not, the future must disclose. The fact that such an open expression of criticism has been publicly made, indicates how the spirit of dissatisfaction has increased in Germany. At the beginning of the War there was no evidence at all of such a

spirit or, if it existed, the Government felt strong enough to suppress it entirely. The spirit of disunion in the civil population at large has extended to the navy, in which mutinies have taken place. The Minister of the Marine, Vice-Admiral Von Capelle, before a committee of the Reichstag declared this propaganda to be seditious, and threw the blame upon three members of the Socialist Minority. This accusation was proved to be detrimental to the Government, for it was looked upon as unjust both by the minority and the majority of the Socialists and led to their reunion on this point at least. They united in demanding the resignation of Von Capelle, a demand which so far has not been granted.

The demand for Von Capelle's resignation indicates indirectly Germany's dissatisfaction with the progress of the submarine campaign. For this warfare has been carried on under his direction, and if it had been the success which the Germans had hoped for, he would have been the hero of the day, and no demand would have been made for his resignation.

The fact that insurances against losses due to the submarines have been reduced by twenty per cent, makes it evident that there has been a noteworthy decrease in these losses, but the situation is still serious. In fact, within the last few days, the report has spread that United States ports are to be blockaded by the submarines.

# With Our Readers.

THE public question that is of most vital interest to Catholics at the present hour, and indeed to the whole world, is the true doctrine of the State. Upon one's concept of the State rests his patriotism, the zeal, devotion and sacrifice with which he defends and champions his country, or on the other hand his lack of patriotism, his indifference, his false pacifism, his allegiance to theories that mean the undoing of the State and the passing of the nation.

* * * *

WHAT constitutes the State; what are its powers; what is to be understood by its sovereignty; how that sovereignty is to be reconciled with individualism; how liberty is to be coupled harmoniously with law; how freedom is to be saved from license; what are the fundamental rights of the individual and of the family with which the State may not interfere; to what extent the State may go to defend its own existence, what are its powers as to property, wages, capitalism and labor—all these questions are subjects of discussion in the public forum, in newspaper, in magazine.

What has been and is the academic teaching of American text-books with regard to the power and authority of the State is pointed out in this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD by Dr. John A. Ryan. Fortunately, it has not received wide acceptance in practical political life. Yet signs are not wanting which tell us that its practical sphere is extending wide and wider. The street campaigner, the pamphleteer, the popular periodical voice more and more frequently just such doctrines as these text-books give forth. They have succeeded at least in creating a confusion in the minds of many persons as to what is the legitimate office and authority of the State; of blinding them to the true doctrine on which rests the only secure foundation of the State; of sowing the seeds of political hopelessness, bewilderment, discord and anarchy.

* * * *

HOPELESS will be the condition of the world if after fighting to make it safe for democracy, we have no definite concept of democracy itself. "The very notion of civilization," wrote Leo XIII., "is a fiction of the brain if it rest not on the abiding principles of truth and the civilizing law of virtue and justice, and if unfeigned love knit not together the wills of men and gently control the interchange and the character of their mutual service." We are fighting for right, for justice, for humanity. What mean these terms translated into concrete political law, authority and liberty? Upon the answer depends the welfare of the individual, of the family, of the nation. A

thousand voices are attempting the answer. The result is a great confusion. And the only hopeful note is the cry for some definite, certain answer that will open the way for humanity's well being and progress.

* * * *

OUR duty is therefore the more imperative. As Catholics we are the children of those who had as great, if not greater, problems to face and to solve. The conditions which confronted them are the conditions that meet us. The truth by which they lived and conquered is ours also, by which to live, to guide and to conquer.

But we must constantly endeavor to understand that truth and to make it our own. We must study the doctrine of the Christian State and be able to expound and to defend it. It is unfortunately too true that many Catholic leaders in different fields of influence, fail to remember that no part of their life or activity or leadership is to be divorced or left unguided by Catholic principle. We do not, as Catholics, enter into party politics, yet a man's political life as a citizen, as one who must always vote according to his conscience, can never be separated from his religious life. A Catholic in business may never ask an unjust price, even though everybody else in the same business demands it. A Catholic capitalist may never consent to the employment of methods unjust, dishonest or deceitful; a Catholic labor leader may never lend his aid to methods unlawful—no matter what the end which either has in view.

* * * *

OUR duty is imperative not only to realize our personal responsibility, no matter how small or large our field of influence, but also to study Catholic teaching which affects every relation of life and contributes most effectively to make the perfect man, the perfect family and the perfect State.

Never, perhaps, was there greater need to study the classical encyclicals of Leo XIII. In a singularly prophetic way he foretold the evils of the present day and masterfully he answered them. In one of those Encyclicals, Leo XIII. wrote: "We must indicate a craftily circulated calumny making most odious imputations against Catholics, and even against the Holy See itself. It is maintained that that vigor of action inculcated in Catholics for the defence of their Faith has for a secret motive much less the safeguarding of their religious interests than the ambition of securing to the Church *political domination over the State.* Truly this is the revival of a very ancient calumny, as its invention belongs to the first enemies of Christianity. Was it not first of all formulated against the adorable Person of the Redeemer? Yes, when He illuminated souls by His preaching and alleviated the corporal or spiritual sufferings of the unfortunate with

the treasures of His divine bounty, He was accused of having political ends in view. 'We have found this Man perverting our nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, and saying that He is Christ, the King.....If thou release this Man, thou art not Cæsar's friend. For whomsoever maketh himself a king, speaketh against Cæsar..... We have no king but Cæsar.'"

* * * *

THIS calumny has been repeated lately in the pages of *The New Republic*. In an editorial headed "The Future of the State," it speaks of the Holy Father's peace letter as "a stubborn attempt made by Catholicism to recover some of its lost prestige." The editorial pretends to be a thoughtful study of modern tendencies in the theory of the State. Its animus may be judged from passages like the following: "Whose (the Catholic Church's) prelates are distinguished by the length of their official memories;" "the Pope is supposed to be the earthly representative of a Divine Order, which possesses an infallible recipe for the spiritual ills of mankind;" "if he and his hierarchy;" "the Catholic hierarchy has been occupying an increasingly equivocal and precarious position;" "while Catholicism has not renounced its pretensions;" "the war has presented to the Catholic Church a seductive opportunity of undermining the authority of the State;" "the Catholic autocracy;" "the Catholic Church wishes to make the State a mere beast of burden in the City of God;" "the Catholic hierarchy must succeed in undermining the authority of the State and increasing its own prestige or else its pretensions and the educational system associated with them will scarcely be tolerated in the future as they have been in the past." "It is now or never for Catholicism."

* * * *

HERBERT CROLY, who wrote this article in *The New Republic*, knowingly states what is false. The pronouncement of the three American Cardinals, the pastorals of many bishops, the patriotic activity and unselfish service of the Catholics of America are evidence well known to Mr. Croly, but which it suits his purpose to conceal and deny.

This is not surprising since, as our readers know, *The New Republic* is with malice aforethought determined to misrepresent the Catholic Church. No American can look upon it as a just critic.

* * * *

THE objections which may be urged against the Catholic doctrine of the State, namely that the State is sovereign and supreme in its own field, but that the State also is ruled by the commandments of God, may be urged against any theory that presupposes the existence of God and man's personal responsibility to Him.

Religion, the relation and dependence of man upon God, is the basis of patriotism. The denial of religion, results in the denial of patriotism. Faith in country is like faith in God, says a writer in *The Unpopular Review.* Both are, according to this author, unreasonable and objectionable. "The outer trappings and suits of fixed orthodoxy and of blind patriotism are strikingly similar." The chalice as well as the flag is to be despised.

* * * *

HAVING neglected both definite religion and definite patriotism, and neither can be indefinite, the author gives himself to a meaningless internationalism. It is but an escape from the obligations and duties of citizenship, just as indifference and agnosticism in religion, is an escape from the definite responsibilities of the citizen of heaven. He finds his refuge " in the logical opposite of both religion and nationalism," *i. e.,* as he says, the spirit of Science.

* * * *

OUR spiritual warfare of today is not so much against Protestantism, for Protestantism as a definite religious system has disintegrated. It is against the denial of God and man's personal responsibility to Him; God's authority over man; man's dependence on Him, man's obligation to know the truth of God. To the thinking man of today the very foundations of the moral world have suffered shock. One Power, One Voice, One Security remains. Without knowing why, thousands who do not profess to believe in her are turning towards the Catholic Church. She stands unshaken: the only Visible Authority that dares to speak a definite, spiritual message, that claims to possess the truth for the healing of the nations, the sole Guarantee of the eternal, supreme worth of that soul which gives to every man his personal worth and dignity.

* * * *

BEYOND the world-wide War, above the carnage and the sacrifice, we dream of the beautiful future, beneficent in its peace, blessed in its favors. Will it be thus inviting and inspiring; or will it be discordant, hopeless, chaotic? It depends not so much on military victory, but on the nature of the principles that have conquered. Is it to be born of socialist irresponsibility; of continued protest against law and order and right living; of the denial of God and the eternal worth of the human soul, or is it to be born of the truth and the righteousness revealed by Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: the justice and the humanity that are built upon the Christian constitution of the State?

* * * *

THAT future, following upon the end of the War and coming with the dawn of peace, should be shaped and guided even now by

Christian principles. We should not leave it to unprincipled agitators, to weak pacifists, who champion not the principles of eternal justice. Christ is the Prince of Peace because He is the Sun of Justice.

That the future may be so guided is the aim and purpose of the noble work which the Holy Father is doing and will do for the cause of peace. His work is of this world: yet it is above the world. They who criticize his messages from the viewpoint of prejudice or party sympathy, alleging that he pleads the cause of one nation rather than another, simply do not see the larger, the higher mission which is intrusted to him and which he must undertake. For the future of civilization we, who have as our inheritance the truths upon which civilization is founded, must shape now the peace that is to be, and our leader is Pope Benedict XV.

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IN a recent issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, Dr. James J. Walsh pointed out how Spencer, once an idol of the scientific world, now has few, if any disciples. A writer in the May *Blackwood's,* in an article entitled *The Exploded Quack,* is even more severe upon the once famous scientist.

We have seen, in a paragraph above, how a certain writer appeals to science as the guide by which we will live together as individuals and nations in peace and harmony. Nothing is so effective an argument as a concrete example. Spencer was "scientific." The writer in *Blackwood's* having enumerated those characteristics which test a man's livableness with his fellows, states, "the fatal flaw in Mr. Herbert Spencer's character was his essential inhumanity."

Spencer, the writer shows, was not prepared by any adequate education for the task he undertook. His reading of the philosophers was meagre. "I have taken up Plato's *Dialogues,*" he said, "and have quickly put them down with more or less irritation. And of Aristotle I know even less than of Plato." Spencer's standard of scientific knowledge "hardly rose above that of the man in the street." Spencer's recent biographer said: "Had his philosophy been based upon the technical knowledge already known, it might possibly have had a more enduring value but would certainly have had a less popular appeal."

This, *Blackwood's* contributor says, is a "most damning *apologia*" on behalf of one of the *Makers of the Nineteenth Century.* It is in this series that the biography of Spencer was published.

* * * *

SPENCER'S *modus operandi* was sheer effrontery. He lacked any historical sense. He was obstinate in his prepossessions. He hired persons to do reading for him and made his books an agglomeration of disconnected statements. Time has permitted us to see the empti-

ness of the definition on which he based his so-called law of evolution: "an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from a relatively indefinite, incoherent homogeneity, to a relatively definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

His great aim, according to his biographer, was "the discovery of a single formula which should unite all classes of phenomena in the universe." The present critic adds, "to seek to reduce all classes of phenomena to a single formula is the mark of the incompetent amateur. To profess to have done so is the mark of the essential quack."

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AN eloquent appeal to the men in the Service of the United States to maintain a moral standard worthy of country, home and religion, has been issued under the joint auspices of the New York Social Hygiene Society and The Chaplains' Aid Association. The booklet is entitled *The Honor Legion,* and may be highly recommended for distribution among our soldiers and sailors, exposed as they are to unusual and extraordinary temptation. Its appeal is eminently sane, strictly scientific and sincerely spiritual.

* * * *

WE also wish to bring to the attention of our readers a small publication of the Catholic Soldiers' Series, entitled *Who Goes There?* It is a practical appeal for the exercise and discipline of thrift, and will be helpful also in promoting the moral and spiritual well-being of our soldiers and sailors. The pamphlet is another evidence of the important and zealous work of the Central Verein in the present national crisis. Sixty-seven thousand of their publication, *Guide Right,* and twenty-three thousand of their prayer book, *God's Arrow,* have already been distributed.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

REV. AND DEAR SIR: I have read with interest the article, entitled *The Apple of Discord,* published in the October number of your review. The author seems to be *au courant* of the affairs of Canada. However, allow me to differ with him in the last paragraph of his article where he says that the English-Canadian "is exactly what he ought to be" when he is first a British subject and then a Canadian.

Canada is an autonomic country, although a colony of England. It has its own government, and as far as its administration and economic conditions are concerned, it is independent. This is so true that an Englishman coming from England has to be naturalized before he can become a citizen of Canada. If England and Canada were one and the same thing, the author would be right. But as they are separated, as their interests are different, a citizen of Canada, whether he be English or French, ought to be Canadian first, although a loyal subject to the British Crown, otherwise race division is promoted.

Sincerely yours, A READER.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
*The Origin and Evolution of Life.* By H. F. Osborn. $3.00 net. *My War Diary.* By M. K. Waddington. $1.50 net. *The Wages of Honor.* By K. H. *Brown.* $1.35 net. *Running Free.* By J. B. Connolly. $1.35 net. *In Happy Valley.* By J. Fox, Jr. $1.35 net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
*The Eastern Question.* By J. A. R. Marriott. $5.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., New York:
*Soldiers' Service Dictionary of English and French Words and Phrases.* By F. H. Vizetelly, LL.D. $1.00 net.

THE CENTURY CO., New York:
*The Story Book of Science.* By J. H. Fabre. $2.00 net. *Kildares of Storm.* By E. M. Kelly. $1.40 net.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
*The Soul of a Bishop.* By H. G. Wells. $1.50. *The Party and Other Stories.* By A. Chekhov. $1.50. *Alaska, the Great Country.* By E. Higginson. $2.50. *Elementary Principles of Economics.* By R. T. Ely, LL.D., and G. R. Wicker, Ph.D. $1.10.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., New York:
*The Land of Enough.* By C. E. Jefferson. 50 cents. *The Soldiers' Diary and Notebook.*

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, New York:
*Enchanted Hearts.* By D. Aldrich. $1.35 net. *Martie the Unconquered.* By K. Morris. $1.35 net. *The Diary of a Nation.* By E. S. Martin. $1.50 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., New York:
*The Foes of Our Own Household.* By T. Roosevelt. $1.50 net. *Cecilia of the Pink Roses.* By K. H. Taylor. $1.25 net.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:
*Hospital French.* Translated by E. Perrin. *April Folly.* By St. John Lucas. $1.50 net. *Name This Flower.* By G. Bonier. *Day and Night Stories.* By A. Blackwood. $1.50 net. *Canada the Spellbinder.* By L. Whiting. *My Little Town.* By W. Kirkland.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
*Manna of the Soul.* Compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance. $1.25. *Catholic Home Manual, 1918.* 25 cents. *Lucky Bob.* By F. J. Finn, S.J. $1.00.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, New York:
*The German Terror in France.* By A. J. Toynbee. *Mesopotamia.* By Canon Parfit. Pamphlet.

LONGSMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
*The Continuity of the Church of England.* By F. W. Puller. $1.25 net.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:
*A Literary Pilgrim in England.* By E. Thomas. $3.00 net. *A Naturalist of Souls.* By G. Bradford. $2.50 net. *The Grim Thirteen.* Short Stories. Edited by F. S. Greene. $1.50 net.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS, New York:
*The Catholic Encyclopedia and Its Makers.*

J. FISCHER & BROTHER, New York:
*Missa et Absolutio pro defunctis.* By Pietro A. Yon.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
*The Old Testament in Greek.* Edited by A. E. Brooks, D.D., and N. McLean, M.A. Volume I.—The Octateuch.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
*The Fortunes of Richard Mahony.* By H. E. Richardson. $1.50 net. *The Seventh Christmas.* By C. Dawson. 50 cents net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
*The Ultimate Aim of Education. The Chaplain's Duties.* Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.:
*The Martyr of Futuna.* By Florence Gilmore. $1.00.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
*Prolegomena to An Editor of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ansonius.* By Sister M. J. Byrne, Ph.D.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR CO., New York:
*The Right to Work.* By J. E. Ross, C.S.P., Ph.D. $1.00 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
*Thunder an' Turf.* By Rev. M. O'Byrne. 40 cents.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
*The Quest of El Dorado.* By Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., Ph.D. $1.50 net. *The Coming.* By J. C. Snaith. $1.50.

MARSHALL, JONES & Co., Boston:
*The Substance of Gothic.* By Ralph A. Cram. $1.50 net.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
*Six Major Prophets.* By E. E. Slosson, Ph.D. $1.50 net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
*The Wanderers.* By M. Johnston. $1.75 net. *A Treasury of War Poetry.* By E. L. Masters. $1.25 net. *Life of Robert E. Lee for Boys and Girls.* By J. G. de R. Hamilton and M. T. Hamilton. $1.25 net. *"Honest Abe."* By A. Rothschild. $2.00 net.

HARRIGAN PRESS, Worcester, Mass.:
*Ballads in Peace and War.* By Michael Earls, S.J. 50 cents.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
*Boys and Girls from Storyland; Tell Me a Story Picture Book; Fairies and Goblins from Storyland.* Simplified by Leila H. Cheney. 50 cents net each. *The Adventures of the Greyfur Family; The Greyfur's Neighbors.* By V. Nyce. 50 cents net each. *Opening the West with Lewis and Clark.* By C. Kingsley. $1.35 net. *The Raccoon Lake Mystery.* By N. M. Hopkins. $1.35 net.

FORBES & Co., Chicago:
*The Secret of Typewriting.* By Margaret B. Owen. $1.00.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
*Great French Sermons.* Edited by Rev. D. O'Mahony, B.D. $1.90 net.

DIEDERICH-SCHAEFER Co., Milwaukee, Wis.:
*Straws from the Manger.* By Rev. J. H. Cotter, LL.D. $1.00.

THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN'S ASSOCIATION OF GEORGIA, Atlanta:
*Catholics and the Bible.* Pamphlet.

BURNS & OATES, London:
*A Father of Women, and Other Poems.* By Alice Meynell.

T. FISCHER UNWIN, London:
*Moral Aspects of the European War. Britain versus Germany.* By Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P. *The Gathering of the Clans.* By J. S. Mills. *The True and the False Pacificism.* By Count G. d'Alviella. *The "Sincere Chancellor."* By F. Passelecq. *British Workmen and the War.* By Rt. Hon. C. Addison, M.P. Pamphlets.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
*Report and Balance Sheet for 1916–17 of the Catholic Truth Society, with List of Members.* Pamphlet.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, London:
*Pen Pictures of British Battles.* Pamphlet.

THE WHITEWELL PRESS, London:
*The British Workman Defends His Home.* By W. Crooks, M.P. *Who Was Responsible for the War—and Why?* By Ben Tillett. Pamphlets.

HEATH, CRANTON, LTD., London:
*The Garden of Life.* By Mother St. Jerome.

HAYMAN, CHRISTY & LILLY, London:
*The King of Hedjaz and Arab Independence.* Pamphlet.

CONSTABLE & Co., London:
*The Character of the British Empire.* By Ramsay Muir. Pamphlet.

ALABASTER, PASSMORE & SONS, London:
*Charity Towards Our Enemies.* Pamphlet.

STEVENS & SONS, London:
*Defensively-Armed Merchant Ships and Submarine Warfare.* By A. P. Higgins, LL.D. Pamphlet.

BELGIAN CATHOLIC MISSION OF SCHEUT (Brussels), 63 Stamford Hill, London:
*The Belgian Missionaries of Scheut (Brussels).* Pamphlet.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
*The Pope in Peace and War.* By Rev. M. Egan, S.J. *The Winding Road and Other Stories.* By M. Agatha. *The Episcopate.* By Most Rev. P. Phelan, D.D. Pamphlets.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
*Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique.* Edited by A. d'Alès. 5 *fr.*

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris:
*Verdun.* Par Monsignor C. Ginisty. *Le Général Galliéni.* Par G. Blanchon. *L'Effort et le Devoir Français.* Par A. Millerand. *Le Capitaine Augustin Cochin.* Par L. Barthou. *Les Commandements de la Patrie.* Par M. P. Deschanel..

THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

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## THE DRAMA OF THE NATIVITY.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

THE story of the Nativity of Our Saviour is in itself so essentially dramatic, it is no wonder it has appealed through all the Christian ages to the histrionic instincts of peoples of every race to whom the Gospel of Christ has been preached. The Birth of Jesus Christ at Bethlehem was destined by its very nature to be told and retold in the form of "play-acting" wherever Christians might gather together. All of the elements of the dramatic are in it—suspense, contrast, common human sympathy, the interaction of supernatural and natural, everything that has ever gone into the making of drama: suspense in the poising of the outcome of its event; contrast in the juxtaposition of its every scene and character—darkness and light: shadowed earth and illumined heavens; poverty and riches: shivering shepherds and fur-robed kings; midnight silence and skies bursting with the music of angelic choirs; a flower-like maiden, virgin and yet a mother, set in the midst of the roughest surroundings; and, infinite climax, the God of all, from Whom all riches, all warmth, all glory issue, born a tiny babe in a cold stable-cave on the wintry hills of Bethlehem. Could anything so dramatic be imagined by the mind of man? God alone could stage so divine a play!

Katherine Brégy in one of her studies of Christian poetry, quotes Aubrey de Vere as saying that the Nativity is one of the

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few Christian mysteries which does not contain matter too stupendous for poetry—or for drama, we would add. "It is so tender that it ceases to confound. Unlike the Crucifixion or the Resurrection, or even the Ascension, it is, at least in its externals, comfortingly human."[1] Small wonder, then, that the Christmas theme has, from the beginning, touched and awakened the dramatic impulses of men, which are essentially poetic, human and childlike. Out of the liturgy of the Church, itself dramatic, sprang the drama of the stage; and dealing, as it did, entirely with sacred matters—with the story of man's fall and his salvation—the Nativity became, perforce, the keystone of the whole vast plot of the Miracle and Mystery plays of the Middle Ages. The fall of man in Eden might be depicted, but it led inevitably to the climax of Bethlehem. The Crucifixion, or the Resurrection, or the Ascension, might be shown, but they sprang directly from the movitating drama of the Nativity. The Nativity was the pivotal centre of the entire action of the early Christian drama.

But long before we had any such thing as Mystery or Miracle play, or formal drama of any kind, drama was shaping itself out of the story of Bethlehem, in the form of *The Office of the Shepherds,* a dramatic prologue or interlude given at the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. If we go back to the France and England of seven or eight hundred years ago, we will find this *Office of the Shepherds* enacted in many of the great churches of the time. In it the shepherds were impersonated by the clergy, carrying crooks and bringing in their train into the church and up to the altar, real dogs and real sheep, as well as rustic attendants, playing musical instruments, or bearing offerings of fruit. The "shepherds" were grouped in the transept, at the entrance to the choir, feigning to sleep or to watch their flocks, when suddenly, in the stillness of the church, the musicians sounded a long and piercing blast and a boy dressed as an angel, with golden wings and clad in white, mounted the pulpit and intoned in Latin the words of St. Luke, "Fear not! For behold I bring you tidings of great joy!"

This was assuredly drama of the finest essence, and one can imagine the thrill that went through the great throng as the "play" began. This striking opening scene was followed by a burst of song from the choir boys in the clerestory, singing the *Gloria.* And then the grand climax. The shepherds advancing to the altar, where the *crêche* or manger, hidden by a curtain, is erected, are met by the

[1] The Catholic World, vol. xcvi. no. 573, p. 351, December, 1912.

procession of priests who are to officiate at the Mass, and are halted and questioned: "What seek ye, shepherds?" "We seek the Saviour, Christ the Lord!" they cry out in answer. Whereupon the priests draw back and part the veil before the crib, revealing with one dramatic stroke the figure of the Child, laid in the straw of the manger. This is indeed genuine drama; and with such a zest did our forefathers enact it that no touch of realism within their power to achieve was neglected. They even contrived such ingenious effects as oxen and asses that dropped on their knees in adoration beside the *crêche* at the moment the veil was drawn.[2]

This same *Office of the Shepherds* is still preserved in Provence, where also—its popular outgrowth—the *Pastourla* or Nativity Play, vigorously survives, being given annually in every city and town and almost every village, either by professional or amateur actors. Thomas Janvier, a lifelong student of Provence, describes[3] an *Office of the Shepherds* which he witnessed some twenty years ago, apparently an almost exact replica of the same *Office* enacted in the Middle Ages. In this case, however, it was given at the Offertory, instead of before the Midnight Mass; the shepherds were laymen; and a special offering, of a spotless lamb, all beribboned and wreathed with flowers, was brought to the altar, the procession marching the full length of the church. The Provenceaux, in fact, dramatize everything connected with Christmas, even the lighting of the home *crêche*. This, in a darkened room, is illumined precisely at the stroke of midnight, in the presence of the entire family, the youngest child of the household lighting the first taper amidst a burst of song. Even the *Noëls* of Provence are in dramatic form; as in the popular *Hou de l'housteau* of Saboly, wherein St. Joseph argues and pleads with the innkeeper of Bethlehem. Their still more famous *C'est le bon lever,* opens dramatically this wise ("the angel, as becomes so exalted a personage," Mr. Janvier notes, speaking in French, the shepherd in common Provençal):

> *Angel:* It is high time to get up, sweet shepherd! In Bethlehem, quite near this place, the Saviour of the world has been born of a Virgin.
>
> *Shepherd:* Perhaps you take me for a common peasant, talking to me like that! I am poor; but I'd have you to know I come of good stock. In old times my great-great-grandfather

[2] Theodore Child and M. Luc Olivier Merson, in *Harper's Magazine*, vol. lxxviii., no. 463, p. 59, December, 1888.

[3] *The Century Magazine*, December, 1896.

> was mayor of our village! And who are you, fine sir? Are you a Jew or a Dutchman? Your fine jargon makes me laugh. A virgin mother! A child God! No, never were such things heard!

"But when the angel reiterates his strange statement," Mr. Janvier concludes, "the shepherd's interest is aroused. He declares that he will go and steal this miraculous child, and he quite takes the angel into his confidence!"

That dramatic—that melodramatic—touch, we might say, the threat to "steal" the Divine Child, is a favorite device of the Provenceaux. Even in fashioning their Christmas cribs they like to show the figures of gypsies lurking near the stable of Bethlehem, bent on kidnapping the Holy Infant! But this bit of Christmas play-acting of old Provence illustrates an even more remarkable feature of practically every "Nativity" produced in the olden times —the unfailing presence of the spirit of comedy. Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, in the introduction to his reconstruction of Towneley Cycles,[4] emphasizes this constant recurrence of the comic vein in the old Nativity plays. The hopeful happy note is repeatedly sounded. "The massacre of the Innocents" (always an integral part of the old Nativities) "emphasizes not the weeping of a Rachel, but the joyous escape of the Virgin and Child." Always there is a "hell," with grotesque and comical demons, in these Middle Age Nativities. And invariably some of the shepherds are rustic fools, designed to supply a laugh. Doubtless it was not alone because the Nativity drama was intrinsically one of happiness, but also because it afforded such unusual opportunities for comic relief, that it was from the beginning so popular with the masses.

From the *Office of the Shepherds* to the Miracle and Mystery plays, was but a step and a logical development in the dramatic treatment of the Christmas theme. By the fifteenth century, the Nativity play of the sanctuary had expanded into a full-fledged spectacular drama, produced and acted quite separately from the Church ritual, though still arranged and superintended by the clergy. This, at any rate, remained the case in France; although in England the guild plays eventually resulted, presented by strictly professional actors who moved from one town to another, carrying their scenery and equipment with them in a great van, the arrival of which was, very likely, much akin to the landing of a three-ring

[4] *The Star of Bethlehem*, Fox. New York: Duffield & Co., 1904.

circus in the twentieth century town. Where the Nativity drama was still more or less of a civic celebration of Christmas, however, city fathers, rich laymen, the cathedral chapter, and other individuals or organizations, joined together to insure its production by pledging both funds and active help. A great mass meeting was first held, whereat the parts were assigned, and, as we might say, the "advertising campaign" began. The leading rôles were taken by the more learned, the clergy; the others by laymen, mostly the trained artisans of the various crafts. No women took part at all; and only the comeliest boys were chosen for angels, the Blessed Virgin and so on. The competition for the characters of the Blessed Virgin and the Angel Gabriel was especially keen. The costumes were gorgeous and often quaintly incongruous. "Poor shepherds," for instance, being decked out in jewels and silks, the finest raiment of the period that could be borrowed for the occasion. In the costuming of Herod and the Three Kings, the stage director "out heroded Herod."

The performance lasted three days. It was given on a great stage one hundred feet square erected in the city marketplace. As many as sixteen thousand people, gathered from all the surrounding country, were known to have witnessed such a production. Old manuscripts give records of Nativity plays requiring seventy-eight leading actors and one hundred and fifty figurants; angels, devils, etc. Some thirty different scenes were shown, all on one great stage—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, Rome, heaven, hell, and so on. The play was divided into five parts, and opened with a prologue or protocol, read by the author, who was some learned doctor of the town, and who, according to the records, like most of his brother playwrights of every age, drew copiously on former productions, as well as on the Scriptures, for his material. After this prologue came an act of Prophecies, in which Balaam was heard, followed by Daniel, David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and lastly by the Sibyl, foretelling the coming of Christ, creating, as our modern stage manager might put it, "atmosphere," and cleverly building up the dramatic suspense of the spectacle. Part First ended with these Prophecies, and closed the first morning's performance. In Part Second, begun after the midday meal, which was more or less of an outdoor picnic, the Annunciation and Visitation were enacted, with elaborate musical interludes.

The second day's morning performance comprised the Edict of Augustus, the departure of St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin for

Bethlehem, the first shepherd scenes, the latter affording plenty of comic relief, and finally the pathetic story of the arrival at the stable. In this, we find some beautiful dramatic writing, showing how keen was the sense of the ancient playwright for the element of contrast. St. Joseph complains against the sorry fortune which brings the Saviour of the world to a lowly stable to be born; but the Blessed Virgin responds with sweet resignation to his every lament, "It pleases God that it be so." Some of the quaint lines of the dialogue are as follows:

> *St. Joseph:* Alas, where are those grand castles, those fine towers with battlements, so pleasantly built? And the Son of God is here so poorly lodged!
>
> *Blessed Virgin:* It pleases God that it is so.
>
> *St. Joseph:* Where are those halls so finely painted with diverse colors, and paved with tiles, and so pleasant that it is a consolation to behold them?
>
> *Blessed Virgin:* It pleases God that it is so.....

and so on; St. Joseph enumerating every imaginable device of bodily ease and fleshly comfort, chambers hung with golden tapestry, beds richly blanketed with silks and furs; and the Blessed Virgin always answering with the same sweet avowal of faith in God and patience under His decree.

The climax of the play, thus skillfully led up to by every trick of the imagination calculated to create sympathy and suspense, was the triumphant birth, with music and song crashing forth in joyous clamor, the idols of the pagan temples of Rome tottering and tumbling to the earth, and finally the mouth of hell itself opening in gorgeous impotent rage, to reveal the fury of Lucifer and his frustrated demons at the happy consummation of Bethlehem.

Sometimes, as in Northern England, because of the inclement weather of Christmastide, the Nativity play was given indoors, in the cathedral; and when this was the case many striking effects were achieved by reason of the darkness of the vast interior and through the manipulation of torches and lanterns and candle-light. Here a curtain was used, as in modern days; and but one scene at a time was shown on the stage, the platform being much smaller than that erected for the marketplace presentation and the imagination of the spectators being called much more into play. The dimly lighted cottage room of the Annunciation, with the Blessed Virgin spinning by a little lamp, and singing the *Magnificat* as she

spun, instantly caught the hearts of the audience; and, the next moment, those hearts were thrilled with high emotion when, in a burst of light, the Angel Gabriel a glorious golden-winged and white-robed creature, suddenly appeared on the scene. When the curtain was once more drawn, out of the darkness of the deep-vaulted edifice the sound of bleating lambs was heard, and the red glow of a shepherds' camp fire appeared. Later the darkness was pierced by the glory of the reappearing Gabriel who was, very likely, the handsomest young stone carver of the guild, and cousin or brother to the comely, slender lad who played the Blessed Virgin. And then the people enjoyed the savory taste of genuine drama, as real and impressive to them as any conjurer of the stage could contrive for us.

These were the beginnings of the Nativity drama; and they mark also its highest consummation. But if the splendor of the mediæval Mystery passed with the golden era of the old cathedrals, the dramatization of the story of Bethlehem continued on nevertheless through all succeeding ages—a natural impulse wherever that story is told. Have we not an immortal dramatization of Christmas in Handel's *Messiah* of the eighteenth century? "All our Christmas thoughts and emotions," writes John Addington Symonds, "have been gathered up for us by Handel in his drama of *The Messiah*."[5] *The Messiah* is universal property; it belongs to all lands, like the story it tells. In Provence, as we have seen, the old time Nativity play survives to the present day. Today also, as for many generations, the children of Dachau give their *Manger Plays* at Christmastide. Rumania has its shepherd actors. Up to a few years ago, in Italy, the *pifferari* came down annually from the mountains, into Naples and Rome, making a dramatic entrance through the city gates, and playing their pipes before the crib and also, out of compliment to St. Joseph, before the shops of the carpenters! Spain dramatizes Christmas in her *Holy Night* spectacles. In old Mexico—one is not very sure of anything in new Mexico—Mystery plays were performed every year, acting out the story of the Nativity with much quaintness and naïveté. There the play was given out of doors, with the town *plaza* for a stage and the actors laymen, both men and women, of the place. The chief personages in these Mexican Nativities, besides the Holy Family, were King Herod, the Magi and the devil—a sort of harlequin, designed, just as in the ancient Mysteries, to supply comic relief. The cos-

[5] *The Book of Christmas*, p. 368. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1910.

tuming of the characters also, as in ancient days, was at times not a little incongruous: a startling mixture of native red sashes, brightly colored *serapes,* and antiquated military uniforms. And the management of the star was somewhat primitive: it was strung on a wire, and pulled backward and forward, as the scene required.[6] But it was all dramatic to the beholders, and it thrilled and satisfied the drama-hungry hearts of the populace.

In our day and country the giving of Nativity plays is far from being unknown. Many a country or village parish, and city parish too, has its Christmas play, most often a *cantata,* with shepherds, angels, and magi, though not always attempting the final triumphant scene of the holy manger. Non-Catholics as well as Catholic congregations present these plays; they are often a feature of the Protestant Sunday-school's celebration of Christmas; and they are usually an event in the community or at least in the immediate neighborhood. We all know what a joyous zest there is in the planning and rehearsing of amateur plays; and this is all the more marked at Christmas time, when the spirit of holiday is in the air and friends and relatives are hearkening home for visiting and merrymaking. Thomas Hardy, in his Wessex novels, shows us the rustic English people enjoying their age-old pastime; and so does Eden Philpotts, whose scene of the Christmas rehearsal in *The Three Brothers* cannot be surpassed for homely comedy. The keen local rivalry for the parts in the play, the fun and pranks of the fore-gathered actors and singers, these are common experiences. Of course some of these present-day Christmas plays can hardly be said to approximate the Nativity drama proper. Thus, one which I saw a few years ago in a little Wisconsin town, told a simply story of local life instead of recounting the actual scenes at Bethlehem; but it all led up to a very effective Christmas Eve climax, with the company very sweetly and reverently singing *Holy Night* as the final curtain dropped. But whatever the variant they offer of the original story, they are in a degree at least a dramatization of the Christmas theme; and in time they may lead to better things.

With the revival of community pageantry—a distinctive feature of the dramatic history of our time, somewhat halted by the War but destined, nevertheless, to great proportions—it is possible that we may yet happily witness a return of the Nativity drama in its full beauty. There are, indeed, signs of its actual return already. The community Christmas Tree may be a beginning.

[6] Bayard Taylor's *Eldorado.*

Some of the larger Settlement Houses in the various American cities have lately been celebrating Christmas with Nativity plays; and even the civic *Nativity*—like unto the productions of the Middle Ages—is becoming known. At Bethlehem (in Pennsylvania, not Judea) as befits the name, the divine story has become a part of the local Christmas celebration. New England, which in the days of the Puritans proscribed Christmas as a "popish mummery," has lived to see its own civic Nativity dramas.[1] In St. Paul, Minnesota, two years ago, large audiences witnessed a Nativity called *Christkind,* which met with much success. And in California, where open-air pageants are so easily carried out in the mid-winter season, a really telling impetus has recently been given the movement—if movement it may be called. There, on Christmas Eve in 1915, a remarkable Nativity pageant and spoken drama was given in Los Angeles, four hundred volunteer actors and singers participating, and an audience of fifteen thousand people—equal to the best crowd that Rouen or Chester, London or York, could bring forth in the heyday of the Miracle play—witnessing it. This Los Angeles Nativity, written by Susanna Clayton Ott, has been published under the title, *A Masque for the Commonwealth of Los Angeles,* and perhaps may yet be produced elsewhere. I myself saw a modern Christmas Mystery presented in San Francisco. It was a parish event, given indoors by the people of St. Paul's, which attracted many thousands of people before it was done with, and became an almost sensational theatrical event, rivaling the commercial show-houses with its "run." On several occasions this play has been revived, and invariably it succeeds; interest in it does not die out. Another San Francisco Nativity drama, one which makes striking use of the element of suspense, by keeping the door of the stable-cave of Bethlehem closed till the final climax, has been written by a young California poet, Daniel Doran. Less formal than these plays, prepared expressly for the stage, but nevertheless equally interesting, and equally valuable as signs of the return of the Nativity drama, are such festivals as that given two or three years ago in Muir Woods, on the slope of Mt. Tamalpais, in California. At this fête, something of the primitive simplicity of the Middle Ages was achieved in the acting out in pantomime, before the great open fireplace, the story of the birth of Christ, the adoration of the shepherds and the coming of the Magi.

[1] *Nativity: A Miracle Play in New England. Country Life,* vol. xxv., p. 49. December, 1913.

There is excellent material at hand for a revival of the Nativity drama; and what is lacking may be easily supplied by the writing of new Nativity plays, one of the desired results of such a revival. Some few years ago Professor Gayley prepared for the use of the English actor, Ben Greet, a very fine example of the Nativity play in *The Star of Bethlehem,* of which we have already made mention. This is an arrangement, designed for the modern stage, of the Towneley and other old English Cycles of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Woven from passages and scenes taken from the Towneley Annunciation, the York *Angels and Shepherds* and *Coming of the Three Kings;* the Coventry *Birth of Christ, Adoration of the Shepherds* and *Adoration of the Magi;* and from other sources, it supplies modern players with an authentic and at the same time a practicable working drama of the Nativity. It is a delightful thing, quaint and charming, and full of good comedy, the latter woven around the adventures of the shepherds who have a hard time of it keeping track of the sly movements of Mak, the sheep-thief. It has such irresistibly quaint lines as these of the rustic Coll, who brings his poor gift to the Infant Saviour, crying joyfully:

> Lo, he merries!
> Lo, he laughs, my sweeting!
> A full fair meeting!—
> I give thee greeting—
> Have a bob of cherries!

And there is Coll's fellow shepherd, Gyb, who advances to the manger saying, as he kneels:

> Hail! I kneel and I cower. A bird
> I have brought to my Bairn;

And Daw:

> Hail! Darling dear, full of Godhead!

And there is the shepherd's song, sung to the tune of the pipes:

> Doune from Heaven, from Heaven so hie
> Of angeles ther came a companie,
> With mirth and joy and great solemnitye:
> They sang "terly terlowe."
> So merreli the shepherds their pipes can blow!

It is as reverent as a prayer, although unquestionably the arranger was guilty of an artistic blunder in his use of the sweet old lullaby beginning: "Lulla, lulla, thou littel tine Child!"

The late Monsignor Benson gave us a Nativity drama[8] designed for practical use, and already used, I believe, with success at Cambridge, England. And there is Laurence Housman's *Bethlehem,*[9] stupidly forbidden by the British censor, not for any intrinsic fault, I imagine, but simply because some of the obsolete rules of the old puritanical censorship statutes are not yet repealed. It is a very beautiful and reverent Christmas drama, very Catholic in thought and feeling, vivid, simple and poetic, and full of the old-fashioned *naïveté* which we find in the ancient Mystery plays. In the writing of *Bethlehem* Mr. Housman, according to his own testimony was not attempting anything "naturalistic or realistic," but endeavoring only to concentrate in a symbolic drama "all the love and delight and wonder which has come to be associated with Christmas."

A modern Nativity drama of the highest value, both as drama and as an inspiring spectacle, is Douglas Hyde's *The Nativity,*[10] already presented in Ireland. The lovely simplicity of this little one-act play is in the full spirit of the event it celebrates. Even the stage directions have a charm about them; as for instance:

> The dawn of day is rising and the colors of morning coming. Two women come in—a woman from the east, and a woman from the west, and they tired from the journey. There is a branch of a cherry tree in the hands of one of them and a flock of flax in the hand of the other of them.

Here we see the "bob of cherries" of the Towneley Cycle recurring again; and likewise in this, as in a majority of Nativity dramas, the story is retold of those who turned Our Lady away from their doors in her hour of travail. The climax of Dr. Hyde's play, when the two guilty women are about to hurry away in shame to conceal themselves from the eyes of the Infant God and His Blessed Mother, and the Blessed Virgin calls them back, is highly dramatic. The lines read:

> *Mary Mother (rises up and stretches out her hands, beckoning to the women):* Come over here. Come to this cradle. The Son of God is in this cradle, and His cradle is nothing but a manger. But yet he is the King of the world. There is a

[8] *A Mystery Play in Honor of the Nativity of Our Lord.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

[9] *Bethlehem: A Nativity Play.* By Laurence Housman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

[10] In *Poets and Dreamers.* By Lady Gregory, p. 244. London: John Murray. 1903.

welcome before the whole world coming to this cradle; but it is those that are asking forgiveness will get the greatest welcome. *(The two women fall on their knees.)*

There are other modern Nativity plays available. Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell's *The Nativity: a Miracle Play,* published in his book of poems, *The Dead Musician,*[11] is a beautiful poetic drama, which weaves a rather unusual story around the incidents of the divine birth, and has a striking climax. In this again, the repentance of those who closed their doors and their hearts to the Imminent Christ, figures in the plot. Elsa Seton's *A Christmas Mystery,*[12] telling the story of a miraculous cure wrought at the holy manger is of the same order, highly poetical, and full of tender appeal. With very slight rearrangement, these plays could be produced on the stage.

Josephine Preston Peabody's *The Wolf of Gubbio*[13] is a novel treatment of the Nativity theme, framing the story of Bethlehem in the Franciscan legend of the institution of the Christmas crib. It is written in musical verse, and is wistfully beautiful, and filled, at the same time, with that gentle spirit of jocund humor which so strongly characterizes the literature of Christmas. Indeed I have found in all my researches no Nativity drama, old or new, more effectively pervaded with the holy and joyous spirit of the great festival than *The Wolf of Gubbio* which tells in a compelling dramatic narrative:

> How lowly to this world He came, alone
> A naked Babe;

and sings of the Crib in these unforgettable lines:

> *St. Francis:* O, Nest!
> Nest of all hearts' desire!
> Even to Thee the blinded birds go seeking;
> Nest of all love!
> O empty nest,—
> Be filled, be filled with these,—
> The wayworn sorrows, thronging, weeping, thronging—
> The lost compassions, yea, the lack and longing
> Without hearts-ease!
> Nest that no man nor bird did ever build,
> Be filled, be filled,

[11] New York: Laurence J. Gomme. 1916.
[12] Published in San Francisco *Monitor,* December 19, 1914.
[13] Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Over,—above—
All our sore longing,
All our blind weeping,—
Hopeless of rest;
O Nest of the Light of the World!

While at the first glance one may feel that this play is not a practical stage vehicle—one of the principal rôles being that of the Wolf himself, a very difficult part to enact—still, on second thought, when it is remembered that symbolism and not realism is the chief characteristic of the successful Nativity drama, the difficulty vanishes. Symbolism is strong in *The Wolf of Gubbio*. The story is of the turning away of a poor peasant couple and their babe by the selfish citizens of Gubbio, who shut their doors on them as the innkeeper of Bethlehem did on St. Joseph and his Spouse; and of the rescue of the unhappy beggars by St. Francis. The conclusion of the play, with its offering of gifts to the manger, is beautiful; and the whole spirit of the drama is summed up in the words which St. Francis speaks to the townsmen and their women-folk:

*St. Francis:* Hark!....Know ye not, on this high feast
There is a truce 'twixt man and beast?
—Ye may not touch the least
Of brother creatures vengefully;—
Nor hurt nor hound him that he die.—
That pact between you, ye shall keep:
Unless you will Lord Christ to weep,
—Even Lord Love, on high!

—words not a little reminiscent of those familiar lines from *Hamlet* with which the master of all dramatists (who, possibly, as a lad of fifteen witnessed the last of the Nativity plays of the Middle Ages at York, in 1579) introduced the story of Bethlehem into his most famous play:

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein Our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

# THE DISTRIBUTIVE STATE.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

## I.

IN the April issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD I drew attention to those major tendencies of our time which are gradually drawing our society towards what I have seen fit to call the Servile State. I propose in this article to discuss the solution which will make it possible for our society to avoid a return to servile conditions.

I stated in the previous article that we may take it for granted, as reasonable men, that the condition of society known as "industrial" is quite abnormal to men, and cannot endure. It has involved us in abominations which we cannot tolerate. It is unstable, and actually in ruins as I write. Its prime characteristic is not the instruments with which it produces wealth nor the manner in which it produces it, but the concentration of the ownership of the means of production in a few hands, and the relegation of the mass of the community to the condition which is technically called (in the terms of modern economic science) "proletarian." That is, the mass of men in such a society are dependent upon a wage paid them at short and regular intervals, and by their necessity for that wage, which is absolute life and death to them, they are as absolutely controlled.

To escape from so vicious a product of false philosophy or false religion (whichever we choose to call it—for the outward condition of a society proceeds from its mind, and not its mind from that condition) there has been imagined a political theory called *Socialism,* according to which the means of production should be taken from the small minority which possesses them and vested in political officers responsible in some fashion to the whole state, and instructed so to put the citizens to work upon capital and land as to produce what they, these officers, direct. This produce to be next distributed according to the orders of these officers, under the control (however established) of the mass of citizens. This theory, as we have seen, is attractive to many because, if the officers were really controlled or were really just, it would forbid all exploitation of one

citizen by another, and find sufficiency and security for all. To others it is repellant because it seems to them to destroy men's chief opportunity for independence and for the control of their own lives. But it has largely convinced the modern world, both those whom it attracts and those whom it repels, that it is a sort of necessity; those who have the misfortune to be caught in an industrial society and who have not the privilege of possessing a religion or a philosophy, are offered no alternative.

Now we have also seen that in practice Socialism thus influencing the mind of an industrial society by no means results in the establishment of its own ends. By which it is not meant that these ends are not *yet* established, nor that they are *imperfectly* established, but that industrial society, acting more and more upon and influenced more and more by Socialist theory, is making with greater and greater rapidity and in firmer and firmer fashion for a state of affairs *quite other* than Socialist: something which is not Socialism at all, but something utterly different, to wit, the Servile State. And this Servile State is a condition of society in which the few still possess the means of production and are specially secured in their possession of it. The many not only still remain proletarian, but are settled and bound into a proletarian framework and are granted, against this, those fundamental advantages of security and sufficiency which, in the brief interlude of industrial anarchy, they had increasingly lost.

This is not a matter of theory, not a conclusion arrived at to fit in with some social ideal scheme. It is a conclusion of observation, based upon obvious and glaring facts, which no one who cares to use his eyes and to see things as they are, can for a moment deny. Men occupied in the reform of our modern industrial societies are not asking themselves: " By what machinery can we confiscate the property of the few and put it into the hands of political officers?" They are not framing laws to that effect, they are not tending towards it in any fashion. They are asking themselves, upon the contrary: " How can we put into the hands of political officers the management of this *capitalist* community? How can we best regulate through the authority of political officers the lives of the vast proletarian mass, so that that mass shall have sufficiency and security?"

In this work the capitalist class is the most active of all; indeed, the reformers in question come mainly from that class, while those who do not, are in many cases openly its servants. Many laws al-

ready exist which are initiating and strengthening a policy of this sort; universal arguments believed to be unanswerable are quoted in its favor, both by men who detest the idea of confiscation or even of the state ownership of capital and by men who still continue to talk vaguely of the old-fashioned theory of Socialism, but put all practical energy and thought, not into the furtherance of Socialism at all, but into the production of the Servile State, which is no more Socialism than Stoicism is Christianity, or than a Prison is a Republic.

We have suggested as the best solution of this strange and now far advanced development, the necessary effect of the conflict between Socialism and the soul of man. The soul of man would not permit the translation into practice of a theory which eliminated property in the means of production, but it demanded certain consequences of that theory and particularly security and sufficiency. These the Servile State could afford not only as well as, but better than, Democratic Collectivism; therefore, in practice, the Collectivist pressure acting upon society, as it is, has canalized it along a line of least resistance, produced a resultant direction for its development, which direction points to nothing resembling Socialism, but to something very closely resembling that old condition of many slaves living under a few free men. A condition universal before the appearance of the Christian religion, and which may very well succeed its disappearance in any state.

Had space permitted, the argument might have been strengthened by considerations as concrete and as practical as those we brought forward. Thus it is remarkable that the first steps taken towards this new state of affairs were taken in that area of Northern Germany external to Western civilization, which was also the first to shake off the religious tradition of the West and is now the most frankly atheistic part of Europe. Again, we might have strengthened a presentation already obvious enough, by pointing out in what centres of our own society (still partially Christian) the active work of developing the Servile State is being done.

But without these and numerous other subsidiary concrete illustrations, it should be sufficiently clear that industrial society is, as a fact, developing upon those lines, not upon Collectivist lines; that the experiments of reformers are based more and more upon borrowing, less and less upon confiscation; that the function in the state which is growing under their hands is not the political ownership of lands and capital—for that grows less and less—but the

administration by a great body of salaried servants of the mass of the proletarian in the interests of the rapidly strengthening capitalist class. All these, we say, are the postulates of any inquiry or of any suggested remedy for the future.

Those to whom this tendency towards the Servile State (under whatever name they call it) is satisfactory, will of course seek no other solution, nor is it to them that the arguments we are about to develop should be addressed. But, even among the few who clearly appreciate the nature of the very rapid pace of the modern change, there is certainly a majority which is not contented with it, which is attempting to react against it, and which lacks only a method of reaction. It is for this majority that our arguments are designed.

There is but one alternative to the state of society in process of creation, and that alternative is a society in which the means of production are severally possessed by a determinant number of the units, family and individual, that go to build up the state. "Severally:" that is, with a division between who owns and who does not own, lying between unit and unit, so that this family, that corporation, this individual, own lands and capital in absolute property as against others, and that the great mass of regulations limiting such rights (for the furtherance of coöperation, for the checking of competition, etc.) shall arise spontaneously from below, and shall be the product of men economically free, acting in communion. "Determinant:" that is, a number which is not a bare majority, nor any fixed proportion, but such that it determines the general economic sense and opinion, character and air of society.

Such a state of affairs is that upon which the whole of our past is built, which the whole of our jurisprudence presupposes, and in terms of which all our familiar conversation is still couched. It exists firmly planted and ineradicable in many still healthy districts of the modern world. It has in some, and notably in Ireland, been recreated by an insistent popular demand. But being normal to man, there is no name for it. We know what we mean by a Manx cat, but what particular adjective have we to denote the tail-bearing breed? It might be called by those deaf to barbaric cacophony the "Proprietarial State," or any other name equally removed from healthy English. Since a thing must be given a name if we are to discuss it, let us give this thing the name of "The Distributive State," though that is a very poor and mechanical name for the sort of society which is nothing more nor less than the fixed tradition of all society normal to Christian Europe.

If it be any man's desire, however vague or ill thought out, to restore, to establish, or to protect the Distributive State, when that man is acting in the midst of industrial conditions, two questions must be put down at the outset upon the answer to which the whole of his effort must return.

The first question is: "Can such a society be established—established, that is, out of the elements which the industrial welter provides?" The second question is: "If such a society were established, would it be stable?" To these two questions we will now turn.

Now it is to be carefully noted by anyone who approaches this problem that the two questions, though frequently confused in the minds of disputants, are essentially distinct. There is many a man who cherishes in his heart the ideal of some ancient primitive society in which the means of production shall be well distributed among citizens, but who is convinced that "under modern conditions" (whatever that phrase may mean) the thing is impossible. Such men accept a collectivist solution with regret, however sincerely they press for that solution; but they only accept it as being much the less of two evils. Such a man at bottom was William Morris, who, for all his large and inspiring acceptance of Socialism, at once described (when he let his imagination go) not an ideal Collectivist State but an ideal Distributive State.

The type of man and the type of argument concerned with the second question are radically different. Here you have a personal judgment or a line of reasoning which is not concerned to deny the possibility of distributing property in the means of production—that question is regarded as quite a minor one—but which is concerned to point out that "modern economic conditions" would turn such a society into a Capitalist Society again, in no time. The second kind of character or type of reasoning is not that of the imaginative man who sees a certain goal but believes it unattainable, and regretfully abandons it for a possible alternative, it is rather that of the calculating man who believes himself to have justly estimated the forces of life around him, and who despises the static expression of a problem which he perceives to be essentially dynamic.

It may be perfectly possible to answer the first question in the affirmative and yet find that answer useless because the second question must be answered in the negative. But *unless* the first question *can* be answered in the affirmative it is not worth while

pursuing the inquiry any further; for if there is in modern conditions of production something which inherently prevents the wide distribution of property in the means of production, then there is no practical object in discussing the effect or advantages of such a distribution at all. Let us therefore come to a clear conclusion upon this point: can property be redistributed after it has fallen into a few hands?

A man possessing some acquaintance with the history of Europe and the actions of military and decided societies will be struck at the very outset by the terms of the question. "How (he will say) can any purely human arrangement be impossible for human beings to arrange?" After all it is only the question of *doing* the thing, and if there is human resistance, then of human fighting and winning. In societies without number the means of production have concentrated during periods of corruption into a few hands and then possessors have been violently dispossessed, hardly ever without bloodshed, but usually successfully after bloodshed, because they were but a minority opposed to a determined majority. Where that non-propertied majority consists of free men, clothed with legislative power and capable of bearing arms, time and again the few possessors have found themselves deprived of their monopoly and their goods redistributed throughout the commonweal. This process is called, upon the model of antiquity, an Agrarian Revolution, and where men are willing to make all sacrifices for that object, an agrarian revolution can, of course, and very often has, taken place. We had one in this generation in Ireland, and we might have one tomorrow in any society, agricultural or industrial, where the free men not only desired it, but were so determined to accomplish it that they were willing to risk wounds and death in its achievement. The Irish were imprisoned, tortured and killed to make them give up their assault upon the concentrated ownership of the means of production in the shape of land. They defied imprisonment, torture and death, they continued that military effort, the essence of which is making your enemy exceedingly uncomfortable at your expense, and they have won.

What men mean when they say that it is "impossible" to effect a redistribution of property in any society is, (though they do not often clear their minds on the subject), that, *given the psychology of the society in question,* the thing cannot be done. The society they speak of will not, *as a matter of fact,* confiscate. The

majority of free men in it do not *as a matter of fact* sufficiently desire property to run a physical risk in its attainment. This is what men mean when they talk of such and such methods of reform as being "practical." They mean that, as a matter of fact, in such and such a society the rich are accustomed and will submit to taxation in certain forms and in a certain degree only. That the poor will not attempt to compel them to accept taxation in other forms or in a higher degree, and that, therefore, anyone desiring to achieve a new distribution of property in that society, can only act in a capitalist atmosphere and with social forces created by capitalism.

The question, therefore, narrows itself to this: Can we in a society where the means of production are owned by a small minority of the free men, and where from inertia, ignorance, confusion, cowardice, the purchasable habit in their souls, and other such mental characteristics combined, men's initiative is lost, gradually establish by manœuvre, a state of society which courageous, clear-thinking and unpurchasable men could certainly accomplish at once and by direct effect. It is exceedingly important to make this distinction, because in the diseased moral conditions which accompany industrialism the impossibility of getting men to take physical risks or even to visualize clearly the economic object they have in view, is taken for granted as something normal to humanity. It is of course nothing of the sort; but it may be normal to the particular diseased body with which we are dealing, just as it is normal to the drunkard to have lost his will. And, just as in reclaiming a drunkard we can no longer appeal to the will which is no longer there, but must act from outside the man, and by gradual and indirect pressure, so in a society which is sunk into industrialism we may be compelled to indirect efforts external to itself, and in despair of the revolution must attempt transformation instead. Granted all this, it is evident that there are two separate avenues by which the means of production congested in a few hands may conceivably be slowly and methodically redistributed among many.

The first method is that of Purchase. The second method is that of canalization. Both may, and should, work together in any attempt to redistribute property, to socialize it, or in any slow fashion to transform its present arrangement. But each is quite distinct from the other. In purchase you offer goods in voluntary exchange against some portion of the means of production, and thus again leave it to the state to retain or redistribute that portion.

In canalization you take advantage of the fact that wealth is always in a state of flux—in act of production, accumulation and conception—and so frame your laws that accumulation of the means of production shall be easier in many than in fewer hands.

I will now discuss the first method, Purchase, and discover what purchase of the means of production means in economic reality, and whether its action is illusory—a mere exchange of one form of the advantage of the rich for another—or a real, *i. e.*, a true dispossession in the means of production of their former owners. Purchase, as I have said—purchase by or through the state of the means of production—is the offering to the possessors thereof of power of demand over goods in general, in exchange for those particular means of production. And as goods in general will always include goods immediately consumable, a process of state purchase gradually expropriates the owners of the means of production. There are two forms in which the state can purchase. It can either purchase out of taxation or it can purchase with the proceeds of a loan.

What happens when the state purchases the certain particular means of production with funds furnished by taxation? When the state purchases certain means of production out of the funds provided by taxation, it takes from the owners and non-owners combined, a power of demand to the loss of which they are grown accustomed as necessary for the management of the community, at the same time the state sets aside a portion of that power of demand wherewith to tempt the owner of the means of production to exchange his ownership against such portion.

Now it is evident that purchase thus conducted out of revenue furnished by taxation can only be upon a small scale, as the state is at present organized. The modern state can demand but a small fraction of the annual revenue of its citizens—short of revolution, which, as it would demand virile action, we must expressly exclude from this study of contemporary methods—and of the total so demanded, only a small proportion can be set aside for such social experiments as the transformation of ownership in the means of production. It would be a strain upon the social structure of a country to demand a tenth of its annual consumable values: that tenth would only yield a tenth again (*i. e.*, one per cent of the whole) for social experiment if this were played upon the largest scale. Purchase by taxation, the direct method, is therefore very slow.

Nevertheless, this direct method is, as we shall presently see, the method to be pursued. For let us contrast with it the alternative method, that of loans. When the state borrows money for the purpose of buying out some form of the means of production, it is invariably borrowing the means of production. This is no true transformation. The lender regards the loan as an investment. He puts into it what he would otherwise have put into some other productive enterprise, and though the state establish a sinking fund the annual payments on which shall be met by taxation, that is only a way of paying for the things "purchased" by small installments spread over a great length of time, commonly with usury added, and it is the most expensive way of consummating the transaction. It may be politically advisable to purchase by loan in particular cases, where rapidity of action is essential, as for instance in an acute quarrel between a dispossessed peasantry and its landlords, threatening civil war. In such a case (the Irish Land Act is an example) the state as a matter of policy says to the mortgagees of Irish land: "I will spend, over a period of seventy years, earmarked revenue of mine obtained through taxation, although I could have bought you out bit by bit to the same extent in fifty years: I sacrifice to usury the amount of twenty years taxation and put it into the money-lenders' pocket as a bribe to allow me to anticipate the business."

But as an economic transaction, purchase by loan is always an error. A lucky gamble may prove advantageous to the state which has purchased by loan; but on a large scale, unlucky ventures will more than counterbalance them. For the state has neither the machinery, nor the inducement, for gambling that the money-dealers have.

In general the idea that we can transform ownership in the means of production through a succession of great loans is unsound in pure economics, and more unsound in practice because of the fact that, in a capitalist state of society, the few monopolizers of the means of production, with their subsidized press, their banks controlling reserves, their toll of "brokerage," will be very wide awake to their opportunity and will bleed the state to their utmost. Indeed, the greatly tightened grip which capitalism has gained over Europe in the last forty years is largely due to "municipalization" of means of transit and exchange, and even production by loans. It is, therefore, upon purchase out of taxation that we must rely. It is the only true form of purchase.

I have already remarked that this form is necessarily slow and exercisable in practice over only a small field at a time. But there are expedients which largely increase both the area and rapidity of its action. The first of these expedients is to set aside taxation not for direct purchase of the means of production with the object of distributing them, after the purchase, over the greater number of the community, but in aid of voluntary purchase from the great possessor by the small. A very little difference one way or the other in the way of a *bonus* will determine an increasing volume of transactions, thus distributing the means of production. You have but to consider the state as a broker—but as a broker who, instead of charging a similar percentage to all purchasers with special terms for the greatest, especially favors the *small* purchaser—to perceive how powerful an instrument for the distribution of the means of production it can become. The process is of course an "uneconomic" one; in other words, it involves a loss. *It is the recouping of that loss through taxation that will enable the state to act in this beneficent fashion, to play the part of co-purchaser with the small man, and to turn the balance of the market in his favor.*

The chief difficulty does not lie in the economic side. The exposition of the theory of distribution by purchase is no difficult task; the difficult task is to create a nucleus of *old* well-divided ownership in a society whose traditions and institutions are rapidly making for servitude; to make a man think of owning as well as of increasing or securing his wages; to secure the politicians who could be trusted to act in the interests of the community rather than of the rich, and to establish laws which prevent the immediate ruin of the smaller man by the greater.

There is further the cognate difficulty of discovering or establishing an institution wherewith to inaugurate purchase in aid. The beginnings of an institution whereby this process might be effected we have—comically inefficient—in the modern Savings Bank. It already deals in its absurdly inadequate form with considerable sums: about fifty dollars per family of the state and one hundred dollars per depositor, in England, for instance.

By extending its own operations, by offering to cognate institutions state guarantee at the expense of some state control, it could enormously increase them.

The system might have been devised to prevent the distribution of the means of production, but at the present time in England this system itself with two hundred million pounds of the smallest

savings, although it has hitherto been rightly regarded by those who have had recourse to it, not so much as a means of acquiring capital as a very safe place in which to keep small savings until they must be drawn upon to meet some necessity. At present English Savings Bank offer but sixpence in the pound interest (a reward for which no large capitalist will save, let alone a small one) and permits of practically no accumulation of over two hundred pounds (a thousand dollars).

A reversal of that economic process, which is taken for granted in this as in every other function of our capitalist society, could extend its action indefinitely and give it some sort of positive value as a transformer of social conditions. A high rate of interest on a small regular deposit, lowering gradually as the deposit rose (which is no premium against saving but quite the contrary); the purchase of securities free of brokerage below certain amounts and upon a scale which favored the smaller investor throughout, until a comparatively large unit was reached; the provision for a *bonus* on the purchase of specially selected securities; the extension of its operations, as we have said, by the guarantee and affiliation of similar voluntary associations—such methods, strictly kept within limits which certain earmarked taxation should render secure and only as the experiment succeeded, spread over a wider and wider field, would become within a generation a permanent and increasingly efficient instrument for the formation of a nucleus of free men and the establishment in practice of a popular possessing class.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# THE GLORIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A., PH.D., D.D.

## II.

## Unity.

CHRIST is the foundation of the Church which bears His name. Whatever may be said or fancied as to the historical origin of the Church, it is an indisputable fact that the Church is indissolubly linked to the words, teaching and influence, the action and will of Jesus Christ. The earliest records of her life in the history of the world speak of her as an institution built up by Jesus Christ, as a society with characteristic traits, individual notes. Those traits and notes are so pronounced as to make us distinguish her from all human institutions; still more, from those which usurp her name, and prerogatives, rob her of the gems of her diadem, and strive to reproduce her outward lineaments.

In the Sacred Writings we can trace the original features of the Catholic Church. There the Church is styled an organism, a body whose members are harmoniously joined in a living unity. According to St Paul, as Christians, we are members of Christ.[1] As the body is one, and has many members, and all the members, whereas they are many, yet are one body,[2] so the Church is the body of Christ.[3] We are its members and being many, we are one body in Him.[4] Christ is the head of that body, which by Him is being compacted and fitly joined together.[5] From that divine head, the whole body, by joints and bands, is being supplied with nourishment and compacted, and it grows unto the increase of God.[6] In that body we are urged to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.[7]

From the above comparison, which so frequently occurs in the Epistles of St. Paul, we can discern the main characteristics of the Church of Christ. She is a living organism. Her members are bound and joined together by one and the same principle of super-

[1] 1 Cor. vi. 15. [2] 1 Cor. xii. 20. [3] Eph. i. 23; iv. 12. [4] Rom. xii. 5.
[5] Eph. iv. 15; v. 23. [6] Col. ii. 19. [7] Eph. iv. 3.

natural life. They cannot be separated from each other, lest they be lost in death; the same blood circulates in her veins. A member detached from that body no longer shares in its life. It is the motionless member of a corpse; it is the dead branch cut off from the living trunk. Life in the Church of Christ consists in the perfect adhesion of the members to the body, which receives its vital powers from the head, Jesus Christ Our Lord. The divine organism of the Church does not consist in a mechanical juxtaposition of members, each one endowed with individual life. Life belongs to the whole body. As Christ is one and not divided, so the vital principle of the Church, Christ Himself, is one and not divided.

Hence it follows that unity is one of the characteristic notes of the Church of Christ. "The Church is one," we read in a beautiful passage of a Father of the third century, "and she is spread abroad far and wide into a multitude by an increase of fruitfulness. As there are many rays of the sun, but one light; and many branches of a tree, but one strength based in its tenacious root; and since from one spring flow many streams diffused in the liberality of an overflowing abundance, yet the unity is still preserved in the source. Separate a ray of the sun from its body of light, its unity does not allow a division of light; break a branch from a tree—when broken, it will not be able to bud; cut off the stream from its fountain, and that which is cut off dries up. Thus also the Church illuminated by the light of the Lord sheds forth her rays over the whole world, yet it is one light which is everywhere diffused, nor is the unity of the body separated. Her fruitful abundance spreads her branches over the whole world. She broadly expands her rivers, liberally flowing, yet her head is one; her source one; and she is one mother, plentiful in the results of fruitfulness. From her womb we are born, by her milk we are nourished, by her spirit we are animated."[8]

Thus unity is, as it were, the label of the genuine Church of Christ. Moreover, it is the most visible of her distinguishing traits. The Church's unity reveals itself in oneness of doctrine, of ministry, of government. On earth the Church enjoys an intellectual life, for she is the living body of the divine Teacher; a pastoral life, for she carries on the redeeming work of the divine Saviour; and a social life, for she applies the maxims of the divine Civilizer. Only in the Catholic Church do we realize that triple unity of doctrine, of ministry, of magisterium. It is only in the Catholic Church that Christian thought reflects the rays of the wisdom of Christ;

[8] St. Cyprian, *De unitate Ecclesiæ*, 5.

that the Christian heart beats in unison with the heart of Christ, or rather, forms one heart with Him; and lastly, it is only in the Catholic Church that Christian souls are fully joined in a perfect social organism, whose head is Jesus Christ Our Lord. In this way, the divine unity of the Catholic Church conveys to us the fullness of doctrinal, sacramental and social life. The Catholic Church is truly one mind, one heart, and one soul. All the chords of her multifarious life vibrate in perfect harmony.

First of all, the Catholic Church is one mind. Even those who do not belong to her are forced to acknowledge that " among Catholics there is but one opinion, one teaching about the sacraments and about every other point of Christian doctrine which has been definitely settled by their Church."[9] Centuries have passed over her, yet the doctrine she announces in the name of her divine Founder do not change. Her utterances do not follow the windings of human error. In her ceaseless struggles for the defence of her doctrinal inheritance, in her daily efforts to put in a fuller light the deep meaning of revealed truths, she makes appeal to the past; she evokes the dead legions of saints and martyrs to confirm by their testimony the genuineness of her teaching. She is truly, as Vincent of Lerins described her in the fifth century, " the careful and watchful guardian of the doctrines deposited in her charge. She never changes anything in them, never diminishes, never adds, does not cut off what is necessary, does not add what is superfluous, does not lose her own, does not appropriate what is another's."[10]

The teaching of the Catholic Church is a link of continuity between the past and present generations. Catholic theology is increased by the treasures of human speculation upon the sublime mysteries of divine revelation. But, Catholic Faith has added nothing to its deposit of sublime truths. The beliefs of the Apostolic age reëcho faithfully in the Creed which we repeat devoutly in our churches today. The words which the Church utters are superior to social divergencies and cultural peculiarities. They sound with the same meaning to the East and to the West; they have the same binding force for the civilized as for the uncivilized. No warring creeds can flourish within the pale of the Catholic Church. She has never striven to fit her immutable beliefs to the " frames of mind " of passing generations. She does not fear the victories of man over the forces of nature, nor his ascent to the highest summit

[9] F. G. Lee. *Essays on the Reunion of Christendom.* London, 1867, p. 153.
[10] *Commonitorium*, 23, 59.

of intellectual life. She knows, by the experience of the past and her faith in the future, that the doctrinal foundations laid by Our Lord cannot be shaken by seducers. She is the only Church which chronologically and geographically shows the most perfect unity of doctrine. Even what her foes contemptuously call dogmatic forgeries, namely, her lately defined dogmatic truths, rest first of all on the testimony of the past. And her claims to a never broken identity of belief are so well founded that, to deny them, men have been forced to assault one of the sources of Christian faith, sacred tradition.

The Catholic Church alone possesses unity of sacramental and pastoral life. As the mystical body of Christ, the Catholic Church distributes to her members the merits of the Incarnate Son of God. She is a redeeming power in a world of sin. She is the reservoir of the streams of a divine life which flows from the heart of Christ. The sacraments are the channels of that life. They were divinely instituted by the Saviour, and consequently the Church cannot reject or change them without altering the whole economy of the divine plan of Redemption, without frustrating the will and power of God. Outside of the Catholic Church, sacramental life has lost or impaired its unity. Even the Eastern Churches, although firmly clinging to the traditional teaching of Christian antiquity, have made innovations in their sacramental life. The Catholic Church alone has given to all the Sacraments an equal value, the value of tokens of the Divine Love. They are the channels of supernatural life in the souls cherished by God. Man therefore may not purloin from them an iota of their divine stability. And when so sacrilegious a crime is perpetrated, then sacramental life languishes, both in individuals and in communities. "We Protestants," sighs Newman Smyth, "we baptize, we teach in our Sunday-schools for a little while; we marry and we divorce; we keep some men in our places of worship; we lose others from our own household; rarely do we bring back those who have gone from us; and, instead of a sustaining sacrament for the hour of death, too often the reasonable hope of immortality withdraws itself in the last darkness from the hearts of many over whom we have not always watched."[11]

Lastly, the Catholic Church alone is endowed with the most perfect unity of government. Because of that unity an Anglican divine called her the backbone of Christianity. That unity is not a human unity. If it were, the waves of time and the hatred of men

[11] *Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism.* New York, 1908, p. 16.

had long since swept it away. The Catholic Church claims that Jesus Christ is her invisible head; and the source of her spiritual life. But, being a visible society among men, claiming the right to lead them to the attainment of their supernatural aims, she needs also a visible head.

If the Church is a perfect body, *unus homo, vir perfectus, Christus et Ecclesia,*[12] according to St. Augustin, her natural perfection requires a visible head. The grossest inconsistency of those who deny the Catholic notion of the Church, consists in their denial of a supreme visible head to the mystical body of Christ. If the Church is really that mystical body; if she lives among men in a visible society, we cannot conceive her as lacking a visible head. If St. Paul rightly compares the Church to the perfect man, and if in man the invisible soul, the source of his inward and outward life, does not preclude a visible head for the beauty and perfection of his human body, so neither does Jesus Christ, the source of the supernatural life of the Church, deprive her of a visible head. It is inconsistent, I repeat, to admit that the Church is a visible body, and at the same time to deny to that body the most important of its visible parts. If the Church has been instituted by Christ as a perfect society, she ought to have that root of social unity and order, *viz.,* a supreme ruler. Anarchy is the corrosive acid of society. And the Church, as a perfect society, cannot have anarchy as the foundation of her social life. Outside of the Catholic Church we find all the symptoms of rapid dissolution or of lifeless inertia. The intellectual life of Christianity has been brought to a standstill by the Churches which have broken their bond of allegiance to Rome, or it has lost its powers in the maze of rationalistic conceits. On the one hand nationalism, with the narrowness of its spirit and its bounded interests, has loosened the ties of a unity which in the Catholic Church levels all national frontiers; on the other, the revolt against Rome has culminated in the most anarchical individualism, in the disruption of the unity of the intellectual life of the Church. In Eastern Orthodoxy, the unity of the Church has been lost with profit to the political powers; in the Western Reformation that same unity has been dissolved to the profit of egotistical aims. While both in the East and the West, the Catholic Church stands firm in divine unity against the assaults of a narrow nationalism and of an anarchical individualism.

By nationalism the Orthodox Churches have sunk to the level

[12] Enarr. in Psalmos xviii. 10; P. L. xxxvi. 161.

of mere tools in the hands of political power. Nationalism has been the great weakness and the great sin of the Byzantine Church, the mother of the so-called autonomous churches of the East. It has been also the grave of the Byzantine hierarchy. When the Byzantine Church shared in the life of the whole body of Christ, when her councils and bishops turned their gaze to the West, and in their times of trial heeded the voice of Rome, she enjoyed the fullness of youthful energy. By the genius of her doctors she unfolded the treasures of divine truth; by the labors of her apostles she enlarged the Kingdom of Christ.

Her decay begins with the ascendancy of a narrow-minded nationalism, which applied to the political and religious life of Byzantium the old saying: "He who is not Greek is barbarian." In proportion as the underhand rebellion against Rome spread in the ranks of the Byzantine hierarchy, the despotism of the Basileis and their encroachments in the realm of religious life grew stronger. Some Byzantine writers claimed for their emperors the right of a supreme and uncontrolled power in every department of the life of the nation. Even the laws of rhetoric and grammar were to be promulgated by them. Nationalism infected the very roots of the Byzantine spirit, and when its work was complete, the religious schism, which had been brewing for centuries, became definite. The defection of the Eastern Churches from Rome culminated in the disintegration of Christian unity, and in the consequent ruin was undermined the authority of the Byzantine hierarchy, itself responsible for the consummation of the Eastern schism. To justify her revolt against Rome, the Byzantine Church appealed to the theory of the legitimacy of national autonomous churches; while, grossly inconsistent, she wished to keep under her sway the Slavic *barbarians* converted to Christianity by Byzantine missionaries. She did not forsee that the nationalistic theories laid down by her Patriarchs, in the course of time, would be evolved to the utmost consequences by their successors. In the fifteenth century, the Russian Church proclaimed her full independence from the Patriarchate of Constantinople. In the nineteenth century her example was followed by the Orthodox Churches of the Balkan States. Even the redeemed Greeks of the Hellenic Kingdom refused to acknowledge the supreme authority of the so-called ecumenical Patriarch, whose authority extends at present over less than five million souls.

It was in vain that, in 1871, when the Bulgarians succeeded in establishing a national church, the Greek hierarchy, in a synod

held at Constantinople, anathematized the principle of nationalism as being in direct opposition to the universal spirit of the Church of Christ, and its visible unity. In so doing that synod condemned the doctrinal foundations of the Byzantine Church and did homage to the Catholic principle of Christian unity.

The lack of that unity is the chronic disease of the Eastern Churches separated from Rome. They form an agglomeration of acephalous communities which Khomiakov declared bound to each other by the ties of charity, but which in fact feel for each other only national hatred. As a consequence of this fearful malady, the Eastern Orthodox Churches have lost their power of resistance. They have been turned into political churches; they are all subservient to political powers. Their prosperity or decay depends upon the victory or defeat of the political factions which lend them support; their life is bound to the life of the state. They are national churches and a national church is a captive one, one separated from the universal Church of Christ, who has thrown off the yoke of Christ on earth merely to accept the yoke of a political ruler. Rebellion against the visible ecclesiastical authority has enslaved the particular churches of the East to a visible political authority. Hence we may rightly infer that the principle of a visible and central power in the Church, the principle of cohesion in its visible organism, comes from God, not from man. As to the fate of the Eastern autonomous churches, we can repeat the stirring words of a noble Russian lady, Princess Elizabeth Volkonskaia in a book which may be called the diary of her conversion to the Catholic Church: " All the Orthodox Churches appeal to their faith in the One, Catholic and Apostolic Church. None of them, however, realized that appeal, and all together do not constitute the Church of their dreams, for their agglomeration lacks a centre of unity, by virtue of which all the parts are joined into a perfect body, which is the efficient cause of their organic unity. They believe in the one and universal Church, I repeat; but they believe in it as in an earthly institution which in reality never exists. They have cast away one of the foundations of the Church. They have broken their relations with the centre of unity. That is the reason for their helplessness. No power in the world is able to heighten their value, to strengthen their authority, for what is human and temporary cannot support what is everlasting. We went away from the universal Church; we cut ourselves from her life. Since the age of the separation of the East from the Apostolic see, the Eastern

Churches have no voice to speak the language of truth. Their cloisters no longer lighten the world. Social life evolves and makes progress, while they sleep profoundly. Still more, they are buried in the sepulchral darkness of sterility. Their teaching is lifeless and vague."[13] No wonder, then, we assert that nationalism is the worst enemy of the Church of Christ and that the Catholic Church, being Christ's Church, fulfills her duty whenever she crushes nationalistic tendencies. But we must not confound nationalism with patriotism. The love of one's country is a natural feeling, which the Catholic Church beautifies and elevates by her influence. The Church does not interfere with the legitimate aims of Christian patriotism which is not based on violation of the laws of justice. When she stands out against nationalism, her conduct is inspired by the loftiest evangelical doctrine, by the doctrine of the equal dignity of all races before God, of the equal right of all races to the inheritances of Our Crucified Lord. Experience has sadly taught us that nationalism is almost always saturated with paganism and rests upon contempt for other races. To quote Nietzsche, " nationalism from time to time lets loose the beast of prey, the magnificent blond brute, avidly rampant for spoil and victory."[14] The Catholic Church detests the preachings of Zarathustra, who in name of Dionysian charity pushes to the wall the weaker races for the benefit of the stronger. All races belong to the Catholic Church by the same right, in the name of the Christ, " Who will have all men be saved and to come to the knowledge of truth."[15] Consequently, nationalism conceals in its heart a germ of social dissolution, and in preying upon the mystical body of the Church, jeopardizes its living religious unity.

By virtue of her divine unity the Catholic Church, while the world powers are grappling with each other in a giant conflict, extends the same maternal care over all the warring nations which, in spite of political enmity, follow the dictates of the same Faith and obey the same supreme Pastor. Nothing strikes so forcibly a truly Christian heart as the sight of that perfect unity midst the stormy ocean of racial hatreds. It points out the divine character of the

[13] *O tserkvi* (Essay on the Church). Berlin, 1888, p. 329. In our *Theologia Dogmatic Orthodoxa* we have shown that the consideration of unity affords the strongest arguments for the defence of Catholic doctrine against Orthodox controversialists. The theological accuracy of our statement as concerns its practical value, has been brought into fuller relief by Th. Spacil, S.J., *Ist die Lehre von den Kennzeichen der Kirche zu ändern? Zeitschrift für katholische Theologie*, 1912, vol. xxxvi., pp. 715-741.

[14] *The Genealogy of Morals*, i. 11. Edinburgh, 1910, p. 40. [15] 1 Tim. ii. 4.

unity of the Catholic Church, a unity which soars aloft above the raging billows of human passions, which stills the discordant voices of conflicting political interests; which blends in the same prayer hearts rent asunder by inveterate rancors; which stretches over them the healing and appeasing hand of the Saviour. By that unity the Catholic Church has truly leveled national frontiers and realized the universal brotherhood. It has truly become, as St. Augustine defines her in a beautiful metaphor, a nest hewn from the wood of Christ's Cross, a nest which offers tender asylum to all the peoples of the world.[16]

Eastern Orthodoxy has perverted the notion of Church Unity by the introduction of the principle of nationalism into the constitution of the Church. The Western Reformation went still further. As Alexis Klomiakov remarked, it sacrified ecclesiastical unity in its hatred for the principle of authority. The corrosive acid of an unbridled individualism, of an absolute freedom in the field of religious beliefs is the logical inference from the theories laid down by the theologians of the Reformation. They have not only denied the visible ecclesiastical authority: they have inflicted a fearful blow on Christianity as a distinct religion; as a body of doctrine emanating from Christ.

For many centuries Christianity has been the most powerful factor in the religious evolution of mankind. Amid the Babel of pagan polytheism, it arose as a compact body of beliefs, as a religion readily discernible by its characteristic traits. It introduced unity into the scattered flock of its followers who found peace within its harbor of salvation. It acted in the world as a unifying society whose members professed the same creed, recognized the same rulers, labored for the same goal. Christianity was not a reality apart from the Church. Both names are synonymous in the writings of all the exponents of Christian truth from the earliest days till the later age of Christian patristics. The Catholic Church proclaims her faith as a treasury: it is not the property of individuals, nor does it follow the phases of decay, and of revival of philosophic systems. The saying of the Gospel, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism,"[17] is the ruling norm of the Catholic faithful who boast of incorporation in the Church of Christ, and of the highest cleric enlisted in her armies. In the history of her intellectual life the Catholic Church does not allow any room for the elaboration

[16] *Ecclesia Dei nidum de lignis crucis Ipsius. Enarr. in Psalmun*, ci., 8.

[17] Eph. iv. 5.

of an individual creed. She declares herself the sole keeper and guardian of Christian truths, and forbids individuals to fit them to suit their tastes. "I cannot sufficiently wonder," wrote Vincent of Lerins, "at the madness of certain men, at the impiety of their blinded understanding, at their thirst for error, so that, not content with the rule of faith delivered once for all and received from times past, they are every day seeking one novelty after another, and are constantly longing to add, change, take away in religion, as though the principle—let what has once for all been revealed suffice—were not a heavenly but an earthly rule, a rule which could not be complied with except by continual amendment, nay, rather by continual fault-finding."[18] The unity of the Church is preserved by faith in the same God, by the profession of the same creed, by the reception of the same sacraments. The Church must recognize but one divine Teacher, Saviour and Founder. To say that Christianity is the ceaseless evolution of individual religious consciousness means the denial of its very essence—a body of divinely revealed truths as unchangeable as their divine Revealer.

Protestant and Modernist writers, when they touch on the unity of the Church, often blame the Catholic Church for what they call a ceaseless attempt to level all the native divergencies of individual religious experiences, to the profit of a deadening and militaristic uniformity. The philosopher of Modernism, Tyrrell, attaches more value to Protestant divisions than to Catholic unity: "Of the two evils, a sterilizing uniformity seems to me far greater than the divisions and subdivisions of Protestantism. These, at least, are evidences of energy and vitality, however wasted for lack of the unifying pressure of rational authority. Here are people who live and feel and think their religion; who are interested enough to quarrel about it, as about the most vital of all questions. Here, at least, is a variety out of which it is possible to make a unity. But from a mechanical unity, secured by the discouragement and repression of individual interest and initiative, what can result but that which has resulted? By regimental drill, by governmental coercion, you may form a political party, you may drive the multitudes to Mass and to the sacraments, you may teach them the same formulas, you may scare them into obedience, you may make them wheels in a machine, but you will never make them living members of a living organism, you will never make their interest intelligent or enlist their profoundest enthusiasm. In spite of all their

[18] *Commonitorium*, xxi., 51.

theological heresies and divisions, the religious interest still lives and grows in Protestant countries, whereas it languishes and dies among Catholics under the modern craze for centralization and military uniformity."[19]

Tyrrel's theory is a defence of Voltaire's aphorism: "Believe me, my friend, error also has some merit." In his eyes, the stability of eternal truth is a mental catalepsy, while the contradictions of human systems are the manifestations of an intense life! First of all it is absolutely untrue that the life of the Catholic Church does not exhibit any variety. What Protestants call "religious experience," and what we know under the name of "Christian devotion," follows thousands of ways according to national characteristics, individual aspirations, the breath of divine grace. The waters of Catholic piety are drawn from the same well, but he who drinks of them feels differently their beneficent influence. In the Catholic Church the heroes of Christian perfection do not wear the same garb. Everyone of them reproduces this or that feature of the spiritual beauty of the divine Teacher. The same Spirit Who burns unceasingly in the bosom of the Church, "dividing to everyone according as He will,"[20] works to make the Church "clothed round about with varieties."[21] There is no saint of the Catholic Church who does not strike a special note of the divine symphony of sanctity. There is no moral perfection which has not been idealized with extreme variety of expression in the Catholic Church. Militarism in piety is the keynote of the *sportsmen of holiness* (to use an expression of Nietzsche), the followers of a vague and aimless mysticism grounded on "evangelical freedom."

Even in her admirable unity of government the Catholic Church is so far from militaristic uniformity that within her pale we find a great variety of organizations. In the *autonomous* Churches sometimes liturgical contests, or conflicting views upon secondary points of doctrine have produced schisms and divisions. The militarism of the Catholic Church, on the contrary, is not inconsistent with liturgical discrepancies. She joins to her body the Uniate Eastern Churches with their apostolic liturgies, their disciplinary customs, and their pious traditions intact. Even more! Under the protecting wings of the Papacy, the Uniate Churches have not been deprived of their own *régimes*. Their limited autonomy is not at variance with the spirit of the Catholic Church. They are organic cells vitalized by the life flowing from the

[19] *Mediævalism*. London, 1908. pp. 32, 33. [20] 1 Cor. xii. 11. [21] Ps. xliv. 14.

heart of Catholic unity. They afford us a striking proof that Catholic unity does not exclude variety, that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."[22] On the contrary, in the Eastern Churches, as for instance in the Russian, a futile contest about the correction of liturgical books degenerated into a schism which has torn away from it several millions of Old Believers. The same rigid spirit of intolerance dominates many Protestant denominations.

The Catholic Church is taunted with a military uniformity chiefly because of her unshakable steadfastness in the profession of the same creed, in her adherance to the same beliefs. But the term military uniformity is too weak to express the doctrinal unity of the Church. Military uniformity comes from without: it implies the notion of a mechanical drilling. But the doctrinal unity of the Catholic Church comes from within: it is as natural, as spontaneous as the movements of a living organism. It is rooted in the very heart of divine truth, identical in space and time. It is not forced upon the Church by external violence: it springs from her inner life of divine truth, which is immutable. Religious experience cannot alter it. When we learn a mathematical axiom, whatever may be our frame of mind, we feel bound to accept its truth. In like manner, when the grace of God introduces us within the sanctuary of revealed truth, and by faith brings into captivity our understanding unto the obedience of Christ,[23] we do not think to sift out the truth of God with the sifter of human criticism. "Heaven and earth shall pass, but my words shall not pass," says Jesus Christ Our Lord.[24] *Lex Credendi* in the Church does not depend on individual taste and caprice. It has been established by God, it participates in the eternal stability of Divine Truth. It is false to compare the gradual disintegration of Protestantism to the expansion of latent vital energies. The multiplication of Protestant sects proves only that Christian thought has been seriously affected by the principles of the Reformation. Religious thought cannot rest on a perpetually shifting soil. If Christian beliefs could die or change their meaning at the beck of human opinion, they would cease to be the words of a revelation made by God to men. They would sink to the level of hypothetical truths. They would lead men astray into the maze of warring creeds, and finally so deface the main features of revealed truth as to make it unrecognizable to them. This is precisely what has happened in Protestantism,

[22] 2 Cor. iii. 17. [23] 2 Cor. x. 5. [24] Matt. xxiv. 35.

which, according to Newman Smyth, looks "like a conjuror's chamber of many mirrors, set at all angles, and so multiplied at every turn that the visitor, once having entered, can find no way out, and wherever he looks beholds ever the reflection of his own passing form."[25]

Protestantism has placed the doctrinal unity of the teaching of Christ at the discretion of the mob. It is no longer God, but man who fixes the meaning of divine truth. Within the pale of the Catholic Church men are ready to sacrifice life and goods for the sake of the truths which they firmly believe to have been derived from God through the Church. In Protestantism, because of the lack of living unity, men are ready to sacrifice their religious beliefs for numberless ephemeral causes. It is a matter of daily experience what a Unitarian writer says of the preaching of divine truth in the bosom of Protestantism: "The people have full sway. The Church considered as a body of subscribers to Christian creeds, has taken its destiny into its own hands; it is they who decide what shall be preached and who shall preach it. They hold out promise of large salaries and social inducements to a popular preacher. They invite a man to preach in their church, and if he suits their taste, is broad or narrow, orthodox or heterodox, according to their particular line of thought, they give him a call and make him an offer. Once installed in a church, he must use the greatest caution in his sermons, lest he offend. His theology must suit his people, above all he must please the women. If only a parson shall find favor with the women, his success is assured. Heaven, hell, the world, the flesh, and the devil must be mentioned only with infinite caution to suit his people. He must, in short, to a great extent, however learned, wise, and popular he may be, maintain the position of an echo to the ideas of his congregation."[26]

Hence it follows that the break in the Church's unity has produced a practical and theoretical deflection from the authentic Christian faith; has subjected it to the caprices of the mob. It is the just punishment inflicted by God on the violators of Christian unity, but it is false to deduce therefrom, as an Anglican writer asserts, that "the Church of Rome feels that she can, with calm complacency and satisfaction, view the spectacle of disordered and disjointed Protestantism. She glories in it. She points to it with self-conscious pride. She ridicules it. She calmly surveys the

[25] W. T. Hale, *Christ versus Christianity*. Boston, 1892, p. 169.
[26] *Op. cit.*, p. 134.

Babel confusion of Protestantism. She is self-satisfied."[27] The Church weeps over the wounds inflicted upon her divine unity. She has never ceased to be a most loving mother who wishes to embrace with equal tenderness all her children. She feels that outside of her pale there is a growing yearning for the visible unity which she fully embodies, towards the ideal of the one Church of Christ, as Newman Smyth avows in these touching words: "The ideal of the one Church wanders among us Protestants, like an unembodied spirit, from Church to Church, until we almost cease really to believe in it. The ideal is put far from us as a millennial dream. It fades from our ordinary religious thought as a momentary glory passes from the evening sky."[28]

The Catholic Church not only mourns over the divisions of Christianity. She labors and prays for the restoration of her primitive unity. Of herself she says with St. Basil: "It would be monstrous to feel pleasure in the schisms and divisions of the Churches, and not to consider that the greatest good consists in the knitting together of the members of Christ's body."[29] To those who do not live under her vivifying influence she addresses the beautiful words of Vincent of Lerins who thus depicts the ideal member of the one body of Christ: "He is the true and genuine Catholic who loves the truth of God, who loves the Church, who loves the body of Christ, who esteems divine religion and the Catholic faith above everything, above the authority, above the human respect, above the genius, above the eloquence, above the philosophy, of every man whatsoever; who sets little store by all of these, and continuing steadfast and fixed in his faith, resolves that he will believe that, and only that, which he is sure the Catholic Church has held universally and from ancient times; but that whatsoever new and unheard of doctrine he shall find to have been furtively introduced by some one or another besides that of all the saints, or contrary to that of all the saints, this, he will understand, does not pertain to religion, but is permitted as a trial."[30]

[27] W. A. R. Goodwin. *The Church Enchained.* New York, 1916, pp. 291, 292.
[28] *Op. cit.*, pp. 2-4. [29] Ep. clvi. [30] *Commonitorium*, xx., 48.

## DANTE AND HIS TIMES.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., PH.D., LITT.D.

ON entering the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence your attention is arrested by the portrait of a man who has attained middle life—*Nel Mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.* He is sitting in a reclining position with a book on his lap. His face is sad, his cheeks hollow, his forehead large and columned. This portrait is the work of Domenico Peterlin and represents the great Florentine poet, Dante Alighieri, in exile.

To understand properly the greatest of Christian epic poets it is essentially necessary that we should know the times which gave him birth, for while neither time nor place creates genius, both are factors, to some extent, in determining what form creative art shall take—what shall be its mold, its likeness and the spirit of its message to the people.

Dante, who was born in the little gray Gothic city of Florence, full of pictorial sights and sounds, sometime during the end of May or beginning of June, 1265, belonged to the old *populus* of the Florentine burghers who traced their origin to Rome. His birth was set in a remarkable period—in a remarkable century: at the very day-dawn of the Italian Renaissance. For about this time Cimabue discovered Giotto, the shepherd's boy who became painter, sculptor, architect and engineer and was really the first of the great painters of the Italian Renaissance. The year of Dante's birth marked also the victory gained by Charles of Anjou over Manfred of Naples in the battle of Benevento, which destroyed the power of the house of Suabia and set up in its stead French influence in Italy. In England coeval with the birth of the great Florentine poet an event of far-reaching importance took place in the assembling of the Knights of the Shires by Simon de Montford—the beginning and outlining of the first English Parliament.

The great Christian epic poet was born two years before Giotto. At his birth Florence, the "most beautiful and most renowned daughter of Rome" of the *Convito,* was just creating itself in art. There was as yet no church of Santa Croce, the mausoleum of the great Florentine dead; Arnolfo had not yet laid the deep

foundations of St. Maria dei Fiori with its glorious dome; nor had that masterpiece of grace, crowning the architectural glories of Florence, Giotto's Campanile, the "lily of Florence blossoming in stone," yet been conceived in the great soul of its designer.

The age of Dante was an age of intense action and intense faith. He was born five years before one of the greatest of French kings, St. Louis, had died leading the ninth crusade in Tunis. Nine years after his birth was held the Second Council of Lyons for the purpose of setting on foot a new crusade and of healing the schism between the Greek and Latin Churches. Dante inherited at birth the gift of faction and all that was great and narrowly intensive in the life of Florence. It was the age of the Guelf and Ghibelline. The former were defenders of Italian independence and municipal liberties, the latter, champions of feudal rights and the old suzerainty of the Holy Roman Empire. Yet it should not be forgotten that also in the days of Dante men readily forsook a political party for personal advantage. Indeed the party politician of the thirteenth century in Florence, did not greatly differ from the party politician and partisan of today, in that he was quick to espouse a cause and enroll himself under a banner which offered him the greatest profit and quickest advancement.

At this time the Italian republics were exercising a widespread influence on European civilization and culture. The supreme sceptre of social and intellectual leadership had slipped from the hands of France at the beginning of the thirteenth century and Italy had taken it up. Venice, a republic, though virtually not such a democracy as Florence, was now catching in her sails every trade wind of commerce. Florence though rent with faction, and possessing less territory beyond her walls than did Athens, was a second Athens in intensity of culture, fierceness of democracy and fullness of trade.

Turning for a moment to consider the character of the Italian of Dante's day, it is interesting to note that it was marked by marvelous talent and administrative power. This wealth of talent for administration obtained in Italy "at a time when French nobles lived like Turks with a veneer of Christianity under the name of chivalry; when German nobles occupied robber holds commanding highways and waterways; when English and Scotch nobles fought each other day and night at feast, at chase, at bridal or burial."

Mediæval universities were taking root and shedding intellectual light upon the fair face of Europe; the national impulse

was stirring the hearts of the people; the most sublime of arts, Gothic architecture, was covering Europe—to use the words of Hallam—with a white mantle of churches. It was an age of great spiritual endowment and the blossoming of faith, and the things of the soul were in evidence everywhere. Life was intense, full of aspiration, full of virtue, full of faith, full of sin. Men hated and loved, sinned and repented, made pilgrimages and vows, fell from grace and became reconciled to God. But a sense of the presence of God and the thought of the life hereafter reigned everywhere.

Such was the extraordinary epoch into which Dante was born. And, as if the better to nurture and develop the genius in the boy, his youth was spent among gifted companions. We may well believe that he had access to the best there was in the scholarship of his day. Brunetto Latini was his master, and his portrait, and that of Corso Donati, appear in the Bargello portrait of Dante. This portrait of Dante with his two companions was discovered in the chapel of the palace of the Podestà of Florence, now a prison, in 1841.

Possibly the *Divine Comedy* would never have taken creative form in the soul of Dante had it not been for two great events in his life: his meeting with Beatrice at a May festival in Florence when he had almost completed his ninth year and she had just entered hers, and his exile from his native city, during which he wandered for nineteen years, to use his own words "like a ship without a rudder," *uno peregrino quasi mendicando*. Certain it is that had Dante never met Beatrice he would not have written the *Vita Nuova*, which marvelous and tender love story is the promise of the *Divine Comedy*. It has been held by some writers that Beatrice was not a person of flesh and blood—that in the *Divine Comedy* she is merely a type, a model, an abstraction. I think, however, that such a contention is absurd. That such a person as Beatrice Portinaro lived, cannot well be gainsaid. Boccaccio who was born eight years before the death of Dante and was appointed by the Florentines as public lecturer on Dante in 1373, is authority for saying, before an audience numbering friends and relatives not only of the Alighieri but also of the Portinari and the Bardi, that Beatrice Portinari became the wife of Simone de Bardi. Furthermore Joannes da Serravalle, Bishop of Fermo, who met the English bishops of Bath and Salisbury at the Council of Florence in 1414 and was commissioned by them to translate the *Divine Comedy*

into Latin, declares in his preamble to the Lain translation of the *Divina Commedia* that Dante historically and literally loved Beatrice—*Dantes dilexit hanc puellam hystorice et literaliter.*

Dr. Zahm in the chapter on " Dante and Beatrice " in his interesting work, *Great Inspirers,* points out how literary men such as Victor Hugo, Alfieri and Byron had felt the passion of love at a very early age, and Dr. Zahm holds that to a soul as gifted and responsive as was that of Dante, it was entirely possible for the boy Dante to feel the sway of love on meeting Beatrice, although that love was entirely an ideal one. So we can very well understand Dante's confession, when on first meeting Beatrice his spirit tremblingly exclaimed: *Ecce deus fortior me qui veniens dominabitur mihi*—" Behold a deity stronger than I who coming shall rule over me."

In due time we find Dante becoming a burgher of Florence, the father of a family, a politician, an envoy, a magistrate, a partisan, taking his full share in the quarrels of the times.

As I have already pointed out Dante had during his young years the advantage of the choicest and most gifted companions of the day. Among these were the poets, Guido Cavalcante and Cino da Pistoia, Giotto the painter, and Casella the musician. It may well be imagined what an influence these gifted souls exercised upon Dante. He who reads the *Divine Comedy* carefully, observes that its author was much more than a poet—that he was also a painter and musician. This gift of the painter enabled Dante, when a wayfarer and wanderer, to store away in his soul the beauties of earth and sea and sky. Dr. Zahm refers to this in a charming passage. " Whether Dante's wayfaring was during the rigor of winter or during the balmy springtide, his poetic soul was ever alive to all the myriad beauties of earth and sea and sky—to the blush and fragrance of the fresh-blown rose; the caroling of the joyous lark ' in the gleam of the new-born day;' the twinkling of the stars in a clear Italian sky; the silvery music of a mountain stream; the gorgeousness of the clouds painted by the rising or setting sun. Everything—from the humblest flower to the loftiest Alpine Peak—was submitted by him to the scrutiny of a trained artist and to the critical acumen of the profound man of science."[1] Indeed much of the scenery described in the *Inferno* and especially that in the *Purgatorio* is Alpine, for Dante was an Alpine climber.

In 1290 we find Dante as a cavalryman fighting under the

[1] *Great Inspirers.*

banner of the great Guelf leader, Corso Donati, against the Ghibellines at the battle of Campaldino, and so well did he acquit himself that he gained thereby the favor of the leader of the Guelfs and secured in marriage the hand of Gemma Donati, a daughter of the great Guelf leader.

Mingling in the civic affairs of Florence, Dante became a politician and a partisan, though it must be confessed not a very successful politician. Intransigeant and idealistic characters do not make successful politicians. The intensity of Dante's political likes and dislikes is evident all through the *Divine Comedy*. It has been said of the *Divine Comedy:* " It is so civic that the damned and the saints amid their tortures and beatitudes turn excited politicians; and not merely politicians but Italian politicians; and not merely Italian politicians but Florentine politicians; and not merely Florentine politicians but Ghibelline politicians; and not merely Ghibelline politicians but Dantean politicians. In 1300, Dante was elected one of the six Priors of the city of Florence. About this time Pope Boniface VIII. contemplated invoking the influence of the French king to quell factional strife and restore peace and order in Florence. Dante was sent on an embassy to Rome to dissuade the Holy Father from this purpose. During his absence in Rome his enemies gained ascendancy in Florence. When he had reached Siena, on his way home, Dante heard of the decree of his banishment. He had been condemned for malversation and peculation in office, and was forbidden to return to his native city under penalty of death. And now began Dante's exile—his wandering from city to city, from country to country.

We have no authentic account of this wandering, though we are capable of tracing his footsteps to some extent through the *Divine Comedy*. Dante was distinguished for local attachments, and throughout his great masterpiece, which not only reflects, as in a crystal mirror, the life and spirit of the Middle Ages, but the man Dante in his every mood, we find hints and glints of his wanderings. As has been said, we should ever remember that " the idea of the *Divine Comedy* took shape and expanded into its endless forms of terror and beauty, not under the roof tree of the literary citizen, but when the exile had been driven out to the highways of the world to study nature on the sea or by the river or on the mountain track, and to study men in the courts of Verona and Ravenna and in the schools of Bologna and Paris—and perhaps at Oxford." Of no other poet are Shelley's lines so true as of Dante—they:

Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
And learn in suffering what they teach in song.

I think it is Father Hogan, the distinguished Irish scholar and biographer of Dante, who passing in review the trials and sufferings of many of the great poets, declares that "we search in vain through the annals of literature for any poet to compare with Dante either in the tragedy of misfortune, the bitterness of fate, the disappointment of all earthly hopes, or in the dignity with which the severest trials were borne and the perseverance of genius with which they were turned to the profit of mankind." As the Olympian Goëthe reminds us, adversity draws out the highest powers of genius:

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours,
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.

In the beginning of his exile, Dante remained near Florence with the White Party who fraternized with the Ghibellines. But many of them were men of low tastes and evil ways and the great poet could find little kinship with them. In his *Paradiso* Dante makes his ancestor Cacciaguida predict this:

And that which most upon thy back shall weigh
Will be the mad and evil company,
Which in that dreary vale with thee shall stay.

We next find Dante at Bologna and Padua. We can be quite certain that he visited Padua, for his name appears as witness to a contract in this city in 1306. Here too he met Giotto the painter. In the same year we are able to trace his sojourn in Lunigiana in north Tuscany as the guest of the Marquis Malaspina. It is thought by some that Dante went to Paris in 1309. On his way through Liguria it is related that he stopped at the Convent of Santa Croce del Corvo and gave Prior Hilarius the manuscript of the *Inferno* which he had just completed, with the request that the Prior give it to his brother the Podestà of Arezzo. From 1309 to 1314 it is somewhat difficult to trace the wanderings and sojourns of the poet of the *Divine Comedy*.

Did Dante spend three years at Paris and Oxford? These are the years of which we know nothing of his whereabouts. William Ewart Gladstone in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century*,

1892, made out a pretty good case for the probability of Dante's visit to Oxford. The first reference to such a visit was made by Boccaccio in a Latin poem addressed to Petrarch. Boccaccio writes:

> Thou know'st perchance how Phœbus' self did guide
> Our Tuscan Dante up the lofty side
> Of snow-clad Cyrrha; how our Poet won
> Parnassus' peak and founts of Helicon:
> How, with Apollo, ranging wide he sped
> Through Nature's whole domain and visited
> Imperial Rome, and Paris and so passed
> O'er seas to Britain's distant shores at last.

Bishop Joannes da Serravalle, the translator of Dante into Latin, also declares that Dante studied theology in Oxford as well as in Paris—*Dilexit theologiam sacram in qua diu studuit tam in Oxoniis in regno Anglie quam Parisiis in regno Frantie.* The same writer informs us, too, that Dante had qualified himself for his doctorate in the University of Paris, but that poverty prevented him from getting his degree. In support of the contention that Dante may have visited Oxford is the fact that a chronicle of 1257 records Oxford University as a rival of Paris, and further contains the statement that about this time English students were quitting Paris University for Oxford. On the other hand, it seems highly improbable that Dante who was much given to explicit descriptions, would have made no reference to Oxford in the *Divine Comedy* had he spent some time there. Of Paris he makes mention twice in the *Divine Comedy* and also of his old teacher Siger of Brabant.

In 1314 we find Dante with the former Podestà of Arezzo, now Governor of Pisa. Two years later he repaired to the younger Malaspina in the Lunigiana, and in 1316 he became the guest of Can Grande della Scala of Verona with whom he remained four years. In 1320 Dante went to Ravenna as the guest of Guido da Polenta. Here he completed the *Paradiso* and dedicated it to Can Grande. In the dedication Dante sets forth the plan and purpose of the *Divine Comedy*. This letter of dedication addressed to Can Grande, is to the *Divine Comedy* what Spencer's letter to Sir Philip Sidney, is to the *Faerie Queen*. In the summer of 1321 Dante undertook an embassy to Venice for the purpose of establishing an understanding between Venice and Verona in which embassy however he failed. Returning to Ravenna, he caught a fever on the marshes and died on the fourteenth of September, the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, and was buried in the robe of a

Franciscan tertiary in the Lady Chapel of the Friars Minor. Giovanni da Virgilio, an intimate friend of the great Florentine poet, wrote the Latin inscription on his tomb beginning with the line: *Theologus Dantes nullius dogmatis expers*—" Dante the theologian, master of dogmatic love," etc. There in the ancient city of Ravenna, once the capital of the kingdom of Theodoric the Ostragoth, with its walls and quaint churches rich in mosaics, its campaniles, its dark Pineta, rest the mortal remains of the great Florentine poet, the pride of Italy and glory of the Catholic Church.

A Venetian, not a Florentine, built his tomb. He is still in exile, nor will the people of Ravenna permit the translation of his mortal remains. In 1865, on the occasion of the sixth centenary of Dante, Florence asked that his remains be transferred to the city of his birth but the request was rightfully denied. On the occasion of this celebration of the sixth centenary of Dante's birth in Florence, Tennyson greeted the greatest of Christian epic poets in these noble and touching lines:

> King that has reigned six hundred years and grown
> In power and ever growest
>
> * * *
>
> I wearing but the garland of a day,
> Cast at thy feet one flower that fades away.

Spencer has been called " the poets' poet," but the title more justly belongs to Dante. Indeed nearly all the great poets of the world are under obligation to him for some of their noblest and most valued thoughts. The great Florentine has filled the whole world with the glory and plenitude of his genius. Around his work and the interpretation and significance of it, has gathered a literature richer and more voluminous than around that of any other poet. His *Divine Comedy* in its massiveness and sublimity, in its spiritual beauty and power, in the delicacy of its artistic splendor, in its union of grace and strength, has been likened to a Gothic cathedral. Longfellow, the American poet who has given us a very noble translation of the *Divine Comedy,* has made it the subject of six beautiful sonnets. In the opening sonnet we find this likeness of the *Divine Comedy* to a cathedral set forth or implied:

> Oft have I seen at some Cathedral door,
> A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
> Lay down his burden and with reverent feet
> Enter and cross himself, and on the floor

Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

The *Divine Comedy* was written during Dante's nineteen years of exile. The *Inferno* was completed in 1308, the *Purgatorio* in 1319 and the *Paradiso* in 1321. The three parts of the *Divine Comedy* are emblematic of the three-fold state of man—sin, grace and beatitude. The thirty-three cantos into which each part is divided are in allusion to the years of Our Saviour's life, and the triple rhyme suggests the Trinity. The dramatic action of the *Divine Comedy* occupies eleven days—from March 25th to April 5th, 1300. Dante called the poem a comedy because of its prosperous ending. The prefix "divine" was given it later by admirers. The *Divine Comedy* is sometimes called the *Epic of Mediævalism* and again the *Epic of Man.* Dante himself said: "The subject of the whole work, when taken literally, is the state of the soul after death regarded as a matter of fact; for the action of the whole work deals with this and is about this. But if the work is taken allegorically, its subject is man in so far as by merit or demerit, in the exercise of his free will, he is exposed to the rewards or punishments of justice." For according to Dante's dedicatory letter of the *Paradiso* to Can Grande of Verona, the *Divine Comedy* has a four-fold meaning: literal, allegorical, moral and mystical.

In the spring of 1904 the writer of this paper determined to visits the haunts of Dante in Italy—to follow in his footsteps from Florence to Bologna, thence to Padua, thence to Verona, and Ravenna. My visit to the ancient city which contains his tomb is never to be forgotten. There was a labor strike in progress in Ravenna, and the surging, turbulent crowd that choked the narrow streets bore me back to the days of the Guelfs and Ghibellines. A few days later I was in the city of Dante's birth—beautiful Florence. It was in the first week in May and everything conspired to give joy to the heart. As I sat in the room of the little Florentine hostelry, looking out upon the court, thinking of the Florence that was and

the glorious names that star its past history, listening, too, to the little birds in the trees singing their matins and lauds, suddenly the great bell of the Campanile rang out in throbbing tones the *Angelus*, and my imagination peopled again the streets of Florence with the factions of old. The drama of centuries unfolded before my eyes. I beheld Savonarola led to martyrdom. I heard the epic voice of Dante in exile yearning for his beloved Florence. It was indeed a dramatic story that fell from the lips of the bell.

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## CHRISTMAS.

BY FRANKLIN C. KEYES.

THE great folk of the little town
They turned their Lord away,
"There is no room within!" they heard
The gruff inn-keeper say,—
And morning came, and no one knew
That it was Christmas day.

Upon the pinnacle of time
Those careless people stood,
The centuries had met that night
In Bethlehem the good,
And from the dawn each claimed its name,
Yet no one understood.

O Bethlehem, the ages pass
And leave that night behind,
And still the inn is full of mirth
Where many men go blind,—
But some have gone into the night
Thy little Child to find.

# VAGARIES OF MODERN SCIENCE.

BY J. GODFREY RAUPERT, K.S.G.

IT must be plain to all men who are in any degree conversant with the movements of modern thought, that there is no human faculty which displays such clear marks of the effects of the Fall as the intellect. And in no sphere of its activity is this aberration so manifest as in that of physical science. The Church teaches that by original sin there has been inflicted upon man "the wound of ignorance through which the intellect has been weakened so that it has a difficulty in discerning truth, easily falls into error and inclines more to things curious and temporal than to things eternal." How strikingly is the truth of this statement illustrated in events of to-day. How disastrously is the world misled and imposed upon; and how grave are the evils which are flowing from conclusions which some scientific men are drawing from very imperfectly observed phenomena.

Not so many years ago the materialistic philosophy was the accepted scientific philosophy of life. No man with any scientific pretensions had the courage to profess or defend any other, whatever his inner doubts and misgivings might be. In Germany it was considered utterly unscientific and a sign of the grossest ignorance for a man to speak even of the soul or to employ the term spirit. Had not science settled it, once for all, that matter coming from somewhere, or more probably existing from all eternity, was the sole cause of all forms of organized life, and that the mind was but a function of the most highly developed form of matter? The contentions and objections of "unscientific common sense" to the effect that there is no conceivable connection between an abstract thought and the movement of a brain cell; that consciousness and memory and genius and numerous other manifestations of mind, can never be explained in terms of matter, were rudely brushed aside and even ridiculed. Needless to say, the very conception of responsibility to God and of a life after death was proclaimed a surviving superstition of "dark and unscientific ages," fostered and kept alive by an ignorant and bigoted clergy. We have, in the writings of Tyndall and Huxley and Clifford and Maudsley in

England, illustrations of the lengths to which this materialistic science went and of its extraordinary arrogance and presumptions.

It is difficult to form any adequate estimate of the harm which this so-called scientific teaching has done. Thousands of men have been estranged from God: thousands of hearts have been broken by it. Mr. Bernard Shaw made a statement the other day to the effect that, in his opinion, Darwinism was largely responsible for the European war and its horrors, and it requires little thought to see that there is more truth in this assertion than may appear at first sight.

But, by an extraordinary feat of mental gymnastics, this same physical science is now drifting in the opposite direction. It is loudly professing a spiritistic philosophy of life. The persistent assertions of "unscientific" men have compelled it to apply itself to the study of phenomena which it had consistently ignored or denied, but the reality and objectivity of which it has found itself at length obliged to acknowledge. This acknowledgment has not merely disproved all the earlier materialistic hypotheses, but has presented to the materialistic scientists problems which they are finding it very difficult to solve. Indeed some of these men have no hesitation in stating that they know nothing at all about the nature and properties of matter.

A right-minded man might reasonably expect that the representatives of physical science would now exclaim with a loud voice: "*Peccavimus*. We have been wrong all along and we have, by hasty and immature deductions drawn from false premises, led thousands astray. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, has been right in its defence of man's highest and noblest characteristics and prerogatives and in its doctrines respecting the origin and nature of the human soul. Indeed, experience has shown that the man in the street was better informed respecting certain phenomena than we were. These phenomena were occurring all the time and they would, if we had been acquainted with them, have at least greatly modified our assertions. We have learnt a great and valuable lesson." But such is not the attitude of science. It does not give the faintest sign of regret or repentance. It not only proclaims the phenomena referred to as its own discoveries, but it is already busily engaged constructing upon them fresh hypotheses, which are as premature and fallacious as its earlier materialistic deductions and inferences. It is imposing them upon a wondering

world and is again leading thousands of unwary souls astray. Instead of sitting a learner at the feet of the historic Church which, in spite of contempt and ridicule, has never wavered in her teachings, science is assuming the attitude of a reformer and is telling her what she must teach respecting the newly discovered soul and its life here and hereafter. It is re-constructing for her her dogmatic system, and pointing out to her the truth respecting the person and mission of Christ, the Lord.

The current reviews and newspapers are full of articles dealing with Sir Oliver Lodge's recent book in which he claims to have evidence that his deceased son is communicating with him. The book has, in the course of a few months, passed through numerous editions, and is arousing the interest and attention of the world. Sir Conan Doyle, once a Catholic, is telling us that much of the information emanating from the spirit-world by way of mediums must be accepted, and that spiritism will most certainly be the basis upon which religion will be constructed after the War. Everywhere questions are being asked which must be answered, and it is manifestly of the utmost importance that the answer given to them should be correct.

For those intimately acquainted with the subject, there can be no question as to what that answer must be. It is quite certain that had the book in question issued from the pen of some unknown spiritist or psychical researcher, intelligent men, both Catholic and non-Catholic, would have ridiculed it, seeing that its contents are but a rehash of the jargon with which the literature of modern spiritism has made us only too familiar. There is nothing in it which has not been known for years and which cannot be traced to the minds of those mediums upon whom the spirits, claiming to be the surviving souls of the dead, have imposed their peculiar teaching and philosophy.

Our answer must be a solemn warning against that class of scientific men who, in their craving for demonstrative evidence of the survival of the soul after death, have lost the power of forming a right judgment, and whose "spirits of the air" are making effective channels for the propagation of anti-Christian and soul-destroying errors. In this connection one might fitly quote the weighty words of the late Professor Dwight of Harvard: "It would really seem as if there were an occult power at work to support those whose influence is against God, religion and decency by the diffusion of sham science. It is preached so persistently

and ubiquitously that even such as I forget to use its full name, and dropping the 'sham,' find ourselves giving the title of 'science' to what we despise. The work of sham science in first deceiving and then demoralizing the population has been well done."

But evidence is increasingly coming to hand from which it is clear that, even in the distinctly scientific sphere, a reaction of thought is not very far off. There are some scientific researchers who manifestly have the courage of their opinions, and who have no hesitation in stating that the conclusions, so universally and increasingly accepted, are not really as sound and as tenable as they would seem to be at first sight. And among this class of experimenters are men who are intimately acquainted with the subject, and who have been connected with the investigation of the phenomena in question for a number of years. Some of them, indeed, make statements which although clothed in scientific and un-Catholic language, nevertheless express what Catholic theologians have steadily maintained and what has been the unvarying teaching of the Church throughout the ages.

Sir William Barrett, a member of the Royal Society, a past President of the English Society for Psychical Research, and the author of several works on spiritism, not only emphatically warns against dangers, both moral and physical, unquestionably attending the induction of spiritistic phenomena, but expresses it as his opinion that at least some of the spirits are not the souls of departed human beings. "For my own part," he writes, "it seems not improbable that the bulk, if not the whole, of the physical manifestations witnessed in a spiritual *séance* are the product of *human-like, but not really human,* intelligences—good or bad *dæmonia* they may be—which aggregate round the medium, as a rule drawn from that particular plane of mental and moral development in the unseen, which corresponds to the mental and moral plane of the medium.....

"Moreover, if there is any truth in the view suggested of a possible source of the purely physical manifestations, it seems to me that the Apostle Paul, in the Epistle to the Ephesians, points to a race of spiritual creatures, similar to that I have described, *but of a malignant type,* when he speaks of beings not made of flesh and blood inhabitating the air around us and able injuriously to affect mankind. Good, as well as mischievous agencies, doubtless exist in the unseen; this, of course, is equally true if the phenomena are due to those who have once lived on the earth. In any case,

granting the existence of a spiritual world, it is necessary to be on our guard against the invasion of our will by a lower code of intelligence and morality. The danger lies, in my opinion, not only in the loss of spiritual stamina, but in the possible deprivation of that birthright we each are given to cherish, our individuality or true selfhood; just as in another way this may be imperiled by sensuality, opium or alcohol."

"Of course," he says in his pamphlet on *Necromancy and Modern Magic,* "it is true now, as then, that these practices are dangerous in proportion as they lead us to surrender our reason, or our will, to the dictates of an invisible and *oftentimes masquerading* spirit, or as they absorb and engross us to the neglect of our daily duties, or as they tempt us to forsake the sure but arduous pathway of knowledge and of progress for an enticing maze which lures us round and round."

Again writes Sir William Barrett: "These practices were condemned in unmeasured terms by the Hebrew prophets.....They were prohibited—as the whole subject undoubtedly shows—not only, or chiefly, because they were the practice and part of the religious rites of the pagan nations around, but mainly because they tended to obscure the divine idea and to weaken the supreme faith in the reverent worship of the one Omnipotent Being, Whom the nation was set apart to proclaim.....Instead of the arm of the Lord above and beyond them, a motley crowd of *pious, lying, vain or gibbering spirits,* would seem to people the unseen; and weariness, perplexity and finally despair would enervate and destroy the nation."

In his criticism of a work on psychology by a foreign *savant,* Mr. Hereward Carrington, of whom the late Professor James of Harvard spoke to me with keen appreciation and whom he regarded as one of the best-informed and most open-minded of psychical researchers, wrote as follows: "When I wrote my book, *The Coming Science,* some years ago, I contended (pp. 59-78) that there was really no good *first-hand* evidence that spiritistic practices induced abnormal and morbid states and conditions to the extent usually supposed. Further experience has caused me to change that opinion. I now believe that the danger of spiritistic practices is very great, and I think that this aspect of the problem is one that should be more widely discussed and more attention should be given to it by members of the Society for Psychical Research. The recent writings of Viollet and Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert should be more

widely known. But it is probable that all these books would not have influenced me had I not seen several examples of such detrimental influence myself—cases of delusion, insanity and all the horrors of obsession.

"Those who deny the reality of these facts, those who treat the whole problem as a joke, regard *planchette* as a toy and deny the reality of powers and influences which work unseen, should observe the effects of some of the spiritistic manifestations. They would no longer, I imagine, scoff at that investigation and be tempted to call all mediums frauds, but would be inclined to admit that there is a true terror of the dark, and that there are 'principalities and powers,' with which we, in our ignorance, toy, without knowing and realizing the frightful consequences which may result from this tampering with the unseen world."

In his more recent book on *The Problems of Psychical Research,* Mr. Carrington writes: "I cannot but feel that there is yet much to be learned as to the nature of the intelligence manifested in these cases. And this was, as we know, the opinion also of Professor James, for he wrote:[1] 'The refusal of modern enlightenment to treat possession as a hypothesis to be spoken of as ever possible, in spite of the massive human tradition based on concrete experience in its favor, has always seemed to me, curious example of the power of fashion in things scientific. That the demon theory (not necessarily a devil theory) will have its innings again is to my mind absolutely certain. One has to be *scientific* indeed to be blind and ignorant enough to suspect no such possibility.'

"It must by no means be taken for granted therefore that the intelligences operating through Mrs. Piper and other mediums are all that they claim to be.....We must be extremely cautious in accepting any messages coming through mediums until the most certain and convincing proofs of identity be forthcoming—*and then we should be cautious.*"

Speaking of his experiments with the well-known medium Mrs. Piper, Mr. Carrington says: "I gained the distinct impression throughout the sittings that instead of the spirits of the personages who claimed to be present, I was dealing with an *exceedingly, sly, cunning, tricky and deceitful intelligence*—which threw out chance remarks, fishing guesses, and shrewd inferences—leaving the sitter to pick these up, and elaborate them if he would. If anything

[1] *Proceedings of Society for Psychical Research.*

could make me believe in the doctrine of evil and lying spirits it would be the sittings with Mrs. Piper. I do not for one moment implicate the *normal* Mrs. Piper in this criticism."

In dealing with the problem respecting the nature of the intelligences manifesting in spiritistic phenomena, M. Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer who has devoted many years to the study of the subject, writes: "As to beings different from ourselves —what may their nature be? Of this we cannot form any idea. Souls of the dead? This is far from being demonstrated. The innumerable observations which I have collected, during more than forty years, all prove to me the contrary. No satisfactory identification has been made."

Dr. Marcel Viollet, physician to the Lunatic Asylum of Paris who seems to have made a thoroughgoing study of the phenomena of spiritism and whose views can scarcely be said to be due to dogmatic pre-conceptions, writes as follows: "The idea of that constant *entourage* is disturbing enough itself, *especially the fact of its possible and voluntary participation in terrestrial life.* What is the extent of the powers of these spirits, whose perceptible actions—during spiritistic *séances*—possess such a mysterious and miraculous appearance?.....Where does it stop, this power they have over us, power which permits them not only to make themselves understood to our intelligence, but, further, to penetrate into our body until it is able to write with our hand, speak through our mouth, and even seize so thorough a hold on our being that we know no longer what is theirs and what is ours. What an alarming mystery is attached to these peri-spirits which have, perhaps, without our knowing it, without our deserving it, certain grieveances against us, and which are able to use against us the freedom of these unknown and consequently unlimited powers.

"And is it not just as fascinating to think of our absolute weakness in presence of such as they, who know everything about us, to whom nothing is impossible, and against whom nothing can prevail, whilst we know nothing about them and our power over them.

"It opens up a wide field to all deductions, to all hypotheses; it is bounded by nothing; it is the infinite proposed as a problem to be solved by the finite: from this point of view *it constitutes a vast culture-infusion for all errors; for all disequilibrations, for all madnesses.*"

To what an extent even confirmed and leading spiritists are

at times impressed with the perils attending the investigation and have their misgivings as to the real character and aim of the mysterious being manifesting in *séances,* is apparent from incidental statements scattered through their writings. Thus the late Dr. Funk, of the well-known publishing firm of Funk and Wagnall, wrote as follows: "There is danger—real danger along these lines of investigation. I have seen psychic cobwebs—if cobwebs they be—entangle the feet of even intellectual giants, and the shrewdest experts—to change the simile—need to sail these mystic seas with sharp eyes and level heads, for these seas are almost wholly uncharted and in sailing over them, at times the ship's compasses exhibit *inexplicable variations.*"

And elsewhere Dr. Funk says: "It is a terribly dangerous mistake to think there are no evil spirits. There are great hosts of them. They come at times without formal invitation of the medium or of the circle and *control to the hurt of the members of the circle and to the hurt of the medium.*"

The late Mr. Stainton-Moses, at one time a clergyman of the Church of England and a master of University College, London, and later on in life an ardent spiritist and for many years President of the British Association of Spiritists, confesses that the persistent attacks on fundamental Christian dogma contained in the spirit-communications received, at times created serious misgivings in his mind. Indeed, so strong were these misgivings in the earlier period of his researches, that he desired to terminate the experiments and that he begged the spirits to leave him alone. How entirely he succumbed later on to the fascination of these experiments and abandoned his Christian belief is well known. "I could not get rid," he wrote, "of the idea that the faith of Christendom was practically upset by their (the spirit-teachings') issue. I believed that, however it might be disguised, such would be their outcome in the end. The central dogmas seemed especially attacked and it was this that startled me.....Then came the doubt as to how far all might be the work of Satan, 'transformed into an angel of light,' laboring for the subversion of the faith."

So far back as 1871, a member of a Committee of the London Dialectical Society which had been formed for the purpose of investigating and reporting upon the much disputed phenomena, made the following emphatic statement: "My opinion of these phenomena is that the intelligence which is put in communication with us, is a fallen one. It is of the devil, the prince of the power of the

air. I believe that we commit the crime of necromancy when we take part in these spiritistic *séances.*"

It will be seen from these references that the views expressed by Sir Oliver Lodge in his famous Birmingham address and in his more recent book and by Sir Conan Doyle and other well-known psychical investigators, and now meeting with such widespread acceptance, have not as sound a foundation as is commonly believed, and that experimenters, quite as eminent as they, have grave misgivings on the subject.

And if this be so, if some of those most inclined to accept the popular spiritistic interpretation of the phenomena and in no sense in sympathy with the teachings of Catholic theology, if they are constrained, by the force of the evidence, to make serious reservations and reluctantly to admit that some of these spirit-agencies at least are evil spirits of non-human character, and coming to us with base intent, how well founded will the attitude of the Catholic Church be seen to be and how thoroughly justified are the warnings uttered by her authorities. And I am thoroughly persuaded that as time goes on and as the *moral* aspect of this movement receives more careful study and attention, many more of the truly scientific experimenters will come to modify their views—will themselves point out that the souls of the dead cannot in reason be held to be associated with these modern spirit-manifestations, but that we now are witnessing in them a recrudescence of those magic practices which are as old as the world.

## HOLLY LORE.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

The holly! the holly! Oh, twine it with bay,—
  Come, give the holly a song;
For it helps to drive stern winter away
  With his garments so somber and long.
It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
  And its leaves of burnished green,
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
  And not even the daisy is seen.—*Eliza Cook.*

WHERE are the hollies in spring and summer? From what the poets and other writers say of it, one might believe that the tree springs up phoenix-like from the autumnal decay, just in time for the Christmas holidays. One seldom sees any mention of it in summer apparel, as though it was non-existent except in winter. James Thomson, in *Spring*, tells us that some birds "to the holly-hedge nesting repair," and Wordsworth describes a holly bower that "all the year is green," but in a collection of fifty-six quotations relating to the tree which I have made, only a mere half-dozen of them are free from some hint of winter. Southey, in his poem *The Holly-Tree*, suggests a reason for this summer neglect:

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
  So bright and green,
The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display
  Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

To be sure, the chief beauty of the plant is its contrast of bright glossy leaves and blood-red berries, as its blossom, which usually appears in May, is a small white flower nestling out of sight, with three or four of its kind forming a cluster, at the base of the leaves where the berries will appear later. That it seldom meets an appreciative eye is undoubted, as this quaint old carol contains the only mention of the blossom I have been able to find outside of the botanies:

The Holly and the Ivy, now both are full well-grown
Of all the trees that spring in wood, the Holly bears the crown.
The Holly bears a blossom, as white as a lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to be our sweet Saviour.

The Holly bears a berry, as red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good.
The Holly bears a prickle as sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ on Christmas day in the morn.

The Holly bears a bark, as bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ for to redeem us all;
The Holly and the Ivy, now both are full well-grown,
Of all the trees that spring in wood, the Holly bears the crown.

The folk-lore of the holly has been built up about the European species, but happily we can borrow all the beautiful Old World associations, poetical and legendary, that cluster about the lovely Christmas plant. The name is said to be but another form for "holy," because the tree is regarded as sacred by the simple peasant folk in those countries where it is native. Hence, witches abhor the plant, and to be free from their evil meddling, one has but to set out a holly tree beside the house, or keep a twig always hung in the room.

Among the preternatural qualities recorded by Pliny, we are told that the holly's insignificant white flowers cause water to freeze, that the tree repels lightning, and that if a staff of its wood be thrown at any animal, even if it fall short of its mark, the animal will be so subdued by its holy influence as to return and lie down beside it. Perhaps the peace-making quality it possesses has much to do with the general good will which prevails at Christmastide, when it appears in such profusion.

Let sinned against, and sinning
Forget their strife beginning,
And join in friendship now,
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holly bough.—*Charles Mackey.*

In some rural English districts, the prickly and the non-prickly kinds are distinguished as "he" and "she" holly, and in Derby-

shire the tradition obtains that according as the holly brought at Christmas time into a house is rough or smooth, the husband or the wife will be its head during the coming year. Perhaps even this is done that peace may prevail, the holly deciding the matter and thus doing away with all dispute regarding who shall rule. At Roman weddings, holly wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulation, though whether the prickly or the non-prickly were selected is not stated—perhaps each giver had the right of choice.

William Browne, in *Brittania's Pastorals,* gives as the origin for the evergreen nature of the leaves, that the tree, in keeping with its peace-making character, once intervened to save a certain wood-nymph from death:

> When the nymph rose from her hapless seat,
> And striving to be gone, with gaping jaws
> The wolf pursues, and as his rending paws
> Were like to seize, a holly bent between;
> For which good deed his leaves are ever green.

A modern poet assigns this pretty little legend to the tree:

> In the summer through the forest
> Came a wood-nympth fair and young,
> And her crimson coral necklace
> On a branch of holly hung.
>
> * * *
>
> And the wreath of Christmas holly
> With its knots of ribbon red,
> Keeps the beads of carven coral
> Which she left it when she fled.—*Minna Irving.*

Holly was to the ancient races of the north a sign of the life which preserved nature through the desolation of winter, and it was therefore gathered into their temples to comfort the wood-sprites during the general death of all other plants. Thomas Hood refers to this old belief in the lines:

> Where is the Dryad's immortality?—
> Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
> Or wearing the long gloomy winter through
> In the smooth Holly's green eternity.

On Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, or early in Lent, it

used to be customary in France and England to carry around garlands of flowers, and decorate effigies called the Holly-Boy and Ivy-Girl, which were then burned, probably to indicate that the festivities of the Christmas and New Year tide had come to an end for that season.

Holly is preëminently the Christmas plant. The thorny foliage and the red berries cannot fail to remind of the crown of thorns and the drops of blood falling to the ground, hence the people of Denmark and Germany call it "Christ's Thorn." One legend, not to be credited however, even states that it was from this plant the crown of thorns was made. In some parts of the Old World, the holly is known as the "bush with the bleeding breast," and also as "The Virgin Mary's Tree."

Now of all the trees by the King's highway
  Which do you love the best?
O! the one that is green upon Christmas day,
  The bush with the bleeding breast.
The holly, with her drops of blood for me,
For that is our dear Aunt Mary's tree.

Its leaves are sweet with our Saviour's name,
  'Tis a plant that loves the poor;
Summer and winter it shines the same
  Beside the cottage door.
The holly, with her drops of blood for me,
For that is our dear Aunt Mary's tree.—*Old Carol.*

Have you ever read or heard the tradition that on the night when Christ was born, all the trees of the forest burst into flower and bore fruit? The bright leaves and berries of the holly make it seem the one made to perpetuate this miracle.

Christmas holly, leaf and berry,
  All be prized for His dear sake.—*Archer Gurney.*

This holly and this ivy wreath,
To do Him honor, Who is our King.—*Robert Herrick.*

A prickly branch of holly bled
Bright drop by drop—berry and thorn
Symbolic of that Christmas morn.—*Robert Buchanan.*

## FATHER DENIS TAKES A HOLIDAY.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

ATHER DENIS MacCARTHY was so tiny that his parishioners occasionally described him as no bigger than a thrush—or for the matter of that, "a wran," *i. e.*, a wren. He was the prettiest old man imaginable, with—since bird-comparisons are in order—a robin-like prettiness. His cheeks were like winter apples, hard and red. He had merry, innocent, brown eyes; and he had a stock of sayings for all occasions, which had come to pass for proverbs in the country. "Wirra, 'God never shut wan door but he opened two,' as Father Denis says." "Sure, 'when the night's blackest the dawn's nearest breakin,' as Father Denis says," and so on.

One of Father Denis' sayings was: "The best is always the cheapest." He had said it many and many a time when he tried to keep the people from buying shoddy things or cheap substitutes of one kind or another. He was very conservative in his ideas and thought the new times and ways very poor in comparison with the old. He had hardly been ten miles from Creggeenmore since he was at the seminary—for he was born in the parish and had come back as a curate to the parish. Still, to hear him talk, you would think he had traveled a lot, for he was always reading in his scant hours of leisure, and he could tell the people the customs of other countries, till he had come to pass for a mine of wisdom to his people.

Creggeenmore was a mountainous parish, very poor, and the houses were so scattered that it gave Father Denis a good deal to do. He was still only a curate, although he had been a long time ordained. His parish priest had a fine church and a comfortable house down on the plain. Father Denis could catch a glimpse of them when it wasn't raining or misty, but it was seldom it wasn't one or the other, for the clouds had a way of wrapping up the head of Creggeenmore in their folds, and trailing ragged wisps along its side which might have been torn off on the sharp edge of the peak.

Sometimes when he went down off the mountain and met his fellow priests they would say to him: "It will soon be your turn for the P. P.'s now, Father Denis, you can't dodge the Bishop much longer."

When it was said, even jocosely, Father Denis' cheerful face would be overcast. It was well known that he did not want to be a parish priest. His heart was in Creggeenmore, and it was said that he prayed constantly that he might never leave the people he was fond of, but might end his days as a humble curate of his dear mountain parish.

He loved the people and they loved him. It was a very poor place, although by incessant labor the people had carried cultivation up to where the peak began. They had borne the soil on their backs from the lower land; and it lay so thinly that in a high wind, and there were many high winds, it was just as likely as not that the little crops would be lifted up and blown into the next county—which wasn't very far away.

Creggeenmore had been originally a grouse-mountain belonging to Lord Cappawhite, who had nothing more of a residence there than a small shooting lodge on the lake, at the part called the Ferry. The shooting lodge was going to rack and ruin because no one ever came there. Lord Cappawhite did not belong to these parts. He was a comparatively young man and lived much in England. When he visited Dublin or his Southern estates he never thought of coming to Creggeenmore. The old Lord Cappawhite had taken some kindly interest in the tenants up to the time of "the troubles," when his bailiff had been shot. That was something he could not forgive, and he had apparently handed over his resentment to his son, because beyond, presumably, receiving the rents which were collected by a Dublin firm of solicitors, he had no touch with Creggeenmore. Apparently he did not desire any, for when the times were hard on the people and Father Denis wrote asking for a reduction of the rents, the cold letter of refusal came from the solicitors. As Father Denis said: "There might be no Lord Cappawhite in it at all."

There were times when he felt as angry against the unknown Lord Cappawhite as it was possible for him to be. Such small concessions would have made all the difference in the world to the poor people! Not even the Congested Districts Board would touch Creggeenmore. "Sure, it isn't to help the grouse we're for," said one of the officials who had met Father Denis at the parish priest's. "Creggeenmore is only fit for grouse. It would be better for the people if you were to bid them come down from the mountain and settle somewhere we could help them."

But that was something Father Denis could not do, perhaps would not do if he could. The people loved the little farms they had

made, and they were children very comforting to a poor priest's heart. There wasn't a public house on the mountain, and the rosary was said every night by every heart. There was no sin in it, said Father Denis, if there was poverty itself. "Sure, maybe if they were richer they wouldn't be as good. When riches come in at the door the devil helps him to carry his bag."

The other priests used to say to him for a joke, for Father Denis' charity was such that it was an impossibility to get him to condemn anyone:

"Isn't Cappawhite a hard-hearted scoundrel?"

"My dear," Father Denis would reply, it was a habit of his to call everyone 'My dear,' "the devil's seldom as black as he's painted and ignorance often has the face of sin."

Whether the things Father Denis said were proverbs or not they always had the air of being proverbs.

Well, it was a hard winter, and Father Denis was getting so thin that it seemed as likely as not that the next storm would blow him off the mountain, as if he were a sheet of paper. Then the Bishop came to give confirmation.

"The children are a credit to you, Father Denis," he said. "They're as well up in their catechism as any I ever heard. But look here now: if you don't take a holiday I'll never make a parish priest of you."

He hastened to add: "Or I'll be giving you a successor in Creggeenmore," for he knew Father Denis was set against taking a parish.

"Is it me to take a holiday, your Lordship?" asked Father Denis. "'Tis often a full purse goes with a heavy heart. My heart should be light for so is my purse."

"I know," said the Bishop; "but you've got to take a holiday all the same, else Creggeenmore will be in mourning. Here's twenty pounds for your holiday. I put you under obedience to spend every penny of that on the holiday—mind, every penny! Take a fortnight! I've a young priest just ordained will fill your place till you come back. Start off next Monday."

"And where will I go to, your Lordship?" asked Father Denis aghast at such hustling.

"Get right away. You were never in Dublin—go to Dublin. Put up at a good hotel. Have a good time. Remember every penny of the money is to go on your holiday!"

Father Denis muttered mechanically that the best was always

the cheapest. He was rather stunned at such quick action. It was now Thursday and he was to go on Monday. He would much rather have distributed the money where it was badly wanted at Creggeenmore, but the Bishop had bound him under pain of obedience, and it was true that his appetite had been poor and he had been sleeping badly, fretting over the people for some time back. He had never had a holiday such as this. He did not know if he was going to like it. But—if it did him good! The people were fond of him. So he thanked God for the holiday on second thought.

"Mind, Father Denis, you are to travel first-class," said the parish priest to him at a "station" the next morning. A "station" is a relic of the penal days in Ireland, when people gathered for the services of their religion in a private house or some secret hiding-place. "The Bishop wouldn't like it if you were to go that long way sitting on a bare board. As you say yourself, 'the best is the cheapest.' The Bishop spoke to me about you; he said you were to treat yourself well."

So Father Denis, with his heart very low, set off on the Monday, having handed over Creggeenmore to the young priest from the seminary.

At first he felt terribly shy of the big world towards which he was being carried at the terrific rate of twenty miles an hour, but, after a time, a spirit of adventure began to make him bold. He had said his Office during the first portion of the journey when there was nothing to look at except the bag. At the Junction he bought the *Freeman's Journal*. He had been turned out of his carriage and into another train which he supposed was a Pullman. Things were becoming exciting by this time.

He conquered an inclination, a temptation, to get into the train which turned its face westward, just across the platform. After all the Bishop had not put him under obedience to go to Dublin. He could go down to the Island, where he'd be more at home, and would have the sea air.

The memory of the return ticket, which had made a big hole in the twenty pounds, restrained him. He got into the Pullman, as he called it in his own mind. He had no idea of what an odd-looking little figure he was, with his old silk hat, fretful as the porcupine; his overcoat that had seen many winters, so that its clerical black had become greenish; his very ancient valise, a relic of the seminary days, the sides of which were rather flat, for Father

Denis required very little in the way of personal belongings, and the cotton umbrella most untidily rolled.

The train was already very full and the shyness came back on Father Denis. He wandered this way and that, looking for a seat, finally returned to one which contained three men, and began to fumble with the handle, looking in the while as wistfully as a robin peeps through the pane on a cold winter day into a warm, well-plenished room.

The taller of the three men sprang to his feet and opened the door.

"Plenty of room here," he said genially, and lifted Father Denis' valise, placing it in the rack above the seat and depositing the umbrella likewise.

The afternoon had turned very cold and frost began to befog the windows. Father Denis had no rug, and his coat, although of very good material, was not as warm as it had been. The carriage was full of all sorts of belongings, golf-sticks, rugs, coats, books and newspapers. Father Denis only discovered the rugs when the tall man, having settled him in the most comfortable corner seat and pushed a foot-warmer under his feet, undid a bundle and laid a fine skin rug over Father Denis' chilly knees.

"May the Lord reward you!" said Father Denis.

"That's a big prayer for so little." The tall man turned around and flashed a most pleasant smile at him. He was very big and brown and comely. Somehow the sight of him warmed Father Denis' heart.

He pretended to read his *Freeman's Journal,* while he covertly observed. Of the other two men one was young, nearly as big as the first man, not so good looking, but with a very pleasant expression, part shy, part roguish. His eyes twinkled and his lips, even when they were quiet, had a lurking smile somewhere about them. The third man did not interest Father Denis, so he need not interest us.

Father Denis listened to the talk with an unwonted sense of exhilaration. They were soldiers: he was pleased with his own perspicacity, for he had guessed them soldiers at the first go-off. The two he was interested in called each other "Mervyn" and "Hugh." Mervyn was the bigger man. They seemed very fond of each other. The third man was outside the inner intimacy of the other two, though they were all very friendly. He did not catch

the jests, for instance, which made Father Denis' face twinkle all over behind his newspaper.

That Hugh was a comical rogue! And the other—Mervyn—had a grand brogue and a great wholesome jolly laugh. Father Denis began to feel better already, for just listening to them. It was a new life into which he was looking. The two were like schoolboys. They talked of fishing and shooting and hunting; of regimental matters; of places and persons foreign to Father Denis, although now and again he caught a word or a name which he knew already through the newspapers.

It had been five o'clock when Father Denis changed at the Junction and darkness came; with the darkness extreme cold. Father Denis did not know how he could have endured the cold but for the foot-warmer and the beautiful rug. He was a little troubled because the others did not use their rugs. Rightly he supposed that it was because they were soldiers. The two in whom he was interested glowed with life and high spirits. It seemed impossible that they should feel the cold.

Someone came to the door of the carriage and said: "Dinner, gentlemen!"

The three stood up and were about to go. Mervyn whispered to Hugh, and Hugh seemed to assent to something. Mervyn turned to Father Denis and said in a most winning manner:

"Sir, will you do us the honor of dining with us?"

Father Denis was greatly flustered. He had not thought of dinner. He had long passed his usual hour of dining. He had just been thinking that he would have a good appetite by the time he got to the hotel. He had had nothing since morning. He stammered something which they took for an assent. He was one to respond beamingly to good-will; and that these gentlemen should be so friendly with him, made him quite giddy with a sense of gratified pleasure which had been steadily growing.

It made him quite talkative over the dinner-table. They seemed so interested in him. He began to be unafraid of the world, which, at the first go-off, had proved so amazingly kind.

He had very soon told them all about himself and the Bishop's kindness; and how much he was going to enjoy himself, since he was bound to use every penny of the money on his holiday.

"The good Bishop knows me," he said, "and how money leaks through my hands, and so he has bound me fast."

"And what are you going to do with your holiday?" asked Mr. Mervyn, as Father Denis had begun to call him.

"I am going to spend a fortnight at the best hotel in Dublin. As my old mother used to say, 'The best is always the cheapest.' I shall have the best of everything and return to my poor flock full of life and energy."

The third man seemed about to say something, but Mr. Mervyn prevented him.

"And what hotel are you going to?" he asked.

"I'm told I couldn't do better than Morrison's."

"Morrison's is very good," said Mr. Mervyn, "but very expensive."

"I've plenty of money, my dear sir," said Father Denis, pulling out a little chamois bag from his pocket. "I've fifteen pounds. Despite his Lordship's orders I shall have some money left over for some little things I want to take home. You must let me know, sir, the amount for which I am indebted to you, beyond yours and these gentlemen's very pleasant society?"

"Please put up your purse," said Mr. Mervyn. "You are our guest—I hope not for the last time."

Mr. Hugh, who always seemed to be enjoying a joke all to himself, looked very earnestly at Father Denis.

"They'll rook you at Morrison's," he said. "Besides, it's full of Orangemen. None of your kind ever enters its doors. I would recommend you a very good private hotel on St. Stephen's Green where my friend Mervyn is staying."

Mr. Mervyn turned and stared at his merry friend; then looked at Father Denis.

"You might come and see what the hotel is like," he said. Then turning to the other, he said in a low voice: "You ruffian!" but he seemed merry, so that Father Denis was reassured.

"Is it as good as Morrison's?" asked Father Denis. "I shouldn't mind about the Orangemen, if they didn't object to me. I am not a man of strong prejudices."

"Well, on the whole, perhaps you'd better try my place. My wife and children are staying there too. I think, on the whole, it will compare not unfavorably with Morrison's; and it will certainly be more moderate."

"Well, sir, I would do much for the pleasure of your society," said Father Denis, as though he gave up the idea of Morrison's regretfully.

"Ah, that is right," said the big man in his pleasant way. "We shall do our best to make you comfortable."

Father Denis hunted in his pocket and produced a shabby little card, which he presented to Mr. Mervyn.

"That is my name, sir," he said.

"Oh, sorry I've no card about me," said the other. "Here, Hugh, have you got one?"

But Hugh hadn't. Mr. Mervyn had stuck a glass in his eye to read Father Denis' card. He said nothing when he had read it, but passed it on to the other, who read it in equal silence. Then Mr. Mervyn said: "We are very happy to have met you, Father MacCarthy. And now shall we return to our carriage?"

They went back to the carriage and Father Denis smoked one of Mr. Mervyn's cigars which had a beautiful flavor. He was certainly enjoying himself immensely. It did one good to rub off one's country rust sometimes, he said to himself, and mentally made a thanksgiving for such very agreeable company. He talked and they listened. He told them about Creggeenmore and his people, their poverty, their patience, their hard lives. He talked at length. It was not often he had the chance of talking; and never had he known the subtle flattery of having such listeners.

The three heads inclined towards him in the smoky atmosphere of the carriage, their eyes upon him, their manner interested and attentive; when he apologized for talking so much Mr. Mervyn begged him to go on. At last they were at the Broadstone, and the three hours since the Junction had passed unnoted by Father Denis, who was already feeling a different man.

"I can offer you a seat to my hotel," Mr. Mervyn said, turning to him, and brushing aside his protests with "plenty of room, plenty of room, I assure you."

He had picked up Father Denis' bag with his own belongings and had handed them out to a footman in livery. Father Denis supposed they did things very smartly at the private hotel. He had to remind himself as he preceded Mr. Mervyn into a carriage with a fine pair of horses, that the best was always the cheapest. Not that he had any misgivings about his money, but that he was rather overwhelmed by this luxury.

Mr. Hugh was with them. The other gentlemen, whom they had called Fletcher, had gone off on an outside car from the station.

When they entered the hall of the private hotel a very beauti-

ful young lady, exquisitely dressed, came running out of an inner room, to welcome Mr. Mervyn. Two children followed her, a tall boy of a most golden fairness, and a little fairy girl in a green frock, with red-gold hair falling about her little peaked face. The face had some queer association to Father Denis' mind with a young moon just peeping from clouds.

"This is Father MacCarthy, Enid," Mr. Mervyn said.

The lady looked a little surprised while she shook hands with Father Denis, who was asking if the little girl was a fairy or a child.

"Sure if you had met her on an Irish hillside wouldn't you know she was a fairy?" he said. He was a great lover of children.

Father Denis was shown to his room, which was high up and overlooked the Green. There was a beautiful fire and an open door showed a little bath-room beyond the bed-room.

"Well," said Father Denis to himself, "if Morrison's is better than this, I don't know what to say."

The place was luxurious and yet had a certain old-fashioned air of comfort. The servants were perfectly trained. None of the hotel authorities put in an appearance. When Father Denis mentioned this fact to Mr. Hugh, the latter said: "Well, you see, these private hotels aim at being as much like a well-appointed private house as possible."

"Is there no one staying but ourselves?" Father Denis asked.

"As a matter of fact there's no season this year on account of the Prince's death. Another year we should be crowded to the doors."

Mr. Mervyn and Mr. Hugh were out for a great part of the days, during which Mrs. Mervyn took charge of Father Denis. He did not know a soul in Dublin, so she took him to see all the sights, and he grew to be quite at home with her in a few days, and as for the children, he adored the children. The fortnight slipped by quickly. Father Denis had never felt more happily at home than at the private hotel. He had begun to examine his conscience as to whether the luxuries of the world were not laying hold upon him, but of that he acquitted himself. He was really glad to be going back to Creggeenmore and his poor people. Dublin was not nearly as healthy, he was sure, as the mountain. And he need never go away any more, for he had had enough of experiences of travel to keep him talking for the rest of his days.

One regret he would have—he might never see Mrs. Mer-

vyn and the children again. He had the greatest admiration for the tall, proud, fair boy who looked like a prince, but the little fairy girl had just put wee chains about his heart. As for Mrs. Mervyn, the delicate flower-like creature, Father Denis loved her too, in the beautiful way a priest loves, to whom a woman is a consecrated creature, because of the Woman who was the Mother of God. He was going to pray for them all—for Mr. Mervyn, too. Though they were Protestants it was no harm to have a poor, old priest praying for them. Father Denis' heart swelled with pride in Mr. Mervyn—that gallant Irish gentleman and soldier. Sure, it was grand, he said to himself, to belong to a fighting race, and there was no gentleman like the fine Irish gentleman, for he had so free a way with him. Other gentlemen of other countries might be as fine in their way as Mr. Mervyn, but it wouldn't be *his* way.

Then there was that rogue, Mr. Hugh—Father Denis called him Mr. Hugh still, though he had learnt that his name was Aylmer—who was always making jokes and playing tricks. Father Denis liked him very much, too, as he did in a more remote way the people who came and went. He found that the noise of Dublin bothered him a bit and he did not always catch their names nor their talk. But, with Mrs. Mervyn it was quite different. He could always hear what she said, in her sweet, low voice. He had asked Mrs. Mervyn if she would not sometime come to Creggeenmore and bring the children, and she had replied that she would most certainly come. It had been a most pleasant meeting; she did not intend to let Father Denis forget them. There was a house there, was there not? where they could stay.

"A sort of a one," said Father Denis, "all rotting to pieces with the damp. Lord Cappawhite never comes near us to see for himself, else maybe he'd like us better and not be leaving us in the hands of them that have nothing to do with us but take our rents."

"A pity," said Mrs. Mervyn, in her soft voice. "His father brought him up to be angry against the people. It *was* a very barbarous murder....."

"The man that did it went before his Creator twenty years ago," said Father Denis solemnly. "He was not one of my people. He was foreign—a Kerry man."

They had talked a good deal, during the week, of Creggeenmore. Father Denis had never had such good listeners, and it was a queer thing how much they liked to hear the talk of such a poor wild place as Creggeenmore; but, sure, it would be novel to them.

He had seen Mrs. Mervyn's eyes dimmed—the creature! while he talked.

The last evening of his holiday, when he went upstairs to tidy himself up for dinner he found an envelope on a silver tray on his table. He had asked Mr. Hugh during the day who was to give him his bill, for he had never seen a sign of manager or book-keeper or any such person.

"It will be sent to your room," said Mr. Hugh. "We don't do things in the ordinary way in this house. You can just leave your money on the tray and they'll bring your receipt."

Father Denis opened the envelope. There was a long list of things on the bill, which Father Denis did not trouble to look at. He turned to the total and his poor old heart gave a jump and then fell like lead as though he had been shot. The bill was for thirty pounds.

A little later Father Denis, a mist on his old eyes and fumbling a bit, went down the stairs. The dinner-gong had sounded through the house, and he had answered it mechanically. What was he to do? What was he to do? The question kept hammering in his head. In the odd fumbling manner he entered the drawing-room. The others were there already, grouped about the fire. When they saw him Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn both came to meet him. Mrs. Mervyn made a soft sound something like "A..h!" and took his hand. Mr. Mervyn said in a voice that had a trace of sternness in it:

"Sir Hugh Aylmer wishes to apologize to you, Father MacCarthy. It was a stupid jest and it has gone too far. You are, you have been, you will often be, I hope, an honored guest in this house. Come along, Hugh, and beg Father MacCarthy's pardon."

"Sorry," said Mr. Hugh, with a very red face. "It was only a joke, you know."

"We were all in it," said Mr. Mervyn holding Father Denis' other hand, "although that ruffian, Hugh, began it. This is not a private hotel: it is my house. I am Lord Cappawhite; and, if you don't mind, Father Denis, if you can give me a bed, I'm coming down with you to Creggeenmore tomorrow, to look into things for myself....."

That was the beginning of the good days for Creggeenmore. "Sure the best was always the cheapest in the long run," Father Denis said thankfully in the good new days.

# ITALIAN ART AND THE WAR.

BY J. F. SCHELTEMA.

THE acts of vandalism reported from Louvain, Ypres, Arras and Rheims have found their counterpart in the Southern European theatre of the War and great damage has been done in Italy, especially to the sculptural and architectural things of beauty of the country's ecclesiastical art. Not because the Italians were unprepared in this respect when they entered the terrible contest. In Venice, for instance, the celebrated, sole surviving example of an ancient quadriga, the much-traveled horses of San Marco, had been removed to a place of safety, the roof and walls of the cathedral itself protected with a covering of sand-bags; the arcades of the Ducal Palace and the Giants' Staircase with Sansovino's Mars and Neptune, had been strengthened and closed up, in view of a possible bombardment, the stained glass of exquisitely wrought windows, famous paintings and other movable objects of high artistic value in churches, palaces and museums had been sent to less exposed localities. In Bologna the colossal Neptune of Giambologna, surrounded by the master's *putti* and dolphins, had been securely cased as also the bas-reliefs of Jacopo della Quercia that embellish the principal entrance of San Petronio,[1] and those of Nicolo Tribolo and his rivals that frame the side doors, while visitors to the Pinacoteca of the Accademia delle Belle Arti were disappointed of their contemplated homage to Santa Cecilia in the Sala di Raffaello, to the Annunciation and Adoration of the arduously pious Francesco in the Sala di Francia.

In fact, all cities possessed of such priceless treasures, had taken precautionary measures, although the authorities met here and there with resistance, such as in Milan prevented the gilt Madonna, pinnacled in glory on the loftiest spire of the Duomo, from being temporarily coated with a substance of duller hue to

[1] San Petronio did not escape unscathed in former times. In 1511, three years after it had been put in place, Michelangelo's bronze statue of Pope Julius II., fitly capping Jacopo della Quercia's life of Christ, scenes from Genesis, Madonnas, Saints and Prophets, was hauled down by a riotous gang of the townspeople and sold to the Duke of Ferrara, who melted it down, transforming it into a cannon, baptized "the Giuliano," to commemorate its original shape. Nor is Bologna free from the spirit of destruction of the present day, if we may credit rumors of projects of modern improvement not in keeping with the respect due to the city's ancient monuments, more in particular the leaning towers Asinelli and Garisenda, and the Loggia dei Mercanti.

divert hostile attentions from the wonderful edifice dedicated to her, *Mariae Nascenti,* shining on high among thousands of statues representing our orb's aspirations and achievements: Napoleon, in Cæsarean attire, surveying, in the company of Apostles and Church Fathers, the fertile plain of Lombardy, the Alps and Apennines, with the Superga of Turin and the Certosa of Pavia rising afar against the background of their mother cities' towers and domes. Yet, notwithstanding the care bestowed, in anticipation of war's misdeeds, on the marvelous monuments of Italy, some were devastated and many defaced. Let us hope not with the set purpose of causing irreparable loss to art, but as a result of the difficulty of distinguishing at the height from which air raiders drop their bombs, between buildings of a military character and those consecrated to worship and devotion.

Though the Austrian aëronauts made frequent trips to Verona, a point of great strategic importance, they spared the Roman Amphitheatre as well as the city's lions of later construction, the Tombs of the Scaligers, the Palazzo del Consiglio, not to mention San Zeno Maggiore, Sant' Anastasia and shrines of scarcely less eminence. Ancona had worse luck: the Byzantine-Romanesque cathedral of San Ciriaco, built in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, near the site of a heathen temple on the Monte Guasco, received injuries which fortunately do not seem to have marred to any great extent its fine Gothic portico, ascribed with the upper part of the façade to Margheritone of Arezzo. Still worse was the experience of Ravenna, notably with regard to the ante-portico of Sant' Apollinare Nuovo. This old basilica, called St. Martinus in Cœlo Aureo when converted into a Roman Catholic Church, was originally erected as an Arian Cathedral by Theodoric the Great. Even now it preserves, despite its conversion by the Archbishop St. Agnellus, a good deal of its Arian character and offers, beneath its seventeenth century ceiling, one of the best existing specimens of early Christian decoration. The partly Arian, partly Roman Catholic mosaics of the sixth century, which demonstrate its rare transitional character in the beardless Christ of the miracles and the bearded Christ of the Passion, from the Last Supper to the Resurrection, with the Crucifixion omitted, have suffered severely according to the published reports.

As might be expected from its geographical situation in the lagoons, the city married to the sea has borne the brunt of the battle, and suffered keenly the effects of modern engines of war

on her artistic inheritance in Italy's struggle for the redemption of her provinces lost to Austria. The present agency was a new one, owing to our scientific progress in the art of killing our fellow-men and incidently depleting the world's comparatively small stock of numan productions worth preserving, yet the Queen of the Adriatic had already had her full share of calamities caused by the upheavals of nature or the hand of man. In 1849, to go no further back, the Austrian troops of Radetzky's Italian command had bombarded the city, hitting nearly every monumental building it contained: three balls, to quote a contemporary, "came into the Scuola di San Rocco, tearing their way through the pictures of Tintoret, of which the ragged fragments were still hanging from the ceiling in 1851; and the shells reached to within a hundred yards of St. Mark's Church itself at the time of the capitulation."

One of the other churches then under fire was Santa Maria degli Scalzi, a curious example of the Venetian baroque style, built in the later half of the sevententh century by Baldassare Longhena, the architect of the Pesaro, Rezzonico and Battaglia palaces on the Grand Canal, of the dome of Santa Maria della Salute and the imposing staircase of San Giorgio Maggiore, also known as the sculptor of the heavy, showily sumptuous tomb of the Doge Giovanni Pesaro in Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari. Restored in 1860, Santa Maria degli Scalzi was the first of the Venetian houses of worship to be struck in the present war. Its façade by Giuseppe Sardi and its high-altar, supported by strangely twisted columns, baroque to the last degree, got off cheaply, but Giovanni Battista Tiepolo's fresco that adorned the ceiling, representing the miraculous removal of the Santa Casa to Loreto, was hopelessly ruined. Well might his Holiness the Pope, writing to Monsignor La Fontaine, Patriarch of Venice, about the destruction of Tiepolo's largest and most magnificent work of its kind, which preceded the outrages to Santa Maria Formosa and SS. Giovanni e Paolo, regret that his efforts to prevent such offences, had failed, calling them bitter wounds to his heart.

Although the attack on SS. Giovanni e Paolo came last, we may be permitted to swerve from the chronological in favor of the logical sequence, and reserve Santa Maria Formosa for the conclusion of these notes on account of the latter church's peculiar historic and artistic associations demanding a somewhat lengthier retrospective view of its calamitous case. During a raid of Austrian seaplanes on September 14, 1916, the seventh undertaken

against Venice, SS. Giovanni e Paolo, familiarly known as San Zanipolo in the sweet-flowing Venetian dialect, the burial place of forty-six doges, was struck in the middle of the central nave by a shell, filled with a high explosive. It burst in the lateral nave, making a hole three feet in diameter, but, thanks to protective measures, only two frescoes were damaged, according to the official report, though every window pane was shattered. The stained glass, designed by Girolamo Moceto for the right transept, having been removed with the many valuable paintings, this splendid piece of fifteenth century workmanship escaped injury. On the whole less harm was done than the fire of 1867 occasioned, but, justly indignant at this new act of spoliation, following so soon upon the wrecking of Santa Maria degli Scalzi and Santa Maria Formosa, the Holy Father repeated, through Monsignor Valfredi Ponzo, his request to the Emperor of Austria that, in the clash of arms, churches and noted secular buildings, not used for military purposes, might be spared.

Santa Maria Formosa had been demolished in the course of an Austrian air raid on August 10, 1916. The foundation of this venerable temple can be traced back to a miracle. The Bishop of Uderzo, says the chronicle cited in Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*, driven from his bishopric by the Lombards, beheld in a vision, as he was praying, the Virgin Mother who ordered him to found a church on a spot where he should see a white cloud rest. And when he went out, the white cloud went before him; and on the spot where it rested he built the church, called the Church of Saint Mary the Beautiful, either from the loveliness of the Virgin in the vision or, as we find it stated in the records of the churches of Venice, from the brightness of the moving cloud. This first church, built in 639, stood until 864 when it was rebuilt to be enriched, fifty years later, with various relics mostly of St. Nicodemus. These were unfortunately lost in the fire which destroyed the building in 1105. Reconstructed magnificently in 1175 by Paolo Barbetta on the model of San Marco, it suffered severely from an earthquake in 1689; restored at the expense of a wealthy merchant, Turrin Torrani, and embellished with two façades of marble, it again came to grief during the bombardment of 1849 already referred to.

Perhaps the fame and central position of Santa Maria Formosa, and its proximity to San Marco, had something to do with its vicissitudes. They certainly had with the religious functions

and the local festivities in which it played a prominent part. Notably in the Feast of the Maries instituted to commemorate an occurrence connected with the legend of the Brides of Venice. It was an annual custom among the earliest Venetians[2] to put their marriageable girls on show in order that the unmarried young men might pick out wives from among them. After the introduction of Christianity, the day set apart for this exhibition was the last of January, dedicated to the memory of the translation of the body of St. Mark. The mated maidens, each with a box containing her dowry under her arm, then went in gondolas, trimmed with streamers and flowers to San Pietro in Castello, the cathedral of the island of that name, also called Olivolo or Quintavalle, whose bishop pronounced his benediction on the nuptials of those who had secured a husband, the wedding fees proving a welcome addition to his scanty revenue drawn mainly from a poll-tax paid in chickens, and a mortuary tax which gave him the nickname of "Bishop of the Dead."

Now the Venetians of those days were much harassed by Narentine pirates, Istrian and Dalmatian Slavs, especially by the gang of a certain Gajolo, who often crossed the water to make raids on the Italian coast. In 944, taking advantage of that year's show of a fresh crop of desirable virgins, this crew landed secretly on the island of Olivolo and, when everybody was peaceably attending the ceremony of the multiple marriage, suddenly leaped out of the brushwood that had concealed them, and penetrated into the church, sword in hand, killing whoever offered resistance and carrying off the brides with their dowries. But the Doge, Pietro Candiano III. or, according to others, who put the date of the rape of the Venetian virgins in the year 939, Pietro Candiano II., immediately had the alarm bells rung and ordered the armed citizens who responded to his call, to man their galleys and give chase. The abductors were overtaken in a lagoon near Caorle, which has since been known as the Harbor of the Damsels because they had disembarked there to divide the spoils. The Venetians attacked and defeated the robbers, rescuing the fair captives whom they restored to their legitimate husbands and those who already had become widows in the fray, granting another chance at the next year's matrimonial market.

To commemorate this victory over the Narentines with its happy result, it was decreed that henceforth on Candlemas, the day of the Venetians' triumphant return, the Doge should repair to

[2] *Cf.* Samuele Romanin, *Lezioni di Storia Veneta*, V.

the Church of Santa Maria Formosa, publicly to render thanks to the Virgin who manifestly had assisted the town in the recovery of its own. On this *andata* or walk thither, he was accompanied by twelve maidens in bridal costume, belonging to the poorer classes, and escorted by the pupils of the parochial schools and the members of religious societies and corporations in solemn procession. The function assuming in course of time a more and more sumptuous character and extending over a week and longer, it became the custom, on the thirtieth of January, after the Wake of St. Mark, for a number of youths to betake themselves to the Ducal Palace, where the maidens awaited them. Thence, waving banners and flags, they marched in pairs to Santa Maria Formosa, preceded by heralds blowing trumpets, and by servants carrying sweetmeats and wine in vessels of silver and gold. The party was accompanied by monks and priests in copes and stoles, praying and singing until they arrived at the church, where crowds were collected to watch the proceedings and claim a share in the wine and sweetmeats distributed after the religious service.

On the following day the procession was repeated and culminated in the representation of a Mystery, young priests or lay brothers acting the women's parts. After the performance and an interval for dinner, the real twelve Maries, girls belonging to noble families, richly dressed for the occasion and chaperoned by their mothers, aunts and married elder sisters, joined the pageant. On the morning of Candlemas they set out in six finely decorated boats, followed by a numerous retinue in smaller craft to San Pietro in Castello, the Doge himself leading that fleet in his *Bucintoro*. Tired out by the ceremony in the cathedral of Olivolo and the brave display up and down the Grand Canal, the principal actors were invited to a banquet in the Ducal Palace. The rest of the week was devoted to regattas, dancing and all sorts of amusements which, together with the actual *Festa delle Marie*, always brought many strangers to Venice and so a good deal of money into Venetian pockets.

The ancient feast was discontinued in 1379 because of the War of Chioggia into which the hereditary feud with the rival city of Genoa had developed. But its memory was preserved until the Venetian Republic ceased to exist, in the custom of presenting the Doge on that high dignitary's official visits to Santa Maria Formosa with two hats of gilt straw, two oranges and two bottles of malmsey. This practice originated, according to tradition, in a request

of the trunk-makers of that quarter of the town, who had greatly distinguished themselves in getting the brides with their dowries back from the Narentine pirates, that the Doge should come to see them at least once a year.

"And if it rains?" asked the Doge.

"We shall give you hats to keep off the rain," they answered.

"And if it is too hot?"

"We shall take care that you do not suffer from thirst."

At the time of the revolt against the Austrian yoke, when Radetzky ruled with an iron hand, leaving Lombardy and the Veneto to the tender mercies of the ferocious Haynau, the *Campo* or Square of Santa Maria Formosa was the scene of a disorderly demonstration.[3] A certain Girolamo Dandolo, scion of the illustrious house of that name, had framed, sent round for signatures and presented to the provisional government a petition entreating the surrender of the town which, owing to a vigorous blockade, was on the verge of starvation. The first to sign this petition had been Cardinal Monico, Patriarch of Venice, at the time a guest of Count Quirini in the parish of Santa Maria Formosa, because his official residence was under repair. His participation in Dandolo's appeal becoming known, a mob invaded his temporary abode, committing deplorable excesses. But they were soon checked by the stable element of the population whom Daniele Manin, acting President of the hastily acclaimed Republic of St. Mark, had well in hand, the majority of Venetian men and women vying in patriotic discipline. Manin was nevertheless obliged to capitulate, August 30, 1849, and the Austrians reinstalled themselves only to leave finally in 1866.

Built in the form of a cross with a large dome and two cupolas capping the transepts, Santa Maria Formosa's exterior did not possess any extraordinary features to distinguish it from the many other churches of Venice, except one of those "huge, inhuman and monstrous" sculptured heads, types "of the evil spirit to which Venice was abandoned in the fourth period of her decline," against which Ruskin inveighed in terms we refrain from quoting *in extenso*. But Santa Maria Formosa's interior, the treasures of art it contained, compensated for that hideous head: Madonnas by Sassoferrato and Pietro da Messina, a Birth of the Virgin and the Virgin as the *Mater Misericordiæ* by Bartolommeo Vivarini, a Last Supper by Bassano, a Descent from the Cross by Palma

[3] *Cf.* Carlo Alberto Radaelli, *Storia dello Assedio di Venezia negli Anni 1848-1849.*

Giovane, above all a Santa Barbara by the latter's uncle or grand-uncle, Palma Vecchio, more correctly Giacomo d'Antonio Negretti of Serinalta. If the sad tale of the church's total destruction be true, the frescoes with which Paoletti adorned the dome in 1844, must have perished, but all that was easily movable had been packed off; with it the wonderful picture considered by many Palmo Vecchio's chief glory. So Santa Barbara eluded, fortunately, the fate of Our Lady in the Air with St. John at her feet, one of his earlier productions, painted for the church of San Moise and since destroyed.

The intensity of the cult of Santa Barbara in Venice sprang doubtless from that city's Byzantine connections. Everybody knows the Saint's life story, which accounts for her being the Patron of artillerists and understands, therefore, why her image in Santa Maria Formosa adorns the altar of the bombardiers. As Palma Vecchio painted her she has to right and left St. Anthony and St. Sebastian, above her Our Lady of Mercy between St. John and St. Dominic. She stands serene and smiling, a lovely young woman, with a palm branch in her hand. The white veil attached to her golden crown, her crimson mantle, her brown robe are in splendid harmony with the subdued tones of the background which includes a fortified tower while the ordnance on the first plan completes her saintly attributes. Tradition names Palma Vecchio's daughter Violante as his model for this brilliant piece of idealized realism.

In the writer's memory Santa Barbara of the Church of Santa Maria Formosa is associated with a characteristic observation from the lips of the then Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, later Pope Pius X., with whom she was apparently a great favorite. Himself a child of the people, he admired her, as he said on one of his frequent visits to her home near the Porta del Paradiso, because she appeared an ingenuous *popolana* rather than one of the haughty though equally alert Venetian ladies depicted by Veronese. He remarked upon the ardent desire for something unknown, perhaps unknowable to the artist who shaped her, which lights up her limpid, lustrous eyes. Pointing with his finger, he went on:

"Look! Look close! What do you see?"

The democratic idea—*l'idea democratica—?*" one of the bystanders ventured to ask, probably alluding to a previous conversation.

His Eminence made no answer. That is, not at the time. It may be found in the encyclicals issued during his pontificate.

## THE VISION AND THE DEED.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

It was a summer's morning, soft as Eden,
And the cool dawn wove shadows long and still,
Across the cloister's peace. There Gabriel stood
And turned his eyes to heaven and sobbed, "My God!
Ten years and I am still a weak disgrace!
Ten years of sighs, and tears and strong desires,
And agony of heart—since first I knew
Thy loveliness and swore to shape my soul
To image Thine! Alas the bitter shame,
To still be only rich in promises!
For yester eve, when sack in hand I strode,
Alms-laden, through the town, I heard a voice
Cry soft, 'There walks the Saint!' I dreamed 'twas love
And gratefulness to Thee, that bade my heart
So leap and pulse, I dreamed I humbled me
Beneath Thy gifts! but ah! This night in choir
The Matins ended, with a start I woke
From wandering thoughts, and knew my soul aright!
No praise to Thee had my false accents given,
But through the sacred Psalms a traitor pride
Had twined an alien strain, 'The Saint! The Saint!'
My soul misgives me! If ten years have wrought
My heart no liker Thine, shall any toils
Of added decades carve the flinty thing
To bear Thine image? Help me from despair!"
Scarce had he said, when on the silent air
Rang a faint clink of steel, then groaned a voice,
"Lie there thou worthless chisel—Oh my God!
Dear God! and will it never grow like Thee?"
Then, readier to divide another's woes
Than linger on his own, and marveling too
How matched the words his thoughts, swift Gabriel strode
And ope'd the sculptor's door. A monk was he
Of wondrous power in marble, and his cell
All snowed with tiny chips and flakes of stone
Gleamed with white Saints and Angels, through the mist
Of dusty labor. But o'er all there rose
Calm, gentle, lovely with the lights of heaven,
With that same smile that bade the fasting throng

Feed on his glance, nor reck the desert pains—
An image of the Lord! And Gabriel, dumb,
Spake his rapt pleasure with his streaming eyes—
Then, mastering his speech: "How long!" he said,
"Hast wrought on this white miracle? How long?"
The sculptor sighed, "Ten years—ten futile years!
A novice, thou didst help to bear the block,
Bright from Carrara's depths, and as I gazed
And prayed for shaping light, I saw the Lord,
Stand in a vision, heavenly-beautiful!
My heart a-flame, I seized my tool and smote
The quivering stone, and never a day has fled
But left some new reminder of my love
On yon white image—ah! this morn, I knew
My utmost skill was done. Then came a voice,
'Is this thy vision?' and I stood and gazed.
Oh God! The lustre of Thy beauty gleamed
Across my thought. I saw yon ill-wrought stone
Beside your heavenly vision, knew how vile
My counterfeit to Thee, and half gone mad
With fruitless longing, flung my tools away!
There let them lie, that can no more avail!"
Then Gabriel, gently: "Heavenly fair, and true
Thine image to mine eyes. 'Tis not the Christ,
For who would dream that all-entrancing Form
To mimic utterly in sullen stone?
But mine the wonder not wherein thou'st failed
But where succeeded, to have shown so true
Our Life in marble! Weep not, but give thanks.
Though still thy heart be lovelier than thy deed,
Doubt not thy deed is lovely, and be glad!"
The sculptor smiled; "Well do they say of thee
Thou art an Angel." Straight to Gabriel's brow
Leapt the hot blood, and buzzed the old refrain
In his tense mind, "There walks the Saint! Ten years!
Despair! Despair!" Then soft angelic tones
Spake in his soul: "Canst thou not understand?
What thou hast said to him, God saith to thee.
Strike still the sullen marble of Thy heart
To shape it like the vision thou hast seen
Of Jesus' beauty—hope not over much.
And if thy wish be lovelier than thy deed
Doubt not thy deed is lovely, and be glad!"
Then Gabriel knew, gave thanks, and walked in peace.

# ALCOHOL IN MEDICINE FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., SC.D.

THE American Medical Association, counting some sixty thousand of the regular physicians of the country, held, perhaps, the most important meeting in its history, last June, in New York City. This year's annual session was significant in the maximum attendance, the interest of the members in the scientific sessions, and the presence of leaders of the medical profession from all over the country. The, then recent, declaration of war gave a new seriousness to the proceedings. And it is interesting to note that the most significant feature of the proceedings of this year's meeting of the Association was a definite pronouncement, made by the House of Delegates, to the effect that the use of alcohol in medical practice is not justified by our present medical knowledge.

The strength of the conviction of the directing legislative body of the American Medical Association with regard to alcohol, may be judged from the forcible terms that were used in the resolutions adopted:

> *Whereas,* We believe that the use of alcohol is detrimental to the human economy; and whereas, its use in therapeutics as a tonic or stimulant or for food has no scientific value; therefore, be it
>
> *Resolved,* That the American Medical Association is opposed to the use of alcohol as a beverage; and be it further
>
> *Resolved,* That the use of alcohol as a therapeutic agent should be further discouraged.

These resolutions were not adopted without considerable opposition. It was surprising, however, how little of this opposition came from any attempt to defend alcohol as an ingredient of beverages or of medicines. The major objection was, that it was not within the province of the House of Delegates to assume the settlement of scientific questions. Some few of the older men insisted on the value of alcohol in therapeutics, but the resolutions were adopted by a substantial majority.

We need scarcely add that this represents a complete reversal of medical judgment. Fifty years ago it was customary to give large amounts of alcohol in a great many febrile and other continued or weakening affections, and to regard it as a sheet anchor in many exhausting pathological states. It was felt to be a very valuable stimulant that aroused the flagging powers of vitality, enabled nature to get a new hold, revivified resistive and immunizing forces, and generally brought out all the individual's possible energy for defence against disease. Indeed it is rather surprising to go over the old text-books of medicine and to see how freely alcohol was recommended, and, if tradition speak true, the medical lectures for two or three decades about the middle of the nineteenth century, were even louder in its praise as a really wonderful remedy for human ills, some of which could not be favorably treated by any other means.

Dr. Stephen Smith has told the story of the treatment of typhus fever with alcohol, or rather with whiskey, during the fifties of the nineteenth century. New York physicians discovered, as they thought, that whiskey had an almost direct curative action on typhus fever. Needless to say this was considered a very wonderful discovery.

A number of out-of-town physicians, learning of it, came to New York to see the effect of whiskey on typhus. A series of a dozen severe cases of the disease were selected and to everyone was given a teaspoonful of whiskey every fifteen minutes night and day, and all of them recovered. No wonder that, as a consequence, whiskey received a boom in therapeutics.

In spite of this apparently convincing demonstration, we do not at present employ large, often repeated doses of whiskey for the treatment of typhus fever. On the contrary, I am quite sure most physicians are convinced that its free use hampers, rather than helps, recovery, and that it was a mere chance that the dozen cases of typhus selected and treated with whiskey, recovered. Toward the end of an epidemic of typhus it often happens that the mortality is much lowered. Five deaths out of a hundred cases or even less sometimes occur under such circumstances, and it would be comparatively easy then to make an apparent record of cures for any remedy. That is how whiskey made its record in typhus; when tried in succeeding epidemics at the height of the virulence of the disease, it proved to be utterly without good effect. In the meantime, however, alcohol had a great boost in medicine in America.

Prior to this it had been used rather plentifully and confidently in chronic diseases. It was the custom to give alcohol, in some form or other, very freely to consumptives. Eggnogs and various wine preparations with eggs were prescribed for the consumptive and considered most beneficial. There was no doubt that patients *felt* better after taking alcohol than before. Often their appetite was stimulated, they slept better, they worried less, and above all were less anxious about the future. This benefit is now recognized as merely fallacious and temporary, and the use of alcohol in any form is no longer permitted, much less encouraged, in the treatment of consumptives by those who make a special study of the disease.

Many of the severer infections, such as pyemia or septicemia (fever conditions due to the absorption of bacteria from infected wounds) or the products of these bacteria were treated with alcohol in large doses. Physicians really felt that they saved lives by this means and while they looked upon it as a last resort, it was considered a very valuable therapeutic measure.

A distinguished New York physician, one who, by the way, had been mainly instrumental in giving whiskey and brandy their vogue for febrile infections, but who was, undoubtedly, a great clinical observer and a thoroughly sincere and progressive leader of the medical profession, is said to have declared in a crowded medical meeting a generation ago that if he were to be offered for the treatment of pneumonia all the drugs of the pharmacopœia on the one hand without whiskey, and whiskey without the pharmacopœia on the other, he would choose the whiskey, confident of saving more patients thus than in any other way. Manifestly he felt very much with regard to pneumonia and the use of whiskey as we do now with regard to pneumonia and the absolute necessity of fresh air. These two therapeutic methods—whiskey and fresh air —represent the conclusions of two very different epochs of medical opinion. In the one they were quite sure that nature needed a great deal of artificial aid to overcome disease. In the other they have come to realize that the best possible treatment for disease is to employ natural means to the best advantage and encourage nature's efforts. No wonder popular medicine became full of " wise saws and modern instances " as to the use of various alcoholic products. If there is one thing that is impressed on the historian of medicine, it is that all the mistakes of popular medicine, all the favorite family prescriptions, now regarded as absurd, were once the accepted opinions of the medical profession. Physicians have

abandoned them as the result of further observation and wider knowledge, while popular medicine continues to recommend them.

Probably the most striking survival of the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease is the tradition with regard to quinine and whiskey for breaking up a cold when it first threatens, and for curing it when it has developed. The use of this combination is a relic of a therapeutic period when physicians felt the need of "cures" for every affection. Quinine was an excellent remedy for the fever of malaria, the familiar "chills and fever" of the olden time, and therefore it was thought to control all fever. We know now that it does not, but it is easy to understand how, a generation ago, during the very prevalent employment of alcohol by physicians for fever conditions, quinine and whiskey came to be used for "colds." That old idea long since abandoned by physicians still prevails in popular medicine.

Arctic explorers who are subjected to the severest cold, and the worst possible exposure to wintry elements do not take alcohol. They warm themselves at an alcohol stove, but they know better than to put alcohol inside of them. Many people think when going out into the cold on a blustry day, that a glass of whiskey makes a good bracer and keeps them from "catching cold." There is a tradition, also, that when one has been rather thoroughly chilled, has gotten one's feet wet, a good "horn" of whiskey, which usually means an ounce or more, is just the thing to prevent ill effects. Experience has taught arctic explorers otherwise. They know better, when going out into the bitter cold of a blizzard with a temperature far below zero, than to take whiskey. When they come in out of the bitterest cold it is not whiskey that is given them. Hot, fresh, weak tea taken in quantities has been found to be the best bracer for them.

Alcohol, if taken before going out into the cold, will make one *feel* the cold much less, because it dulls feeling. It is most important for a man who is going out into the cold of the arctic regions to have none of his feeling dulled. His preservation from having portions of his body frozen, depends on having all his feelings as acutely sensitive as possible. When he comes in out of the cold, whiskey would undoubtedly make him *feel* more comfortable, but it would not serve to stimulate his circulation, in fact it rather hampers the vital reaction.

Here is the secret of the action of whiskey now known to medical science through the most careful investigation. It is never a

stimulant; it is always a narcotic. Because it makes the heart go faster it was considered a stimulant for the heart muscle and the circulation. It does not raise the blood pressure, however, and we know now that the quickening of the heart is not due to stimulation, but to the taking off of the brake which normally regulates heart activity. The heart normally beats about seventy times a minute. In order to keep it beating just at that rate there are two sets of nerves: the accelerator which constantly tend to quicken the heart action, and the inhibitory nerves which neutralize their action and prevent its excess. The action of the inhibitory nerves is hampered by alcohol, and so, when it is taken, the heart beats faster. It is like taking the governor off an engine and letting the machinery run away. Alcohol acts everywhere in the same way. It lifts the brake. It lessens inhibitory power.

Everyone knows how inhibition in the moral order is impaired by alcohol, so that under its influence men are impelled to do foolish things that they could readily restrain themselves from in the normal state. This is the sort of thing that happens in the physical order. Inhibition is lifted. Health, however, consists in having things properly regulated. Alcohol makes a man *feel* better and braver and heartier than he usually is, makes him have an artificial appetite, produces cravings of all kinds. It prevents him from being scared about things, he does not feel pain so much, and, when under the influence of liquor, may suffer a lot of physical harm without much pain reaction. Drunken men have been known to walk on a broken bone when it seemed almost impossible for any human being to stand the pain that must be occasioned by it. Broken bones in the arm or hand a drunken man will often neglect utterly. Smaller amounts of alcohol have a like tendency to produce a narcotizing or anæsthetic effect. Feeling was given us to preserve the intactness of the tissues through the inhibitory inaction of pain. Alcohol dulls feeling. Sometimes a narcotic or an anæsthetic effect is wanted. But we have better and surer anæsthetics than alcohol, without its tendency to produce a habit or serious after effects.

In a word, alcohol is just such a drug as opium. Opium has its beneficent place in the world for the relief of human pain. One may grow accustomed to it, just as one grows accustomed to whiskey, and then more and more will be required to produce a given effect. The Chinese used to use it very much as we use whiskey, and for the same purpose: to make them forget the insistent

present, and lift the feeling of depression when things went wrong. Opium, too, has its serious after effects, and the Chinese have given up opium just as so many nations in Europe have, at least under the stress of war conditions, given up the stronger spirituous liquors.

What the older physicians did not realize was that the beneficial effect of alcohol was not physical, but psychic. Alcohol lifts the scare that overpowers people when they find themselves suffering from serious disease which they know to be sometimes fatal, a scare that often paralyzes energy, hampers resistive vitality and prevents proper vital reaction toward recovery. Most of the diseases for which it was used so confidently are self-limited diseases that run a definite course. If the patient has the strength to survive the course of the disease, he gets better. Anything that lessens this strength and uses up energy by worry or anxiety has a definitely unfavorable effect on him. It is important, therefore, that psychic elements of discouragement should be eliminated just as far as possible, for they put a brake on energies that would be curative, if allowed to exert their influence. The pneumonia patient is specially subject to the ill effects of worry because all too familiar with the frequently fatal course of the disease. He is almost sure to watch himself breathe. He is breathing some thirty-five to forty times a minute, and breathing is, for the time being, the principal business of life. Watching it adds to its difficulty, hampers its rhythm and introduces voluntary inhibitions into a process that should be involuntary. It is easy to understand that, with a depressed heart and "watched" respirations, the outlook is not so favorable as it would otherwise be.

When such a patient takes sufficient alcohol it lifts the scare. He literally does not care, after a while, what happens to him, and this is the most favorable attitude of mind. This is not, however, a physical, but a psychic state. The question must always be whether some of the ulterior bad effects of alcohol may not be more than enough to counteract its favorable psychic influence. A great many physicians have come to think that they are, and have given up alcohol in pneumonia, except at certain trying times or in special cases where the element of solicitude is evidently producing an unfavorable effect.

In the severe febrile affections—pyemia, septicemia, puerperal fever—it is doubtful whether alcohol ever had more than this psychic influence. These affections are very disheartening, and pa-

tients worried themselves into conditions where they had little chance for healthy reaction. Fortunately these affections are now very rare, and the use of alcohol has been given up in them by physicians who find other and more direct remedies much more valuable, so that one very large field for the use of alcohol in medicine has disappeared completely.

There were certain classes of cases in which alcohol was of special significance, because of its power to lift the scare and keep the patient from worrying himself to death. Probably the most typical of these was snake bite. The old medical rule after the bite of a poisonous snake, especially the familiar rattlesnake, was to give sufficient whiskey to make the patient mildly drunk. It usually took a great deal to produce that effect, and this was often said to be because the alcohol had to neutralize the snake poison in the blood before it could produce any effect on the patient. Very few now think that alcohol has any direct neutralizing effect on any sort of snake poison. Thousands of people die from snake bite every year, and if whiskey were an antidote it would be well known by this time; but it is not. Very expensive institutes for the manufacture of various anti-venom serums have been erected for the manufacture of remedies, and a great deal of time and money has been spent on experiments along this line. There are now some excellent results reported in the treatment of venomous snake bites, but alcohol is not directly connected with them.

With the gradual modification of medical views in favor of alcohol, curiously enough some of the psychologists have advocated its use. A distinguished German psychologist, not long dead, who had taught for many years in an American university, declared that the poor should not be deprived of alcoholic drinks, because these gave them almost their only moments of happiness or at least lightened the burden of life and labor. He also suggested that alcohol is the inspiring mother of art and literature, and that without it men are cold, uninspired logic machines, utterly devoid of that sympathetic cordiality and proper feeling for others which develops under the influence of a certain amount of alcoholic liquor.

Of course this is but a confirmation of modern medical views, since it is a frank confession that alcohol is a narcotic and not a stimulant. Human nature has always used narcotics to help it forget the hard things of life, and to make trials of various kinds less difficult to bear. There are serious students of sociology,

however, who are emphatic in their declaration that this is unfortunately one of the most serious aspects of the alcohol problem. Nothing makes men so readily satisfied in conditions with which they should not be satisfied as a free indulgence in alcohol. They get quite literally not to care how they and their families live, and they stand an environment that no decent human being should have to live in. Wife and children are involved in this carelessness of their surroundings. Nothing so ties a man down to a job at which he gets the barest sustenance for himself and his family, as turning to the bottle whenever he feels discouraged about it, when divine discontent might tempt him to make a definite effort to rise above his surroundings.

There is a popular impression, confirmed by the psychology of the preceding generation, that alcohol stimulates the imagination and is, therefore, often a valuable aid in artistic or literary work. It is felt that a good many men of genius have benefited from its use, at least to the extent of having their initiative aroused and their inventive faculties awakened. There is no doubt that men of genius have worked fruitfully under the stimulus of alcohol, but the careful observation of recent years does not confirm the theory that alcohol benefits the intellectual processes. The most carefully planned experiments on memory, for instance, make it very clear that far from being helpful, comparatively small amounts of alcohol bring about a distinct impairment of memory. Vogt of Christiana demonstrated by experiments on himself that a few teaspoonfuls of whiskey, taken on an empty stomach, reduced his power to memorize Greek poetry by about twenty per cent.

A slight excess of alcohol, and such excess is a very individual matter and may represent quite a small quantity, will often produce a flow of rather vivid images and an accompanying facility of speech, but there is a lack of coherence and a tendency to confusion; thoughts are not well connected and in spite of the sense of wonderful power, the achievement proves on careful, critical analysis not to be what it was thought to be while the mood was in progress. It gives an illusory sense of ability and intellectual adequacy, but fails in real production.

It is now pretty well recognized by psychologists, as well as by physicians, that alcohol does not promote work, but play. It does not stimulate the intellect but the imagination, and that superficially, in what is called the sensory imagination, and without any real benefit to the imaginative faculties of the intellect so important for

art and poetry. It does not brighten the retentive faculties of the mind, but on the contrary dulls them. It stimulates not thought but talk, it is a social not a mental stimulant.

Some of the older physicians still continue to believe with the former generation that alcohol is an efficacious remedy for certain exhausting conditions, but the younger generation who know the careful scientific investigations that have been made in Germany, France and this country on animals and the convincing observations that have been made on human beings, no longer think of alcohol as likely to do any good through its physical effect. Because of this widespread conviction, and in spite of the long medical tradition in the matter, the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association ventured to intrude on the field of therapeutics. It was an extremely unusual procedure, and only very complete conviction would have warranted the action. The conditions created by the War in relation to the abuse of stimulants, undoubtedly constituted the main reason for this unusual step. It was felt that our country would profit by the knowledge that the physicians of America no longer believe alcohol to be beneficial, but rather harmful, in either health or disease.

## THE GRIEVANCE OF THE SPRING WHEAT GROWERS.

BY FRANK O'HARA, PH.D.

WHEREAS Robert M. La Follette made an address of a disloyal and seditious nature at a public meeting, before a large audience at the Nonpartisan League Convention in St. Paul on the twentieth of September." Thus begins a set of resolutions adopted by the Minnesota Commission of Public Safety praying for the expulsion of Mr. La Follette from the Senate. These resolutions have already set the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections in motion, and it is freely predicted that they are destined to furnish the subject matter for much discussion during the coming session of Congress.

The meeting at which Mr. La Follette made the already famous speech was the closing session of the " Producers' and Consumers' Convention," which was held under the auspices of the National Nonpartisan League. For the purposes of the convention the term "producers and consumers " was defined as being practically equivalent to " farmers and organized labor." The farmers were in control of the meeting, at least nominally, and so the official definitions, if they had been formulated, would probably have declared that the farmers were the producers and organized labor the consumers. The secretary of the St. Paul Retail Grocers' Association was on the programme at one of the sessions of the three days' convention, and although he tried to make it appear that the members of his economic class belonged of right in a convention of producers and consumers, the remarks of the other speakers made it clear that his claim was the veriest *camouflage*.

The purpose of the convention as given out by its leaders, was to assist the Government in its programme of price regulation. Hostile newspapers had proclaimed that the meeting was called to give the farmers an opportunity to protest against the Government's recent action in scaling down the price of wheat. That they had any such intention the League officials denied. They had no objection to the Government fixing the price of the main product of the League's members, they proclaimed, if the Government would carry out a similar policy with respect to the things which the farmer has

to buy. The business of the convention would be to help the Government carry out its complete programme rather than to hinder it in one of the details of its programme. It was to be a patriotic meeting. American flags were the outstanding feature of the decorations.

Three United States Senators took part in the deliberations during the course of the convention, Senators Borah of Idaho, Gronna of North Dakota and La Follette of Wisconsin. The two latter spoke with bitter hostility toward the present National Administration and its policies, and even Mr. Borah's speech was far from friendly. Mr. Van Lear, the Socialist Mayor of Minneapolis, a man of confessed pacifist views, was also on the programme, but his speech might be described as wildly patriotic in comparison with those of the three Senators. Mr. Gronna is a plain, blunt man, and in his address he carried his language straight up to the line which separates loyalty from treason and landed his thoughts on the other side. The audience vigorously applauded the performance. They knew what he was driving at. It was more difficult to get Mr. La Follette's meaning. One was not certain whether he was trying to throw a sprag into the wheels of the National Administration so as to interfere with the conduct of the War or whether he was trying in good faith to educate the nation in the principles of taxation. But whatever his motives, seven thousand producers and consumers gave him a tremendous ovation whenever he said the things which were likely to give comfort to the enemy.

Mr. La Follette's own explanation of his presence at the convention was that he was there to encourage the Nonpartisan League, and to keep it from being intimidated by the Government. "I come before you here tonight," he said, "to talk to you particularly about this great movement you have adopted up here and to give you a word of encouragement, to bid you to be brave, not to be intimidated because there may chance to be sneaking about, here and there, men who will pull back their coats and show a secret service badge." The reference to the secret service badge was made because the newspapers had announced that the convention hall swarmed with agents of the Federal Department of Justice who were there to arrest anyone uttering disloyal sentiments.

The animus of the convention was directed officially not against the Government but against the "profiteers," the men who are reaping war profits through favorable contracts with the Government. Moreover, Governor Frazier, the Farmer-Governor of

North Dakota, who was chairman of the convention, declared that he would not tolerate disloyal utterances on the part of any of the speakers. Flags waved and patriotic airs were displayed. And still there was a well defined feeling that the convention was not just right. Mr. Towneley, the president and original organizer of the National Nonpartisan League, pleaded over and over again for a course of action that would "bring the War to a speedy and successful close." He never explained what he meant by a "successful close" of the War, and any listener who chose to do so might assume that it meant victory for the Allies; but the means which were to be employed to "bring the War to a speedy and successful close," as indicated by Mr. Towneley, always involved our withdrawing from the War and leaving the Allies in the lurch. In a word, in spite of protests to the contrary on the part of the organization, it was taken for granted by the disinterested spectator that the Nonpartisan League was disloyal. This leads us to inquire more closely concerning the nature and workings of the League and the reasons which led to the bringing together of so many speakers whose patriotism has been questioned.

The National Nonpartisan League is an outgrowth of the Farmers' Nonpartisan Political League of North Dakota which succeeded last year in electing practically all of the state officials who were elected in that state. As a result of the unexpected and marvelous success of the League in North Dakota, a campaign was undertaken to organize the farmers of the neighboring states. Although the main support of the League is still to be found in North Dakota, considerable headway has already been made in organizing the farmers of Minnesota, South Dakota, Iowa and Montana. The hope is entertained now, among its leaders, of making the League a political power not only locally but in national politics as well.

The Nonpartisan League came into existence in North Dakota as a protest against the failure of the old parties to enact into law the wishes of the people as expressed repeatedly at the polls. North Dakota is mainly an agricultural state, and the farmers have for a long time been convinced that in the marketing of their products they were at the mercy of the grain exchange in Minneapolis known as the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber of Commerce established the rules according to which the wheat coming into the Minneapolis market was graded and the farmers of North Dakota felt that the rules were framed to their disadvantage. They thought that if the state would build large terminal elevators within

its borders they might have something to say concerning the rules under which their grain was sold. This conviction became so strong that they recorded it at the polls, but the state legislators, who for the most part were not farmers, found reasons for not erecting the elevators.

After being rebuffed by the legislature and told, in effect, that they did not know what was good for them, the farmers were in an excellent state of mind to attempt to gain their ends by political organization. Through working together in societies with educational and economic aims, they already had received valuable training of a preliminary nature, and now they were taken in hand by a group of Socialist leaders who had the experience in organization necessary to give the finishing touches to the farmers' social education. It required a high degree of skill on the part of these Socialists to combine in the right proportions their own principles and the individualism of the farmers, but the success of the organization at the polls last year, demonstrated, beyond a doubt, that they possessed the skill.

As noted above, the main grievance of the farmers against the Chamber of Commerce had to do with the grading of grain in Minneapolis. The case for the farmers is admirably brought out in a pamphlet on the milling value and market value of wheat, written by Dr. Ladd, the President of the North Dakota Agricultural College. Here it may be stated parenthetically that the Agricultural College is violently in politics and that Dr. Ladd occupies his position as its president through the grace of the Nonpartisan League. This statement is not meant, however, to cast any reflection upon the scientific value of Dr. Ladd's findings with regard to the milling of wheat.

In 1916, the pamphlet informs us, there were seven Minnesota official grades of wheat as follows: "No. 1 hard," which must weigh not less than fifty-eight pounds to the bushel; " Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 northern," which must weigh not less than fifty-seven, fifty-six, fifty-four and forty-nine pounds respectively to the bushel; and "Sample grade" and "No grade" for which no weights were fixed. But the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce gave its dealers a different system of grading, and it was according to this latter system that they bought wheat from the North Dakota farmers. The Chamber of Commerce grades, numbers 1, 2 and 3, agreed with the Minnesota official grades, but whereas the Minnesota grade " No. 4 northern " need not weigh more than forty-nine pounds to the

bushel, the Chamber of Commerce "No. 4 northern" must weigh fifty-two pounds. Instead of the "Sample grade" and "No grade" in the official system, the Chamber of Commerce substituted the following five grades: "No. 4 Feed Spring" weighing forty-nine to fifty-one pounds and "A Feed," "B Feed," "C Feed" and "D Feed," weighing not less than forty-seven, forty-five, forty-three and thirty-five pounds respectively.

The naming of these lighter grades as feed wheat was taken to indicate that they were suitable only for feed and were not used in the manufacture of flour for human consumption, and, accordingly, this presumption was reflected in the price. The fact, however, was that the wheat which was bought as "D Feed," was used in the manufacture of flour, and while the flour was not white, it was more nutritous than that obtained from the "No. 1 northern." Dr. Ladd found by experimenting with a small mill that one hundred pounds of "No. 1 northern" would yield about sixty-nine pounds of flour, while one hundred pounds of "D Feed" would yield sixty pounds of the same class of flour. At the same time these experiments were made, sixty pounds of "No. 1 northern" sold for $1.73 while sixty pounds of "D Feed" sold at 94 cents. On the basis of its food value, according to Dr. Ladd, "D Feed" wheat ought to sell at $1.50 instead of 94 cents for sixty pounds when "No. 1 northern" is selling at $1.73. Now the point of this discussion is that in 1916, because of heat and drought, a large part of the North Dakota wheat crop dropped to the "Feed" grades. The farmers of the state believe, and in this belief they are supported by the experiments of the Agricultural College, that if their wheat had been graded according to the Minnesota official grades instead of the Chamber of Commerce grades, they would have received millions of dollars more for their produce, or in other words that they were robbed of millions of dollars by the Chamber of Commerce grading. The members of the Nonpartisan League hoped to protect themselves against this robbery by building large elevators within their own state, and compelling the buyers to come to them and to bid for their grain under rules which the farmers had a hand in making.

Although the Nonpartisan League achieved a sweeping success in the election of 1916 it has as yet been unable to carry out its programme (which includes state owned flour mills, stock yards, packing houses, and cold storage plants as well as terminal grain elevators), because of its inability to gain control of the state senate,

due to the fact that only one-half of the members of that body were up for election last year. For the present the League continues its agitation and is preparing itself for the next election, when it hopes to gain full control of the machinery of state government.

The Nonpartisan League had a grievance against the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, but what had that to do with its attitude towards the United States Government? Nothing directly, but much indirectly. Because of the widespread dissatisfaction with the prevailing grain grading, the Federal Department of Agriculture this year established a set of Federal grain grades, according to which grain shipped in interstate commerce is to be bought and sold. The Federal grain grades were the result of a careful scientific study of the situation by the department's experts, and no doubt the new system possesses much merit. But it is absolutely incapable of application under the conditions under which it must be applied by grain buyers in the wheat belt. At best it can be applied only approximately. Under the Federal system of grading many new elements were introduced and were supposed to receive careful attention, to which little attention had heretofore been given, such as the amount of moisture in the wheat, the percentage of inseparable seeds and the percentage of admixture of wheat of other qualities. Thus, in the laboratory the scientist can pick the inseparable weed seeds out of a handful of wheat with a pair of tweezers and calculate the percentage which such seeds form of the whole weight of a bushel of wheat. But the grain buyer on a busy day has not the time to count the foul seeds in samples of a hundred loads of wheat, and so he guesses at the amount; and unless he is a particularly honest guesser his guess may result in giving the farmer a lower grade, and hence a lower price for his wheat than the latter would otherwise receive. Under the old system the foul seed in the wheat was estimated, and its weight was subtracted from the weight of the load. The wheat was "docked" in weight but its grade was not lowered.

Similarly, under the new grading system, a farmer brings to the elevator a load of clean, plump, beautiful macaroni wheat weighing sixty-one pounds to the bushel, and expects to have it graded as "No. 1." The grain buyer picks up a sample of the wheat and points out the presence of a few grains of hard wheat, and explains to the farmer that he must sell his grain four or five cents a bushel cheaper than otherwise because of the mixture of grades.

If the wheat was all hard it would be worth more than the macaroni, but the few grains of hard make it a mixture, and the farmer is unable to understand the logic which makes him lose the grade.

Considering the fact that the new Federal grades, which were adopted ostensibly for their benefit, were being used against them, many of the farmers concluded that the Department of Agriculture had made its rulings under the influence of the millers and grain buyers rather than in the interests of the farmer. This was the state of mind in which many North Dakota farmers found themselves when the agitation for fixing a price for wheat came to a climax a couple of months ago. Wheat had been selling for upwards of three dollars a bushel when it was announced that the Government would fix prices. The price at once began to descend. During the course of the descent a North Dakota Congressman telegraphed to the farmers of the Northwest that Mr. Hoover was in favor of fixing the price of wheat at $1.67 a bushel, and that anything which they succeeded in getting above that figure could be secured only by shaking their clenched fists in Mr. Hoover's face. While this report of the matter was unjust to Mr. Hoover, it was generally accepted as the truth by the farmers of the Northwest, and they began individually and collectively to storm Washington with telegrams showing that such a price would mean the confiscation of their property.

At this point it may be worth while to note that there was a considerable degree of merit in the contention of the farmers. Where the wheat crop had been bountiful, a price of a dollar and sixty-seven cents a bushel would have amply covered the cost of producing wheat, even in the face of the high prices which the farmer had to pay for the things which he must buy; but in North Dakota the wheat crop, except in the Red River Valley, was not bountiful. On the contrary it was very scanty, and on the average three dollars a bushel would not have been sufficient to pay the cost of production. It may be urged against the farmer that he is not entitled to a price high enough to cover his cost of production under the most unfavorable circumstances. But that is of course a matter of theory, and our theories of arbitrary price fixation are, as yet, in a rather crude state. The farmer may well be excused for believing that his cost-of-production theory is as valid as any other.

The farmers agitated, and the price was finally fixed at a point which gave the North Dakota farmers (after allowance was made

for freight charges) about two dollars a bushel for No. 1 wheat. The price had been three dollars when the campaign for price fixing started. The Northwestern farmers had lost about a third of the value of their product. This loss they charged up to the account of the activity of the Federal Government. They were not unpatriotic, but they asked themselves why the Federal Government had not fixed the price earlier, in time to catch the Southern and Eastern wheat growers. They felt that the matter was arranged purposely to let the Southern and Eastern wheat growers market their grain at a high price, just as the Southern cotton growers were being permitted to market their cotton at a high price and without Government price fixing, and to catch the spring wheat growers of the Northwest whose wheat was later in getting to market.

The farmers were in an unpleasant frame of mind towards the National Government because of the injustice which they believed had been practiced towards them. They were willing to go to considerable lengths in making a protest. Their Socialistic leaders, who had the control of the farmers' organization well in hand, were able to take advantage of the irritation felt by the farmers and to give it the coloring of opposition to the War. They called a meeting of Nonpartisans at Fargo and a later one at St. Paul. In both meetings the announced objective of the attack was the profiteers, but in both meetings there was a strong undercurrent of attack against the Government and its participation in the War. Advantage was being taken of the farmers' wrath against the Government to make pacifists of them, just as advantage was being taken in the official newspaper of the League to poison the minds of the members towards the Government.

The wheat farmers of the Northwest are opposed to war in the abstract, as all right thinking people are. Moreover, many of them have not been very enthusiastic in the support of the present war, because they have not been rightly informed of the justice of the nation's cause. But they are not essentially pacifists. Intrinsically they are sound in their patriotism.

# New Books.

**THE EASTERN QUESTON.** An Historical Study in European Diplomacy. By J. A. R. Marriott, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. With Maps. New York: Oxford University Press. $5.50.

"The primary and most essential factor in the Eastern problem," says Mr. Marriott in his introductory chapter, "is the presence in the living flesh of Europe of an alien substance....the Ottoman Turk," and therefore he begins his book with the part played by the Turks in the history of Europe since they first crossed the Hellespont in the middle of the fourteenth century. Thus acquainting the reader in its first chapters with those remote but important facts concerning the Ottoman conquests in Europe, the Ottoman Empire at its zenith under Suleiman the Magnificent and its subsequent decadence, the present work proceeds to deal with all those subsidiary problems which go to make up the Eastern Question, and which, in the author's opinion, have been a prime cause of the Great War.

That particular situation known as the Balkan problem is to the average American a rather dim and minor affair of unimportant peoples, but to Europeans it has long carried vast implications. Hence the position of the Balkan States, which, like Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria and Rumania, gradually emerged as the Ottoman flood subsided; the problem of the Black Sea, command of the Bosphorus, and possession of Constantinople; the position of Russia in Europe and her relation to her co-religionists under the sway of the Sultan; the Hapsburg Empire and its anxiety for access to the Ægean; and finally the attitude of the European powers towards the above questions, are all treated here clearly and at length.

The author says that if Western Europe in its dealings with the Near East, has in the past exhibited a brutal and callous selfishness—and from his book it so appears—then the Near East has today been terribly avenged. It is the author's contention that when peace negotiations are taken up, one factor in the problem shall be definitely settled once and for all, namely, in the words of the Allies' reply to President Wilson, "the turning out of Europe of the Ottoman Empire as decidedly foreign to Western civili-

zation." How the Turkish Empire in Europe has shrunken in the last one hundred years is shown in a table in the appendix. In 1917 it possessed a European area of two hundred and eighteen thousand six hundred square miles with a population of nineteen million six hundred and sixty thousand, which in 1914, after the Balkan wars, had been reduced to ten million eight hundred and eighty-two square miles with a population of only one million eight hundred and ninety-one thousand.

**THE SUBSTANCE OF GOTHIC.** By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Cram has chosen to join the small but select and fervent band, who convinced of De Maistre's truthfulness in declaring that history, since the Reformation," is one gigantic conspiracy against the truth," have devoted themselves to the investigation and vindication of the Middle Ages. The impetus which, in English literature, was given to this task more or less unwittingly by Sir Walter Scott, has, through the labors and research of men like Adams, Walsh, Taylor, and Gasquet, not only succeeded in throwing abundance of light on a period long and superciliously termed dark, but has proved it capable of more than favorable comparison with any other in the checkered annals of humanity.

Starting with the notion of substance from an uncompromising Scholastic standpoint, the author proceeds to show that the real underlying principle and vital source of mediævalism was the influence of the Catholic Church, under whose blended stimulus and restraint there developed not only a high, pure ideal in letters and in art, but at the same time the noblest standard and condition of public morality and political freedom of which we have any record or tradition.

The volume, though evidently the work of an accomplished and enthusiastic student of architecture, is by no means a dry textbook abounding in technicalities. Its chief appeal may be to the specialist, nevertheless it will be perused with profit and pleasure by every intelligent reader.

**THE COMING DEMOCRACY.** By Hermann Fernau. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.

This book, by the author of *Because I am a German,* is based on the thesis that national wars, *i. e.,* the aggressive wars of whole peoples, in contradistinction to civil or colonial wars or wars of

self-defence, have always been the natural means used to perpetuate or increase the power of dynasties, and that the people, if free choice be given them, have always been opposed to aggressive wars; hence, that dynasties, which are that form of government independent of popular control and not responsible to it, must be eliminated and in their stead substituted a government expressing the will of and accountable to the whole nation.

The above position, enforced by numerous historical instances, is developed with special reference to the present *débâcle,* and the responsibility therefor of the Kaiser and his ministers. How certain conciliatory proposals before the outbreak of hostilities were suppressed by the German war party; how the German people were hoodwinked into the belief that "this is a holy defensive war forced upon us," are clearly explained; and the cause of most of the trouble is traced to the obsolete Prussian constitution, now the law of the Empire, which effectually negatives popular influence in the Government.

The author clearly shows what indeed only a native German could show, the very strong differences and opposition between the German people and their rulers. "Had the spirit of the German people been really as monarchical, slavish and imperialistic as our enemies today allege, then it could never have come into conflict with its Government. But, as a matter of fact, these conflicts have been frequent and numerous. That the German people never emerged from them victorious, was not their fault, but rather a consequence of that law of the world's history which ordains that the people only begin to gain the upper hand when the dynasty has suffered a loss of prestige outside. But Prussia has suffered no such loss of prestige since the period from 1806 to 1813." And he finds abundant proof in history of the fact that "it is really not nations but only dynasties that are vanquished, and that *vanquished dynasties* imply *victorious nations.*"

Altogether the work is interesting and instructive, and throws considerable light on the present tremendous problems, and their eventual wise settlement.

**A GREEN TENT IN FLANDERS.** By Maud Mortimer. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.

Books on the War continue to pour from the presses, but of all those we have yet seen, this is by far the most appealing because of its fine quality of style, its restrained handling, and the intimate,

sympathetic view it gives of human nature under the stress of terrible events. *A Green Tent in Flanders* tells the story of an American woman, a volunteer nurse in a French field-hospital situated five miles back of the firing-line in Belgium, and while her experiences probably differ in nowise from those of countless others, her instinct for the picturesque incident, the revealing trait, the telling phrase lifts her account into the region of art.

The book abounds in fascinating little sketches of the wounded *poilus,* some pathetic, some grimly terrible, and some full of *débonnaire* humor that refuses to succumb in the presence of excruciating pain or even death. Quite delightful is the chapter on "The Quill Driver," the little man with the long moustache and the comical pink night-cap whose first requests were for a comb to keep his beloved moustache in trim and a small notebook.

Then, too, there are such dramatic chapters as "The Boot" and "The Blue Face," and such sad stories as that of the aged man dying from starvation in "The Civilian" or that of the pretty village girl burnt to death in "Flames."

Nor does the author confine herself to tales of the patients. True to her interest in whatever is human, she gives illuminating glimpses of doctors, officials, inspectors and nursing staff. The diverse personalities of these people, and clashes of authority, the differences of national character and outlook, all the interplay of human nature drawn from many lands and various social strata and thrown together in a constricted field of labor, are set forth with skilled hand.

Scattered through the book are numerous pen-and-ink sketches of scenes and people drawn by the author, but even without this evidence we should be at no loss to discover that Miss Mortimer has the practised eye of the artist. *A Green Tent in Flanders* is a distinct achievement.

**GREAT FRENCH SERMONS.** Edited by Rev. D. O'Mahony. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.90 net.

In a brief introduction the Abbot Cabrol discusses the comparative merits of the three greatest pulpit orators of France, Bossuet, Bourdaloue and Massillon. He justifies Sainte-Beuve in declaring Bossuet to be the most powerful, the most eloquent speaker and writer that the French language has ever known. His sermons are set forth in the rich, brilliant and varied coloring of a true lyric poet, while his extensive knowledge of the Scriptures, of the

Fathers and Scholastic theology made him a master of doctrinal exposition. Bourdaloue, while not inferior to Bossuet in solidity and profundity of doctrine, lacked that wideness of vision which obtained for Bossuet the title of the Eagle of Meaux. Bourdaloue's chief charm lay in the wealth and sureness of his psychological studies. He was an expert in character drawing, and in setting forth in bold relief the vices and passions of men. Massillon is inferior to Bossuet in his theological grasp, and very similar to Bourdaloue in his symmetry of development and in his taste for psychology. Some modern French critics have called him a mere rhetorician, but this judgment is most unfair. His preaching was full of unction, his doctrine substantial, and his influence upon his hearers most marked. His style is polished, chaste, smooth and elegant.

Readers ignorant of French will welcome these twenty sermons, so ably edited by Father O'Mahony. It is to be regretted that he was obliged to abridge some of them, for every word of Bossuet's most lengthy exordium is worth while, well thought out and beautifully expressed. We are pleased that the editor saw fit to include both Bossuet's and Bourdaloue's sermons on the Passion of Our Lord.

**THE MEXICAN PROBLEM.** By C. W. Barron. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00 net.

Mr. Barron, a well-known journalist and financial expert of Boston, has just published in book form a number of articles written this year upon his return from the Mexican oil fields. He views the situation from a purely business standpoint, and maintains that if American and European capital were left free to develop the country, and if the United States intervened to stop anarchy and injustice among the bandits that now rule there, the future of Mexico would be assured. He speaks of the failure of the United States to lend a helping hand: "Had we deliberately gone about a diabolical scheme to wreck a billion of foreign capital in Mexico, to give forty thousand foreigners to plunder, and to decree misery, poverty and sorrow for more than fifteen million Mexicans, we could have conceived no more effective plan than that which we have executed toward her, without ever planning anything against her."

Professor Williams of Columbia in his preface also calls upon the United States to do for Mexico what she has done for Cuba. Were we for a brief space to give Mexico protection for order,

courts, contracts, industries and sanitation, the courage, loyalty, patient industry and quick teachableness of the Mexican could be trusted to maintain what had been secured under tutelage.

**POEMS AND PARODIES.** By Thomas Kettle. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.00 net.

Among the many titles to remembrance which are so justly Thomas Kettle's—professor, soldier, Irish leader, who fell on the Western Front in 1916—this little volume surely holds a place. As always with poets, allowance must be made for the unevenness of the work; but granted this, most of these few verses have a quality which puts their writer in the honorable company of the poets who have died in this War—Rupert Brooke, Alan Seegar and that other Irishman, Francis Ledwidge. They are the reflection of a mind quick and free, rich in subtle ironies and tendernesses, but most frequently—since it was the mind of an Irish patriot—full of a brilliant indignation:

> Count me the price in blood that we have not squandered,
> Spendthrifts of blood from our cradle, wastefully true,
> Name me the sinister fields where the wild geese wandered,
> Lille and Cremona and Landen and Waterloo.
> When the white steel-foam swept on the tidal onset,
> When the last wave lapsed, and the sea turned back to its sleep,
> We were there in the waste and wreckage, Queen of the Sunset!
> Paying the price of the dreams that cannot sleep.

One may name a dozen poems which should last, among them *A Nation's Freedom, A Song of the Irish Armies, The Monks*—a translation from Verhaeren which subdues a diction of Swinburnian beauty to a spirit of almost exultant reverence—*Ulster,* the reply to Mr. Kipling, with his "bucketful of Boyne to put the sunrise out." *Reason in Rhyme, On Leaving Ireland,* with its touching, prescience of death: "And knew that even I shall fall on sleep," and, finally the beautiful sonnet to his little daughter, written on the Somme field in 1916 to explain why her father went to the War:

> So here, while mad guns curse overhead,
> And tired men sigh, with mud for couch and floor,
> Know that we fools, now with the foolish dead,
> Died, not for flag, nor King, nor Emperor,
> But for a dream, born in a herdsman's shed,
> And for the secret Scripture of the poor.

**THE REBIRTH OF RUSSIA.** By Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Events in Russia have been moving so fast since the first of the year that it would require more than the confines of one book or the observations of one man to record them all. Because of this insurmountable limitation Mr. Marcosson's account of the Revolution will seem decidely bald. It makes no attempt to record all the events which happened prior to the abdication of Nicholas, and it has been obliged to cease its account at the time—seemingly far-off now—when the Root Mission was starting from the United States. But in that short time a great many things happened, and the most of these Mr. Marcosson has managed to jot down. "The Revolution in Petrograd" might have been a more descriptive title, for Mr. Marcosson gives the impression that the most of the action went on in the Capital, whereas we know that it had an empire-wide effect, and that the revolution that has been progressing ever since, even crept into the German navy.

The actual revolt was bloodless, as revolutions go in Russia, although Mr. Marcosson has managed to tell a vivid story of the chaotic immediate events leading up to the abdication and of the abdication itself. He had also set down clearly the beginnings of the troubles that immediately followed. The new child of democracy was hardly born before serious complications began to set in. The trend of these the author traces, although subsequent events have rather discounted his sanguine views. Frankly, this account of the Revolution is very unsatisfactory. It is journalistic in style; it lacks the background of scholarship and a real understanding of the Russian people. It shows the mark of haste to meet a popular and instant demand. When more complete records of the Revolution shall have been written this collection of reports may serve as a framework on which to begin study. As it stands *The Rebirth of Russia* neither measures up to the demands of that momentous event nor completely records it.

**THE CASE IS ALTERED.** By Ben Jonson. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Glossary by William Edward Selin, Ph.D. New York: Yale University Press.

This reprint of "rare" Ben Jonson's satirical comedy, with critical notes and glossary, was undertaken as a dissertation for the degree of Ph.D., Yale University. In point of scholarship it is excellently done. A copious bibliography and index are appended.

**JEAN JAURÈS.** Socialist and Humanitarian. By Margaret Pease. With Introduction by J. Ramsay Macdonald. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00 net.

Jean Jaurès met death by assassination in Paris, July 31, 1914, the day before the beginning of the Great War, and since then his name has almost passed out of memory; but in life he was one of modern Socialism's big men, probably its greatest orator and most magnetic personality. Jaurès, however, differed from the mass of Socialists, in that he had somewhat of the historic sense and felt the continuity of human tradition. He was an historic evolutionist, believing that as the Republic had grown out of the Revolution, so Socialism would grow out of the Republic; and hence he advocated socialistic coöperation with the men of other parties in those things which they held in common. In other words, Jaurès had discernment enough to perceive that the Socialistic *régime* could never be successfully instituted by the violent effort of a party, but only by the will of the great body of citizens. Believing in the gradual interpenetration of Socialistic theories through the body politic, Jaurès soon saw in the Church the grand foe to his scheme, and therefore became one of her most enthusiastic and untiring opponents. Despite the perennial Socialistic cry of "justice," Jaurès took a prime part in what is probably the most unjust piece of legislation in modern history: the suppression of the French religious orders.

It is a striking reflection on Socialism that in those matters in which Jaurès approached the common judgment of mankind—his sense of fair play, as shown in the Dreyfus case, his idea of historic continuity, his belief in the principle of nationality, his desire for coöperation with men of other parties, and even in the management of his own household—he acted against the opinions of his party, and in his family affairs especially, on the occasion of his daughter's First Communion, aroused a storm of denunciation and revilement.

Jaurès was, of course, not a great thinker, but he did invite attention as a popular orator. Even as an orator, however, his appeal lay principally in those very things in which the majority of his fellow-Socialists resolutely declined to follow him.

This book is cursorily written and, though laudatory, is far from making out the " greatness " of its hero. As is to be expected, many hoary old calumnies are brought forward against Catholicism, toward which " tolerance meant playing into the hands of the everlasting foe of liberty." Yet in reality it is not Catholicism which

Mrs. Pease so bitterly attacks, but something quite other, that ancient and fanciful monster we had long since thought deceased, "the Romish Church." That the authoress resurrects the word is sufficient comment on the intellectual quality of her book and the business acumen of its publisher.

**THE ENGLAND OF SHAKESPEARE.** By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.R.Hist.S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.

The author of this interesting and instructive volume is well known as an authority on the social life of mediæval England. A work, therefore, from his pen dealing with the manners and customs that prevailed in England in the age of Shakespeare, is sure to be welcomed in literary circles. In the book before us he gives a vivid picture of life under Elizabeth and James I.

Canon Ditchfield handles his subject in a masterly manner. His information has been acquired by years of enthusiastic research and is on the whole wide and accurate. He aims at fairness and impartiality in his criticisms. But he is certainly wide of the mark in stating that the persecution of Protestants by Mary was particularly intolerant and brutal, and the persecution of "papists" by Elizabeth somewhat politic and mild. He runs the gamut of social life, describing various topics as the court, roads and travelers, mansions and manor-houses, sports and pastimes, alchemy and astrology in graphic detail. His easy and graceful style adds charm to the book.

The chapter on religion is singularly interesting, and contains some candid criticism of the "Reformers" in England at this period. As for instance:

> The Church had emerged from the Reformation pillaged, robbed and impoverished. It had been shorn on all sides. The fabric of the churches had been injured and mutilated. Their furniture and sacred vessels had gone to swell the hideous heap of spoil that a rapacious king, greedy courtiers and avaricious people had amassed on the pretence of putting down "superstition." Robbery was in the air; no class was exempt from blame. The highest seized the confiscated lands of the monasteries, and other less exalted persons, too, the opportunity of possessing themselves of a vestment or an altar-cloth to serve for the adornment of their houses, without respect either to the source whence it was derived or the means by which it was obtained.....

> Nor did this sacrilege cease when Elizabeth came to the throne. She herself was a church robber and so was her favorite, Leicester.

Every student of Shakespeare, and, indeed, every student of Elizabethan literature, should read this book. It contains much rare and curious information helpful for the interpretation of the literature of the time. We hope that the author, in a second edition, will expurge the offensive expression "papists" which constantly disfigures the pages of his book, and substitute the true appellation "Catholic" instead.

**ENGLAND AND THE WAR.** By André Chevrillon. With a Preface by Rudyard Kipling. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This series of articles originally published in the *Revue de Paris* from November, 1915, to January, 1916, although somewhat belated, makes interesting reading, since it deals with the fundamental qualities of English life and character and how these were affected by the War, rather than with the events of the War itself.

England's delay in realizing the power and purpose of the enemy and her own imminent peril, and her reluctance to adopt necessary counter measures are matters not so familiar to us in America, but to the French in that first year and a half of the War, when their country was being drained of its vital resources and their Ally across the channel seemed to go along in her old imperturable way, this tardiness was a strange and dispiriting phenomenon. Some murmuring against English methods was only natural. This series of articles was an endeavor to explain to Frenchmen the real state of English affairs.

In his examination of the English character M. Chevrillon discovered two main traits—first, that the Englishmen is a tradionalist, strongly attached to old customs, so that he is almost impervious to new ideas and slow to adapt himself to changing conditions; and second, that he is the most intense and absolute of individualists, *par excellnce* the man who goes his own gait, and is determined to go his own gait, regardless. These traits in conjunction with the fact that no British Government can go forward, or even continue in office, without the mass of present public opinion behind it, delayed England's full participation in the War until a year and a half after it began.

The author gives an intimate picture of English character in its

strength and its weakness. "His analysis of the national mind," Kipling says in his preface, "is nearer the root of the matter than anything that has yet been written by any Englishman."

**THE CYCLE OF SPRING.** By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

This newest of Tagore's dramatic poems is rather a masque than a play, and has been performed outdoors in Calcutta by the masters and boys of the Bolpar school. In our own country it is likely to delight the habitués of those exotic "little theatres" springing up on all sides. *The Cycle of Spring* is a poetic glorification of the spirit of youth—a wistful glorification of childhood, such as only mature hearts dream of, since the child himself plays always at being "grown up."

Like Tagore's other plays, the volume contains many charming lyrics. It is pungent, too, with a growing spirit of irony; and one notes the passionate praise of *activity*, which is as essential to the Bengali poet's message to the *East* as *contemplation* and repose may be said to sum up his message to the *West*.

**HOW TO DEBATE.** By Edwin DuBois Shurter. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

Professor Shurter of the University of Texas has given us an excellent treatise on the art of debating. In his work he aims to meet the needs, not only of the expert in argumentation, but also of the practical debater. He says rightly that to teach debate in a thorough and systematic manner involves the study of argumentation generally, and this in turn involves practice in brief-writing and argumentative composition. In ten chapters the author discusses the subject of argumentation in all its phases—analysis, proof, evidence, constructive arguments, refutation. He then shows the student how to utilize his training in writing, when called upon to meet an opponent in public debate. The book contains a good bibliography, suggests a number of questions for debate, and gives the rules for parliamentary procedure.

**THE LIFE OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU.** By F. B. Sanborn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.00 net.

To be in sympathy with his subject is a *sine qua non* of the successful biographer; but to attract his readers to his subject is not always achieved by the man who recounts the life story of

another. This, however, F. B. Sanborn has accomplished in his admirable biography of Thoreau. And to attract another to Thoreau—egoist that he undeniably was; sometimes conceited and always stubborn—is not an easy matter.

Sanborn knew Thoreau and his fellows for many years. Consequently, in the nature of things, his *Life* is not a formal biography. It is rather a delightful series of memoirs, with an excellent portrait of the hero of the rambling tale sketched in between the lines. It is this portrait, never sharply drawn nor limned with insistency, but nevertheless vigorous and clear in the end, that we grow to love. Sanborn had the gift that novelists envy, of presenting his hero living and real before the mind's eye of his reader without blurring the figure by over-emphasis. Though one cannot find in all the five hundred pages of the volume a single detailed description of Thoreau, one rises from the book, nevertheless, as if parting from a vivid and living personality. Assuredly no historian could ask to accomplish more.

It was said of Thoreau that he loved Mother Nature so well that she whispered him many a secret which none other ever heard. He was exceedingly proud of that rather "exclusive" knowledge of his. In fact, from his close communion with the outdoor world he drew a ruggedness of character which threatened at times to settle into a cynical rigidity. He was often accused of hating his fellow-men because he loved external nature so exclusively. As Mr. Sanborn reveals him, however, he loves men so ardently that he wishes them to be more perfect. He himself caught, as Stoddard sings, "innumerable lessons to relate" from his contemplation of nature: he saw his own shortcomings and the shortcomings of artificial civilization, magnified, perhaps, through the clear glass of the out-door world; and he called to men to come and behold what his sharp eye saw. But men resented the call; and not without justice, either, since, after all, what Thoreau had to show them was nothing new, nothing beyond the finite which already left them unsatisfied. And so Thoreau, sensitive and egoistic, withdrew more and more into his Walden Wood, away from the haunts of men; but he did not cease to raise his voice in the message that he felt it his destiny to give.

It is not difficult to imagine what the philosophy of such a character would be—much common sense, much shrewdness and insight into the ways of men, mixed with a good deal of sincere though short-visioned, spiritual aspiration. At least, Thoreau seemed to

reach for—and perhaps touch—the outer garment of God in his study of nature. But alas, Christ and the beauty of Christ's Faith he did not find. He remained a pagan as we all know—and even a bigoted and irreverent pagan, though Sanborn's pages hardly reveal him thus. One wonders what he would have become had he gone on with Brownson and Hecker, ranging the further and rarer heights of the soul, instead of tarrying by the quiet streams—where, too often, he paused to contemplate himself! Brownson influenced him for a while in his precocious youth, when both were touched with the flame of New England Transcendentalism; and Hecker begged him to travel to Europe with him. If he only had! But those burning torches flamed on, while Thoreau's candle of life flickered out in the still meadows of Concord—blown not a little by the winds of the procession of life, troubled not a little by the exterior darkness; but never reaching to the high altar of soul-attainment.

**THE WANDERERS.** By Mary Johnston. Decorations by Willy Pogany. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

Miss Mary Johnston, the popular historical novelist, has recently happened on a new and startling discovery, and now sets it forth for the world to see, namely, that woman from the beginning of time and throughout the ages has occupied a quite inferior position to man, and that it was chiefly by her finer intuitions that she gradually won to that idea of equality which is her present desire and on which alone true love can be based.

The book is built on a novel plan, that of a number of sketches —they could scarcely be called stories—dealing with the "love relation" between man and woman from the apocryphal days of the Tree Dwellers down to the times of the French Revolution; but the stretch, including, as it does, the classic Greeks and Romans, mediæval Christians, Germany of the Lutheran revolt and Cromwellian England, besides other periods more or less remote, is too wide of Miss Johnston's grasp and the constant playing on one idea becomes wearisome.

That the spiritual note is largely absent in *The Wanderers* is hardly a matter of surprise. With regard to God and religion the author's opinions seem to us as primitive as those of the Forest-Dwellers and Cavemen with whom she starts out. The book voices in fictional form feminine unrest, without a sufficient disguise for its purpose to be successful. In other words, the artist in Miss Johnston has been pretty thoroughly stifled here by the feminist.

**THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF THE PROPHETS AND JESUS.**

By Charles Foster Kent. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The latest work of Professor Kent is the logical culmination of his studies during his many years of teaching and writing. The title indicates precisely the contents of the book, which is, therefore, very wide in its scope, but covers its ground quite completely and with clearness and order. It is the product of a good teacher, rather than of a thinker or a literary man: a plain *résumé* by a good mind that has made the Bible its life study. Dr. Kent gives us many valuable expositions and summaries of social teachings in the Old and in the New Testaments. He gives his reader much to think about, but the inevitable conclusion is that he strangely mixes truths and half truths and errors and that the whole economic teaching by being isolated from religious teaching, is placed in a false light. Our author has not the gift, ascribed to the ancient poet, of seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. He has glimpses of the religious side of the teaching of Jesus Christ and at times states it forcibly; but the nature of his theme and his own predilections lead him to think of Christ chiefly as a social teacher and reformer, Who dreamed of inaugurating the reign of perfect justice on earth. His view practically eliminates heaven as the true realization of the kingdom of God, and no one professing to give the teaching of the Founder of Christianity has the liberty to omit that essential and predominant element. Not that the moral and social teachings of Christ depend necessarily on the fact of human immortality—their basis is the eternal, inherent righteousness of God and the dependence of the creature on the Creator—but human immortality is a fact, and cannot be left out of Christ's teaching without essentially changing the character of the whole.

This omission, unfortunately, with the viewpoint it indicates, vitiates all the second part of the book. There is little that can be accepted just as it stands; and this is all the more regrettable since many true and good ideas are found in this false setting. Endeavoring to rally all Christians to his view and wishing least of all to offend any, the Professor of Biblical Literature in Yale University speaks repeatedly like any well meaning non-Christian and on every page deeply wounds the feelings of all who, with the Apostles, accept Jesus as the Lord of Glory, the only-begotten Son of God, the Word made flesh. It is not so much his social principles that are objectionable, which are one sided rather than false, but his im-

plicit rejection of supernatural religion without which those principles have little force. Traditional Christianity is the most tremendous assertion ever made by man. It dominates all one's views of life. It is worse than futile to hold, as does this writer, that it matters little or nothing whether it is true or not. That is the one thing that really does matter.

**THE NATURE AND HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.** By Rev. William A. Fletcher, D.D. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Co. $1.25.

The purpose of this scholarly treatise is, as the author tells us, "to show that a substantially accurate record of the truths once delivered to the saints exists in the world today, and that, whatever the value attaching to other texts of the Sacred Scripture, the Latin Vulgate represents that record." The topics discussed make up the course ordinarily known as an introduction to the study of the Bible. We know of no book that discusses these topics so clearly and so well for the benefit of the average Catholic layman. The various chapters treat of the definition of the Bible, its inspiration, its canon, the various Latin versions, the revision of the Vulgate, etc.

**THE SPIRES OF OXFORD, AND OTHER POEMS.** By W. M. Letts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

This attractive volume is a reprint, with slight additions, of Miss Letts' *Hallowe'en and Poems of the War* published last year. The title poem of the present edition is one of the most beautiful and poignant lyrics written in English under the inspiration of the present War; and while it would be expecting, perhaps, too much that all of the verses should be of the same high value, they possess a fancy and a tenderness and an artistic surety which lift the whole collection into the comparatively small group of worth-while Christmas books.

**EVENINGS WITH GREAT AUTHORS.** Two volumes. By Sherwin Cody. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.00

"The possessor of the complete works of a poet who really reads that poet has certain poems marked which are read and read again, while scores or hundreds of others are passed over as having ceased to carry a living interest." It is to mark the "best"—that is, the most interesting to the average man—in the great writers of

the language, that Professor Cody has prepared these books. They are neatly done, and will very likely have a wide appeal. Although there are still some of us who like to read the masters without cutting, there is undoubtedly a public for this sort of book. Professor Cody's eliminations and condensations are judiciously and reverently made. He gives three plays from Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet* and *The Merchant of Venice;* Scott's *Ivanhoe;* Thackery's *Vanity Fair;* Dicken's *Pickwick,* and *An Evening with Lincoln,* comprising anecdotes and selections from the speeches. His condensation of *Hamlet* is particularly well done, and might, with a little arrangment, serve for a school or college production of the play. There are also biographical sketches, and an excellent introduction to the entire work, giving a quick general survey of literature.

**STRAWS FROM THE MANGER.** By Rev. James H. Cotter. Milwaukee, Wis.: Diederich-Schaefer Co. $1.00.

Under this title are collected twenty-five little essays or sermons, upon themes relating to Christmas: what it should mean to Christians and how they may most worthily keep the feast. The little book would make an excellent companion for Advent; the readings are short enough to occupy only a few minutes of the busy day, and will well repay the time given them, by helpful thoughts expressed tersely and beautifully.

**THE DIVINE IMAGE.** A Book of Lyrics. By Caroline Giltinan. Boston: The Cornhill Co. $1.25.

Here is a first volume of more than common interest, and of a quite notable vitality in feeling and expression. This passionate *sincerity* has set its mark upon all the poems, whether spiritual, fanciful or very human in subject, uniting and energizing things which, save to the poet's quick imagination, seem far apart. For is it not the poet's elect privilege to remind us that we may not: "Stir a flower without troubling of a star," and that common clay was created expressly to bear the imprint of the Divine Image?

Miss Giltinan's work has already appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and its readers will welcome this opportunity to know it better—and to know it more. In phrasing and metre it is almost always of a most engaging simplicity. In emotion it shows an admirable—an even primitive—directness. The religious verses are *prayer-poems,* Catholic prayer-poems, and they are grippingly

dramatic as any of the love poems—even as any of those real memorable poems of mother love. *Testimony,* the final offering of the volume, is a *tour de force,* a rhymed meditation on the fourteen Stations of the Cross, as vivid and as concentrated as a Memling canvas. The following lyric shows the charm as well as the strength of Miss Giltinan's gift:

That over night a rose could come
I, one time did believe,
For when the fairies live with one,
They willfully deceive.
But now I know this perfect thing
Under the frozen sod
In cold and storm grew patiently
Obedient to God.
My wonder grows, since knowledge came
Old fancies to dismiss;
And courage comes. Was not the rose
A winter doing this?
* * *
So maybe I, who cannot see
What God wills not to show,
May, some day, bear a rose for Him
It took my life to grow!

We bespeak a cordial welcome for one of the "newest" of our American Catholic poets!

**LIFE AND LETTERS OF MAGGIE BENSON.** By Arthur C. Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

"To show how life can be lived nobly by those who would live more nobly if they could, is one of the best gifts that can be given to the world." This is the avowed motive of Mr. Benson's biography of his sister; and he achieves it beautifully. Without moralizing or preaching, merely by recounting the simple story of Maggie Benson's life, he does indeed succeed in showing "how life can be lived nobly"—in spite of the handicap of ill health and all that that can signify.

There is perhaps no family better known today to the reading public than the Bensons, but it is not to advertise his family that Mr. Benson writes this book. His high motive is plain enough; and he has, moreover, a theory concerning the art of biography which is extremely interesting. "I have always believed," he writes, "that there is an immense future before the art of biography. I

think that we are at present only in its initial stages, and have not passed much beyond a theory that biographies should only concern themselves with great figures and people of notable performance. I hold rather the opposite view, that the real function of biography is to deal with interesting and striking personalities.... There are many people among us who live and die practically unknown, so far as the world is concerned, whose handling of life and thought and emotion and relationship is yet exquisitely strong and fine....These are very often the people who are best worth recalling and hearing about."

We meet in these pages another spirit, gentler and quieter than the dynamic Hugh, but strong and purposeful, likewise "alert and active" and above all "full of eager sympathies." Those sympathies cover a wide range and lead her into many varied activities. There are school days, with glimpses of the famous men and women of the time; travel abroad and researches in Egypt, yielding vivid pages of Oriental coloring; social work in London; lecturing; the writing of books; and finally the tragedy of the breaking down of a fine, sweet mind, and at last its gentle release.

**MAIN STREET AND OTHER POEMS.** By Joyce Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.00.

Not long ago the *Atlantic Monthly* published a most suggestive piece of poetic criticism by O. W. Firkins—and what it suggested chiefly was that the English race and its poetry were *drifting apart*. The charge was, of course, that modern poetry had become too literary, too persistently and aloofly beautiful: whereas the life of the people remained homely, strenuous and varied.

This arraignment has much to support it. Poetry lovers—and would-be poetry lovers—have for many years been pushed to a choice between the exotic poets who stood a little too far from normal life and the colloquial or dialect versifiers who were a little too near it.

Perhaps one reason why our "own" Joyce Kilmer so soon achieved his enviable recognition in contemporary literature is because he has steered a golden middle course between these two extremes. His verse seemed so human, so sane, so humorous and so winsome that readers did not at first suspect his far vision and real mysticism. Indeed, the volume called *Trees*, in spite of its perfect titular lyric and many other soaring things, suggested to many

critics the coming of a newer James Whitcomb Riley—an essentially popular poet sworn to the service of domesticity and democracy. But those who fancied they knew Mr. Kilmer's genius believed that even these true and beautiful inspirations would prove insufficient as time went on for his highly creative and sympathetic muse. The volume just published brings its expected revelation of *growth.* It is an advance over *Trees* not in quantity—for it is still slim—but in the quality, that is to say, the *variety* of its verse. And its variousness proves Mr. Kilmer not less but more a poet of "that little, infinite thing, the human heart."

Our poet can pipe to the tune of *home* as charmingly as ever: he does so in *Main Street* and *Roofs* and that tender, delectable *Snow Man in the Yard.* But he gives us also ballads and carols with the singing sweep of old Merrie England in them, such as *Gates and Bars;* poems white with the stress of pain and temptation, like *Gerard Hopkins* or the masterful *Robe of Christ;* and poems as ruddy with joy as his *Singing Girl,* or that fragrant lyric of *Roses.* And his *Blue Valentine* is a free-verse *tour de force,* fanciful enough to have delighted the heart of an Elizabethan sonneteer or a Carolinian courtier.

Joyce Kilmer, as most of us know, was one of the first young Americans to volunteer for service in the present war. And the path which led him to the Great Adventure "over there" is reticently but not any less ruthlessly indicated in the present volume. It give us *The White Ships and the Red,* his memorable Lusitania poem; then his translation of Verhaeren's *Cathedral;* then the lines to Rupert Brooke, *Mid-Ocean in War Time;* and finally, *The New School.*

We are tempted to quote from so many of these poems that we dare not quote at all. Instead, we commend every reader to secure the little volume for himself or herself, and to remember that no more delightsome Christmas gift could be found for a friend. Thrice hail to the singing man turned fighting man—and to the book he left behind him!

**WILD EARTH, AND OTHER POEMS.** By Padraic Colum. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

**THREE PLAYS.** By Padraic Colum. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.

The fame of Padraic Colum may now be said to have passed the experimental stage. His place in recent Irish literature is definite:

a place midway between the older voices such as Rosa Mulholland's, and the young peace-singing revolutionists who made tragic the Easter of 1916. Mr. Colum is the dramatic interpreter of the modern Irish peasant—a lover of primitive, simple things, a seer of wonder in these things. Whether he writes of the immemorial earth-worker, the "dawn man" looking up to heaven from his roughly broken fields, or of the wistful *Old Woman of the Roads,* whether he gives us the passionate defiance of *Dermot Donn Mac-Morna* or the immortal masculine "bluff" of the old Irish taunt:

> O woman, shapely as the swan,
> On your account I shall not die!

it is all work of power and distinction. Mr. Colum's poems have brought a note of *individuality* into contemporary singing.

His dramas are interesting, if not always as completely successful as his verse. Those of the present volume were written during the early days of the Irish National Theatre—of which he himself was one of the founders—and they are rather bitter transcripts of peasant and middle-class tragedies. *The Fiddler's House* shows the conflict of the family and the artist-nature—the sacrifice of youth to age. *The Land,* an "agrarian comedy" which Grace George attempted to revise last season, gives the conflict of old and new, of family and individual as worked out in the possession of the soil. *Thomas Muskerry,* the best play and by far the cruelest, brings us the conflict between mercenary domestic respectability and the personal right to live, the sacrifice of age to youth.

There is no denying that these problems do present "slices of life," although they are not great plays in the main. Moreover, they are slices cut with so sinister a knife that one feels glad Mr. Colum has not completed his project of presenting an Irish *comédie humaine* in dramatic form.

**DAY AND NIGHT STORIES.** By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

If Mr. Blackwood would confine himself to such stories as *The Occupant of the Room, The Tryst* and *The Tradition*—the three best tales in this volume—he would succeed in being a very entertaining, if not a very instructive, writer. In these stories he shows himself a past master in the art of one of the chief elements of short story writing—the sustaining of suspense from first word to last. Although his character drawing is scarcely

more than negligible, his handling of plot, concentrated and climacteric, is well-nigh perfect.

It is the fashion just now to "discuss" Algernon Blackwood and his writings. He has stirred a lot of people with some very fine, up-to-date ghost stories. (For that is what his tales really are.) And he has tried—with much success—mixing a few grains of the so-called mystic (metempsychosis, reincarnation, and all that) in his yarns, to give them a distinct flavor. But he is already showing signs of overdosing. The present volume is not one that can be regarded with very warm hopes for the author's permanence in literature. Certainly such a tale as *The Touch of Pan* is not worthy of a place in any volume. *Initiation* is another disappointing product. Even Englishmen, who have traveled in America, it is quite plain, cannot grasp our vernacular: Mr. Blackwood's attempts at American slang are wretched failures. -In *By Water* he makes something of the same artistic blunder that Jack London made in *Martin Eden*—recounting the inner sensations of a man who dies alone, as if the hero had survived to relate the event in its minutest details.

Mr. Blackwood has undoubted literary gifts; he has a gorgeous vocabulary, he can even reach poetic heights; and he can handle a plot dramatically and with gripping intensity. But when he attempts to preach, and to preach the sort of silly pantheism which he seems to favor, he fails.

**ENGLISH LITERATURE.** By Edwin A. Miller, A.M. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

This is an excellent introduction to English literature. The author is evidently an enthusiastic student, and has succeeded in writing a book which is calculated to stir enthusiasm in his readers. The book, besides containing autograph facsimiles of the various writers, is profusely illustrated. We have nothing but praise for this volume, and hope it may soon become a textbook in every Catholic high school and college. No better book on the subject has come under our notice.

**SOLDIER SONGS.** By Patrick MacGill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 net.

In their swing and smoothness, and their very vivid pictures of battle-life, these verses recall Robert Service's *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.* They are full of careless *camaraderie* and the almost

flippant lightness which seem to mark men banded together for any dangerous enterprise, and which, in particular, have characterized so much of the authentic literature of this present War; but again and again the deeper note—of ruin, of separation, of death—is struck. The easy dialect of the trenches predominates, but in spite of this, literary quality is not lacking in many of the poems. *Marching* and *Before the Charge* are fine bits of verse, and all of the pieces repay perusal.

**UNDER FIRE.** By Henri Barbusse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

But a short time ago it would have been thought impossible that the War's abominations could be restated with such force and vividness as to make them appear almost new to us, yet this is what has been accomplished here by a master hand exercising extraordinary gifts of expression with unrestricted freedom. The book is not a novel; M. Barbusse speaks as one of the squad whose story he tells fragmentarily. This record of experiences is dedicated to the memory of the comrades who fell by his side at Croüy and on Hill 119, and his intimate, sympathetic interpretations of his fellow *poilus* gives us a closer understanding of what war means to the common soldier the world over.

Apparently believing that what some must endure others can endure to read about, the author spares us nothing. We are with the squad in trench and dugout, where, in semi-darkness, enveloped in degrading filth, they struggle ceaselessly against an enemy no less persistent than the one in the trenches across No Man's Land—discomfort in the last extreme that the term can be stretched to cover.

The squad is of heterogeneous components, mostly artisans and sons of the soil; they are all different, yet all the same, for all share "the same simple nature of men who have reverted to the state primeval." Under dehumanizing conditions, they are human still; conscious and ashamed of deterioration and unwonted cruelty, capable of comradeship, of kindness given and reciprocated, cherishing thoughts of those they have left, always at their best when writing home. They respond quickly to any improvement in circumstances; a few hours of sunshine, a touch of physical comfort, and their spirits revive. This resiliency surprises themselves; they comment upon it to each other, naïvely wondering at their ability to forget. But not all is forgotten. There is a wound that rankles

deep and ominously, received not in the trenches or under fire, but at the rear, when on leave of absence. It is shadowed in the greedy extortion of villagers who rejoice in the War that enables them to put by many a franc; but its deadliest form is in the great city when the *poilu,* upon whom rests the burden of the War, its greatest perils with its least alleviations, sees the life of the boulevards, the theatres and cafés, proceeding gaily without thought of him. He meets with careless kindness and, more offensive still, with shallow patronage; he is called a hero, and must reply as best he can to the inane speech of those to whom war is picturesque and glittering. A fatal truth has been revealed to him, "the clean cut and truly unpardonable division that there is in a country's inhabitants between those who gain and those who grieve." Says *poilu* Volpatte: "We are divided into two foreign countries. The Front over there, where there are too many unhappy, and the Rear, here, where there are too many happy." The workings of this idea are shown in the final chapter, a magnificent, though dreadful, piece of writing. While they wait to begin war again, it is of the end of war that they talk. This one had to be: Germany and militarism must be crushed; but after this there must be no more. It is not of their own will, but at the command of a few, that great bodies of men meet to kill each other. One day their will shall prevail and war shall end. The day breaks through the heavy black clouds, an earnest that the sun is still there, but the gleam of light reveals no vision of God, Whose existence some deny and almost all doubt; no message that "in His Will is our peace." It is the old mirage of democracy, of brotherhood through equality.

The book is an achievement that will endure. If it reaches the huge sales here that are recorded of it in France, much credit will be due to the translator, who has done his work so extremely well it has been suggested that the hitherto unknown name, Fitzwater Wray, screens that of some eminent author.

**THE INNER DOOR.** By Alan Sullivan. New York: The Century Co. $1.35 net.

The plot here is a rather original variation of the ordinary "labor problem" novel. Sylvia Percival, through her father's death the sole owner of the Percival Rubber Factory, departs for her scheduled year in Europe just before her fiancé, Kenneth Landon, loses his entire fortune. Chance sends him to the factory to earn his living. There he speedily begins to realize the existence

of a section of society, with its peculiar problems, hardships and, as he finally learns, doctrines, of which he had never dreamed. His manliness and sense of justice gradually identify him with the men, in the grim struggle which he perceives going on about him. His great hope is in Sylvia, whose fineness and generosity, he believes, will meet the test when he informs her of the real state of things in her factory. The end of the year, however, finds the young people hopelessly apart in aims: Kenneth burns to begin a programme of serious social reform; whereas Sylvia, whom the year abroad has inoculated in the delights of art, emotion, and, the more exquisite things of life, is repelled by the thought of "herself as mistress of a home to which he contributed nothing but a stern sense of duty and an uncomfortable continuity of purpose." There is an unregretted parting. Sylvia returns to Philippe Amaro, the master-dilettanté who has molded her views of life to his own. Kenneth marries Greta, the daughter of the Danish Sohmer, "the workmen's leader and philosopher."

The weak point in execution is the character drawing. Sylvia is perhaps the most lifelike. Certainly, in spite of her open-eyed selfishness, she is a much less unpleasant character than Greta, the leading woman, whose unashamed pursuit of Kenneth, and other qualities, leave the reader cold to the descriptions of her charm and worth. Sohmer, her father, is simply unreal, either as a symbol or as a man. It is a pity such defects detract from what might have been a novel of considerable power.

**THE COMING.** By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

John Smith, the son of a poor widow and a poet of wonderful imaginative powers, Gervaise Brandon, his patron, a wealthy gentleman and scholar, home from Gallipoli paralyzed from the waist down, and Mr. Perry-Hennington, the obstinate and narrow-minded Anglican vicar, are the three principal characters of *The Coming,* and by their means we are introduced on to rather strange ground for the popular novel, namely, faith. For Smith believes that only by faith can the modern war-torn world be saved, and he persuades himself, and some few others, that he is the divine instrument of this truth's promulgation. And of course the vicar, who represents the conventional, worldly, wrong-headed churchman, considers him a blasphemer and a danger to the realm and has him incarcerated in an insane asylum. There, however, Smith's divine

character is more manifest than before, for by the mystic power he possesses, he works marvelous changes in all the inmates, and by voice and the laying on of hands even effects the complete cure of the paralyzed Brandon.

Like *The Servant in the House* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* the present novel rests on the implication that its hero is Christ come again, and like those productions it is utterly unconvincing. The incidents are forced and strained, and the characters, who are vague throughout, seem mere lay-figures for the working of the plot. As a novel *The Coming* is an unsatisfying and unimportant performance, but as an indication of spiritual unrest it has significance. That in a popular novel the claims of "Science," in the person of Murdwell, and those of intellectuality and scholarship, in the person of Brandon, should be so thoroughly subjected as they are here to what used to be called "blind faith" is something which a few years ago would have seemed incredible.

**RUNNING FREE.** By James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

The wind whistles vigorously through Mr. Connolly's pages; they drip with brine; and the threatening face of death frequently interrupts the grim humor of the old salts. All this is well. The author's genius lives upon wharves and decks and under bellying canvas and atop of crashing breakers and close to rocky lee shores. His tales attract every reader who loves to hear a skillful story of danger and high courage and the frequent tragedies of seafaring life. Talking of the sea Mr. Connolly is always delightful; when he tells us about the fishermen of his native coast, he is superb. This good, clean, virile book, like the others that preceded it, will help to keep his fame afloat.

**THE LAND OF ENOUGH.** By Charles E. Jefferson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 50 cents net.

Under the guise of a story, the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle has written an effective sermon on the Christmas spirit. His young heroine, Madge, chafing against the narrow circumstances that deprive those she loves of what she longs to give them, sighs frequently for *The Land of Enough*. At last, on a Christmas Eve the little town where she lives is suddenly transformed into such a place as she has desired. No one can give because no one needs or wishes to receive; as a result, all human warmth and sweetness

are taken out of life, which is under these conditions so bleak and lonely that Madge is thankful when she wakes with a start and finds that her experience has been only a dream. She has had her lesson and thereafter realizes that home, friendship, Christmas, even our salvation itself, everything rests upon giving and receiving.

The brochure is attractive in appearance and will doubtless be widely circulated as a Christmas remembrance, for which purpose it was probably written.

**THE WAGES OF HONOR, AND OTHER STORIES.** By Katherine Holland Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

"Billy Foster and the Snow Queen" leads for interest in this group of ten stories. American settlers in disturbed Mexico, and the hard-worked dredgers of canals in the Mississippi country, provide subjects for half of the tales; the rest are miscellaneous. Magazine readers are already well acquainted with the clean and dignified style characteristic of the author. There is nothing to offend and much to interest and provide pleasant reading in these three hundred pages.

**MY LITTLE TOWN.** By Winifred Kirkland. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 30 cents.

This little nugget of Christmas literature is a reprint of a sketch that originally appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly,* under the title of *Christmas in Littleville.* The author gives it as a reminiscence of her childhood, and makes of it so charming a bit of writing, graceful, tender and humorous, we can easily believe that it was, as the publishers intimate, at the suggestion of many readers that it is now reproduced in pocket size.

THE J. B. Lippincott Co. of Philadelphia have brought out three books of The Picture and Story Series: *Tell Me a Story Picture Book; Fairies and Goblins from Storyland* and *Boys and Girls From Storyland,* arranged and compiled by Leila H. Cheney; and two books: *The Adventures of the Greyfur Family and The Greyfur's Neighbors, The Twinkletails and the Twitchets,* told by Vera Nyce, all destined for very little folk of five or six years of age. (50 cents each.) Written simply and attractively, and provided with abundant and well-colored illustrations, they will give the babies good exercises in reading and in listening; and will also

serve to aid the flagging imagination of the tired story-telling mother or big sister. The stories of the first series occupy only a page apiece and each is faced by an illustration. Of the Greyfur stories there are two in a volume.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS has made a valuable and interesting contribution to contemporaneous Catholic biography in *The Catholic Encyclopedia and Its Makers.* The book is a veritable " Who's Who " of Catholic special students, cleric and lay. Nearly one thousand portraits interspersed among the sketches, add a note of personal introduction to many of these notables. A short history of the inception of the *Encyclopedia* and the methods employed in its making, introduces the biographical notices. The price is $2.50.

A BOOK of practical usefulness for the student, the writer and the public speaker is *Fifteen Thousand Useful Phrases,* by Grenville Kleiser (New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $1.60 net). The author has presented an exhaustive work in the way of suggestive phrases, and outlined particular ways in which the value of his work to the reader may be increased.

WE welcome again, for 1918, *St. Antony's Almanac* (25 cents) published annually by the Franciscan Fathers of Callicoon, N. Y., and Paterson, N. J., for the benefit of a wide circle of readers. The profit from the sale of this little book now in its fifteenth year, goes to the support of the Franciscan students. Besides many items of special interest to Franciscan tertiaries, the present issue contains contributions of general interest, some of them from well-known pens. Father Zephyrin Engelhardt gives an interesting account, well illustrated, of the famous old Mission of Santa Barbara; Father Pascal Robinson tells of Bookmaking in the Middle Ages; Dr. James J. Walsh discusses the influence of the Franciscans on the later life of Cervantes; Father Shuster has a sketch of the Missions among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico; and there are stories and poems by other well-known writers.

IN the *Catholic Home Annual* for 1918 (New York: Benziger Brothers. 25 cents), we find instructive illustrated articles on " Pilgrimage Shrines of the Blessed Virgin;" " Early Native Missions in North America;" "Across the Isthmus from Colon to Panama," and " Saintly Men and Women of Our Times," as well as lighter reading.

OF spiritual manuals for our soldiers and sailors, we note a timely, compact little prayer-book with the inviting title, *God's Armor,* published by the Central Bureau of G. R. C. Central Society, St. Louis (12 cents). Also *A Handy Companion,* an excellent collection of prayers, compiled by a Vincentian Father and dedicated to "our soldiers and sailors and to the honor and glory of the cross and flag." (Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.)

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York, has sent us a copy of an artistic 1918 Calendar entitled *Eat and Grow Thin.* The Calendar gives scientific information on food values and practical directions as to menus written by the well-known authority, Vance Thompson.

IN its *Catholic Calendar* for 1918 the Mount Carmel Guild presents a compilation of real artistic and literary merit. The quotations for each day are happily chosen, principally from Catholic authors. The *Calendar* is sold (price 50 cents) for the benefit of the charitable work of the Guild. We hope it will receive a warm welcome and grace many a Catholic home.

## PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

Our Sunday Visitor Press, New York, has published a small pamphlet, entitled *The Reformation Condemned by the World's Best Historians.* It is particularly useful now because of the Lutheran centenary.

*The Catholic Mind,* Vol. XV., No. 20, contains *Joan of Arc's Catholic Persecutors,* by Terence L. Connolly, S.J., and an article on the Catholic historian, James Balmes, by John C. Reville, S.J. No. 21 includes *The Evils of Drunkenness,* by J. Harding Fisher, S.J.; *The Reconciliationists,* by Walter Dwight, S.J.; *What Menaces the Family,* by Michael I. Stritch, S.J., and *Why Catholic Schools Exist,* by the Archbishop of St. Louis.

*Their Crimes* (London: Cassell & Co.) is a translation of a French publication which dealt with the war methods of the German invaders. *Poland Under the Germans* comes from The Complete Press, London. *A Spanish Catholic's Visit to England* is published by Hodder & Stoughton, New York. Charles Hanson Towne writes *The Balfour Visit* (New York: George H. Doran & Co.).

*General Von Bissing's Testament,* published by T. Fisher Unwin, London, is a study of the last documents of the former Governor General of Belgium in the light of the peace proposals of the German Government.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society has published *Religion and Modern Fiction,* by Dr. Gerald R. Baldwin; *How to Help the Sick and Dying,* by Rev. J. C. S. Vas; *Infallibility,* by Father Stanislaus M. Hogan, O.P., and a small pamphlet, useful in conducting the Holy Hour, *Can You Not Watch One Hour With Me?*

*Courtes gloses sur les Évangiles du Dimanche* (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne), by the Bishop of Dijon, gives helpful suggestions on the Gospel of every Sunday in the year.

# Recent Events.

**France.**

In France a new Cabinet crisis has arisen. After retaining power for some two months, the Ministry of M. Painlevé, after receiving a vote of confidence in its military and diplomatic policy, was defeated on the question of its conduct on the internal affairs of the nation, especially with reference to the way in which the pacifists had been treated. The Chamber wished an immediate debate upon this question, in view of what a large number of members felt to be the want of energy and decision on the part of the Government. The Government's proposal to postpone debate on the conduct of internal affairs until the end of the month was defeated by a vote of two hundred and seventy-seven to one hundred and eighty-six, a defeat which was largely due to the abstention of the Socialists. M. Painlevé's government has had a somewhat troubled existence, and it has never possessed the full confidence of the nation. The resignation of M. Painlevé has been accepted by the President, but at the time these lines are being written there is no designation of his successor, although the name of M. Clémenceau is being prominently proposed.

It is evident that the Sacred Union which existed during the first two years of the War is no longer in force, but it is to be hoped that this does not indicate any serious dissensions in the national forces. In fact want of decision was the cause of the fall of the last Government.

**Russia.**

At the time these lines are being written, Russia seems to be at the end of what promised to be a long civil war. According to latest reports, M. Kerensky has defeated the rebel government, set up by M. Lenine, has entered the capital and the complete overthrow of the Bolsheviki seems to have been accomplished. Their attempt to set up a government seems to have resulted in the failure which it deserved. It would have been a calamitous event not only for Russia, but for the rest of Europe, and even for the world, if M. Lenine had been successful in his attempt, for not merely was there danger of a separate peace being made with Germany, but

his avowed programme involved the confiscation of the lands of rich proprietors and of the property of capitalists in general. M. Lenine had declared that rulers of all countries were pirates, and that the time had come for the Proletariat to take possession of all property in every country. In fact, he was the representative of the most extreme form of the International Association of Socialists, which seeks to band together the working people of the world against their employers and to take possession of their property.

This Association exists in most countries, but since the War began a division has arisen in their ranks. The more moderate place country above everything else; the more extreme place the interests, as they regard them, of the workingmen before country, and of the latter M. Lenine has proved a most striking example. Although Socialists of the same kind are to be found among all the belligerents, perhaps more especially are they to be found in France, where they have been able to destroy the Ministry of M. Ribot and to exclude him from the Ministry of his successor.

The course of events which led up to the recent attempt of Lenine is somewhat as follows: At the Moscow Conference, held in August, it was learned that the Bolsheviki were about to renew the attempt which they had made in July to obtain possession of power at Petrograd. In view of this fact M. Kerensky made an agreement with General Korniloff that a change in the government was to be made, and that the General was to be, for a time at least, a military dictator with a cabinet in which M. Kerensky was to be Minister of Justice. This agreement having been made at Moscow, M. Kerensky went to Petrograd to make arrangements for its being carried into effect, but with a weakness, which has at times characterized his efforts, he made a compromise with the Bolsheviki and broke the arrangement with General Korniloff. When the latter attempted to carry out the plan which had been made, by means of the soldiers under his command, he failed in his attempt, was declared a traitor and was arrested by M. Kerensky. But the latter did not succeed in bringing the Bolsheviki into a permanent agreement with himself and the Provisional Government, the Bolsheviki being determined to obtain possession of supreme power. When a few weeks ago, they demanded of the Provisional Government, of which M. Kerensky was the premier, complete control of the Petrograd garrison, he refused this demand and broke with them. Upon this, they rose up in rebellion and with very little opposition secured possession of the capital, putting all the mem-

bers of the Provisional Government in prison. M. Kerensky, however, escaped and went to the headquarters of the army. The latter gave in their adherence to him and marched upon the capital.

The vastness of the task laid upon the shoulders of any government that may be established, may be estimated by calling to remembrance the fact that there are no fewer than one hundred and eleven ethnological distinctions among the inhabitants of Russia. To harmonize all their differences seems something almost impossible. The Ukraine has in fact already declared an almost complete independence of Russia, and Finland is on the verge of taking the same step. Reports have come to hand of similar proceedings in the more remote parts of the Empire. To make one republic of these various nationalities may well demand constructive abilities of the highest order. This is the task awaiting the constitutent assembly which has been so long talked about and so often deferred, but which may possibly meet in January.

**Progress of the War.**

Along the Western Front, stretching from the sea to Alsace, the Germans have made no advance, nor made any serious attempt to do so. On the contrary, they are being steadily driven back both along the British and French fronts. The British have now secured all the ridges, stretching from the Somme, including the Vimy Ridge, that of Messines and almost all of the Passchendaele Ridge. The French have secured possession of the south bank of the Ailette River, the enemy having voluntarily evacuated a district of something like eighteen square miles. The Germans have been forced to change their methods of warfare in order to meet, as effectively as possible, the onslaught of the British. In the Somme battle the Germans held their front trenches with large masses of men, but the British artillery destroyed them in such vast numbers that they changed their tactics, and adopted the plan of holding the front trenches with a small number of men, having behind them large numbers to cope with the enemy when the front trenches had been taken. This plan, however, did not prove as successful as they wished in saving the lives of their men, and so they adopted in the campaign, in the neighborhood of Messines, the placing of their men in isolated shell-holds. At the present time a third method has been adopted by the Germans. Little round towers which the British somewhat irreverently call "pill-boxes," have been built in which

they have placed their men for protection against the British fire. But even these are proving to be unable to resist what the Germans call the fire drives of the British, and the Germans are being gradually driven back so that the British are within five miles of Roulers.

But different has been the course of events on the Italian Front. Here the Italians have suffered a grave disaster, the causes of which still remain much of a mystery and doubtless will so remain until the end of the War reveals the whole truth. Within ten days, the Italians lost the ground which they had been fighting for with wonderful skill and bravery for some two years. And what is more the Germans are now in possession of more than two thousand square miles of Italian territory; almost in fact the whole province of Venice. In fact the latest reports are that the line on the Piave has been broken in two places. It therefore becomes probable that a further retirement will have to be made.

Many reasons have been assigned for this catastrophe. First reports attribute it to the immense number of the enemy's forces—as many as one million two hundred thousand Austrians being said to have taken part in the drive, to say nothing of the Germans. There seems reason to think, however, that this is a great exaggeration. The first accounts given by the Italians of the events, accused some of the units of their own army of cowardice, although this was afterwards denied. But it is hard not to think that something like it or perhaps even treachery had penetrated the ranks. It is now known that there has been in Italy a great shortage of food, and that riots took place in August at Turin, and it is also known that there has been an assiduous propaganda on the part of the Austrians, for the purpose of exciting disaffection among the Italian soldiers. In fact to such a degree of mendacity have the Austrian warriors fallen, that they circulated among the Italian soldiers reports that it was the British who fired on the bread rioters in Turin; and they had made Rome their headquarters and that Italy was being swallowed by the British lion. The Italians were asked if they were willing to continue to fight for the glory and honor of Great Britain.

The political state of affairs behind the army has been quite bad for some time. Dissensions have existed, and on the very eve of the disaster the Ministry was overturned by a vote of want of confidence. A cabinet was formed, of which the premier is Senor Vittorio Orlando, who a fortnight before had been accused of being

a pacifist. But as Baron Sonnino remains Foreign Minister, the office which he has held since the beginning of the War, the main policy of the cabinet may be considered as unchanged, although little is said about what has transpired in political circles in Italy, as the censorship doubtless is fully exercised to suppress all inconvenient facts. Declarations, however, of the determination to resist the foe were made by all parties, after the disasters took place, notably by what is called the Catholic party, and there is ground to hope that the effect of the Austro-German invasion will be to weld the country together in a much more efficient manner than ever before, and if this is the case, it may prove a blessing in disguise.

Another effect has been the formation of a Council of War, consisting of three members—an Italian, a French and a British officer. General Cadorna has been relieved of his command, and succeeded by General Diaz. General Cadorna, however, is the Italian member of the new War Council, although it has been reported that he has declined the position. Another effect of the Italian disaster, and a very important one, is the formation of an Inter-Allied Council, consisting of the Premiers of France, Italy and Great Britain and, it is hoped, of a representative of the United States, as well as of the military representatives of all these three countries. This council is to meet every month at Versailles, for the purpose of bringing about union between the Allied armies from the coast of Belgium to the Adriatic, the want of which union is considered to have been the cause of much inefficiency. Meetings have repeatedly taken place, but the resolutions arrived at have not been carried into effect and consequently many of the plans have failed. The new Inter-Allied Council is meant to remedy this difficulty, and to secure unity of action and one front for all three nations, not only in resolving but in acting. This Council, however, has met with the criticism that a council of this kind will be more likely to bring about disunion and want of decision, and that what is really wanted is absolute union in the shape of a dictatorship.

The state of things, however, must be considered at present moment very uncertain, certainly from a military point of view and possibly from a political one.

Still another council is to be held in Paris of the Allies for the purpose of coördinating the resources of the Allies. To this council the President, Mr. Wilson, has sent Mr. House not for the purpose of making peace, as he expressly states, but of preparing

a more energetic method of carrying on the War as the only way to a permanent peace.

Yet a further council is expected soon to be held by the Allies, called at the request of Russia, for the purpose of elaborating the peace proposals of the Allies so as to bring them to that unity which was shattered by the Russian cry for the abandonment of all so-called imperialistic proposals.

In the Balkans things remain almost in *statu quo*. The Kaiser is said to have promised ex-King Constantine that he will restore him to his throne in a few months, and so there is at least the possibility, if this report be true, that the Germans may make another inroad through the Balkans to attack General Sarrail's army. On the other hand, reports have gone abroad that the Entente Allies will have, in the spring, one million men in Greece with a view of marching on Constantinople, and in this decisive way to cut off the Germans from their much desired goal.

In Palestine noteworthy progress has been made by the British after a long quiescence. On the thirty-first of October, Beersheba was taken and a few days afterwards Gaza. Subsequent advances had been made, so that the British are now within less than forty miles of Jerusalem, and the Turkish army has been driven back. It is understood, however, that an attempt will be made to defend the Holy City which now, it is said, is very strongly fortified. Farther east the British have made a still further advance up the Tigris, and are now within one hundred and twenty-five miles of Mosul, which is the base of supplies for the Turks. While from the north some slight move has been made by the Russian army in Armenia towards Mosul, coming down from the north, but no reliance can be placed upon its further advance, considering the state of affairs in Russia. The report has been circulated for some time that Von Falkenheyn has been with the Turkish troops, for the purpose of driving back the British army and retaking Bagdad, but if this be his purpose, the attempt, so far, has resulted in utter failure. The campaign in East Africa seems to be going on in a desultory way; small bands of Germans are still holding out.

As to the submarines, the situation is not quite as serious, perhaps, as it was. The First Lord of the British Admiralty declares that greater success than ever before has attended their efforts, to destroy this piratical craft, but that the menace is by no means at an end, as Germany is now building more quickly than ever. It seems to be clear that destroyers are the most effective agents for

dealing with the submarines. Our own Secretary of the Navy has just stated that great progress has been made in discovering a method of locating submarines, after which their destruction is comparatively easy.

No progress has been made on the Russian Front, except that the Germans have evacuated a district near Riga. From the Russian Front, however, it is said that the Germans and Austrians have been able to form the army which made the attack upon Italy.

**Germany.**

Amidst all the welter of reports, more or less contradictory which come from Germany, some little hope may be felt that the great object of the War, as defined by this country, namely to remove from a small clique of men the power to throw the world into misery and confusion, is about to be realized, even in the country in which the evil began. It is evident that the Reichstag, as representative of the people, is more and more taking into its own hands the destinies of the country. In the opening days of November the leader of the Centrist Party, Herr Mathias Erzberger, said: "This has been the most momentous week since the founding of the Empire. Its achievements represent a permanent political gain for the German people." Probably Herr Erzberger is a little too sanguine, for a change of such a momentous character as the passing over from the Kaiser to the people of political control, is scarcely to be realized in one week. Such a change, in other countries, has been the work of centuries. However, a justification of Herr Erzberger's words is found in the manner in which the new Chancellor has been appointed. Dr. Michaelis' chancellorship was but brief. It began in the middle of July and terminated at the beginning of November. The appointment of Dr. Michaelis was due to the sole will of the Kaiser, who did not consult any one of the representatives of the people. Count Von Hertling, on the contrary, would not accept the offer made to him of the chancellorship unless he received the approval of the people's representatives, and accordingly he consulted the heads of each political party in the Reichstag, with the possible exception of the Socialists. Only after he had listened to their views and found himself able to act in collaboration with them did he consent to accept the office. This course Von Hertling pursued, although he was reported afterwards to have said that he only listened to the views of the leaders with-

out promising to carry them out. He himself has contradicted this report. The result has been the formation of a Ministry in which the National Liberals and the Progressives are represented by their respective heads while Von Hertling, himself, belonging to the Centrist Party, is its representative. The Socialists who form the largest single party in the Reichstag have refused to take any part in the Government, but will give it their support so long as it proves itself, in their judgment, worthy of it. Nothing is said, however, as to whether the rest of the members of the Cabinet have been chosen on the same lines, but the proceedings so far are according to strict parliamentary methods.

But the Kaiser's consent to this transformation is to be doubted. It is more likely that he holds the Chancellor solely responsible to himself, the Kaiser, and does not recognize the right of the Reichstag to interfere. Here comes in the doubt about the stability or even the genuineness of the transformation about which Herr Erzberger spoke so confidently.

There is, however, a further reason for the satisfaction expressed by the Centrist leader. The fact that he had lost the confidence of the majority of the Reichstag was the cause of Dr. Michaelis' fall, and when he realized this fact he at once gave in his resignation and this the Kaiser accepted, thereby seeming to give recognition to the right of the Reichstag to control.

The reason of such unprecedented recognition, is the fact that there is undoubtedly growing up in Germany a spirit of criticism which the Kaiser would like to control, but finds himself without the power to do so. The Reichstag indeed possesses no power to initiate legislation. It has only the power to reject measures proposed to it by the Government, and especially it has the right to refuse to vote the credits which are necessary for carrying on the War. Bismarck set at naught this right in his time because he was not afraid of the people or their representatives, and no doubt the Kaiser would be very willing to do the same, were it not that the German people are manifesting their determination to discuss the situation. This shows the growth of a spirit of independence.

The new Chancellor, Von Hertling, is the second Catholic Chancellor of the German Empire, but one of quite a different type. Both the new Chancellor and Prince Hohenlohe came from Bavaria, although Count Von Hertling is not by birth a Bavarian, but a Hessian. Before accepting the chancellorship Count Von Hertling had the reputation of being a reactionary of the reactionaries.

It was the sacred duty, he held, of the German soldier to submit to the utmost brutalities of his officers as a part of religion. The reading of Goethe and Schiller was in his view to be discouraged; of parliamentary institutions he was the foe, and if what has been said is proved true, he has now become the leader in the first step toward their adoption. The elasticity of German thought has found in him a striking exponent, for he has recently declared that Germany is now fighting the battle of Europe (including in Europe Great Britain) against this country. Whether the choice of the Bavarian Premier indicates a transferance of power to the more Christian parts of Germany may be a question. The Bavarians, as is well known, have long lacked sympathy, to put it mildly, with the Prussians, although it is stated that during the present war the Bavarian soldiers have been as brutal as the Prussians, and the present King of Bavaria has been one of the most outspoken in advocating extreme terms of peace.

Among the discussions which are taking place in Germany at the present time is this very question of peace terms. The Reichstag resolution of July 19th, which laid down peace by negotiations without annexations, forms the basis of these discussions. This resolution was endorsed by the Kaiser in his reply to the Holy Father. The Reichstag resolution and the Kaiser's reply, however, prove so unacceptable to many Germans that they have formed an organization called the "Fatherland Party," whose purpose it is to combat the peace of compromise and renunciation demanded by that resolution. This Fatherland Party aims at the annexation of all territory that Germany can get, and is still unconvinced that Germany must lose in the end all territory that she has conquered. Leading Germans in and out of the Reichstag criticize severely the aims of this party as being against the policy solemnly adopted by the Reichstag and the Emperor himself. One of these critics says, "The aim of those elements was to rob the German people of one of the best fruits of their victory, namely, constitutional progress." Friedrich Naumann, the author of *Central Europe,* declares: "That a foreign policy after the pattern of the Fatherland Party cannot bring peace." The movement of the world in a democratic direction is recognized by one of the Progressives, and he states that the Fatherland Party would not be able to check it. On the other hand, Admiral Von Tirpitz has recently declared that to give up Belgium would be to give up the best fruit of the War, and it is well known the Pan-Germans re-

fused to consent to the relinquishment of any of the lands conquered by Germany. The present Foreign Secretary, however, Von Kuehlmann, stated that the only question at issue is Alsace-Lorraine, but that the giving up of these provinces is a thing which cannot be even discussed.

Another matter discussed in Germany is the formation of the new kingdom of Poland. The provisions of a constitution have been published for the new kingdom which Germany and Austria are planning. This constitution seems to be in its terms quite liberal. Poland is declared to be an independent constitutional state. Inasmuch as the overwhelming majority of the people are of the Roman Catholic Faith, the Catholic religion is declared to be the official religion of the state, but at the same time full freedom of religious belief is "vouchsafed." The state is to be a hereditary monarchy, the Diet is to elect the ruler and control the dynasty's affairs and successorship. Parliament will consist of two chambers, the lower house to be elected on the basis of a general secret ballot of one Deputy to every sixty thousand inhabitants. Half of the Senate will be elected, the remainder appointed by the King. Deputies will serve five years and Senators ten.

What will be the bounds and limits of Poland in this new constitution is not yet settled. According to some reports Galicia is to be added, and thereby that part of Poland that fell to Austria is to be reunited to form a part of the new kingdom. But there is no sign that Posen, Germany's share of the old Poland, will be joined to the new kingdom. In fact, a strong opposition has arisen among the conservatives in Germany, especially those who occupy East Prussia, to any restitution to Poland or even to the establishment of the kingdom, because they fear that the Poles within their own districts will at once seek to be united and carry on an agitation towards that end. The Polish question, therefore, is forming a serious ground of dissension.

**Japan.**

A very important event has taken place, one which brings to an end what promised to be a great source of disquietude. One of the enemy's chief efforts has been to bring about dissension and mutual distrust between this country and Japan. These efforts have been frustrated by the conclusion of an agreement between the recent Japanese envoy to this country and the United States Government with reference to China. By this agreement

all grounds of the conflict are removed. The United States recognizes the special rights of Japan in China on account of geographical position. What these special interests are is not specified in detail, but there are those who say that the result is to give to Japan a position in the East analogous to that which this country holds over the two Americas. On the other hand, Japan recognizes the "open door," and claims no right to interfere with the trade or commerce of other nations. This agreement has some bearing on the conduct of the War because Japan pledges naval coöperation in the Pacific, and expresses an earnest desire to coöperate with this country in waging war against the German Government. The conclusion of this agreement has not pleased the Government of China, which has entered a protest at Washington and Tokio against the action of the two Governments in settling Chinese affairs without consulting the Chinese Government. While China may have some grounds for complaint, on account of the manner of the proceedings, it is not to be thought that she will suffer by the result, but will rather benefit, for Japan, acting in union with the United States, will be less likely to be extreme in her demands on China than if she acted independently. This country, as is well known, always acted toward China the part of a good friend and it is not likely to change its attitude.

*November 16, 1917.*

# With Our Readers.

WILLINGLY or unwillingly man has been forced by the World War to recognize the need of self-regeneration. The whole world is "out there" with the men who have stripped themselves of selfishness and who face death at every moment, and the whole world is forced to think with them upon death, or at least upon the real value of life.

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IN the light of that thought sensual pleasure, personal indulgence are seen to be but contemptible selfishness, and in the face of the tragedy we are ashamed of them. We have had to remold our estimates; to reëstablish our values. What was once held as impossible to abandon, is now willingly offered; sacrifices once imagined futile and beyond our strength, are now the order of the day both for the individual and the family. It is like the experience of a man accustomed to many creature comforts, to all that money and friends may bring, suddenly being called upon to live alone in a far distant, desert place, forced to fit himself to narrow circumstances, to impoverished surroundings, to endure the heat and the cold, the snow and the rain, and to bear all these as best he can. Such an experience is a test of his manhood. Today the manhood of the race is under test. In the desert, forsaken places, man alone must see God or nothing. If in life and victory he see nothing, all morale, all hope, all cause worth fighting for cease to be, and so, perforce, stripped of its materialism, the world again sees God.

* * * *

THE literature of today gives the first evidence of this return. Literature was steeped in sensualism. The first step in its betterment—for the way to God is gradual and long—is a turning away from the "fleshly" school. The new novel that now treats unblushingly of sensualism is the exception. No doubt there has been, since the War opened, a gross perversion of morality by a few writers who have ever worshipped at the shrine of impurity. As an example we might mention a recent work by the English novelist, Louis Wilkinson. The dedication of this book to Powys reveals, at once, its character or rather lack of character.

But the literary world passes by the authors who find sex their principal interest in life, to find healthier and higher subjects for its thought. The new literature gives promise of being inspired with an

epic spiritual greatness. So far much of it is ephemeral; journalistic, but even so it is a contribution, a help, a challenge to the gifted minds and gifted pens that are to come. The new literature promises to be a literature of the return to God, and to religion, to the spiritual and the serious truths and values of life, and the past denial of God's will in the world and our obligation to live up to it, that has been taken so seriously, begins to look puerile and futile. The cult of humanity is passing: the worship of God returns.

* * * *

IT may be alleged that "the wish is father to the thought." Yet many recent books give reason to believe that the hope is not without warrant.

As an indicative note we find in a secular journal, the New York *Sun*, the following editorial on prayer. It is in answer to a correspondent who wrote that he thought the best prayer was to fight:

"He is mistaken in thinking that since the Deity is omniscient, knowing what is in our hearts, to say to Him prayer, spoken or unspoken, is a waste of time. He is mistaken in thinking a prayer for victory illogical or impudent or ineffective.

"When we pray we do not, even the boldest of us, venture to suggest that God shall accomplish our will and purpose. We ask for guidance, light upon His will and purpose and strength to carry out our part in it. And what is meant by a waste of time? We cannot waste His time, and surely the moments of self-preparation for our duty are not ill spent.

"We pray for victory because only through victory can we do the right as God gives us to see the right. We are not so arrogant as to think of the Deity as allied with ourselves. We are His servants. We no more presume in asking Him for instruction what to do and strength to do it than a child that turns to its father for instruction and support is guilty of impudence....."

* * * *

THE last annual Report of the Rockefeller Foundation speaks of the need of religion in every camp for soldiers: "The importance of providing educational, recreational and religious opportunities for men in camp has been so conclusively demonstrated in this country and in Europe that it is hard to see how a factor bearing so directly on the morale of the troops, and hence upon their fighting efficiency, can hereafter be omitted from any intelligent system of military 'preparedness.'"

"The War," declared the Dean of Princeton University, in an address at Barnard College, "is waking another idea. It is the idea of discipline and duty; it is the idea that there is no true success for a man unless he first succeeds in becoming a man, with his mind, heart and conscience well trained to their highest power. If this force

comes in to lead American life, we shall have the means of guiding, curbing and ennobling our material prosperity, and likewise of saving our intellectual and political freedom."

And the New York *Evening Post,* commenting on George Moore's recent article in the *Fortnightly,* in which he pleaded as usual for the right to be indecent, said:

"Before the War this was a topic that would draw blood every time it was unsheathed. Anybody had a right to spit the gross body of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy which insisted on a full set of clothes even for Truth. And by Truth, intoned with a certain emphasis by intense young ladies just out of the short skirts of 'Candida,' was indicated the free discussion of subjects that the Anglo-Saxon spirit has clothed with a sort of reticence. There seemed to be only one kind of Truth that interested literary people of those remote times of three and a half years ago. Life was on the point of filing a bill of divorce against literature because literature had developed a monomania which took her from house and home to go gadding after exotic 'furriners'—Flaubert, Gorky, Zola, Artzibasheff, Pszbytchefsky, and others.....

"There are few blessings mankind has to thank this War for; but at least this terrible ill-wind has blown away many fogs of fads and obsessions of which the continual cry for 'frankness,' 'for the right to lay bare the stark, undraped passions of men,' is one. The normal relation of things to each other has been regained. Not only Lucretia Borgia and Messalina, but also Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis, and even Tacitus, have crept back into literature. The little god, with his edged toys, is not allowed any longer to smash all our mirrors, or stay up with his elders to all hours monopolizing the conversation, but tucked away in his cradle, is glad that the fate of 'Art for Art's Sake' has not been his. Literature shows signs of returning to its traditional functions. Writing promises to become again a vital thing in the life of average man and woman, because people who write have again taken up, been forced, in fact, to reassume, the mission of prophecy. The world is living through an epic war. Those gifted with a long-distance imagination are called on to trace the shadows of the goal for those who fight. But also the foreground has so suddenly filled with new interest, swarms so busily with new impressions, that the recorder of ephemeral snapshots has no leisure to linger and bite his thumb at the lay figure of the hypocritical Puritan.

"The stage bustles with events. Woe betide the old-school authors who cannot adapt themselves to its kaleidoscope movement. For the most part they have not been a shining success at a lightning change. Some have simply gone on as if Louvain had never been sacked; others, like Wells, have rushed into the thick of the fray, and lost their way down a maze of communicating trenches. Meanwhile a

fresh generation of warrior-writers has grown up to the occasion, keen of eye and ear. As a young French author, who saw service at Gallipoli said, they live in the trenches as in a monastery, apart from life, contemplating it in its just proportions, at a distance. The barrage of death is a daily invocation to thoughtfulness. The problems of peace will not find these youngsters unready, frivolous, or myopic."

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THE mission and power of the press has been demonstrated by the literary influences that have contributed to the *renaissance* of the Faith in France and its magnificent efflorescence of sacrifice and courage now commanding the admiration of the world. It is generally thought that this *renaissance* began after the outbreak of the War. It is well for us to remember that it began before the War, that when the War opened, it was well on its vigorous way, prepared to furnish to that sorely afflicted land an inexhaustible spring of hope, of renewed purpose, of perseverance. Our readers are already familiar with the band of young writers who were the first prophets of that rebirth of the Faith in France.

* * * *

IN an article in the September *Studies,* Virginia Crawford says in this connection: "The France that is fighting by our side is not the outcome solely of war conditions as people have vaguely assumed. The forces that have controlled her go back at least to the beginning of the century, and the French themselves, with their keen analytical faculty, had noted the advent of their new national spirit long before the war clouds darkened the horizon."

* * * *

TO trace the genesis of this new national spirit; to appreciate it fully, we must realize the conditions preceding it. The loss of Alsace-Lorraine to France had resulted in enduring melancholy memories; in a sense of national helplessness and irremediable defeat. These begot in the young intellectuals of France "a mood of pessimism leading to an incapacity for action and a habit of morbid introspection, all of which, reflected in her literature, reacted in a measure on the nation at large. It was in the generation that reached manhood towards 1885 that this tendency—to put it bluntly—this decadence became most marked." For a study of this decadence Mrs. Crawford refers us to Paul Bourget's *Essais de Psychologie;* and to a volume, entitled *Les Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd hui,* by "Agathon," a name covering the work of several hands, for "the digest of an inquiry carried out very widely in 1912 among the educated young men of the day, not into the pessimism of the last century, but into that new spirit which since the dawn of the twentieth, men realized had begun to permeate the nation."

This book declares that the writers of the day were far less interested in self-analysis than their predecessors: that their whole life was characterized by a love of action. With regard to patriotism and religion their craving was for clear and definite principles leading to tangible duties. This is important when we remember that, at the great educational institutions, many students besides being anti-clerical were at least indifferent to patriotism and frankly anti-militarist.

* * * *

A REVIVAL of patriotism in France was bound to link itself to a religious revival. "To Frenchmen," says Mrs. Crawford, "with any historical sense and with a conviction of the noble destiny reserved for their country, her Catholicism is an integral part of her life. To break with it is in great measure to break with the whole tradition of the nation.....Without in any way ignoring the essential part played by theology and philosophy in the French Renaissance of faith of recent years, it is true to say that much of it is due to her men of letters."

The conversion of Brunetière, Bourget, and Huysmans echoed not only throughout France but Europe also. Working less clamorously but just as surely on the mind of the nation, were Claudel, Charles Péguy, Francis Jammes, Ernest Psichari and Joseph Lotte. Péguy and Psichari died on the battlefield. "At once they are judged by a fresh standard; a flood of light is directed on their lives; and men of all schools of thought are eager to claim fellowship with them."

* * * *

PÉGUY, as the guide and the prophet of these young intellectuals, is especially interesting. He was of peasant stock and his earliest years were spent at Orleans, where his widowed mother had charge of the chairs in the cathedral. In his early years he had a great devotion to Joan of Arc. But he abandoned his Faith and drifted into rationalist and socialist circles. A secular marriage seems to have been the permanent obstacle preventing his complete return to the Faith even when he had renewed his personal belief in it. His good mother's prayers, his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, to St. Genevieve and Joan of Arc enabled him to say in 1908 to his friend Lotte that he had recovered his Faith and was a Catholic. His writings show high appreciation of the power of personal holiness in the world. He has written most forcibly of the Passion of Our Blessed Lord; of the Christian Mysteries; of the Sorrows of Mary; of grace and of sin. He boldly preached his religious beliefs, and never hesitated to risk his worldly welfare in so doing. Nevertheless, he continued in the anomalous attitude of one who was a Catholic yet never received the Sacraments. But his influence as a literary writer was Catholic, and the sources from which he drew his appeal to his countrymen were Catholic also.

Indeed, he believed himself an appointed instrument for the resurrection of the Faith in France.

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FOR the convenience of our readers we note that the work by Harold J. Laski, discussed by Dr. Ryan in the last issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, is entitled *Studies in the Problem of Sovereignty*. Yale University Press. Price $2.50.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
*Horace and His Age.* By J. F. d'Alton, D.D. $2.00 net. *Means and Methods in the Religious Education of the Young.* By J. Davidson, Ph.D. $1.00 net. *The Mystery of Gabriel.* By M. Wood. $1.40 net. *Through the Dark Continent.* By J. du Plessis, B.A., B.D. $4.50 net. *Our Renaissance.* By H. Browne, S.J. $2.60 net. *The History of the Society of Jesus in North America.* By T. Hughes, S.J. $8.00 net. *The Parish Theatre.* By Rev. J. T. Smith, LL.D. $1.00 net. *Sermon Notes.* Edited by Rev. C. C. Martindale. Second Series by the late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. $1.25 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
*At the Foot of the Sand-Hills.* By H. S. Spalding, S.J. $1.00. *The Catholic's Work in the World.* By Rev. J. Husslein, S.J. $1.00. *The Boyhood of a Priest.* By A. O'Connor. *Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.* By Rev. R. Ratcliffe, S.J. *In Spite of All.* By E. Staniforth. $1.00. *The Ruby Cross.* By M. Wallace. $1.25 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
*The Old Testament in Greek.* Volume I.—The Octateuch. Part I.—Genesis. Part II.—Exodus and Leviticus. Part III.—Numbers and Deuteronomy. Edited by A. E. Brooke, B.D., and N. McLean, M.A.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
*Children's Book of Patriotic Stories.* Edited by A. D. Dickinson and H. W. Dickinson. $1.25 net. *For France.* $2.50 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
*The Balfour Visit.* Edited by C. H. Towne.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
*State Socialism.* Edited by W. E. Walling and H. W. Laidler. $2.00 net.

BONE & LIVERIGHT, New York:
*Utopia of Usurers.* By G. K. Chesterton. $1.25 net.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
*The Hostage.* By Paul Claudel. $1.50 net.

THE HOLY NAME BUREAU, New York:
*Very Rev. Charles Hyacinth McKenna, O.P., P.G.* By Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O.P., S.S.M. *Luther and Lutherdom.* By H. Denifle. $3.50.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:
*Various Discourses.* By Rev. T. J. Campbell. S.J. $2.00 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
*A War of Liberation.* Pamphlet.

THE DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia:
*Catholic Churchmen in Science.* By J. J. Walsh, M.D. $1.00 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
*The Mediator.* By Rev. P. Giermann, C.SS.R. $1.50 net.

THE QUEEN'S WORK, St. Louis:
*Marian Poems.* Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, Chicago:
*Moseteno Vocabulary and Treatises.* By B. Bibolotte.

THE REILLY & BRITTON Co., Chicago:
*Charred Wood.* By Myles Muredach. $1.25 net.

STELLA PRINCE STOCKER, Duluth, Minn.:
*Sieur du Lhut.* Historical Play. By Stella P. Stocker.

WILLIAM HEINEMANN, London:
*Is War Civilization?* By Christophe Nyrop.

GREY & Co., Cork, Ireland:
*The Honan Hostel Chapel, Cork.* By Sir John R. O'Connell.

THE EDUCATIONAL Co. OF IRELAND, Dublin:
*The What? Why? How?* Plan for Writing an Essay. By Rev. J. B. Murphy. Pamphlet.

THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

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## ST. MATTHEW AND THE PAROUSIA.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

I.

ONE of the historic seats of difficulty in the New Testament Scriptures is the doctrine of the *Parousia* or "coming of the Son of Man." From the early portions of St. Matthew's Gospel to the last verse but one of the Apocalypse, this event is repeatedly portrayed as if on the verge of happening, as if the entire body of writers actually believed it nigh. Was it under this foreshortened view of history that the Lord's reporters wrote? Did they think of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, which the Son of Man came to found, as a brief evangelizing process destined to no greater length of days than the Kingdom of Israel? A question of no less interest to science than to piety; and the object of investigation in these pages.

Most readers, be they critical or plain, forget to discount the effect of language on the creation of this problem. They overlook the fact that the texts of the New Testament, concerned with the Lord's coming, are not by nature such that he who runs may read them with his hurrying sight. Mental refocussing is necessary. This Western mind of ours, unaccustomed to the crowded character of prophetic speech, its lack of perspective, and disregard of time, is prone to imagine that events were thought to occur as crowdedly as their manner of narration; and with this impressionistic infer-

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ence the mote in our own eye easily becomes the beam in another's. Because perspective is lacking in the language, we hastily infer that it is wanting also to the thought, and start at once wondering or explaining how it was that the Lord's reporters could have been the victims of such glaring error, before first assuring ourselves, through painstaking objective study, that they actually were. The result is an unconscious prejudgment that settles the whole question in advance of proof; that turns aside to apology or condemnation; that does everything conceivable but pound its first impressions diligently in the crucible of criticism.

Take St. Matthew, for instance, when runningly read, after the manner described. He is a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence almost at every turn. We are scarcely well into the pages of his Gospel before we find the Saviour solemnly assuring His disciples that "they shall not have gone through the cities of Israel, till the Son of Man come;"[1] nay, that "some of those standing by shall not taste death, till they see the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom."[2] In explaining the Parable of the Cockle, Jesus announces that the angels shall go forth for the final harvest "at the end of the age"[3] — a phrase associated with the last days of Israel, in the Jewish literature of the times. Towards the end of His public ministry, the Saviour is reported as saying, apparently in connection with the fall of Jerusalem, that "immediately after the tribulation of those days . . . they shall see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven with power and great glory,"[4] to gather the elect. In still another verse we come upon the promise made the Twelve, that "in the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of His glory, they also shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."[5] And who that does not remember the text, over which scholarship has immemorially stumbled—the parting remark of Jesus to the Pharisees: "You shall not see Me henceforth, until you say: 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord?' "[6] Finally, when Jesus stands before His judges, and is asked if He be in very truth "the Christ, the Son of God," He not only answers impliedly in the affirmative, He even supplements the answer with the prediction: "Besides, I say to you, Henceforth you shall see the Son of Man seated on the right hand of power, and coming on the clouds of heaven."[7] Difficulties enough,

[1] Matt. x. 23. [2] Matt. xvi. 28.
[3] Matt. xiii. 40, 39, 49; xxviii. 20. [4] Matt. xxiv. 30
[5] Matt. xix. 28. [6] Matt. xxiii. 39. [7] Matt. xxvi. 64.

assuredly, to tax the wits of the wisest. Difficulties, too, that have many more of like tenor to keep them company, in this, as in almost every other book of the New Testament Scriptures.

Difficulties, be it noted, but not "proofs," not "evidence." Investigation alone can invest them with the latter character; they do not possess it of themselves. There is a prior problem to be considered, before the meaning of this group of phrases can be put in a proper light for judgment; and until this prior problem is carefully weighed, we are not in a position to make pronouncements, one way or the other, in settlement of their meaning. The problem which has this priority over all others is St. Matthew's conception of the length of earthly life allotted to the "Kingdom of Heaven"—how long, in other words, he thought it was going to last, before the consummation came.

If he understood the "Kingdom of Heaven" in a purely eschatological sense, associated, that is, with the end of Israel and the world, then the "end of the age," the "regeneration," and what not else of difficulty above recited from his pages will have to be accepted in this contracted significance and light, however afterwards explained. But if investigation should disclose that "the Kingdom of Heaven," as St. Matthew conceived it, was to have a history—a history to which no definite limits were set, save in one dark and trying spot, in all his pages—then the distinct scientific possibility opens up, that some of the texts above enumerated may refer to the beginnings of this historical Kingdom, quite as likely as to its end; and with the emergence of this possibility, the whole list of phrases quoted at the outset of our theme cease to constitute reliable "evidence" of belief in the nearness of the Advent, and become open problems for investigation, instead. Even the adverb "immediately"[8] of the twenty-fourth chapter, and the famous near future verb[9] which St. Matthew was so fond of employing all through his writings—even these two apparently reliable "sources" lose their evidential character in the light of the possibility mentioned, and pass from the certain to the problematic stage. And yet all these disputable texts—disputable because their time-reference may as likely be to the public opening of the Kingdom as to its convulsive close—have been carried over in a body to the former period, on the supposition that St. Matthew thought the end of the world impending, and composed his gospel under the spell of this false impression.

[8] Matt. xxiv. 29. [9] μέλλειν

This supposition, though commonly so regarded, is far from being in the established stage. The evidence to the contrary makes an impressive sum when gathered, and offers difficulty to the critic who would explain its worth away. When the Roman captain at Capharnaum asked Jesus to heal his orderly who had begun to show signs of sickening for his end, the Saviour declared that such faith as this pagan officer professed, He had not found in the length and breadth of Israel. And then He added: "I say to you that *many shall come from the East and the West,* and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven; but the sons of the Kingdom shall be cast forth into the outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."[10]

Several things are of interest in this statement of Jesus—the unfavorable contrast of the faith of Israel with that of the outlying world, as represented in the person of the Centurion; the comparing of the "Kingdom of Heaven" to a feast or banquet—a current way of referring to the Messianic Era and the joy of its blest beholders; the express prediction that a multitude would come from the East and the West, and pass through the earthly portals of the Kingdom into eternal life—a statement manifestly implying history; and finally, the reverse application of the phrase, "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth," which the Jews were wont to quote of the rejected Gentiles, little recking that its point would be turned against themselves.[11] The admission of the nations and the rejection of the Jews could not be more plainly intimated, and, in fact, nowhere else is, in the New Testament pages. Assuredly, the writer who incorporated this material into his account could not have been of those who looked to the Kingdom's sudden perishing —a movement no sooner begun than ended in the crashing of the world.

It is not the only time in St. Matthew's pages that the peopling of the inaugurated Kingdom is described under the figure of a feast or banquet to which the bidden guests refused to come. The same figure recurs in the Parable of the Marriage Feast, and the thought is clearly of a new historical process about to begin, not of one soon to compass its allotted span. "When the King had heard that His invitations had been slighted, He was angered, and sending His armies, He destroyed those murderers, and burnt their city. *Then* He saith to His servants: the wedding is indeed ready, but those invited were not worthy. Go ye, therefore, into the by-ways, and

[10] Matt. viii. 10, 12. [11] Matt. viii. 12.

as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage feast. And His servants going forth into the highways gathered together all that they found, both bad and good, and the wedding was filled with guests. And the King went in to see the guests: and He saw there a man who had not on a wedding garment. And He saith to him: Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment? But he was silent. Then the King said to the servants: Bind his hands and feet and cast him into the outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. For many are called but few are chosen."[12]

The reader will observe that the ordering of the servants to recruit the Kingdom from peoples other than the chosen takes place *after* the destruction of the city, not before;[13] a recorded circumstance that leaves three luminous shafts in its trail. First of all, it throws doubt upon the supposition that St. Matthew looked for the consummation of the Kingdom soon after the city fell. In the second place, it enables us to understand why the earliest instructions of the Lord were to avoid going at once with His word into the lands of the Gentiles.[14] Last, but not least, it explains the maintenance of the law of Moses until "all things are accomplished,"[15] all things, that is, which concerned Israel, not, necessarily, all that concern the world.

Is the mention of "the man without a wedding garment,"[16] out of place in this parable? There are those who take this view. Some stray ending of another story, they tell us, has here crept in from a nodding compiler's pen; people invited in from the ways could not be expected to provide themselves with festal attire. But is that the point? Does the incident refer to the motley group brought into the Kingdom from the cross-roads, or to those of Israel previously mentioned, who slighted the invitation and were declared "unworthy?"[17] Nay, have we not proof that these were the subject of reference, in the anti-Jewish application of the saying: "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth?" The point intended is worthiness of disposition, not opportunity for change of raiment; exactly what we should expect to hear from the Master's lips. A study of the context is a safer guide to meaning than Shabbath or Midrash parallels, which, when compared to the new teaching of Jesus, are "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

[12] Matt. xxii. 1, 14. [13] Matt. xxii. 8. "Then He saith to His servants." [14] Matt. x. 5, 6. [15] Matt. v. 17, 19; xxiii. 2, 3, 23. [16] Matt. xxii. 11. [17] Matt. xxii. 5, 8.

Taking everything into consideration, therefore—who can read this suggestive Parable of the Marriage Feast—Logian hypothesis or no Logian hypothesis in mind—without gathering the assurance that the "Kingdom of Heaven" on earth is to have more willing and more worthy servitors, after the slayers of the prophets shall themselves be slain in turn and their city burnt to ashes by the King? There is not the slightest intimation that the author of the First Gospel links the fate of the "Kingdom of Heaven" on earth with the impending doom of Israel. On the contrary, there is every indication that he regarded the world-wide career of the new Kingdom as properly beginning when Israel's power was a thing of the past. "One greater than the Temple is here." [18] Nor should we forget another significant feature about this Parable of the Marriage Feast: St. Matthew, alone of all, inserts it in his account, and this selective interest on his part occasions legitimate matter for surprise. Critics are wont to say that the anti-Pharisaism of the author governed his choice of documents. This is hardly to the point. How explain the mental processes of a writer—supposedly a believer in the nearness of the end—who incorporates into his text a mass of material at odds with his supposed personal belief, and so clearly out of keeping with the theology of the Synagogue? It is a problem for scholarship, which, in the interest of the mechanics and psychology of the literary profession, it cannot afford to decline. A distinctly new Kingdom—not a purified Judaism, drawing proselytes from all the nations—will eventually prove itself the sole adequate explanation.

There is still further evidence that St. Matthew never connected the end of the "Kingdom of Heaven" with the burning of the City and the clank of heathen arms in the sanctuary of the Temple. Let us assemble its scattered threads, to weigh their worth. "The Kingdom of Heaven" is like a man who sowed good seed in his field,[19] the Sower being none other than the Son of Man,[20] and the field of His sowing—the world, the wide Cosmos[21] itself. "The Kingdom of Heaven is like a grain of mustard seed, which is the least indeed of all seeds, but *when it is grown up*, it is greater than all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of heaven come, and lodge in its branches[22]—a familiar Old Testa-

[18] Matt. xii. 6. [19] Matt. xiii. 24. [20] Matt. xiii. 37.
[19] Matt. xiii. 24. [20] Matt. xiii. 37.
[21] Matt. xiii. 38. Compare v. 14. "You are the light of the world," not of Israel merely.
[22] Matt. xiii. 31, 32.

ment figure for a mighty Kingdom, "under whose shelter all great nations dwelt."[23] "The Kingdom of Heaven is like a net that *gathereth of every kind,* and one not to be drawn forth from the sea until filled."[24] "The Kingdom of Heaven is like a householder hiring laborers for his vineyard[25]—a vineyard that is to be let out to other husbandmen who will bring forth its fruits in due season,[26] and receive the same reward of eternal life whether they enter the Kingdom in its morning, noon, or evening hours, in its old age or in its prime[27]—a statement which may even be set down for "editorial comment," without diminishing its historical value in the slightest. Surely a Kingdom that was likened to so many growing, living, gradual, dynamic and biological things could not have been regarded as having within its infant self, from the first moments of its cradling, the seeds of sudden death and dissolution!

Nor is the evidence confined to parabolic utterance, thence to be distilled, drop by drop, through a process of analysis. Three statements in direct discourse plainly reveal the Kingdom as an historic world-movement, in which the sceptre has passed from Judah to the nations of the earth. "Therefore I say to you, the Kingdom of God shall be taken away from you, and given to a nation bringing forth its fruits."[28] "Going, therefore, teach ye *all nations,* baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."[29] More pointed still is a sentence in the eschatological discourse: "And this *the* Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in *the whole inhabited earth* as a testimony unto all the nations; and then shall the end come."[30]

Is it possible that a writer, who, to all appearances, at least, began his account with Jewish particularism, and ended it with the assertion of such a world-wide universality set like a gem in the midst of the eschatological discourse—is it possible that one so writing could have built up this progressive climax, and at the same time subscribe to the belief that the end of things was fast approaching? Is it not far more likely that we have misunderstood some of his utterances, than that he should have composed his gospel in the manner thought? Let us fill our minds for the moment with the current theory of scholarship, that the nearness of the "Kingdom of Heaven," in the eschatological sense of the Final

[23] Ezek. xxxi. 6, 12; Dan. iv. 12, 14, 21, 22.
[24] Matt. xiii. 47, 48. [25] Matt. xx. 1; xxi. 33. [26] Matt. xxi. 41.
[27] Matt. xx. 1, 3, 5, 12-16.
[28] Matt. xxi. 43. The conception of the Christian society as a "nation" occurs nowhere else in the Gospel. [29] Matt. xxviii. 19. [30] Matt. xxiv. 14.

Return, is the burden of the teaching of Jesus, as reported by St. Matthew. This fairness of spirit will put us in a still better position to see and judge, whether the evidence of an historic world-process, which flashes forth so repeatedly in his pages, is substance or shadow.

It is Professor Allen who is writing, and the subject is the "Kingdom of Heaven," in the first canonical Gospel. Says Professor Allen: "He (the Saviour) proclaimed its near advent. It was at hand (iv. 17), and He bade His disciples make the same proclamation (x. 7). This preaching was an evangel, *i. e.*, good news (iv. 23; ix. 35). The disciples were to pray for the coming of the Kingdom (vi. 10). It would, however, not come in the lifetime of the Messiah, but after His death, when He would come as Son of Man (xvi. 28, *cf.* 21). This coming would usher in the end of this dispensation (xxiv. 3). It would take place immediately after the great tribulation (xxiv. 29) which would accompany the fall of Jerusalem (xxiv. 15, 16), *i. e.*, within the lifetime of that generation (xxiv. 34, *cf.* xvi. 28; x. 28). But God alone knew the exact day and hour (xxiv. 36), and the good news must be preached first to all nations (xxiv. 14, *cf.* xxviii. 19). It seems clear that the Evangelist saw no obstacle to this preaching being effected within a very short period (x. 28). The inauguration of the kingdom is called the new birth (xix. 28). Then the Apostles would sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel (xix. 28)."[31]

Is this appraisal true to the facts recorded, and with no flaw in the scientific process of its forming? Does the thought of the First Gospel all refund into an eschatology, a sense of finality, so close and narrow? If so, the history which St. Matthew assigned to the career of the Kingdom is the veriest patch for brevity—a century's half at the outset, if indeed of such length as that; and we have had our labor for our pains in collecting evidence to the contrary. It would certainly be a vain performance to attempt to prove the existence of an historical current of thought in the pages of the First Gospel, if we had editorial and personal assurances from its author, that the Kingdom which Jesus came to establish was to perish in a sudden world-disaster, sometime within the century of its founding—at what precise moment God only knew. But what critical warrant have we, that assurances to this effect are

[31] *St. Matthew.* W. C. Allen, 1907, pref. lxix. *Cf. Cursus Script. Sacræ,* Knabenbauer; *Lexicon Græcum,* Zorelli; *Comment. in Matthæum.* Cornelius a Lapide; *Introductio in S. Script.,* Cornely; *Christl. Eschatologie,* Atzberger.

actually to be found in the letter of the text? That is the deciding factor; and in what follows, the supposed existence of such testimony will be made the object of criticism, in order to open up the whole problem afresh for investigation and review.

When Jesus is twice said to have gone about the land, "preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom;"[32] and when He is quoted by St. Matthew as saying that "this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached to the whole world, before the end comes"—was it in the eschatological sense of consummation, or in the historical sense of establishment, that He proclaimed it near? Was its "good news," its "glad tidings" the approach of the Final Judgment and the speedy Return of the Lord in the glory of His Father, or something of quite different import to humanity and history?

St. Matthew defines what he understood by this "Gospel of the Kingdom," but in a verse that has provoked no end of discussion among grammarians and critics. It is the well-known text: "He that endureth unto the end, the same shall be saved."[33] What meaning is to be attached to it—how is it to be read? Those who hold that St. Matthew expected no lengthy historical career for the Kingdom look to this verse for proof of their contention. They claim that it has the sense of "physically surviving unto the end of the world," and point to the fact that verses somewhat similar, found in Esdras and in Daniel,[34] are plainly of this drift. This would make the verse eschatological in meaning, and settle the whole controversy at a stroke in favor of the accepted view of scholarship. It would also take every element of spirituality out of the Lord's discourse on Mount Olivet, and leave it filled from beginning to end with an erroneous reply to a still more erroneous question, unless we suppose that He spoke of the end of the world under the figure and type of Jerusalem's overthrow—which we are not going to do in the pages that follow.

We have direct evidence, nay personal assurance from St. Matthew himself, that he distinctly repudiates the view which scholarship thus credits him with entertaining. He thrice cautions the reader of Daniel not to take this prophet's words in the sense of the end of all: "Let him who readeth understand."[35] Nor was this caution inserted because he expected that the Return of the Lord would be somewhat delayed after the burning of the City. There is positive evidence that deprives this view of standing. If St. Matthew be-

[32] Matt. iv. 23; ix. 35.

[33] ὁ δὲ ὑπομείνας εἰς τέλος. Notice omission of the definite article. Matt. xxiv. 13.

[34] 2 Es. vi. 25; ix. 7, 8. Dan. xii. 12. [35] Matt. xxiv. 15, 23, 25, 26.

lieved that the "Kingdom of Heaven" was not to be an historical movement of any great length after the fall of Jerusalem, why did he insert three additional verses when speaking of the Gospel of the Kingdom" in a world-wide relation,[36] which are conspicuously omitted when he makes mention of this same Gospel with particular reference to the Jews?[37]

The three verses in question[38] are peculiar to the author of the First Gospel, and occur in no other account. They are transferred prophetical quotations, which describe a general falling-away from the Christian faith within the bosom of the Kingdom itself, and their import, nay, their position in the text is such that it is impossible to understand them as said of the near future, despite the crowded, "telescoping" manner of their relating. It will not avail us in the least, either, to suppose these three verses "Logian." The question is not so much their source as the literary purpose which led to their insertion at this particular point in the Olivetan Discourse. Manifestly intended as prophetic descriptions of the future history of the Kingdom—these verses are a standing challenge to the view that St. Matthew thought the Christian movement of short duration, and the essence of its gospel, that the end of things is nigh.

It is, therefore, an open question, far from being scientifically closed or settled, what "the gospel of the Kingdom" was here said to be. When St. Matthew declares that "he who endureth unto the (?) end, the same shall be saved," the word "end" is without the definite article in both cases—something that does not happen in the First Gospel, when the thought is of the Cosmos and its final days. We are consequently free, both from a grammatical and critical standpoint, to see in the verse in question a denationalized doctrine of salvation, not concerned at all with the end of the world, but with the end of the individual in death." "He that persevereth unto the end of life, of tribulations, the same shall be saved"—a gospel of the Kingdom, which required of its beneficiaries no purity of descent from Abraham; which substituted the triumph of the individual for the triumph of a special race or people; which replaced the Jewish conception of an earthly immortality by the nobler doctrine of eternal life,[39] and thus became of undying interest to the sons of men the wide-world over and the ages through —sons of a common Father, Who manifested no invidious pref-

[36] Matt. xxiv. 14. [37] Matt. x. 22. [38] Matt. xxiv. 10-12.
[39] Matt. xvi. 25, 26; xix. 29.

erence for the first-born, but invited all alike, late comer no less than early, to the long-prepared and ever-ready Wedding Feast of the King. The eschatological character of the verse about "persevering" has not been scientifically established; it is still in the state of a thing unproven, strong as may seem to some the reasons of assurance to the contrary.

What, for instance, could compel us to take this verse as said of the last days and the consummation of the Kingdom? The expression "end of the age" so redolent of the thought of Jewry, and five times recurrent in St. Matthew's pages? Investigation does not bear the suspicion out. The near-future verb so frequently employed by St. Matthew? The ten instances of its use, when searchingly examined, correct this uncriticized impression. The phrase: "Kingdom of Heaven." We have already shown in the earlier portions of the present study—though only tentatively, and not with a view to substituting presumption for research—that some, at least, of the thirty or more instances in which this expression finds employment, plainly contemplate the historical continuance of the Kingdom rather than its sudden consummation. The promise to the Twelve that they would "sit on thrones?" It can positively be shown, from cross-references and other sources, that this promise refers to the consummated, not to the inaugurated Kingdom; and, consequently, that it is a begging of the question to quote it as a proof of nearness. The various mentions of the "coming" as an event to be expected within the generation then living? Perhaps the solution of this most baffling exegetical problem is locked up in St. Matthew's peculiar use of a prophetical expression, the scientific clue to which, when a study of the phraseology of the First Gospel brings it forth, would uncover nearly all the mystery of his pages and at the same time leave the text untouched. We feel confident that what follows in this series of studies will confirm the wisdom of the Biblical Commission in its decision of June 18, 1915, concerning the question of the Parousia.[40]

As matters tentatively stand at the end of this threshold study, there is positive evidence that the author of the First Gospel conceived of the Kingdom as an historical world-process, which was about to have a beginning, not about to have an end; and the strange thing about this historical undercurrent of thought is that most of the material which has been here assembled to prove its existence is found in no other writer—a fact that makes it all the

[40] *Acta S. Sedis*, vol. vii., pp. 357, 358.

more difficult to suppose that it was introduced without a special didactic purpose. Against the positive testimony gathered, there is a strong array of texts that seem of another strain. These were summarized for the reader at the opening of the theme and incompletely criticized toward the close, to secure right of way for their reconsidering. In a series of studies to follow, we shall take up these several phrases singly, to test the truth or to betray the hardihood of the claim—that St. Matthew's presentation of "the gospel of the Kingdom" is not the restricted Palestinian world-view which it seems to be to many, under the microscope of scholarship.

## PAX.

BY HELEN HAINES.

Rock gently, world tonight—
A Little Child lies sleeping—
Sing, sphere to sphere, majestic lullabies
Sweet to His ear.

Cease moaning, deep to deep—
A Little Child lies sleeping—
Praise, wave on wave, in rolling psalmodies
His dreams to lave.

Strew brightly, skies, thy stars—
A Little Child lies sleeping—
Dim suns with one, a beacon beckoning
To Him alone.

Ope briefly, paradise—
A Little Child lies sleeping—
Chaunt, hosts, and men, that great antiphonal—
His benison.

# ASPECTS OF RECENT DRAMA IN ENGLISH.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

## I.

### The Literary Pioneers.

THE word recent is one of a little group which seems to have been particularly designed to express ideas of a variable and elastic significance: like new as applied to buildings, for instance—or young as applied to ladies. In the present series of articles it must be stretched to comprehend equally the play of yesterday and the play of perhaps three decades back. That is to say, it must cover in a fragmentary and impressionistic way the making of what we call contemporary English drama on both sides of the Atlantic. One grows accustomed in these days to punctuating one's thoughts by battles: and there is a curious and striking war-fact in connection with this story of the modern theatre. It is simply this—not one drama of the first or even second class, scarcely even one play worth seriously considering from any literary viewpoint, was written in the English language between the Revolution and the Civil War; that is to say, between *Sheridan's School for Scandal* (1777) or his *Critic* (1779), and the inauguration of that new dramatic movement which was perceptible in Henry Arthur Jones' *Saints and Sinners* (1888), but did not flower with any luxuriance until the perilous and "wonderful '90's."

There was, then, at least a century of sterility for dramatic art —as indeed, for most of the other arts!—among English-speaking peoples. To be sure, the theatres were open during all this long advent. There were even such native actors as Mrs. Kemble, Macready, the elder Booth and Edwin Forrest, to name but a few. But what did they play? On the one hand, Shakespeare; and even poor Shakespeare very much adapted and garbled by the various managers. On the other hand, they did just what all progressive actors do today—they experimented with "contemporary offerings." There were the classical melodramas such as *Virginius*—had not Macready the hardihood to sandwich *Virginius* between *Hamlet* and the *Merchant of Venice* in his repertoire? Then there were romantic and sentimental melodramas such as Bulwer's *Richelieu* or *The Lady of*

*Lyons.* After that came a dark night for the theatre—the "dreadful night" of the early Victorians!—the reign of what M. Filon in his admirable volume[1] calls the *hippodrama* or *pantomime.*

As the night wore on, there were innumerable translations from French drama, artificial productions enough but capable of teaching something to the playwright if not to the audience. Then there were the pleasant pseudo-Irish fancies of Dion Boucicault; and the pioneer work of Robertson, really a vast improvement upon its predecessors, although the critical dubbed it "cup and saucer comedy" because of its persistent domesticity. The English theatre was evidently reaching out once more toward a literary drama—by which somewhat ambitious title one describes a very simple thing, a play good enough to stand the test of reading as well as acting. Its first fruits erred, indeed, on the side of being more fundamentally literary than dramatic, for the first fruits were the poet's. Such arrived and established geniuses as Swinburne, Tennyson and Browning turned suddenly to the drama for expression! In fact they produced superlatively beautiful work in dramatic form—but not all the art of Sir Henry Irving or Ellen Terry could carry it to permanent dramatic success. *Mary Stuart, The Blot on the 'Scutcheon,* even *Becket,* are forgotten today except by the readers. They have not stood the acid test of revival for the simple reason that, in spite of all their fine qualities, they were not good acting plays. And as one master of words has reminded us, it is of the essence of art that it shall be articulate!

Then came the dawn of the 1890's: the *renaissance* of English drama which was to include Sidney Grundy, Oscar Wilde, Henry Arthur Jones and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero among its pioneers; Granville Barker, W. S. Houghton, Galsworthy, the Irish school and more than one American on its realistic side; Stephen Phillips, Wm. Butler Yeats, the inimitable Barrie, Laurence Housman, Percy Mackaye and a host of "newer" voices on its imaginative side; and, hovering like a dragonfly between realism and imagination, Mr. George Bernard Shaw!

The *renaissance* of English drama: it was not merely a dream, but a great, concerted movement to bring the English stage at last, and after more than a hundred years, into competition with the European theatre. The men who were its pioneers had studied the technique, the finish, the brillancy of the French dramatists. They were steeped in the still recent and radical probing of human life

[1] See *The English Stage.* By Auguste Filon.

which Ibsen had revealed. And they had—perhaps best of all!—the enthusiasm of Crusaders. No one has written more valuably about this literary drama, and very few more valuably for it, than Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. His summary of its makers' aims and the measure of their achievement is worth quoting:

> If I were asked what was the distinguishing mark of that movement, I should say that during the years when it was in progress there was a steadfast and growing attempt to treat the great realities of our modern life upon the stage, to bring our drama into relation with our literature, our religion, our art and our science, and to make it reflect the main movements of our national thought and character. That anything great or permanent was accomplished, I am the last to claim; all was crude, confused, tentative, aspiring. But there was life in it.

That is, indeed, the main point: there was life in it—along with life, the germ also of disease and death, as must appear later—but at least a literary reality. The century of lean and sterile years was done.

A mere catalogue of Mr. Jones' own plays is both illuminating and astonishing, while the arresting nature of his titles saves the catalogue from tedium. *Saints and Sinners,* his satire upon British middle-class hypocrisy, was written as early as 1884; so also was *Breaking a Butterfly,* an adaptation of *The Doll's House* for which he later apologized. *The Middleman* came in 1889; and after that, to run over only a part of his work, *Judah,* 1890; *The Dancing Girl,* 1891; *The Bauble Shop,* 1893; *The Masqueraders,* and *The Case of Rebellious Susan,* 1894; *The Triumph of the Philistines,* 1895; *Michael and His Lost Angel,* 1896; *The Liars,* 1897. One may well pause for a moment here, for the last two plays undoubtedly register Jones' high-water mark, the first in tragedy, the second in comedy. Then came *The Manœuvres of Jane,* 1898; *The Lackey's Carnival* and *Mrs. Dane's Defense,* 1900; *Whitewashing Julia,* 1903; *Joseph Entangled, The Hypocrites, Dolly Reforming Herself, We Can't Be as Bad as All That,* 1910; *Mary Goes First,* 1913; the delightful comedy which Mr. Skinner gave us during the Shakespeare tercentenary, *Cock O' the Walk,* etc., etc.

Today, both Henry Arthur Jones and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero have assumed the nature of household gods to people familiar with drama: they have been first worshipped, then taken for granted, and finally a little bit superseded. It is difficult to realize that both men produced much of their best work with very little public appre-

ciation—often amid storms of abuse. Conventional British playgoers resented the boldness of some of their themes, the naturalness of their treatment, and the stinging truth of their satire. As Mr. Jones himself declared, not without bitterness, they were branded as a set of " gloomy corrupters of the youth of the nation " —and his own greatest play, *Michael and His Lost Angel,* was suppressed by the English censor after less than two weeks upon the stage. Such an act might well prove incomprehensible, had not the stupidity and perversity of the officer in question—Barrie's "headsman"—become a classic. In the case of *Michael,* the damning fact was probably the hero's rather spectacular submission to the Catholic Church; for there is nothing in the theme or in Mr. Jones' treatment of it which could prove offensive to adult audiences.

Briefly, the play is a retelling of the *Scarlet Letter* story; the scene shifted to a modern English village, the protagonists becoming an ascetic young Anglican clergyman and a willful but much-loving *mondaine.* The subject is thoroughly, throbbingly painful, but it is not morbid; and in spite of some frank theatricalism, the theme is worked out with such tact and delicacy and so masterful a humanity that one must needs recognize in *Michael and His Lost Angel* one of the greatest achievements of all this recent drama. And its fundamental viewpoint is amazingly sane. There is no attempt, as in so many modern plays and novels on the same subject, to shift responsibility off upon accident, or human nature, or the Life Force—or something equally nebulous and impersonal. In that haunting scene where Mr. Jones' unhappy lovers are tracing the thousand seeming accidents which led to their tragic fault, the little unforseen chances which conspired to bring them to each other, Audrey the woman declares:

" We couldn't have missed each other in this world. It's no use blaming chance or fate, or whatever it is."

And Michael, looking fearlessly back into the past and forward to his long penance of the future, says simply:

" I blame nothing. Chance, fate? I had the mastery of all these things. They couldn't have conquered me if my own heart hadn't first yielded!"

There is the soundness which produces drama true to art and true, also, to nature: a new confirmation of Patmore's searching dictum that *bad morality is bad art.*

It seems today that nothing can any longer " shock " our decent and *blasé* American audiences: season after season the *débutante*

and her mother have sat with equal tranquillity through scenes of half-world revels and under-world rioting. A few years ago The Catholic Theatre Movement was founded for the express purpose of stirring up Catholics to some sort of criticism, some sort of conscience, concerning the amusements they patronized. And although laxity and stupidity are still with us, there is reason to believe that some progress has been made in lifting the standard of popular taste. A definite sentiment in the form of worthy plays is everywhere gaining the press and the public. So the campaign of education must go on. . . . and that other gigantic campaign of blood goes also on. . . . and who can doubt that from out the slaughter and the heartbreak and the sacrifice humanity will come forth a little more clean, a little more illumined, a little more steadfast?

But always there is the other possibility of being scandalized too easily, of making prudery rather than virtue the canon of criticism. This was the situation of the British public in the early '90's. Victorian "reticence" had done its work; and while almost anything was tolerated in the music hall or comic opera, the respectable citizen fell into a panic whenever his drama attempted to deal with real life instead of what one of the dramatists described as "wax doll morality." It is true that the playwrights of this dramatic *renaissance* were—or became—perhaps too greatly obsessed with problems of sex. The unhappy marriage, the unlawful love, the "triangle" and the Magdalen theme received more than their share of stress. A more Catholic ideal of art, while in nowise ignoring these unhappy realities, would have accentuated the beautiful rather than the ugly, would have urged a major note of aspiration rather than the minor of despair.

Yet there is scarcely one of the plays of these literary pioneers that is not intensely moral at root. Take, for instance, the brilliant dramas of Oscar Wilde, which fall well within this period although their rhetorical quality suggests an earlier one. Decadence is the worst charge which can be brought against *Salome*—a very superficial, epigrammatic cynicism, against his more satirical modern plays. They are all "on the side of the angels;" and the most human and popular of them, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, is distinctly (if perversely) edifying.

Then there is Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, perhaps the greatest of his group—great in grasp of character, in charm and vitality of dialogue, and in practical knowledge of play-writing. His masterpiece, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, is one of the most tragic arraignments

of immorality in all English drama. As everyone knows, it is the story of an elderly idealist who marries a lady of doubtful reputation for the purpose of giving her a fresh chance. They both mean well; but they are not heroic enough to cope with their situation. The conventions of society, the demoralizing memories of the past, the jealousy of Tanqueray's young daughter, are all against them.

"I believe the future is only the past again, entered through another gate," says Paula in her hopeless philosophy. "You'll do your best—oh, I know that—you're a good fellow. But circumstances will be too strong for you in the end." And so it is her own death which pays the price of what her circle had lightly called "the man's life."

Pinero, assuredly, was not spared the attacks of the Philistines, but he seems to have been quite insensible to them. He followed *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* with *The Notorious Mrs. Elizabeth,* a title calculated to arouse suspicion in the hearts of the very elect. By the time *Letty* and *Iris* came (1901 and 1903) his public was conquered, for better or worse, and one suspects late plays such as the *Mind-the-Paint Girl* of winning success a little too easily. But Pinero's name is one to remember, in drama and literature, too. He has been an artist of high seriousness; one who, in his new-found dramatic freedom, has dwelt often with unsavory themes without ever falling into the "easy" and demoralizing philosophies which pervade many later plays. It is not to be forgotten that his *Mid-Channel* had courage to strike one of the first dramatic blows at the growing evil of birth-control. And while he is remembered perhaps most vividly as the author of what one might call social tragedies, his touch in such comedies as *Trelawney of the Wells* is always a fresh delight.

In all their best work, these pioneers of our recent drama were literary realists. Their profession of faith, as found in Mr. Jones' delightful preface to M. Filon's *History,* was as follows:

> It is in the seizure and presentation of the essential and distinguishing marks of a character, of a scene, of a passion, of a society, of a phase of life.....it is in the seizure and vivid treatment of some of these, to the exclusion or falsification of non-essentials, that the dramatist must lay his claim to sincerity and being true to nature.

How these principles of a large and fundamental realism were developed by more recent dramatists will be the subject of our next discussion.

## RE-EDUCATION BY WAR.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

IT is fortunate that we are unable to realize the fundamental changes that the War has forced upon the world. Immediate insight into them would overwhelm us. By a law akin to that of gravitation we drift away from fundamentals and organize the details of every day around the accidentals of life. We worry and talk about Governor or President or income, but we rarely busy ourselves with the fundamentals of property or of government. It is only by assuming that the foundations of our dwellings are intact that we can find comfort in an armchair near the fireplace. All of the experience that we have had with life led us heretofore to assume that institutions are rigid, ponderous and slow-moving, while thought and philosophy are fleet of foot and unhampered in all of their movements. The War has changed this. It has driven every one of us close to fundamentals. It compels us to engage our minds upon the foundations of government, of morality, of law. We are weary and confused. When fundamentals become intimate and vital to us we lose our peace, forget our gayety and confound the proportions in which we deal with life. The thousands who are sick at heart over the world catastrophe are weary because every detail or strategy reported daily is judged in the light of its bearing on the reorganization of the world. We can no longer admire a clever stroke in battle or rest in indifferent admiration of the subtle foresight that wins a contest. We cannot forget fundamentals. Our judgments are all awry because institutions are doing the very things of which we thought them incapable without disaster. Vast power is concentrated in few hands, although we have lived and written and spoken of the dangers of it. We have seen government take hold of the regulation of prices and we have felt a sense of thankful relief. Yet our thinking and writing and talking have advised of the supposed danger of this. Social philosophy is in abeyance. Formerly it was a delight to think, to discuss, to predict. Now thinking seems vain, without excuse. All impulses lead to action, not thought. We must have standards in order to think. Many standards have crumbled in our fingers. The assumptions that

seemed encrusted in the foundations of the earth have become airy nothings. We had climbed weary hills toward the plains where kindly feeling and instinct for justice promised to make life pleasant, but we have fallen back into the crude valleys where physical force is law. This reversal is staggering. We understand neither it nor its implications. Yet war is the only vision of duty or hope that remains to us. There is no alternative. We make every source of the nation's energy converge toward one institution, the army, organ of final physical power in the world. Court, jury, legislature, diplomacy, public opinion, persuasion, appeal step aside mournfully and see battle usurp their thrones. The scholarship of the nations has been diverted from the service of intellectualism to the service of the nation's physical might. Streams of wealth which flowed as they would through peaceful valleys carry on their bosoms now only cargoes of food and ammunition. Motives around which life had been organized are outlawed, and one collective national impulse to defend the majesty of the flag replaces them. Attitudes toward things, persons and places which constituted the settled adjustments of life have lost both support and purpose, and we grope in an atmosphere of bewilderment in search of a footing for life itself.

Thoughtful men have lost their habitual certainties on which all mental peace depends. Personal ideals which were yesterday fountains of reverence, assurance of refinement, ambition and discipline have lost their authority because we have been thrown into the world of larger purpose and deeper relationship to which they are unfitted. Solicitudes and affections that were honorable and adequate yesterday take on the color of treason today unless they serve well the nation and those who fight its battles. The blood of that American soldier, champion of each of us, who was the first to die overseas, is the Itasca from which a Mississippi of blood will yet flow before we shall again know peace. An imperative call sends us forward through a wilderness of hovering uncertainties toward a future that is less understood, less accurately anticipated than any other with which the mind of the world has been engaged. This is the time of all times when a docile mind is proof of wisdom and a humble heart is one's only certain guide. Obstinate holding to the standards of yesterday hinders one from all understanding of the newer day which the mysteries of God's providence have set before us. Narrow definitions of duty that satisfied conscience and moral aspiration must be set aside. Larger

duty that comes carrying proof of its Divine origin in the outstretched hand which indicates appeal as much as mandate, waits to be recognized and accepted. Just as the work of education prepares the young for their place in the world to which they come, the re-education which is forced upon us by war must prepare us for the new time upon which we now enter. Just as we ask children to be docile, trustful, willing, we too must be as children, and must accept the teaching forced upon us by facts, processes and relations which are now readjusting the world. Just as we ask children to surrender gradually the world of fancy to the discipline of fact, we too must be prepared to revise standards, to surrender preferences, to deal with facts and accept them in the process of our re-education.

There are some among us who appear to believe that the standards and definitions they deemed adequate in the past, are still sufficient to guide them in this new era. Some there are who rebel against the necessity of sacrifice and service now imperatively demanded. They little understand that we must rewrite the definitions of sacrifice and duty if we are to avoid being moral pygmies in a civilization to be builded upon gigantic concepts of the world's relations. There are some who sense the changes that are inevitable, but endeavor to coerce the trend of facts to suit their own fancy instead of accepting as fundamental the salient elements in the present situation of the world. Nature is not tender toward individuals. Her processes lacerate human hearts under the action of a law higher than human affection. Hence, although sacrifice, renunciation, anguish are involved in the prodigious changes now under way, we are called upon to recognize them, to adjust our lives and accept the consequences of that adjustment in hope that the blessing of God will make them mean much in our ennobling and in the service of the country.

This is not a task for individuals alone. Our states and the nation itself feel the strain that this readjustment is causing throughout the whole range of our institutional life. Art is struggling to understand and express new symbols, to anticipate the philosophy which will interpret the new era, to anticipate and foreshadow in color, form and line new emotions, new appreciations, new insight into the collective soul of the world that has been born out of the world's travail. Poetry and prose, each in its own way, each under the limitations of form and traditional imagination, are attempting to interpret emotions and ideals that are new to our

wondering souls. Philosophy as an ultimate interpretation of life alone is silent because it best of all knows that the world in turmoil cannot be read. We must scan the heavens for a fulcrum that is stable. Since it lives close to eternities and is their exponent, religion is best prepared, with concept, vocabulary and definition, to interpret principles, to anticipate at least the doctrinal, if not the emotional phases of changes through which the world is going. Perhaps it is worth while to endeavor to hint at certain features of this process as they may effect our political and social emotions in the future.

I.

The first basic fact of which we must take account in our re-education is the colossal good-will latent in the nation, in a civilization which has been frankly builded on an appeal to selfishness. We have had revelations of goodness, of an impulse to service and of a readiness to make sacrifice, new in quality no less than in quantity, in the history of the world. It is a marvel that will challenge artist, poet, philosopher for all times. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been poured forth in impersonal sympathy with peoples and persons with whom we had never been in close daily relation. Personal renunciations, personal service, the surrender of leisure to serve purposes remote from us in race, country and sympathy, are unprecedented. The enlistment of children, of men and of women; of the frivolous and of the serious in service shows us that a world emotion touched us as a nation and we responded. There has been such a quickness of understanding of this appeal, such unanimity in the spirit of the response, such joy in doing, such satisfaction with the intangible compensations of life, that we cannot but find here proof of latent goodness in human nature which may be counted on for all time henceforth as a political and spiritual asset of the nation. Cynics, pessimists, scholars, public leaders, religious teachers, must revise their understanding of humanity and its ways to make room in their philosophy for this new vision of goodness in the world.

Paradoxically enough we discover also new quality and quantity of evil, weakness and sin. We have witnessed hatred, plunder, cruelty, calculated and wanton selfishness which defied understanding or description. We lack imagination to picture, words to express, comparisons to explain the callousness that we would fain deny if we but dared. The time awaits a new type of cynic who will record this awful truth as cynics alone can.

We have had reason to fear the power of evil in undermining our own army, but the nation arose to the danger with a promptness and power to which no note of moral grandeur may be denied. We have seen cities, schools, professions, churches, the nation itself and organizations of every kind aroused as by a common instinct to safeguard the morality of our soldiers as no other nation in the history of civilization had ever done. Out of this experience has arisen a new sense of responsibility toward morality as a national and social interest. Differences on which the factors in our national life may have been prone to insist too much, have been set aside in obedience to a common impulse to keep American manhood pure, and to make sure that the personal righteousness of those who wear the uniform will bring the blessing of God upon our armies.

It would be vain to attempt to measure the place of these fundamentals in our new understanding of life. It would be vain to predict how they are to affect our institutions or the fine moral passion that makes institutions noble. In the process of our re-education we must take them into account, however that be done.

## II.

We stand in presence of a new alignment in the world. Minor unlikenesses receive diminished importance when they do not vanish in the presence of larger identities by force of which a score of nations are made as one. Beneath differences of form we find unity of spirit, identity of impulse and ideals in which democracy is enshrined. The continental isolation to which we in the United States have been consecrated is now but a memory. Foreign alliances, upon which we looked and against which we spoke with nervous fear have been endorsed by our intimate and commanding position in this new world. The virtues and obligations of Americanism must be defined again. Our preferences and our principles as they affect international relations must be restated in the new political science where we shall find our guidance. At every point where international policies touch us or we touch them, words, emotions, policies, sentiment must be changed in consonance with the new position which the United States now takes in that larger world. We may not forget that a single enveloping purpose binds these allied nations together, that their resources in ability and treasure are now pooled, that provincial and national views must be for the moment suspended, if not altogether set aside. There is no longer any

dream of a nation at peace. There is vision now only of the world at peace. This dream is the crutch upon which hope bravely leans as it leads us through the darkness of today toward the morning of tomorrow. The world has moved a century away from its moorings of four years ago. It will move another century toward the unknown before this War is ended, although that day need not be far distant as the calendar measures time. We are dizzy because of the speed with which our institutions wing their unimpeded flight through changes for which philosophy and experience would have asked one hundred years.

The nation has entered into a new relationship with each one of us. Here again is a task in our re-education. In as far as right and obligation fix our immunities and duties in the stable adjustment of national life, new relations with the nation at large call for restatement of both rights and obligations. Perhaps it were more accurate to say what was latent comes now to expression, what was potential is now real. All of the traditions of statesmanship and heroism, all of the teachings of political science and of moral philosophy have declared the supremacy of national interest in the life of the individual except in the direct and immediate relations of the individual with God. Heretofore the nation has not had occasion to make these truths real and vital to us. The present War has forced the nation to assert its claim in a most direct and compelling manner. We are asked to accept this judgment and obey. Today the nation is a condition in every plan and a partner in every ambition that stirs the soul or guides one's steps. We had always known this, but we had not experienced it. We had known that the state is the organized sovereign will of society, but we had not found that theory in conflict with the preferences and ambitions that develop out of opportunity or with the aspirations that guide all life. It is at this point that our re-education is most trying. It is here that imagination lingers after brave decisions have been made. It is here that we meet the supreme challenge and find our manhood tested as never before.

We have taken it to be fundamental that we have the right to dispose of our lives practically as we wish. The state has, however, asserted a claim upon the flower of our young manhood that sets that right aside. The Draft Law was nothing other than the assertion of the nation's prior claim upon life. Ten million young men have been called to arms. We must revise our moral philosophy and moral sentiment in the face of this supreme fact. The

young men who have been thus called must recast their thinking, learn their code of rights and obligations and accept without rebellion the fate toward which the footsteps of the soldier lead. Parents must revise their affections. Citizens must recast imagination. Those who go to serve their country in exacting soldierly labor and those who remain at home in lonely resignation or in the proud consciousness of surrender bravely made, must be of one mind because what is done is duty. Being duty, it is religion. Being religion, it is of God. Being of God, it is destiny. All of this must be seen in the glow of supernatural sanction. There will be neither peace nor happiness until the compensating sense of duty is established as though it were in the order of creation from the beginning.

Our re-education must enable us to understand the changing functions which our emergency has forced upon the Government itself. Those who are familiar with the political thought of the last century and a half are in position to estimate the abrupt departure from supposedly final principles which the Government has taken almost without thinking. We who twenty years ago disliked state intervention, lamented the increasing intervention of Government in the field of industrial liberty, predicted every kind of fatality to follow upon this tendency. Today we are so familiar with concentration of power, with the thought of Governmental control of industry, the fixing of retail prices, the determination of the rate of interest on capital that we wonder at ourselves. It is beside the point to say that these are emergency measures and that they are of but transitory application. No one who thinks, believes for a moment that the state will ever return to the narrow sphere with which it had been content. Immediate experience is much stronger in shaping political thought than any abstract principle can be. Competition as a supreme philosophy of industry has undoubtedly received a deadly blow. Furthermore, a nation faces the greater problems of war after the War is over. There will be motive in abundance long after peace is declared for maintaining the expanded functions that the state has lately assumed. Text-books in political science have been antiquated in the last four years, perhaps most of all in the last year. Our re-education must lead us to the understanding of this wider concept of state functions. It must interpret all of the implications of these changes and prepare us for parties and party thinking which will be entirely unlike the parties and party thought with which we have been familiar in the past.

III.

We have had heretofore easy going impressions concerning the right of private property. We had believed in an individualistic philosophy. We had organized life frankly on the basis of selfishness. The nation's interference in our industrial and social plans was at a minimum. Opportunity abounded. The spirit of enterprise was alert. Opportunity called out every type of ability. Fortunes and competencies had been accumulated, and the accumulation had been but little interfered with by the states. We had defined our property rights in the terms of opportunity rather than in the terms of nature. We drifted into set notions of property, its functions and sanctions that had little foundation beneath the crust of custom and of law. The process of our re-education compels us to surrender that older view of property and to accept a new one quite unlike it. The nation asserts its prior claim to what we had accumulated by laying on unprecedented taxes. It asserts its prior claim to current income by collecting heavy taxes. It asserts its claim over accumulation and income for decades of years in the future in order to carry the War to a successful issue. We are asked to revise our philosophy of property, the sentiments and motives associated with accumulation and to learn and accept the new philosophy which places us in a secondary position and gives the national Government a practical supremacy over what we own and what we earn. It it, of course, true that all of these are emergency measures. But it is supremely important that we take a right attitude and understand the implications involved. Our vision must control our wills, embrace the future growth inherent in the notion of commonwealth. Complaint, rebellion, evasion to which reluctant citizens might make resort will be largely the outcome of feelings, preferences and standards which are permitted unwisely to survive from former days. Of course, there are precautions which the Government must take, laws of business and of motive which it must respect, dangers of mistake, deception and fraud against which it must protect itself. But these limitations are inherent in all state action at all times. The essential point is that we are called upon now in the course of our re-education to surrender one attitude and adopt another which is in keeping with the national emergency that we face. Perhaps this experience will enable us to distinguish more clearly between our attitudes and our rights in respect of property. We feel keenly about the former and think awkwardly about the latter.

The best assurance of wisdom and care on the part of the state will be found in the wholesome acceptance by the nation of the changed philosophy of property, and the enlightenment of a public opinion which will protect the state against the excesses of which there is always danger.

No property system is final, but every property system must claim to be final. There is no stability without the sense of finality for the time being. There could be no stable system of property or settled imagination and organized sentiment in regard to it unless individuals who are its beneficiaries assume that its forms are final. As a result of this experience and practical necessity we are disposed to attach the fundamental and compelling sanctions of nature to what is transitory as well as to what is essential. At this moment the process of governmental intervention in the property system introduces new forms. We judge these forms in the light of accustomed attitudes which we confound with rights. The process of our re-education must enable us to discriminate between essentials and accidentals, and hold our emotional protests safely within the lines of common sense and patriotism.

## IV.

We are called upon to revise our motives of conduct and to project into our patriotism certain virtues and habits which were heretofore seemingly reserved to the privacy of religion. It was remarked on an earlier page that the habit of interpreting each incident in the present War, not in its dramatic setting, but in its direct bearing upon the peace of the world, has made our thinking cumbersome and sad. In an analogous way we have heretofore indulged a gentle spiritual waywardness which permitted us to judge our conduct in its bearing on eternity and on our own personal character. We are called upon now to judge our motives, virtues and practices in their bearing on the nation's welfare. We have interfered with the freedom of childhood and asked our boys to become agents of the United States Treasury in selling bonds. We ask our little girls to surrender much of the time that would be given to their dolls in order to do work for army and navy. We ask millions of women to consecrate their leisure by making garments for those who defend the flag. We have sent representatives of the nation's majesty and power to mingle their message of patriotism with the easeful mirth of comedy under the influence of which we try to keep our attitude toward life wholesome and right. Into

homes, into schools, into churches, into theatre, into factory the spirit of the nation enters asking men and women and children to be mindful of the nation and its welfare in thought, in word and in action, day and night. The family may not sit at table without consciousness that the spirit of the nation hovers over it, asking temperance, renunciation, thrift, in order that the nation may be valiant in its battle for righteousness. The most commonplace terms shine now in the glow of patriotic devotion. The gospel of the clean plate, a homely and repellant phrase, has taken on a dignity and power of appeal that symbolizes well the transformation through which all life is passing. Out of all this we gradually draw the lesson that they are no longer trifles in life; that everything is important in fact and in symbol; that words and actions take on an enriching significance of which we had not thought them capable. And yet the Christian had been well prepared for all of this. The mottoes with which Catholic life is enriched; the supernatural significance of thought, word and act in their bearing on eternity; the conviction that renunciation, self-discipline, abstinence are measurable factors in working out our destiny gave us a preparation for this new experience which serves us well. If we who have had the privilege of this spiritual experience will but obey the constant teaching of the Church that patriotism is of God, we should stand forth in these troubled days first among the patriots because of the spiritual training for patriotism that our Faith has given us. This portion of our re-education should not be difficult.

## V.

The re-education now held in mind consists in the recognition of new facts and new relations; in the surrender of certain concepts of personal rights and the acceptance of new definitions that imply graver responsibility and far-reaching renunciation; in the sympathetic subjection of our narrow personal outlook on life to a national outlook that must rest upon faith more perhaps than upon demonstration; in the fostering of certain habits heretofore looked upon as purely spiritual, but now to be practised as acts of specific patriotism as well as of spiritual import. These grave duties will not be performed well and these fundamental changes will not bring us peace unless we bring cordial good-will, abiding faith and spiritual conviction to the task. Those who complain, who are reluctant, who minimize will find themselves out of touch with the final

harmonies of the days to come. They who permit memory to linger among the exemptions that had made life pleasant will feel strangely out of place in the new time which is being ushered in under the spirit of ennobling sacrifice and impersonal devotion to great ideals. Perhaps the most severe experience through which we shall go is that of postponed compensation for surrender. The American habit of mind seeks immediate results, direct compensation, visible enjoyment. We are now asked to give life, treasure and effort; to practise self-denial, to serve, to suspend ambitions and break the bonds that affection had held sacred. But we are told that perhaps not in our day shall we see the compensation. We are asked to suffer and serve that Democracy may be safe in the future; that another generation may be happy; that other races and nations may be protected in their dire distress. This is the supreme challenge in our re-education. Here again our Christian experience serves us well. The deepest instinct of Christian faith leads us to suffer and to serve and to wait for eternity for compensation and peace. The spiritual habit of mind is the best preparation that the world has known for this supreme task of our re-education. Mention might be made of one American, eminent and noble, who said with reverence and joy that he gladly surrendered his only son, the single link that had reconciled him to life, if by even his death peace and kindliness and righteousness might be made secure in the world, and the pagan ideal of brute strength be forever outlawed among men.

We are asked, finally, to meet these staggering national and personal emergencies, and organize life about them, without the help of understanding what they presently mean. Thus we face the trial of postponed interpretation. Some day, the meaning of this anguish and turmoil will be understood, but not today. We who pay the price must see country back of duty and God back of country. We must find contentment and strength in obedience, renunciation and Faith. Our entire experience in supernatural life accustoms us to postponed compensations and postponed interpretations in spiritual life. This ought to prove to be in these troubled days, a happy preparation for that patriotism which the nation demands. This is our opportunity to show to the world the harmony between love of country and love of God which our traditions declare and our hearts accept. Our re-education will set forth that truth with new force, now that a weary and mystified world turns its dulled eyes to God for direction in the pathway to peace.

# FRENCH PRIESTS IN LITERATURE.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH.D.

THEY are not rare in France, those priests who to their competence in technical and professional matters add precious and unusual literary gifts so that over the most arid and unpromising themes they can throw a robe of grace, of fantasy, of idealism and of charm which absolutely rivets attention. In their quiet village presbyteries, in their humble chairs in some provincial college, or in their convent chaplaincies they devote themselves to the acquisition of that wisdom which does not age with time; and their humdrum surroundings become (so to speak) the groves of Academe or the colonnades of the Porch, from which light and learning and culture radiate over their co-religionists. It seems to me it is the interest and even the duty of the Catholic public at large to know something about them. For have we not reason to be proud of those whose splendid achievements, carried out at the price of countless vigils and self-denials, need no meretricious advertisement?

Abbé Klein, professor at the *Institut Catholique* of Paris, has been before the reading public for the past twenty years. He has tried his hand at biography, literary criticism, essays, travels, spirituality; and in all these different *genres* he has said something worth saying and said it well. The lives of two great bishops have been told by him—Bishop Dupont des Loges and Cardinal Lavigerie. The former work reached four editions and was crowned by the French Academy. The abbé's judgments and impressions of the New World are contained in two volumes: *The Land of the Intensive Life; The Discovery of the Old World by a Chicago Student.* The former volume has obtained no less than eight editions and the laurels of the Academy as well. In the matter of spirituality he has published a volume of *Nuptial Discourses,* which has attained nine editions. Seventeen sermons are contained in the book; and each is as fresh, as novel and as interesting as though it stood alone. In each the austere teachings of our Faith are expressed with consummate literary art and in the manner suitable for the newly-wed. For instance, take this paragraph from the discourse entitled *E Cœlo Mater:*

"If such is the grand and lasting mission of the family, if the links which bind all its members from generation to generation present this immortal and sacred character, do not be surprised, dear friends, that religion intervenes....at each decisive phase of such a glorious destiny. Do not wonder that she blesses the cradles and the graves; that on the threshold of youth she has placed confirmation and Holy Communion; that all along the route she has placed, if I may so speak, in relays, her Sundays, her festivals, her confessions, and Holy Communions to recreate, strengthen, heal the wearied or wounded travelers. But especially admire her and thank her when she comes, like the grave and tender and smiling mother she is, to bless the nuptial chamber of the young spouses. She knows what heartfelt joys await you and she wants to sanctify them; she knows also what important duties are laid upon you, what trials life may bring you as it has brought others, and she wants to safeguard by the grace of a sacrament instituted for that very purpose, the fidelity of your love, the perseverance of your courage, and the sincerity of your happiness."[1]

It is a far cry from the joy of wedding bells and from all the conventional decorum of a safe and easy and well-ordered existence to the nightmare horrors of the present War. What tongue can console those mothers and sisters and wives whose dear ones have been ravished from them? And these horribly maimed soldiers with members and faculties lopped off, these mere butt-ends of humanity still thinking and still remembering, who can nerve them to support their darkness, their pain, their terrible deformation? Yes, this War has put out the very lights in heaven for countless lives. Abbé Klein, as chaplain to the American ambulance in Paris, was brought into close contact with all these physical and mental and moral sufferings. He employed his rare leisure moments in writing such episodes and considerations as might act as a soothing balm on all these cruelly stricken beings. One may say without any exaggeration that he has produced one of the few really good books begotten by the War. *Hopeful Sorrows* deserves and has obtained a tremendous success. From the eighth chapter, entitled "Those Who Suffer for Just Causes," I extract the following:

"In this chaos of miseries, in this avalanche of trials let loose by sin, the sin of covetousness, of envy, and particularly of pride; amidst so many tortures that the Christian world might have escaped if it had not rejected the laws of the Gospel, I find consola-

[1] *Discours de Mariage*, pp. 165, 166.

tion in that Gospel only, and especially in the beatitude promised by Christ to those who suffer for a just cause. But in such a conflict of contending ambitions and savageries how many are they, the servants of justice? Where are those who have the right to look for the kingdom of God as an alleviation to their woes? There need be no doubt about it; such persons are everywhere, they form the greater number, in fact the immense majority. I see them first in these victims dear to God, sacred to His justice and pity—those throngs of old men, women and children who weep and suffer and die without having any share in this awful war, except being crushed by it. I see them then in those soldiers of the Allies, who amidst privations struggle, pour out their blood, offer their lives to resist evil, to uphold liberty, to save their country and the human race. But—let our minds be broad enough and our souls generous enough to hear those truths—I see them also the victims of duty among our very enemies—in those soldiers and their families, who deceived by inextricable machinations believe themselves suffering for a righteous cause and sacrifice themselves to it with a courage equal to our own. Shame and malediction according to the measure of their knowledge—known to God alone—on the authors of the War. Mercy and reward in eternity for all its victims—yes, for all its victims. To all of them has been spoken the word of Christ, 'Come to Me all ye who labor and are burdened and I will refresh you!'"

The episodes chronicled in the first part of Abbé Klein's book contain some extraordinarily pathethic sketches, for instance, *My Blind Priest; The Death of My Friend; The Widow Who Lost Her Only Son.* These pages remind one strongly of Ian MacClaren; but Abbé Klein with a literary skill just as deft, has a deeper spiritual insight and a firmer grasp of the realities of the other world than the pastor of Drumtochty could claim.

Quite another style and method are those of the priest, who hides his identity under the pen-name of *Pierre L'Ermite.* He is preëminently a preacher, and at once his pulpit and his sermon is the short story. He states his aims and his ambitions unmistakably in his preface to *Le Soc:* "I am a priest, and, because I am a priest I sow in every wind and always and everywhere. I sow in the pulpit, and I sow in my little stories. That humble tale may perhaps evoke a smile of pity among the scornful, who know nothing of the toiling millions; but I fancy it is read oftentimes with joy by the evening fireside in numerous homesteads of my

France." But do not imagine the Hermit's stories are of the goody-goody type; they are anything but that. Rather are they living, palpitating sketches taken straight from life. They are full of *verve*, reality, wit and a very considerable spice of sarcasm and mischief. They remind me of the one sinuous black line by which an artist can convey an infinity of expression. His stories are extremely short, true thumb-nail sketches. They rarely exceed a thousand words; frequently they are contained in five or six hundred. They always unfold in the telling a moral lesson; they always give the *mise-en-scène* of some folly or weakness that ruins careers and lives and souls; and they are always brimming over with that fizz and effervescence peculiar to the born Parisian.

An excellent specimen of the Hermit's canvas is the little tale called *Indeed I Will Not Recommend Philippard for a Decoration!*[2] M. Philippard after prodigious efforts has been named for the Legion of Honor. His good wife and himself give a gala dinner to the prefect to whom they are indebted. They are not society people at all and everyone is embarrassed and ill at ease. But after the wines have gone around His Excellency thaws out, and eulogizes his host so enthusiastically that the latter weeps without restraint. After dinner the gentlemen retire to their host's study to smoke. The prefect notices, hung in the place of honor, the picture of a priest, the old uncle of Philippard, who had reared him. The prefect at once hints the advisability of removing the picture; then practically orders its removal, and Philippard humiliated, shamefaced but terrified complies before all the politely sneering guests. At midnight the gathering breaks up. The prefect on the way home tells the story to his secretary adding: "I have changed my mind; there's no decoration for Philippard." "Why so, Excellency?" "Oh, don't you see why? The fellow simply makes me sick!" A few pages further on the story *By Morphine to Eternity,* scores the foolish parents who refuse to get a priest for their dying son on the plea that it might upset him; but they gladly allow him to be drugged and drugged until he loses all consciousness, and fares forth into eternity all unknown to himself. *Bed No. 17* shows the utter callousness of lay irreligious nurses whom the government has caused to take the place of the Sisters. *At Old Patrouillard's* is a political sketch showing how the candidates profit by the stupidity and prejudices of an ignorant electorate.[3]

In these brief and brilliant pencillings—veritable snapshots

[2] *Lisez-moi ca!*, pp. 50, 52; pp. 83, 85. (Bonne Presse.)

from the street and the marketplace—slang terms constantly crop up. Consequently they would be extremely difficult to translate adequately into another language; and unless a foreigner has lived some time in Paris their point and sting will often be lost on him. But they must be invaluable in their proper sphere and medium; and thousands whom a formal sermon would never reach, will be instructed and exhorted by these stories.

Twenty years ago I was initiated into the writings of Abbé Vacandard, by hearing his life of St. Bernard read in the refectory of St. Sulpice. In those distant, vanished days—*gemens et erubescens dico*—a most ravenous youthful hunger used to obsess me; but not even this primitive animal passion, nor the clattering of hundreds of plates and knives could divert my attention from the thrilling story; and I used to drink in the splendid vivid paragraphs, which described the deeds of the Thaumaturgus, as greedily as ever confirmed epicure sipped old and exquisite wine. No wonder that this work reached four editions, was crowned by the Academy and honored by a commendatory brief from Leo XIII. Recently I have been reading Father Vacandard's *Studies in Criticism and Religious History,* three volumes, each of which has had several editions. But in them the literary flavor seems to me much fainter; literature is, so to speak, pushed aside to make way for erudition. Still these studies are extremely interesting, actual and up to date. For instance, the condemnation of Galileo—always fascinating, always tantalizing—is treated in a masterly essay of a hundred pages.[4] Another fine essay, which present circumstances have brought into prominence, is the attitude of the first Christians to military service.[5]

Abbé Henri Brémond's specialty is religious psychology. His *magnum opus* now in the course of preparation and publication is entitled *The Literary History of Religious Sentiment in France from the Wars of Religion to the Present Time.* But this great work is only the fine flower of half a lifetime of study and analysis. He seems to have a particular talent and skill for dissecting and describing the mental states of converts. Thus his first volume of *Religious Unrest* merited to be crowned by the French Academy. Two further volumes are largely occupied with the lives of English converts and High Churchmen. Father Brémond's life of Newman, his translations of the Cardinal's sermons, *Apologia,* and some of his essays have also been crowned by the French Academy. He is a frequent contributor to the *Correspondant* on literary and psychologi-

[4] Vol. i., pp. 296, 393. [5] Vol. ii., pp. 129, 168.

cal themes; and all his papers are full of novel and striking views on whatever subjects they treat.

Abbé Ernest Dimnet works along similar lines with a more decided leaning to the purely literary. What strikes me most in him is his keen, critical faculty; his almost uncanny power of penetrating a writing, a mood or a soul and expressing its underlying essence and tendency in a few pregnant sentences, clear-cut as a cameo. As an example of his style and methods I would point out his very suggestive essay, *The Monks of Shakespeare*.[6] Another more striking example still is his short volume on the Brontës, *The Brontë Sisters*. I am acquainted with two English works on that theme: Mrs. Gaskell's *Life* and Clement Shorter's weighty tomes. Father Dimnet's book will probably make one-fourth of the first and no more than one-tenth of the second. But if his canvas is small, his portrait is absolutely clear and independent; he endeavors especially to bring out the peculiar character and temperament of the sisters. The verdict of such an admirable critic, alien in race, creed and ideals to his subjects, cannot fail to have a piquancy and freshness all its own. Of late he has begun to write in English, and his name may be seen from time to time in the London reviews.

Abbé Mourret's department is Church history. He occupies the Chair of History at St. Sulpice; his lectures have been in course of publication since 1910, and now extend to eight volumes. These volumes have been welcomed with a chorus of praise by all the Catholic reviews of France. Quite recently he has published a splendid series of articles detailing the story of the Church in France from 1830 to 1850. The portion dealing with De Lamennais, describing his misfortunes, the provocation he received from over-heated opponents, the physical disabilities under which he labored, the untoward events which estranged him from his saintly brother are of fascinating interest. Abbé Mourret has had access to some unpublished documents preserved in the archives of St. Sulpice, and he has told his story supremely well.[7]

Pathological mental states and particularly scruples are not subjects that one would fancy could lend themselves to beauty of exposition. Still Father A. Eymieu's books on these themes are as interesting as any sensational novel; and the proof is that they have reached the prodigious number of twenty-five editions. His style is the swinging oratorical one, that stirs the heart like a trumpet.

[6] *Figures de Moines*, pp. 157, 209.
[7] *La Question du liberalisme Catholique au XIX. Siècle.*

The following paragraph taken from his most recent book, *Providence and the War,* on the Church and its enemies shows him at his best:

"Many times have the enemies celebrated their victory over Christ, or written epitaphs for Him and for His Church. The first fashioned by Pontius Pilate was of heroic mold and nailed to a Cross. The Jews placed the seals of the Sanhedrim on the tomb. But the Murdered One issued from His grave and made His progress through the ages. Diocletian thought he had overcome Him, and he caused medals to be struck to commemorate the unforgetable event: *Nomine christianorum deleto.* Voltaire, who met Him some fifteen centures later, thought He might possibly linger on perhaps twenty years more. Eighty years later Michelet judged He had but a few days to live. Frère-Orban some years after boasted that he had brought His Corpse to the very edge of the grave, and the slightest effort, (so he said), would be enough to fling Him into it. And since then a hundred times over His enemies in Germany, in France and everywhere else have announced His death and prepared for His funeral with mad shouts of triumph; but on the morrow they had to renew their fury and their plots to kill afresh this Murdered One so inexplicably living." So he continues page after page with a readiness, a resource and a vigor that never seem to tire.

The conclusion that seems suggested by the foregoing is, that the Catholic clergy more than any other body of professional men prize learning, and cultivate it with untiring assiduity. Not one of the writers cited has the pursuit of letters for his exclusive occupation. Some of them are busy pastors, others professors, others preachers and lecturers. In every case their literary achievements have been accomplished as an aside to other more pressing and more imperative duties. Rare are the lawyers, who while not forsaking professional duties, have made a name for themselves in literature. At the present moment I can recall only that glorious gossip, Mr. Birrell. And even he has invariably kept to the broad and beaten tracks, and "birrelled" pleasantly about people and things that every person of culture knows something of. Rarer still are the doctors; and as to the literary engineers, electricians, architects, mining experts, I doubt if any such exist. Does it not seem, then, that today as in the past the clergy strive after learning, and are prepared to impose many sacrifices of personal ease and comfort on themselves for its attainment?

## THE DISTRIBUTIVE STATE.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

II.

NOW in the attempt to transform some scheme of possession attaching to the means of production, men think too commonly of the problem as a static one. It has, of course, a static aspect; that is, you can conceive it, as you can conceive any other economic problem—arrested, as it were, for inspection at one moment in its process. It is such a view which makes men especially consider the transformation of possession by confiscation or by purchase. But as a matter of fact the problem, like all economic problems, is, in its truest and widest aspect, not static but dynamic. Wealth is not a thing permanently existing or distributed permanently in a certain proportion between possessors and non-possessors—at least there is only one form of wealth of which this is even partially true, and that is land. Wealth, in the sense of consumable and enjoyable things, is in a perpetual state of flux, coming into existence, being consumed and dispersed. Wealth is, of its nature, a succession of ephemeral economic values.

Now the great point to seize in any political experiment one may attempt with a particular economic situation is that, according to the laws and arrangements of a particular society, this ceaseless river of production and consumption will assume one particular form. Change the laws and arrangements of a society and that form changes. Mold them to a reasoned object of any economic kind, and that object, if your reasons are clear and deliberate, will be attained. To put it in a metaphor: we can canalize the course of the streams of production and consumption so that a lesser and a lesser number shall become the possessors of capital in the state. But we may also canalize the course so that a larger and larger number may become possessors.

The problem is most emphatically *not* one of material conditions as the materialist generation just past imagined it to be. It is not a problem concerned with the type of instruments used in production, the means of communication, the diffusion of commercial knowledge, the interdependence of markets, or any other such

material factor. It is essentially a problem concerning the moral conditions of a society, its philosophy, its social arrangements and its laws. It is true that new material conditions falling upon a particular legal system, constructed long ago for other and older material conditions, may cause disturbances in the economic arrangement desired by citizens of the state. Of this we have an excellent example today in the so-called "property" of men like Mr. Carnegie, or the late Beit. The laws of property and its defence were framed for maintaining that institution under such conditions as would have made it impossible for either of these men to have disturbed us with their really ridiculous accumulations. But if the economic object of a society be carefully kept in view, if its philosophy be clear and if its general will has access to legislative power, no material condition whatsoever can compel a distribution of wealth which that society believes to be unjust.

Let us suppose then (it is unfortunately a risky hypothesis) that there remains in the diseased industrial society of our time a surviving residue of healthy desire for possession, a determination to demand, and if possible to effect, a better distribution in the ownership of the means of production. By what regulations and by what new institutions could the process of production and consumption be affected so as to canalize its stream into the desired form?

In order to answer that prime question we must first note that the problem hinges upon the power of accumulation, and upon the habit of using that power. We shall not solve the problem until we have recognized under what stimulus men do, as a matter of fact, accumulate in our society today; under what conditions they lose the habit and under what conditions they feel it not worth while to acquire it.

There are three main motives under which men accumulate today:

(1) To enter a sort of lottery, the entrance fee to which is small and the prizes of which under the conditions of rapid industrial change are large.

(2) To become richer by the normal process of accumulating capital out of income, which accumulated capital applied to the forces of nature shall produce an increment of wealth of which that new capital can take its toll.

(3) To replace capital consumed in the process of production.

To these three main motives of accumulation in modern America or modern England might be added the capital (such as current accounts at banks) which is not accumulated for the purposes of production, but which is none the less used for those purposes; but this sum is small compared with the great mass of capital produced every year in these countries. Now it is remarkable that with the exception of the first (which applies only to a few men, and the capital accumulated by whom almost yearly falls into one of the other two categories) these motives are felt today only by the wealthier portion of the community. The vast proletarian bulk whose presence in society is our ruin, has not felt and cannot feel such motives, while laws and institutions stand as they do.

As to the first motive: a man needs but very little capital to enter the lottery. In the majority of cases perhaps he needs none, but he borrows that of someone else. Many of the conditions upon which prizes can be won in the lottery are so offensive to common morals that the great bulk of men do not enter for it at all. But the small number who do enter is still enormously larger than the number of those who draw a prize. Under the continually changing processes of modern production many start some small affair, not with the desire to conduct it honorably, and at a slow and normally expanding rate—as a man in old days would start a small shop or invest in a small farm, but in the hope that at the end of a short effort the door will open upon unexpected possibilities. That a boom will permit them to dupe great numbers of investors and that, even if a genuine production of wealth is the result of their effort, they may trick into their own hands the accumulations of others, who had come in hoping to participate in the benefits.

I speak here strictly of personal accumulation. The late Barnato may, or may not, have started with a few pounds. The argument does not concern the millions he ultimately acquired, for he did not acquire these in this fashion. This first category only deals with the few pounds upon which he began his exceedingly unpleasant career. The total amount of such accumulations is very small. As an example of the motives which play upon the modern world in the accumulation of its capital, this first motive is instructive. Compared with the whole mass of capital, the original accumulation of swindlers like old Hirsch, or lucky adventurers like the late Beit, are negligible. The practical part of the problem turns upon the second and third categories.

The second motive, that which moves the propertied middle classes to accumulate, is the normal one under which capital has always been accumulated since the beginning of economic effort in this world. They accumulate in order to enrich themselves and their connections. They accumulate for a fairly calculable increase as their reward. But what is abnormal is the delegation of this economic function to so small a class. In the mass of the artisan world no one accumulates. In the professional world active and important accumulation is hardly found in the incomes under five thousand dollars a year. There is indeed one form of it, the form of insurance when that insurance is used by the beneficiaries as capital and not as income; but in proportion to the whole amount accumulated this is small and one may say, with general truth, (testamentary statistics bear one out) that the great bulk of so-called "new" capital is created by the well-to-do in what are called the "upper middle classes"—a tiny fraction of the state. There remains that motive for accumulation which people do not think of as new capital, but only as the maintenance of "existing capital."

This is by far the most important category of all. It is not, of course, in economic fact, the maintenance of "existing capital." It is the perpetual creation of new capital; the building of new instruments to take the place of those worn out, the getting together of new stocks of clothing and house material and food to support during the coming period of production those consumed by labor in the past. This function is mainly undertaken in our present society by the great industrial companies. They do not declare a dividend until what is called "depreciation" has been met. They count as part of their costs, the up-keep of the plant and of course the fund which provides the wages of laborers.

Now whether this form of capital (which is the most important of all) is a function of the well-to-do or of the mass of citizens, simply depends upon who owns the shares in those great concerns. They might perfectly well be owned by the great mass of the people. There is no reason why the thousand million pounds represented by railway stock in England alone, for instance, should be in a few hands rather than in many, save that the arrangements of society make it easy for the larger man to acquire the property of the smaller man.

What we have to do in canalizing the stream of wealth production, if we desire to multiply the number of possessors not of

income but of capital, is to make it more difficult for accumulation to take place on a large scale and easier for it to take place on a small scale. And this we may do in three ways. (1) By the legal guarantee of small accumulation; (2) by cheapening the process of attack upon large accumulation and enhancing the difficulty of attack upon small ones; (3) by compelling or inducing popular forms of share-price, of allotment and of transfer.

We are living at the end of a period and in a society which has for three hundred years consistently favored the growth of large at the expense of small property. If we are to reverse this process, it is evident that we shall only be able to do so by an abandonment of many principles that seem to us, from long habit, fundamental, and that our success would depend very much more upon the establishment of a current of opinion than upon mere formal law.

I have just stated the three necessary points. Let us take these three points in the reverse order, which is also the order of their importance, and consider the first last.

The Joint Stock Company, the Municipal and National Loan, in fact, almost any appeal made to capital in a public form today, is made upon a model devised by the rich and mainly usable by the rich alone. If no public company could legally be formed that did not offer shares at a small price, a first step in the right direction would have been taken. If next, whether by a system of stamp duty, or whether by direct legislation, allotment in a public appeal should go preferentially to the smaller applicants, so that these were served before the larger applicants were considered, that would be another step. If the transfer of shares were taxed not in proportion to the amount sold at one time, but in proportion to the amount passing *from one hand* to another at one time, or if the tax rose very rapidly against large accumulation and fell as rapidly in favor of dispersion, that would be a third step—and the most effective of the three.

Now to all such democratic legislation when it is proposed, the general answer is a technical one: that it is impracticable and shows ignorance of the actual conditions of flotation, allotment, and transfer. Like most obscurantist answers of the sort, this answer is quackery. It is merely a vicious circle (when it is genuine) which presupposes the presence of undemocratic conditions in any department of life, and then tells you triumphantly that the whole department cannot be democratic. Any department of national

life, economic or political, can be made democratic by positive enactment if a democratic feeling is present in the people to work the institutions created.

You may make it an illegal act to allot shares in a public loan or in a public appeal for capital, save in a fashion which gives preference to the smaller applicant. You can perfectly well so arrange your taxation that the existing middleman and all future devisers of flotation will find it pays them to make the holders of their stock many rather than a few. Finally you can with equal certainty, by positive enactment and especially by a new system of taxation, tax large transfers of shares from one large holder to another in so increasingly heavy fashion, as to give the strongest preference to the division of large blocks, and by further heavy taxation upon the gathering into hand of many small blocks you can dam the reverse current.

There is one department and one only where a true, practical inconvenience will arise, and that will be in the case of the purchase of one company by another, or of many shares in one company by another. Thus a company democratically organized with a large number of small shareholders might have an opportunity for buying all or many of the shares in some company owned so far by a few rich men. It will obviously be to the advantage of a democratic programme to allow that transfer to take place unhampered. There are two ways in which this might be effected. Purchases of this sort might be submitted to commissions appointed, who should satisfy themselves of the nature of the selling and of the purchase company or—much simpler—groups of the smaller shareholders might be formed to buy up the large blocks of the selling company in small, divided lots, and thus obtain the advantages of the preferential laws.

As things are, of course, the exact opposite of all this takes place. It does not " pay " to angle for the subscription of any class below the fairly well-to-do. Big deals by large holders are enormously the more favored by the state of our laws. The denomination of shares, the taxation of transfers, the middleman customs that have consequently arisen, the more ordinary rules of allotment—all these run directly counter to the dispersion of wealth and directly in favor of its accumulation in the hands of a few. There is, of course, another argument against such legislation. It is the argument that you cannot prevent such laws being broken: that the big man will put up small men of straw, purchases will be fraudu-

lently made against the spirit of the legislation in question, and so forth.

The answer to this type of argument is very simple. The laws must punish with a special severity frauds of this kind on the part of the rich, which are neither more nor less than a conspiracy against the poorer men of the community.

Any law is breakable, the sanctions of which are weak. All laws are observed, the sanctions of which are strong. And when a "practical" man tells you that such laws would "in practice" fail, all he means is that the lawyers would be afraid to punish the rich. Of course if a state has arrived at that pitch of degradation—in which a rich man cannot be punished—it is useless to discuss any reform whatsoever in that state. It has become a plutocracy and must go to the devil by the shortest road a state can take: the road of military conquest. For plutocracies have been, throughout history, the natural prey of their military rivals. So much for the first of the three points: laws affecting industrial shares. Aided by their parallel in the case of land they would form the first of the three supports for a new society in which property should be well divided.

There remains one further thing to be said in this connection. Such laws, whether they regard land or industrial shares, would do well to provide for and encourage a considerable proportion of common ownership. Companies which owned a proportion of stock in a general and undivided form would possess a nucleus of interest, a sort of individual vitality, and a cementing power within their corporation such as no other institutions can afford. Such, in the case of land, was the function of the forest and the heath, the waste of the manor, the common pasture land, the common mill, the mountain, and so forth, which had existed from immemorial time among the English, for instance, until they were stolen in the process of the last two centuries and which are still vested in popular hands among the happier communities of the European continent to the present day.

Now if a redistribution of property is to be effected we have seen that three avenues will lead to it. First, a drastic reformation of company law, on some points of which I have already touched; secondly and thirdly, by the cheapening of the process of attack upon large accumulations (coupled with an enhancement of the difficulty of an attack upon small ones) and the erection of legal guarantees for such small accumulations.

The attack upon large accumulation—the economic attack, that is—does not now exist. It has no basis from which to start. The only enemy of a large accumulation in one hand, as things are today, is a yet larger accumulation in some other hand; and the very first thing to be done if we are to initiate an economic, that is a spontaneous, attack upon large accumulations, is to give a basis to small accumulations from which such an attack can proceed. Once that basis existed, we can understand how the attack can be fostered and developed by watching in what fashion it conducts itself in those societies where it is already successful.

There are not a few societies in Europe today where the small man buys out the great, and the instrument whereby he succeeds in doing this is simply that of offering a higher price in proportion for the small lot than his great competitor will offer for many lots combined. You can see the process at work under normal conditions of life in almost any peasant proprietary upon the Continent. Why is it that you do not see it at work under industrial conditions? It is because the great competitor can offer a false price; in a word, because he can with impunity over-capitalize. He can over-capitalize securely from two considerations: first, that every great purchase brings him nearer to a monopoly with a control of future prices; secondly, that he can unload his over-capitalizations upon the public who are duped. How is he to be met in these two attempts? Only by imposing taxation upon a rapidly increasing scale, in inverse proportion to the distribution of ownership within the company or firm.

It is never a body of small owners, a coöperative society, or any democratically organized joint enterprise which effects these deals. It is nearly always one man, or at the best a small group in which one man is predominant. Burden such transactions with a really heavy and rising scale of taxation and they would be impossible. A financier sees his opportunity, being himself the controller of a certain merchant fleet, let us say, to "amalgamate" with another line; that is, to establish a partial monopoly at the public expense by buying out the shareholders in the second line, or, more commonly (what comes to exactly the same thing) by guaranteeing them a superior dividend if they will "come in." If that financier knew that it would cost him so many thousands more to effect the deal with poorly distributed capital than it would to effect it with well distributed capital, he would preface the transaction by a period of attempted distribution. It would pay him to mul-

tiply to as great an extent as possible the number of holders who were the genuine possessors of stock above a certain minimum, but below a certain maximum of money the scale would have to be a drastic one.

As for the guaranteeing of small accumulations once they have come into existence upon a large scale, that is another matter. The very first legislative basis for such a guarantee is an incidence of taxation which would make it less and less worth while for the larger man to buy out the smaller individually; and the next necessity would be some set of courts in which small property should be jealously safeguarded. It was a matter of principle in mediæval legislation, before the stable texture of that society was deliberately torn to shreds to the profit of the rich, that the means of livelihood of a family (or, as we should call it under our more complex conditions, a certain minimum of capital and land) should be free from distraint. Such a principle would seem to us revolutionary. Until we adopt it, no effective guarantee can be erected to protect a mass of small owners.

But there remains one capital criticism of any system of well-distributed and well-divided property. It is the criticism which will immediately occur to every man trained in the modern materialistic and fatalistic conception of economics. It is self-evident that a society sufficiently determined could establish redistribution violently or methodically. But unless the very essentials of property are to be destroyed in such a system, you cannot but leave the individual owner free to sell. You may, by legislation, make it impossible for him to imperil his patrimony by anticipation or loan, for you may make it impossible for the usurer to recover. You may set up a legal fence around him, which guarantees him even against the distraint of the Fisc, while making it peculiarly easy for the Fisc to confiscate and to raid large accumulations. You may even so devise your fiscal system that what the Fisc takes from the few, it can indirectly distribute among the many; for instance, you could earmark death duties in aid of small accumulations and of coöperative work. But you cannot, unless you are willing to destroy the whole *ethos* of a proprietarial society, prevent small property from effecting its private exchanges.

Now there it is that we come to the one really strong argument against reversing that dreadful stream which has led us into our present misery. Here it is that the Collectivist feels himself on sure ground when he tells you that you might establish a well-propertied

society tomorrow, and inevitably by process of purchase it would become a capitalistic society again unless his second-best be adopted and a political control be established over all capital and land. The reply to that argument is not an economic reply. It cannot be met by any proposed set of legal enactments or by any machinery for defending by positive law the accumulations of the many. The reply to that argument is discovered in quite another field. It consists in the observation that property, once well distributed, creates an atmosphere of its own, utterly different from that of the anarchically competitive capitalistic society which is all that most modern observers conceive as possible.

Upon the soundness and reality of that reply depends the whole value of an attempt to restore the balance of ownership in the modern world. If it be a dream and an illusion, if as a fact no such social atmosphere is created in a society of small proprietors, then the attempt to establish property in any permanent form is vain. If it be not an illusion but the truth, it is a truth of the utmost moment. If a state in which property is well divided, contains in its nature an instinctive and automatic self-righting power, if a society blessed with wide distribution of wealth is a society in stable equilibrium, then the restoration of such a state is not only desirable—nearly all men desire it in their hearts—but it is practicable as well. Whether that stability can be achieved, I shall now inquire.

I have said that the fundamental criticism against the Distributive State—as one may call that society in which the mass of families are possessed severally of a share in the means of production—is also the only valid argument against it, and at the same time the root of all our modern economic quarrel. No one with a good elementary grounding in history but knows that this type of state in which families own, is normal to our race, and existed happily for generations undisturbed. No one, however ignorant of history, but knows, if he is a sane human being, that men do desire this independent life for their posterity, a life which property protects from inquisition as from dishonor, from tyranny as from license, whether these evils threaten from governments or from fellow-subjects.

No one can be so muddle-headed that upon a clear exposition of all that property connotes—of how it is only property at its fullest when it is the common experience of citizens, of how it safeguards the family as well as the person, the corporation as well as

the family, the honor as well as the dignity of sub-units within the state—no one can be so thin on having *that* explained to him as not to seize its large human meaning. He may be a nomad for whom tradition in concrete things, and particularly in a plot of ground, is not an inherited experience. He may come of ancestors so long dispossessed and economically enslaved as to have forgotten the instinct of the thing, but he cannot be (short of imbecility) so empty of human savor as to think property no more than an opportunity of enjoyment, or, as to fail to seize (when it is clearly expounded to him) *why* that fundamental human institution runs through all the story of mankind.

And here it is that the strong Collectivist argument arises and for that matter the strong Servile argument too. For, like so many opposites, the evil but most realizable theory of slavery and the madcap theory of Collectivism, each being opposed to plain manhood, have a common argument for definite ends. And that common argument is this: you cannot have property distributed *today* among a number of free families. The thing is today physically impossible. I may like it or dislike it; I may seek it or fly from it; but the important practical point is that property will not *work* under modern conditions. In other words, the Collectivist (such as Robert Blatchford or Wells in England, or the late Jaurès in France and a host of Germans in Germany) talks to the man who desires to restore property much as he would talk to a man who desired to restore, let us say, sea-bathing at Ravenna.

What would one say to a man who proposed to become rich by establishing bathing-machines and other pleasures of the seashore at Ravenna? He would very properly point out the natural and human and even lovable attractions of the sea, and he could easily prove from history how much men loved to pass their leisure by its shores. But you would say to him: "It will not work. The sea has left Ravenna, and you might as well try to establish your scheme in Birmingham." This answer to an enthusiast who should make such a mistake about Ravenna would be a just answer, and the Collectivist (and his much less honest and less human opponent who defends modern capitalism) speaks in the same way.

"You could have had property once," he says in effect, "but you cannot now because the material circumstances of the modern world forbid it. The instruments of production have changed, and the means of communication have changed. Between them it is impossible for small property to survive." That is not only

Blatchford's answer; it would also be Mr. Carnegie's or Harmsworth's; it would not only be the view of Wells but also, one may presume, of the late Lord Armstrong, or the proprietor, whoever he may be, of the Kalamazoo railroad system.

It is false. It entirely depends upon the conception that in a society where wealth was properly distributed the same families we now tolerate would be tolerated, the same novel poisons discovered, the same perversions of human nature continued, as in this vile industrial society where property is unknown. The whole of history is there to prove the complete falsity of such a thesis. Once property is well distributed there arises among men (for whom this is the normal condition demanded by their whole social nature) what may be called an economic public opinion, destructive to the evils of capitalism. Conversely, the evils which are fundamentally the evils of modern capitalism have arisen again and again under conditions which knew nothing of expense of instruments, or of rapidity of communication. Property well distributed balances the state, regulates competition, restores a right proportion in human life. Property ill distributed, and rather forgotten as a normal human thing, has been the disease of states, the most primitive and the most coarse.

Let us consider one of the chief phenomena of modern capitalism. The larger man squeezes "out" the small man. How is this done? To hear Collectivists talk one would imagine it was a process at once mysterious and inevitable, something like the process whereby a good economic thinker can attack a pedantic and insufficient one in front with logic and at the same time in flank with irony; something as inevitable as the superiority of a poet to a huckster, or of an athlete to a cripple. But get away from the jargon and look at life, and what do you observe in fact?

Lord Bighor is at a particular moment possessed of an economic power of demand (guaranteed to him by particular and often unpopular laws) of six million pounds. For the moment we will not examine how he got it. Let us suppose he found under a hedge some article so much desired by men today that it gave him this effective power of demand. Now then; Lord Bighor uses this effective power of demand to buy up six sources of brine. There is a seventh source of brine in the country, and only a seventh. He has not got the million to buy it up with, so what does he do? He approaches the owners of the seventh and tells them that unless they will "come into a combine" which shall control the production

of brine, they will be " frozen out." If the owners of the seventh mine do not give way, Lord Bighor sells his brine in their district at less than the cost of production, until they are ruined. This process is certainly an infallible one and its results inevitable—*if you allow it to take place.* It is allowed to take place in our society because there are really no laws, effective laws, against it, because there is no coöperative examination of the market, and no coöperative regulation of it; and ultimately because people do not mind that kind of a thing being done. The rich do not mind it, of course, because it produces those great prizes which they think to be the end of life. The poor do not mind it because, owning no property and having forgotten what the ownership of property may be, the horror and abomination of the whole thing escape them. In a society where wealth is properly distributed, action of this kind is punished precisely as any other sort of theft. In the past, as being more dangerous than common theft, it was, in many places, punished by death. Where it was punished by death it was extremely rare.

Note, for the tenth time, that the tendency of capital under rapid conditions of communication to accumulate, has nothing whatsoever to do with the tendency of a few men to get that capital into their hands. The two things are totally disconnected, proceed from totally different causes, and discover their effect in totally different ways. We are speaking here of the evil of few owners in the state, and its remedy. The concentration of capital is not an evil, or, if an evil, it is an evil with results rather æsthetic than moral. Conversely that evil—the evil of few owners—has appeared in its worse form in societies where the instruments of production were extremely simple, and the means of communication slow. Pagan antiquity suffered it in a higher degree even than ourselves. The pagan future may develop it, although that future decline (as it will if it be pagan) in the arts and the material satisfactions of men. The safeguard of well-divided property resides in the corporate instincts which that state of society at once develops. Those instincts are present in all men. A false philosophy or a false religion may warp them and may almost destroy them. Where they are so warped, when they are so almost destroyed, then the control of the means of production falls into the hands of a few, whether under modern conditions which we call industrial capitalism, or under the old conditions of the Ergastulum and the slave market.

It is true that mechanical redistribution of property could in

no way replace a sound traditional philosophy, and that the safeguarding of mankind depends much more on its religion than on its social arrangement; for the second is the product of the first. But those of us who desire to restore property even in those unhappy patches of society where social disease has all but destroyed it, depend for our success upon that permanent inner power which medicine depends upon. No doctor yet made a man whole. It is man's nature which does this; but it is the function of the healer to remove the impediment and the abnormal thing. His mechanical action does but release a living spring of normal action which restores the wasted part.

Certainly the reëstablishment of property by law would not effect its stability. If, once established, and for due time artificially guaranteed, property took no root but failed and withered, then one might justly conclude that not only this one institution had grown impossible in the psychology of our people, but likewise all its dependent institutions of civic liberty: the power of the family to react against the state; of national sense; the expression of the free man who will defend and enjoy his society; and of all that goes with citizenship.

The last stage of a society which fails to conserve the institution of property and has lost the power of maintaining it distributed among its citizens, is not Collectivism—never was there a more mechanical absurdity—the last stage of that society is a condition in which the rich few shall be the political masters also, and the mass of what were once free men shall be—not in heated metaphor nor in pamphleteering jargon—but in sober, legal enactment—their slaves.

[THE END.]

## A SAINT FOR SOLDIERS.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

IN the lovely valley of the Indre, within a day's ride of the walls and turrets of the ancient chateau of Chinon, which rises above the river like an island of rock, lies the village of Fierbois, nestled in the wooded country of southwestern France. In this year of 1918 this beautiful spot still remains far removed from the grinding heel of the World War that rages to the north of it, however the bloody long-reaching hand of battle may touch its homes and hearths—as it touches our own, thousands, instead of scores, of miles away. Peace still breathes upon these Touranian fields which Clovis, first King of France, once trod and loved. The forests of fir and oak hereabout have not yet been riddled by shells or cut down by the shrapnel's scythe. At evening the lancet windows of old Chinon still reflect the glories of a sunset which for miles and miles bathes with prodigal loveliness a fair, wide-spreading land of tranquillity and plenty. Yet this whole peaceful scene was once trodden flat in the pathway of Mars. That was in the late Middle Ages, when France was suffering the agony of the Hundred Years' War, and when armed conflict, instead of peace, so like our own terrible and momentous times, became almost the normal state of the civilized world.

In those days, as once more in our own, every man was a soldier, and there were few left at home to till the fields and grind the corn—and pray to the saints. But between those days and our own there was a difference, too, as well as a likeness. Only a small percentage of the twentieth century soldiers know anything about the saints; whereas the fighting men of five hundred years ago not only knew the saints, but they had a saint of their very own—one whom they actually carried off to the wars with them, instead of leaving her behind to find votaries among the stay-at-homes; one whose name was forever on their lips, called upon for succor wherever and whenever danger threatened them or death or misfortune wrung a prayer from their hearts. This Saint was the blessed martyr-virgin of Egypt, Katherine of Alexandria, patron of men-at-arms, and worker of innumerable wonders among the soldier-boys

of the fifteenth century. And it is at Fierbois, near Chinon, in lovely Touraine, that her most famous shrine is situated. Here her relics are still preserved; and hither the faithful still come on pilgrimages, though not so much now out of fealty to *Madame Sainte Katherine* herself as for love of the greatest and holiest of all her devotees, that one glorious soldier above all others whom she succored and guided in time of war, the Blessed Joan of Arc. For this Saint-for-soldiers of ours, this Katherine of Alexandria, is the same Katherine who became one of the three Voices inspiring and directing the Maid of Domrémy to rise up and save France.

There is much more than the story of Joan clustered around St. Katherine's shrine at Fierbois, however; there is, in fact, a whole history of soldiering written in its ancient records—such a story of war-time escapes and escapades, of miracles and deliverances and wonder-workings, as one will find only in the chronicles of the days of faith and chivalry; days long lost, but coming back to us, it seems, on the red tide of war again. For adventure and heroism, for faith unshaken by fire or sword, stock or gibbet, commend us to these antique records of the Chapel of Fierbois! It is a chronicle of wonders, this yellowed manuscript, *Les Miracles de Madame Sainte Katherine,* reposing now in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. Only once has it seen the light of an English day —back in the nineties of the last century, when the late Andrew Lang published a translation of some of its pages, taken from a transcript made at Tours in 1858 by the Abbé Bourassé; and this slender little book is now out of print. A chronicle of wonders—and most of them wrought for soldiers gone to war.

Supposedly it was a soldier who first brought St. Katherine to France—some Crusader, gone to the East to rid the Holy Land of the curse of the Moslem, and returned safe home, after many perils through all of which his chosen patroness had protected him. No wonder that the story of the martyred maid of Alexandria had appealed to the heart of that fighting man of France, that champion of the Cross, whoever he was, valiant fighter that she herself was, a mere girl of eighteen facing her pagan emperor and challenging him with the Faith of Christ! Such an intrepid saint was just the patron to inspire the warrior who must face the fire and hatred of the heathen desecrator of the Holy Land. Long known as "one of the fourteen most helpful saints in heaven," it is not strange that the man of arms, cast in pagan lands far from all that was Christian and familiar, should appeal to her for protection. And, his prayers

answered, what more could he do than spread her holy fame among his fellow-soldiers, and bring back to France the story of her power in heaven? Her relics were enshrined on Mount Sinai. He made his pilgrimage to that holy spot; but he did more. When he sailed home to France he brought with him some of those sacred remains, to be set up in his own country for veneration.

That was the beginning of the reign of St. Katherine in France. It was at Fierbois that the relics were deposited and a fitting shrine erected over them. The Church of St. Katherine at Fierbois became the centre of the world's devotion to the martyred virgin, and the cult grew rapidly to vast proportions.

Three centuries passed. Evil days fell upon Fierbois. War swept over Europe; and by the year 1375, as the chronicles show, the shrine, once a Mecca of the devout, was completely abandoned, the chapel fallen into ruin, overgrown with weeds, forgotten even by the soldiers whom the saint had loved to shelter and protect.

But not altogether forgotten. There was one Jehan Godefroy who remembered. Like the rest of us, he may not have given much thought to heaven and the saints when all went well with him; but when trouble and pain came, he remembered. In the year 1368 this Jehan was stricken with blindness and paralysis. Was it a visitation of God? Marvelous fruits were to come out of this misfortune of Godefroy's. After the Scriptural seven lean years of suffering he suddenly bethought himself of the long neglected shrine of St. Katherine near the village of Fierbois. Seven years of blindness and paralysis give a man plenty of time to think! Perhaps in a happier day Jehan had visited the shrine; perhaps *Madame Sainte Katherine* had succored him in other troubles. At any rate, he recalled the deserted chapel, to approach which, as the record tells us, one had to pass "through tangled wood and undergrowth no man might reach." He begged that he might be carried there, to make a novena for his cure; and thither his friends bore him on his litter, though they were obliged to hew a path with axes through the wild wood that had grown up around the deserted and desecrated place. But the difficult journey was made, and the crippled soldier was reverently laid within the once-consecrated walls. And there, before his novena was ended, the desired miracle was indeed wrought for him, and Jehan rose from his bed sound of limb and with his sight restored. "He could see well and clear and was whole and healed in all his members, as he yet continues to be."

This was the signal for St. Katherine to come once more into

her own in France. The fame of Jehan's miraculous cure spread like fire, and that same year the ruined shrine was restored and the chapel rebuilt. It was one Hylaire Habert who, enthused over the wonder wrought for his friend Jehan, undertook this restoration. And in Hylaire's story we find not only the heavenly and miraculous, but a glint of common everyday humor as well. The characters in the comedy are Goodman Habert himself and his practical minded wife—evidently a long-tongued and short-tempered dame, who had a poor opinion of the religious enthusiasm of her pious spouse. Hylaire, however, possibly a soldier at one time, and one who owed some great indebtedness to St. Katherine, took very seriously the obligations of able-bodied men to the Egyptian virgin. Rebuild her shrine at Fierbois he would, no matter what the cost; and forth he set to do it, much to the neglect of his wife and his work at home. Dame Habert rebelled. "The thing that he did sorely displeased his wife," reads the quaint *Chronicle*. In fact, she became so terribly incensed at her husband, because "he left his business to do the same," that, in one of their rows over the matter, she made a prayer to God "that he might never return nor come again to his own house!" We can see the angry lady driving him off!—we can imagine the state of mind she was in, to let go like that!

But for once Dame Habert had permitted her feelings to get too much the best of her. On the making of that wicked prayer, there came a condign, swift punishment on her head. "She dropped down, as one dead, her eyes and mouth shut, sans speech or movement, nor ever returned to herself till her lord came from the said chapel." What Hylaire first thought that evening, on coming home to find his stormy helpmate "sans speech" and "with her mouth shut," is not recorded. But, dutiful husband that he was, he instantly repaid good for evil. Where she had prayed a curse for him he made a prayer of charity for her—albeit there may have been just a touch of coals-of-fire in it; for it was to St. Katherine he turned for help. "He took a vow....and promised to bring his wife to that Saint, if madame would restore her." She was restored, and "she made her oblation"—a good resolution against sins of the tongue, perhaps, poor fretted lady!—and Hylaire rebuilt the chapel of Fierbois.

It was in 1375 that Jehan Godefroy was cured—and Dame Habert silenced. From that time the shrine flourished. A prisoner of war, a French soldier, taken by the English and held in chains

for "a whole month," is the next witness to the powers of St. Katherine's intercession. This soldier is Perrot Chapon, whom the saint miraculously delivered out of his irons. Lying captive in prison, he made a vow that "if he might escape without paying ransom, verily he would go on pilgrimage to her chapel." At home, his wife —like many a soldier's wife today—was pouring her life out in prayer for her man's deliverance and return; and, as heaven would have it, she too, at the same hour, "made her vow." Instantly the miracle was worked! Perrot in his prison fell asleep; "and on his waking, lo, he was in the hall of his own house, all in chains of iron as he was." "And so hath he come to the chapel to give thanks to Our Lord, and to the Virgin, and hath sworn that this is true."

In every case the depositions of pilgrims who came to Fierbois to the wonder-workings of St. Katherine were duly sworn to under oath. There can be no question of the veracity of these records. With the devotees who journeyed thither to make public acknowledgment of the help of heaven, this pilgrimaging and attesting was a very solemn business. Often they came great distances, and at great expense and grave peril, to pay this debt to God. Even the most skeptical, then, can hardly question them or claim that such journeyings were undertaken merely for the fun of telling gorgeous lies. No; these wonders had been wrought; these devotees—mostly soldiers, rough men of little subtility but of mighty faith—had actually experienced these miraculous happenings, and nothing could hinder their publishing them to the world, for the grace and benefit of those who should come after them, even to the generation of the twentieth century!

The armies fighting in Europe in those days were like those of today, made up of men from many countries. In the Fierbois *Chronicle* we find, alongside our Frenchman and Englishman, the sturdy, canny Guillaume Oade, a Welshman—we can just see him! —"declaring and affirming by his faith and oath" how he was saved from the perils of war through the aid of St. Katherine. And the Welshman's story brings us into the very heart of the World War of today—into Flanders, and up to the very "Wipers" whose name the Tommies of the twentieth century (some of them Welshmen, too!) have written in heroic blood on the pages of history. "At Poperique in Flanders," we read, "two leagues and a half from Ipre," "between All Saints and Christmas," in 1382, Welshman Oade "was lodged....with great company of men at arms." On a certain Saturday night, about midnight, the English

suddenly decided to abandon the place, after setting fire to it; but our friend Guillaume "and his varlet"—Oade was evidently an officer—were apparently not apprised of the movement, or else simply overslept, for they were left behind "sleeping in the house whereas they were lodged," and were quickly surrounded by the Flemish soldiers who "ran in on them from every quarter." What followed is enough to make any romancer sit up and look to his laurels. Fiction could not devise more breathless suspense. And through it all, St. Katherine leads our soldier hero scatheless.

Taken by surprise, Oade and his man fled in terror from the house, fighting to escape; Oade, in his extremity, "calling on *Madame Sainte Katherine* of Fierboys" for help, and vowing a pilgrimage to her shrine if she would save him. How this Welsh soldier came to know of Fierbois and its miracles is not set forth; but the only explanation there can be is that the Saint's fame had spread through all armies that it had come even to his alien ears. At any rate, there he was, cornered by his enemies, and praying desperately for help. The swift heels of his varlet took that terrified mortal to safety; he "escaped by his speed and by the grace of God and *Madame Sainte Katherine;*" but Guillaume, either because he was fat and short of wind; or perhaps because he unselfishly stood back to let his companion make good his flight—the reason is not stated—was left alone to face the enemy. He saw "that he might neither fight nor flee," so he "ran into a thatched house, and those Flemings knew not what had become of him." Up to the roof of this house he climbed, and through all the bitter, winter night (our boys today can tell us something of winter nights in Flanders!) he lay there, flat on his face, fearing to move lest he be detected; and praying—how he must have prayed!

All around him the town was burning; there was the crash of falling roofs, the heat of flaming walls, drawing ever nearer and nearer him; and it was no easy matter to hide, perched on a roof top in the lurid glare of such a conflagration. But he did not give up. He prayed. He placed his all in the hands of St. Katherine. He made his vow to her, over and over again. The long, perilous hours passed flaming over his head. At dawn, the fire still raging and the heat becoming unbearable, matters grew altogether desperate for him. "And when the fire had burned all the houses thereabout, the said Guillaume, seeing all the houses fall flaming against him, and the fire entering at front and rear"—thus graphically

does the old parchment tell the story—with the name of St. Katherine on his lips, and one last measuring glance to the hostile ground below, Guillaume slid down from the burning roof, determined to fight his way through the street to safety. But once more he was surrounded by the Flemish and cornered. Yet even now he did not surrender. There was still St. Katherine to succor him. With a prayer bursting from his heart, he broke from his captors and made a dash for the river—he could not have been such a fat man, after all!—and leaping in, swam for the opposite shore. There again he was set upon, stripped of his purse and his money and savagely attacked "with axes and pikes." "And seeing that they thought to smite him and slay him....he prayed yet again to *Madame Sainte Katherine;*" and despite all his weakness and exhaustion, and all the uneven odds of the struggle, he escaped, though he roamed the plains for three days afterward, hiding by daylight, traveling by night—as many a fugitive in the No Man's Land of today's Flanders has done—before he rejoined his men.

There may not be so much of the miraculous in the Welshman's story as there is of sheer pluck; but there was the faith of the man! —it was that that gave him wit and grit to win out. To him it was a miracle, or at any rate a direct answer to prayer; and he came duly to the shrine at Fierbois to pay his promised pilgrimage. Soon on his heels came others to testify—this time to a veritable miracle. In the next record of the *Chronicle* we find not one alone, but four men, come to acknowledge together the heavenly aid of St. Katherine. They had been taken prisoners by the English stationed at a garison near La Souterraine, and when caught had been "bound as straitly as they might," and beaten "sorely," after which their captors had left them in their dungeon and had gone off to enjoy a well-earned dinner. The poor whipped wretches, left thus to their smarting pains and their heavy irons, trying to comfort one another with hopeful words, were minded at last to pray to St. Katherine for deliverance. They made their prayer—and their plea was heard immediately! Straightway the irons fell from their feet and hands, and out from their prison, past guards and sentinels, they walked, the four of them, unharmed! "And to accomplish their vows, they came hither together, they, their wives and their children, and swore and affirmed that the said tale is true, making oath in the presence of several notable persons."

Two fellow-soldiers, Thomas du Mont and Perrinet l'Auvergnat, imprisoned in a fosse "narrow and deep as a lance's length,

and above them laid a right great rock, that they might not avail to win forth," were held for fourteen months "at so great a ransom that all their friends would have been over hard-set to pay it." Three of their companions, taken with them, had already died in the same fosse, and the bodies were left there to corrupt beside the living captives "whereby the said Thomas and Perrinet suffered sore from the filth and stench." They prayed to St. Katherine. Kneeling in the trench, they turned their faces, as well as they could guess, in the direction of Fierbois, and begged their patroness in heaven to send them a quick deliverance out of the horrible death that was slowly creeping over them. Thus praying, sleep came upon them; "and when they woke they found themselves above the fosse, and the rock rolled away, as it were two turns, the said rock being so heavy that it needed two men to turn it over."..... Casin du Boys, sentenced to be beheaded, and imprisoned in a cage "locked with a key, bound moreover with a right strong rope all about it," and with a guard lying on top of the cage, was likewise delivered through prayer to St. Katherine. "Right so, his vow being made and his prayer, the said cage flew open of its own accord, and forth went Casin, he that lay above the cage perceiving naught." But still the prisoner was a prisoner. The only opening in the dungeon was a window "set the height of two men from the ground;" yet Casin was miraculously lifted up to it: "he found his breast on a level with the window, and him seemed that he was hoven under the armpits." And he "went forth of the house...." Again it was in something of the same manner that Guillaume Guy, who was "put endlong in a barrel, and above him laid two great tables, and an Englishman lay on the tables," was rescued by St. Katherine. Perrin Gougeaut, "bound with four ropes right straitly," was miraculously released, along with seven of his fellow-prisoners, after they had prayed to the Saint; and so record after record reads—the opening of doors, the falling away of chains, the saving of soldiers from every imaginable sort of peril and death.

The fate of non-combatants in the wars of five hundred years ago was quite as bad as it is today. But St. Katherine protected them too, as well as the fighting men. Jehan de Pons, peaceably enjoying a partridge hunt one bright June day in 1423—very likely getting ready for the next meatless day forthcoming—was snatched up by a party of marauding Scotch soldiers of the invading armies, and with seven farm hands plucked from their tasks in a neighboring wheat field, was marched off to a nearby oak tree

to be hanged with a halter. The seven unfortunate laborers were hanged first; "then remained the said Jehan, the last to be hanged, because he had prayed for this grace in God's name to him that took him" (a Scotchman, not a Hun!) "that he might have time and space to pray God's mercy and pardon." This prayer was granted, the while he saw "all these seven hanged and strangled before his eyes," and then it was that he turned to St. Katherine for help.

How often it happens that when we desire the most earnestly and pray the most urgently, the ear of God and His saints seems deafest to our pleading! And then—the sudden answer! Jehan de Pons prayed; but he was hanged nevertheless, "right high on the said oak tree by a halter that was almost new." And yet his prayer was heard, even in that extremity. The quaint language of the *Chronicle* best recounts the ending of the story:

> And when he that hanged him was mounted and riding after the others, being now about a bow-shot from the said oak, the halter wherewith Jehan was hanged broke asunder, and he fell on a heap of sharp stones, harming himself no more than if he had been on a pillow, and he felt no pain when he was hanged up, for it seemed that one hove him up under the feet. So came he to accomplish his vow....bringing with him the broken halter.

The leaven of the grace of God was working among those braw Scotch warriors marauding in French fields, it seems. They who had mercy enough to give the trembling Jehan de Pons at least time to say his prayers might have a praying man or two among themselves, no telling! And they did. And as surely as hanging and heavenly rescue therefrom was good enough for peaceable Frenchmen hunting partridges, so was it to be proven good enough for at least one alien fighter abroad in France for the spoils of war. Among these foreign soldiers posted on the continent was one "Michael Hamilton, a Scot," a native of a Scottish parish dedicated to St. Katherine, and all his life a devotee of hers. That the soldier going off to the wars need not leave his religion at home behind him, but rather that he does very well indeed to take it with him to the fray, the story of Michael Hamilton pointedly attests. Stationed with his company of "foot-soldiers at arms" in Brittany, he and his companions suffered an ambuscade in which sev-

eral of his men were slain, and he was taken prisoner because he "could not flee for the weight of his armor." He was sentenced to death by hanging, and the sentence was to be executed not only as an act of war, but as one of personal revenge, by the son of a Breton spy whom the Scots had already dispatched by the halter. And so it was done. "In truth, before the eyes of the other Bretons, he bound Michael's hands behind his back, and hanged him from the gibbet at Clisson in his shirt, hose, and shoon. There was he hanged on Maundy Thursday, two hours after noon;" and there the Bretons left the victim of their vengeance, suspended in mid-air, given up for dead.

But Michael Hamilton, devout parishioner of St. Katherine's —somewhere-in-Scotland—Shotts, Bartram Shotts, or Bothwell Minor, in Lanarkshire, opines Andrew Lang—this soldier who had all his life prayed to St. Katherine, had not now, in his hour of peril, forgotten his patroness. "So soon as he was taken [he] did nothing but think devoutly of *Madame Sainte Katherine* and prayed that she would be pleased to guard him from death." In what sensational manner those prayers were answered the old *Chronicle* tells us in simple, thrilling language:

> So chanced it, that, when he had been hanged there came a voice to the curé of the town bidding him go speedily and cut down Hamilton. Of this voice the curé took no keep, and forgot it until the morrow, which was Good Friday. And when the said curé had done all his service it was near noon. Then he bethought him of the said voice, and bade one of his parish go to the gibbet and see if Hamilton were dead or not. Wherefore the man went on that errand. And when he got thither he turned and spun the Scotsman about, and knew not whether he was dead or alive.
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> Nevertheless, to know the very truth, he took the hose from the right foot and slit the little toe with a knife, so that therein was a great wound and much blood. And when the said Hamilton felt it, he swears by his oath that as long as he was hanging he felt no harm, no more than if he had been hanged by a rope under the arms. For when he was hanged he kept praying *Madame Sainte Katherine* to be his aid, without other thought. And it seems that he was hoven up under his feet. Nevertheless, when he felt the wound in his said toe, he drew up his leg and stirred. Thereon sore fear fell on the messenger of the curé, as Hamilton hath since heard him say. Wherefore he ran hastily to the curé, declaring that Hamilton was still alive and

> he had seen him move. Then the said curé, considering his voice in the night, and considering that Hamilton had been hanged from Maundy Thursday to Good Friday afternoon, deemed that it was evident miracle, and proclaimed all these things to the people present. Whereafter he and the other people of Holy Church put on their vestments and with a great company they went to the gibbet and cut down the said Hamilton.....Now he that had hanged him was present, who, in wrath that he was not dead, struck him over the ear with a sword, and gave him a great wound, for which he was blamed. Nevertheless, the said Hamilton was set on a horse and taken into a house to be nursed and cared for....And today the said Hamilton came hither in his shirt, bringing the halter wherewith he was hanged.....

These strange happenings occurred in Brittany in the spring of 1429; in May of that year Hamilton, true to his vow, was at Fierbois testifying to his miraculous deliverance through the aid of St. Katherine. But already in this same year the shrine had been visited by another and a far more illustrious warrior—by Jeanne d'Arc herself, not only a devotee of the Alexandrian saint, but one who had even seen her in visions and hearkened to her voice. This was in mid-winter, in February, 1429, in the darkest hour that the arms of France have known between sorry Vaucouleurs and the bloody but victorious Marne of the present day. From Vaucouleurs, leading the distracted armies of the Dauphin, rode the battle-weary Maid; and halting at Fierbois for rest, she repaired to the shrine of her beloved St. Katherine to pay her *devoirs* to that glorious patroness and to assist at Mass in her honor. She heard three Masses there that day, the records tell us; and what prayers she prayed, what thought she thought, as she knelt before the bodily relics of that heavenly spirit whom already she had beheld crowned, in an ecstasy, what fears were allayed in her heart, what courage renewed, we can easily imagine. The walls of the chapel around her were hung thick with the votive offerings of those whom St. Katherine had succored in the hour of peril and despair: there were crutches and canes and irons and ropes; there was the arrow that had struck but had not pierced, the culverin ball that had glanced away from the prayer-protected body; the halter of Jehan de Pons was there, and the chains that had bound Perrot Chapon. On every hand were testimonies of the powers of this Saint who so loved the soldier of the ranks. Could Jeanne's ardent soul resist the

thrill of such inspiring sights, the encouragement of such irrefutable witnesses? No! Rather, she rose from her knees there in the chapel of Fierbois with her heart beating high with renewed hope and strength, renewed faith in her divinely appointed mission.

A month later this holiest of the devotees of our Saint for soldiers was the acclaimed of France, and Charles was showering her with royal gifts, with horses and arms, with armor and the richest raiment. But whatever else was forced upon her, one thing she would not accept from him. She would have no sword from him. Her Voices bade her look for a more sacred weapon than even his kingly anointed hands could proffer. This was to be none other than the sword of Charles Martel, the selfsame sword that had vanquished the Paynim at Tours. It was to be a blade marked with five crosses—thus should it be known—and it was to be found awaiting her under the altar of St. Katherine's shrine in the village of Fierbois. So said Jeanne's Voices; and forthwith, an armorer being sent from Tours to make search for the mystic weapon, under the altar of St. Katherine at Fierbois, just as had been foretold, the sword was found.

This supernatural happening not only roused the greatest enthusiasm for the Maid, and played a great part in establishing her before the eyes of all France, but likewise it gave to the cult of St. Katherine a new impulse of popularity. And though the actual connection of the Warrior Virgin with the shrine at Fierbois ceases with the discovery of the holy sword—unless we note from the chapel *Chronicle* a Mass said " for the King and the Maid, the worthy servant of God " on May 5, 1430; or mark down the names of Dunois La Hire and de Gancourt, all her associates and all to be found in the chapel register from that time henceforth, nevertheless, these two names of Blessed Jeanne and St. Katherine were inextricably linked in the popular mind of France. Miracles continued to be wrought and pilgrimages to be made. " Two fingers deep " into the head of Jehan Fary—another Scotchman looking for trouble!—flew an arrow which yet left the man unhurt. Jehan Prevost, struck by a culverin ball, could find no remedy, " for the stone of the culverin abode fast in his leg," until St. Katherine cured him. There were still other hangings and escapes, still other rescuings from dungeons and loosening from stocks. Wherever the soldier fared or fought, whatever befell him, he had a helpful friend in St. Katherine of Fierbois, did he but call upon her.

Of such are the wonders wrought by this blessed Saint for sol-

diers in the fifteenth century, rescuer of the imprisoned, curer of the injured, saver of the doomed; above all, patroness and inspirer of the patroness of all Christian warriors, Jeanne the Maid; these things and many others, proved and attested beyond questioning. "Ah yes," smiles the skeptic; "quite so! But she did not save Jeanne, this Saint of yours, I see! She let her be taken, and held, and even burned to death. What do you say of that?"

To the Christian soldier, dear as life and freedom and victory are, there are still higher and dearer things; and these, above all succorings and rescuings, St. Katherine will give to him whenever the need be, if he but ask her, just as she gave them to the Blessed Jeanne. Strength to withstand temptation, strength to remain steadfast and true to his ideals, to his cause and to his flag, whatever the cost, be it even death, these are the rarest gifts heaven can accord the fighting man on the field of honor. To Katherine herself, imprisoned in Alexandria and doomed to martyrdom if she would not recant her Faith, God's comforting angel came, promising her help to withstand her judges and accusers, promising her release from her suffering, and entrance into paradise. To Jeanne, imprisoned and doomed, the holy Katherine brought the same comfort; and a gift greater and more desired than even liberty and triumph could ever be. The true soldier surrenders only to God. And that surrender made, he can turn even death into a victory, and if life be denied him, can welcome with a soldier's salute the falling away of the chains of his mortal flesh, the unbarring of the bright doors of eternity.

## SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS: TO WHOM DEDICATED?

BY B. FRANK CARPENTER, PH.D.

SAYS Dr. Appleton Morgan, President of the New York Shakespeare Society, in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of April, 1916, in a sort of official contribution to the harmony of that wonderful Shakespeare Semester of 1916: "Shakespeare's other noble friend was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and to him Shakespeare dedicates a sheaf of one hundred and fifty-four delicious *Sonnets*. It is interesting to wonder why Lord Pembroke asked that Shakespeare make this dedication, not in his titular, but in his family, name: 'William Herbert' and then only using the initials 'Mr. W. H.'" But, that this "Mr. W. H." was really Lord Pembroke, Ben Jonson (always a bit jealous of Shakespeare whose plays crowded the theatre while Jonson's would not pay for a sea-coal fire) revealed. For Ben Jonson, in dedicating his own *Epigrams* to "William Herbert, Lord Chamberlain, etc.," in the year 1616, plainly says: "I dare not change your Lordship's Title, since there is nothing in these *Epigrams* in expressing which it is necessary to employ a cipher" (p. 12).

For fully forty years Dr. Morgan had elected to occupy an attitude of the most complete negation anent these two reigning theories as to this dedicateeship. Dr. Morgan denied that they were ever dedicated to any noble lord whomsoever. It is possible that merely this opaque Jonsonese dedication (for such it will appear when we quote it in full) has induced Dr. Morgan to desert his former position, and accept one cryptic Elizabethan dedication upon the strength of another cryptic Elizabethan dedication which, upon examination, is quite as occult and collapsible? Forty years ago, in a volume, *The Shakespearean Myth,* Dr. Morgan asserted: first, Shakespeare never dedicated any *Sonnets* to anybody; second, no *Sonnets* were dedicated to Southampton; third, no *Sonnets* were dedicated to Pembroke; fourth, Thomas Thorpe dedicated the *Sonnets* in question to some friend of his own, a "Mr. W. H.," a gentleman, the pleasure of whose acquaintance, however, he permitted nobody to share with himself.

Has Dr. Morgan discovered a new proposition (we had al-

most said, in view of the hectic, not to call it pugnacious, state of the controversy, a new weapon) for believing that Shakespeare dedicated these *Sonnets* to Lord Southampton? Or has he only done that next best thing to solving a riddle, namely, devised a new element to make that riddle more cryptic still?

Prior to this proposition in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, Dr. Morgan had been credited with a theory of his own upon *The Sonnets,* their dedication and authorship, which at least had the advantage of being *sui generis,* his own and nobody else's! That theory, as far as the present writer is able to extract it from three representative works,[1] ran about as follows: First, as to Pembroke. There is nothing anywhere historical, traditional, internal or external to connect the name of Shakespeare with the name of Pembroke save the dedication in 1623 of the First Folio by the elusive Heminge and Condell,[2] who say that these two noble lords were selected as dedicatees for these plays because they had been pleased to show "their author, while living, some favor."

Second: As to Southampton. The fact that Shakespeare had already dedicated to Southampton quite His Grace's share of poetry —the Venus and Adonis and the Lucrece—raises no presumption (rather the reverse) that Shakespeare went on dedicating poetry to Southamption indefinitely!

For if the *Sonnets* were to be dedicated to that noble lord in addition to the two poems, why depart from the form of dedication already adopted to his lordship by name and in epistolary form? This form had been arrived at gradually. The dedication of the Venus and Adonis was diffident, apologetic, a bit fulsome, after the manner of Tudor dedications, signed "Your Honour's in all duty." The dedication of the Lucrece brings an advance in *camaraderie,* "The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end." Not unnaturally, then, one might look in a third dedicatory letter for a still further advance toward "a marriage of true minds." Has there been a quarrel between the nobleman and the poet? If so, why any dedication at all? Or why, if a quarrel, rub in the con-

[1] *The Shakespearean Myth* (1880-1885) *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism:* Chapter, "Whose Sonnets?" (1888) and *A Study in the Warwickshire Dialect* (1885-1900). In the two latter Dr. Morgan said, that if challenged to prove from internal evidence that the author of the plays was the author of the poems and the sonnets, he would be unable to take up the challenge.

[2] Dr. Morgan elsewhere makes merry over these two gentlemen, who, he claims, after depriving their countrymen of their talents as journey-actors by retiring from the stage, became a green-grocer and a publican respectively, and were innocent of any suspicion of the nature of the boon they were reputed to have conferred upon their race.

tumely by addressing His Grace, of many titles, as plain "Mister" (or, perhaps, "Master") "W. H?" Or, worse even than this, take not the trouble to dedicate his *Sonnets* at all, but carelessly ask his publisher to do the dedicating and, to italicize his insouciance, transpose the initials of Henry Wriothlesey "H. W." to "W. H.," which meant in such a connection just precisely nobody at all? Was Shakespeare ashamed or afraid to dedicate to His Grace of Southampton still one more poetical effort? Had Southampton ordered him to refrain from more dedicatory assumptions and tempted Shakespeare to observe the letter of the command while breaking its spirit? Otherwise what could have been the motives for so senseless and childish, useless and unnecessary a transposition of initials; or, indeed, for the employment of initials at all? How could either Southampton or Pembroke have been expected to recognize himself as "Mr. W. H.?" The modern story (Dr. Morgan submits) of the Shakespeare-Southampton friendship being one it was nobody's particular cue or interest to deny, has been suffered to pass without examination. But, once examined, the mere fact that Shakespeare dedicated poetry to Southampton will not float it! Everybody dedicated poetry to Southampton. He loved to pose as the Macænas of his day. Being not overburdened with worldly goods, he was perhaps not too lavish in the gifts he made to his dedicators—a cold capon's leg in the servant's hall, a cup of sack at the buttery hatch, anything so that the hungry poet need not dine with Duke Humphrey, or sup with Sir Thomas Gresham, that day! That Southampton encouraged hungry poets to dedicate verses to him without inviting them to share his bed and board may be very likely. That Pembroke's tastes led him to make similar overtures in any quarter, nobody ever pretended to suggest.

If Damon and Pythias were friends, cries Dr. Morgan, let us know it from Damon as well as from Pythias! Let it appear from the family records of Damon as well as from the family records of Pythias. Granted that the records, so far as we have any, of the Shakespeare family (at least its traditions) assert that Shakespeare and Southampton, the poet and the commoner, were habitually arm-in-arm, always the closest of intimates; are there any records or traditions of the Southampton family that assert as much?

As to the *Sonnets* themselves, admire them as we must today, the fact is they attracted no particular contemporary attention. Meres reports them as in private circulation among Shakespeare's

private friends in 1598. But, except by Thorpe, who prints them eleven years after in a "broadside," or quarto, along with a poem called *The Lover's Complaint,* they are not rescued from their manuscript condition, or mentioned anywhere in any connection whatever. The four Shakespeare Folios failed to collect and include them. The "editors" *par excellence*—Rowe, Warburton, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer and Capel—ignored them. Even the *variorum* editors, Boswell and Johnson, failed to honor them with their criticism, and George Stevens gave it as his opinion that nothing less than an act of Parliament would induce anybody to read them. But it happened that, in the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, a gentleman of leisure, such as Dr. Appleton Morgan himself (perhaps a bit *ennuyé* for something to pass the time away) happened to conceive the idea of actually reading them.[3]

So far as appears, from the "private friends" of 1598 down to himself in the year 1838, a trifle of two hundred and forty years,

> He was the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea

This gentleman found that these *Sonnets* were actually six poems of different lengths, each poem having a consistent theme and argument. And this gentleman, Charles Armitage Brown by name, who makes this marvelous discovery by the simple process of reading these *Sonnets,* was able to demonstrate, in the familiar way of demonstrators ("sign-post critics" they have been called, who antiphonate a line of comment with a snatch of the text and then a snatch of the text with a line of comment) that these six poems were an appeal to some golden youth, enjoying too keenly his bachelordom, to settle down, marry and beget offspring, not upon any ethical considerations, but solely because:

> From fairest creatures we desire increase,
> That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
> But as the riper should by Time decrease
> His tender heir might bear his memory!

Another of these six poems is a lament over a sweetheart's inconstancy; another mourns a rival-in-love's successful rivalry; another voices the remorse brought on by satiety, etc., etc.; all

[3] *The Shakespearean Myth,* p. 278.

(omitting the first—the suggestion of marriage) conventional in theme; however, as we recognize today, passing the highest flights of poetry elsewhere touched! But the difficulty, not to call it the impossibility, of bringing either Southampton or Pembroke into their neighborhood is immeasurably increased by Mr. Brown's discoveries. Add to the absurdity of it all that Pembroke was barely eighteen years of age (he was known as Lord Herbert, until his majority in January, 1601, when he became third Earl of Pembroke) and so presumably subject to tutors and governors, and Southampton was but seven years his elder—neither of them at a point in life when marriages for them must be matters of solicitude or of arrangement by third parties!

Why should William Shakespeare, a commoner—or even, as he was later, a gentleman entitled to coat-armor—beg, or even dare to suggest to, either Pembroke or Southampton that they should marry? How would either of those noble lords have tolerated, passed around among William Shakespeare's private friends for all comers to gossip about, so extraordinary a suggestion touching the most intimate and immune concerns of one or the other of them?

It seems to us that Dr. Morgan was right forty years ago in his *Shakespearean Myth,* when he concluded that Thomas Thorpe dedicated this sheaf of heretofore undedicated *Sonnets* to a crony of his own in 1609. Dr. Morgan quotes a passage from George Wither's *Scholler's Burgatorie* (1625), which we think ourselves might be more widely remembered when we essay to solve, point-blank, all these irksome questions as to Elizabethan and Jacobean authorships! Speaking of the publisher (printer) of his date, Mr. Wither says: "If he gets any written note, he will publish it and it shall be contrived and named also according to his own pleasure. Nay, he oftentimes gives books names as will, to his thinking, make them saleable, when there is nothing in the whole volume suitable to such a title."

If the publisher could give a book a title and an author, why could he not also give that book a dedicatee? Why should not Mr. Thomas Thorpe feel himself moved by the fugitive condition of Shakespeare's vagrant *Sonnets* to rescue them from their manuscript state, offer them the custody of print and supply them with a sponsor-dedicatory? He need not hesitate as to their vagrant state. The printing of a random two of them years before, with a careless collection of *Songs and Sonnets* (dubbed—for some unascertained reason—*The Passionate Pilgrim),* appeared to indicate that Shakes-

peare placed no value upon them. Surely, argues Dr. Morgan, Tennyson would not have permitted two stanzas of *In Memoriam* to be printed in *Maud* or in *The Idyls of the King!*

But Mr. Publisher Thorpe does not stop here. He gets into his possession not only these one hundred and fifty-four *Sonnets* rumored to be in circulation among Shakespeare's private friends, but, as already noted, a poem, *The Lover's Complaint,* from some utterly conjectural source quite as anonymous and quite as undedicated as are the *Sonnets* themselves. And so both being *publici juris*—like umbrellas—our tender-hearted Thomas Thorpe gives these little Japhets in search of a father, the father and the dedicatee they seem in need of![4]

But that Shakespeare himself had neither hand nor voice in this Thomas Thorpe printing of 1609 (its imprint ran: "Printed by G. Eld for T. T. and are to be sold by John Wright, dwelling at Christ's Church Gate"), is sufficiently obvious from the one hundred and twenty-sixth *Sonnet,* the last two verses of which are wanting, their places being supplied by brackets, thus:

[ ]
[ ]

It not being supposable within the bounds of reason that an author would have forgotten or been unable to supply two verses of his own composition; or, if he had forgotten them irrevocably, that he would call attention to his lapse by printer's signs! Thorpe evidently had obtained these vagrant *Sonnets* and this *Lover's Complaint,* perhaps by the aid of the Mr. Hall whose acquaintance we are soon to make. But that, judging from Wither's revelations as to the tendency and the license of the publisher of that date, Thorpe could have resisted such a choice morsel as putting the name of Southampton or of Pembroke to his *Book of Songs and Sonnets,* it is hard to imagine! What more readily would have made it marketable? What a lustre it would have shed over the humble printer (so humble that he dares only to use in his imprint his initials) had he been authorized to parade on his title-page one or the other of these lordly names.

Contemplating all these considerations, Dr. Morgan, in his *Shakespearean Myth,* decides that the *Sonnets* are dedicated by Thomas Thorpe to one, not of Shakespeare's, but of his own "private friends." Has Dr. Morgan's attention been called to the

[4] If *The Lover's Complaint* had also been in private circulation among Shakespeare's private friends, Meres does not mention the fact.

fact that, twenty years later, a corroboration of his judgment was discovered?

In the year 1898, twenty-one years after Dr. Morgan broached his *Shakespearean Myth,* it was discovered that in the year 1616 this same Thomas Thorpe actually did become possessed of literary material which there was some pretext for dedicating to the Earl of Pembroke. It appeared that one Joseph Healy had previously made and dedicated to Pembroke certain translations from the Latin, and that at his (Healy's) death he left unprinted a translation of Epictetus. This translation Thorpe possesses himself of, and straightway, evidently, without asking permission at all, he prints it in the year 1616, with as fulsome and abjectly cringing a dedication as one could well make:

> To the Right Honourable William, Earle of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlaine to His Majestie, One of His Majestie's Most Honourable Privy Council and Knight of the Most Noble Order of Garter, etc.
>
> Right Honourable: It may worthilie seem strange unto your Lordship out of what frenzy one of my meanness hath presumed to commit the Sacrilege in the straightness of your Lordship's leisure to present a piece for matter and model so unworthy and in this scribbling age when great persons are so pestered daily with Dedications. All I can allege in extenuation of so many incongruities is the bequest of a deceased Man who (in his lifetime) having offered some translations of his unto your Lordship, ever wished if these ensuing were ever published they might only be addressed unto Your Lordship as the last tribute of his dutiful affection (to use his own tearmes) the true and learned upholder of learned endeavours. This therefore being left with me as a Legacie unto your Lordship (pardon my presumption Great Lord, from so mean a man to so great a Person) I could not without some impiety present to anie other: such a sad privilege have the bequests of the Dead, and so obligatory they are more than requests of the living. In the hope of this Honourable acceptance I will ever rest
>
> Your Lordship's Humble, devoted Servant
>
> T. T.

Such is the dedication T. T. does achieve when presuming to dedicate something to his "Great Lord" Pembroke. Can one infer that, seven years before, he would have dared to address this same "Great Lord" as "Mr. W. H." Compare this with the dedication of the *Sonnets:* "To the Onlie Begetter of These Ensuing Sonnets

—Mr. W. H.—All Happiness and That Eternitie, Promised by Our Ever Living Poet, Wisheth the Well-Wishing Adventurer in Setting forth. T. T." and it is sufficiently apparent that the two compositions are not addressed by an identical person to one and the same dedicatee.

What then, in spite of this confirmation of his own conjecture, could have so powerfully moved Dr. Morgan's recantation? According to the paragraph in THE CATHOLIC WORLD used as the rubric to this paper, he finds himself moved by another dedication—(also by the way, dating from the year 1616). Here is that dedication *verb. lit. et punct.:*

> To The Great Example of Honour and Virtue, the Most Noble William, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain, etc.
>
> My Lord—While you cannot change your merit, I dare not change your Title. It was that made it and not I, under which name I offer to your Lordship the ripest of my studies, my Epigrams, which though they may carry danger in the sound do not therefore seek your shelter, for when I made them I had nothing in my conscience to expressing of which I did need a cipher. But if I be fallen into those times, wherein, for the likeness of vice, and facts, everyone thinks another's ill deeds objected to him, and that in their ignorant and guilty mouths the common voice is for their security. BEWARE THE POET! confessing therein so much love to their diseased as they would rather make a party for them than be either rid or told of them. I much expect at your Lordship's hand the protection of truth and liberty while you are constant to your own goodness. In thanks whereof I return you the honour of leading forth so many good and great names (as my verses mention on the better part) to their remembrance with posterity. Amongst these if I have praised unfortunately any one that doth not deserve—or if any answer not in all numbers the pictures I have made of them—I hope it will be forgiven me that they are no ill pieces, though they be not like the persons. But I foresee a nearer fate to any book than this, that the vices will be owned before the virtues (though there I have avoided all particulars as I have done names) and some will be so ready to discredit me as they will have the impudence to belie themselves, for if I meant them not, it is so. Nor can I hope otherwise. For why should they remit anything of their riot, their pride, their self love, and other inherent graces, to consider truth or virtue, but with the trade of the world lend their long ears against men they love not, and hold their dear mountebank or jester

> in far better condition than all the study or studiers of humanity? For such I would rather know them by their vizards still than they should publish their faces at their peril in any theatre where Cato if he lived might enter without scandal.
>
> Your Lordship's Most faithful Honourer
>
> BEN JONSON.

Is it within the bounds of possibility that Dr. Morgan has been converted from agnosticism to gnosticism by such incongruous, maudlin and incoherent rubbish as this? When my Lord Pembroke sat himself down to peruse this Bunsbyan performance (if he ever did), was he able to make head or tail of it, we wonder? Had honest Ben habitually written in this muddy idiom it would not have been so wondrous strange that his plays would not pay for a sea coal fire. "*Antoni gladios potuit contemnere si sic omnia dicere*" remarked Juvenal over that unfortunate alliterative of Cicero's! Possibly Ben was a bit more tipsy than usual when he delivered himself of this dedication. The scant score of words which Dr. Morgan quotes as justification for reversing himself and pronouncing that Shakespeare dedicated the *Sonnets,* and dedicated them to Pembroke, do really seem—isolated from their context—to have a meaning of some sort! But any remote possibility of their meaning anything, is destroyed the moment we try to construe any significance into the jumble of incoherency as a whole. Can Dr. Morgan parse it? Can anybody parse it? What is the subject of "it" or the predicate of "is," in the sentence "It is so," in line twenty-eight? Compared with this muddy Jonsenese, Master Thomas Thorpe's dedication to "Mr. W. H." is clarity itself!

According to Dr. Morgan, any publication in those times was properly styled a "venture," and the person launching a venture is naturally an adventurer. In setting forth, then, the adventurer, "T. T." wishes some friend of his ("W. H.") all happiness and a long life. He is issuing a book of poetry, and so struggles to express himself poetically. He describes the long life bespoken for his friend as "that eternity promised by our ever-living poet" (obviously—since neither T. T. nor Mr. W. H. is a poet—the sonneteer himself). For the remainder: "That eternitie promised, etc.," we may perhaps find a pretext, in the opening lines of the first *Sonnet,* in the fantasy "that thereby beauty's rose might never die"—there is no other "eternitie" nor immortality, promised anywhere else either in the *Sonnets* or in *The Lover's Complaint!* But what is a "begetter?" Dr. Morgan asks and answers

his own question: clearly one who gets or procures. "I have some cousin-Germans at court," says Dekkar in *Satriomastix,* "shall beget you the reversion of the master of the king's revels."[5] The printer of these *Sonnets,* then, feels himself at liberty to dedicate them to whomsoever he sees fit, and he sees fit to dedicate them to the obliging party who has possessed himself of one of these manuscript copies that Meres tells about, and has brought it to Thorpe to make a book of *Songs and Sonnets* out of—to one who has, in Dekkar's phrase, made himself, as to Thorpe, an "only begetter!" Moreover, by referring to the Stationers' Registers we are able to ascertain who this obliging party was. He stands revealed. And his name is—not only in initials "W. H." but—"William Hall!" And if we merely take the trouble to delete a trifling punctuation mark in that troublesome dedication, we will get—William Hall!

This Mr. William Hall, who seems to have occupied himself with obtaining matter for his fellow printers, too, first appears as apprenticed to one John Alide, a member of the Stationers' Company from 1577 to 1584, in which latter year he is himself admitted to membership in the Stationers' Company. In 1609 he brings out a book under his own imprint, but giving his name in his imprint precisely as did Thomas Thorpe, by initials, and occupying evidently about the same rank as Thorpe in the craft. He printed several works on theological subjects—a book entitled *The Displays of Heraldrie,* and another *The Life of John Spelman,* a notorious pickpocket captured in the Royal Chapel at Whitehall. In 1613 he sold out his business to John Beale and disappeared. Now, Dr. Morgan, we have only to eliminate a punctuation mark in this much betortured "T. T." dedication, reading "Mr. W. H. all happiness" as "Mr. W. Hall: happiness!" and the mystery is solved without calling upon either Shakespeare, Southampton or Pembroke to help us out, and without violence to either probability or common sense, and your proposition of forty years ago is—taken in connection with the opaque Jonson dedication to Pembroke—most abundantly confirmed!

Had anybody undertaken, in the year 1640, to assert that these *Sonnets* had been dedicated to Lord Pembroke by Shakespeare (then only twenty-four years deceased) he would have been obliged to account for a book with this title-page: "Poems by Will Shakespeare Gent: Printed at London by Tho. Cotes and are to be sold by Iohn Benson, 1640." On examination these *Poems* consisted of all

[5] *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism,* p. 74.

but seven of the *Sonnets* that Thorpe had helped himself to (sans *The Lover's Complaint,* but including the more or less perfect *Passionate Pilgrim* that Heywood protested was mainly his own work). Evidently Iohn Benson, like " T. T." was a publisher after George Wither's own heart! For, behold! this Mr. Benson, like the " T. T." of thirty-one years before, feels that he too must write, and he prefaces his *Book of Songs and Sonnets* (or " Poems by Will Shakespeare Gent.") with his dedication—not to a noble lord, nor to a co-adventurer, but—

> To the Reader: I here presume, under favour, to present to your view some excellent and sweetly composed poems, which in themselves appear of the same purity the Author himself then living avouched. They had not the fortune, by reason of their infancy in his death, to have the due accommodation of proportionable glory with the rest of his ever-living works. Yet the lines will afford you a more authentic approbation than my assurance any way can to invite your allowance: in your perusal you shall find them serene, clear, elegantly plain—such gentle strains as shall recreate and not perplex the brain. No intricate or cloudy stuff to puzzle your intellect, but perfect eloquence such as will raise your admiration to his praise. This assurance will not differ from your acknowledgments, and certain I am my opinion will be seconded by the sufficiency of these ensuing lines. I have been somewhat solicitous to bring this forth to the perfect view of all men, and in so doing glad to be serviceable for the continuance of glory to the deserved author in these his poems.
>
> I. Benson.

But, if, as says Dr. Appleton Morgan in 1916, these *Sonnets* had already, thirty-one years before Benson, been dedicated to a powerful lord—Lord Chamberlain of England, Lord Pembroke—called not " Poems by Will Shakespeare " or by anybody else, but " These ensuing " (a phrase used by Thorpe in 1609 in the dedication of the *Sonnets* to " W. H." and again in dedicating the Epictetus to Pembroke in 1616)—*Sonnets!* under whose favor does Benson " present " these poems, in face of Lord Pembroke, who is entitled to them and who is dead? When did the author " then living " " avouch " their purity? Was it purity of text or of sentiment that was thus " avouched?" How had Benson alone managed to hear of their author (Shakespeare) avouching anything about his *Sonnets* or about any other composition of his? Where, in all chronicle, is there a record of Shakespeare ever having mentioned to

anybody a single one of his works, plays or poems, or anything else? And what was the "infancy" of the *Sonnets* (they had been in print for seven years when Shakespeare died in 1616) which deprived them of their "proportionable glory?"

Is there but the one answer to all these questions? And is not that answer the same that Dr. Morgan made to it forty years ago and from which he now recants?

To wit: that these *Sonnets* were never placed under the protection of a powerful nobleman; neither under the protection of Southampton nor Pembroke nor any other: that they were in 1640 —just where they were in 1609—at large; little Japhets in search of a father. Or, if we prefer, still in 1640 when Benson lighted upon them, just as they were in 1609 when Thorpe took possession of them: *publici juris*—like umbrellas—anybody's for the asking!

The contention of this article is, therefore, that the correlation of these four contemporary dedications establishes the fact that Dr. Morgan guessed right when he asserted, prior to his apostasy to himself, in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of April, 1916, that these troublesome *Sonnets* were not dedicated by Shakespeare to anybody, noble lord or commoner, or anybody else: that they were never dedicated to any noble lord by anybody; that a man named Thorpe dedicated them to one of his own personal friends; and that it is a great pity that Dr. Morgan, after establishing these postulates, should have recanted them, when they had been so abundantly buttressed and fortified by later discoveries. Dr. Morgan's proposition, which we have quoted above from THE CATHOLIC WORLD, tossed another gauntlet into quite another arena, which, we think that he, with both tact and reason might have then and there abandoned to his successors. Then, like Lucretius, he could have reflected:

*Sauve mare magno turbantibus sequora ventis*
*E terra longa alterius spectare laborem!*

# CANON SHEEHAN AND PUBLIC EVENTS.

BY P. J. LENNOX.

TO all whose interest in events in Ireland is of the ephemeral order, as well as to all who did not possess an intimate, personal acquaintance with the late Canon Patrick Augustine Sheehan, Parish Priest of Doneraile, and to those whose knowledge of his writings does not penetrate beneath the surface, the fascinating biography,[1] recently given to the world by the Very Rev. Dr. Heuser, will come as a complete revelation. The author of this book has one most essential prerequisite of a good biographer, in that he finds himself in thorough sympathy with his subject. Further, as the editor who first introduced the creator of *My New Curate* to a wide circle of readers, who, in consequence, had many personal conferences as well as a long-continued interchange of letters with his contributor, and who, finally, made a painstaking investigation among the few persons who knew the gifted Irish author really well, Dr. Heuser speaks with an authority that cannot be impugned. From these pages Canon Sheehan stands out in many unexpected rôles: not only as a novelist, essayist, and poet, but also as a hymnologist, dramatist, and composer of music, as an ideal pastor, a zealous reformer, an educationist of mark, an eloquent and persuasive preacher, a successful lecturer, a patient bearer of physical pain, around whose head a halo of sanctity clings, a reserved man, who under a somewhat cold exterior, hid a warm heart and was capable of sincere and abiding friendships, a practical patriot, who dared to be unpopular in pursuing the course of action which he considered best for his country and his Faith.

It is not the purpose of this article to deal with the literary achievements of Canon Sheehan, or their genesis, for that is done with great circumstantiality of detail, and in a very interesting way, in the volume now before us; nor to attempt to fix his place in the literature of his country, for the perspective is too short to allow final judgment to be passed; nor yet to follow him in all

[1] *Canon Sheehan of Doneraile. The Story of an Irish Parish Priest, as Told Chiefly by Himself in Books, Personal Memoirs, and Letters.* By the Very Rev. Herman J. Heuser, D.D., Overbrook Seminary, Philadelphia. With portraits and other illustrations. 8 vo., pp. xvii., 405. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1917. $3.50 net.

the ramifications of his many-sided activities, for they are too numerous to be treated with even approximate adequacy within the space at our disposal. The purpose is rather to investigate, in a broad way, his relations to his times and, with the aid furnished by his own writings and the further particulars supplied by his biography, to examine his attitude towards some of the major movements which influenced the Ireland in which he had his being.

Canon Sheehan's span of life (1852-1913) embraced many momentous happenings in the land of his birth: it is a far cry from Lucas and Tenant Right to Eoin MacNeill and the Irish Volunteers. He saw the rise and fall of Sadleir, the development of the Fenian movement, the rebellion of 1867, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the land war and the acts of parliament that sought to end it, first by improving the conditions of tenure, and then by the abolition of landlordism. He saw the foundation of the Catholic University, with Newman at its head, and he noted its gradual decline. He saw the erstwhile loud-mouthed patriot, Judge Keogh, burned in effigy because of his diatribes against the priests during the Galway election petition. He saw the forging of the weapon of parliamentary obstruction, and the merciless wielding of it by Biggar and Parnell. He saw the beginning of the Home Rule agitation under Butt, and the passing of the sceptre to the young lieutenant, who, as the defiant scorner of the mother of parliaments, had so often caused the old-school leader poignant pain. He saw that young lieutenant fashion into a solid and powerful phalanx the Irish parliamentary party, which swayed the destinies of British politics, and made and unmade governments; and alas! he saw the same party go to pieces, in dissension and sordid wrangling, when the grievous, moral lapse of its chief was publicly exposed. He saw its opposing sections fused together again, after a fashion, but sadly missing the touch of the vanished hand. He saw the turmoil of the Land League and its various successors. He saw the prisons packed with "suspects," the flower of the land, held without charge and without trial in defiance of *habeas corpus,* under the *régime* of "Buckshot" Forster. He saw the tyrant hurled from office amid the jubiliation and the high hopes of the people whose feelings he had outraged; and then he saw the almost immediate set-back to national aspirations when Cavendish and Burke fell beneath the knives of the Invincibles on that fatal Saturday evening in the Phœnix Park. He saw the great reforms in Irish local government and in every branch of education. He saw the establishment of the Gaelic

League, of Sinn Fein, and of the Irish-Ireland movement. He saw the Irish Literary Revival. He saw the introduction of three Home Rule bills; and he died, like Moses, in sight of, but without entering, the promised land.

In 1852, the year of the birth of the future author, Ireland was sunk deep in the slough of despond. The Repeal agitation was buried in the grave of O'Connell; the New Ireland movement, although its influence was destined to be felt for many years, and is felt even now, had apparently come to an end in an abortive rebellion, and most of the men who had been its leaders were either dead or in exile; the members of the Brass Band, having captured the Tenant Right League, were in the saddle, and were riding fast towards the Great Betrayal; famine and fever, eviction and emigration had reduced the population by a fourth; the whole country was dotted over with deserted villages and demolished houses; industries had decayed where they had not disappeared; poverty was on the increase; public spirit was on the decline. Three years later, in 1855, Duffy, on leaving his native land for Australia, declared that Ireland was a corpse on the dissecting table; and when in 1856, the London *Times,* exulting over the still diminishing population, prophesied that in another generation the Irish Celts would be as obsolete in Ireland as the Phœnicians in Cornwall and the Catholic religion as forgotten as the worship of Astarte, there seemed solid foundation for the boast. Yet Ireland, like the hind in Dryden's poem, though doomed to death, was fated not to die.

These are the general conditions under which the childhood of Patrick Sheehan was spent. But by the time he was fifteen, tyranny and oppression had produced their inevitable results on a long-remembering, long-enduring, determined race, and the seeds sown in the darkness of a nation's eclipse sprang up portentously as armed men. The Fenian rising failed of its immediate object; but it established the Irish Church, passed the Land Act of 1870, and, opening Gladstone's eyes, started him on his long career of remedial measures for Ireland. Young Sheehan was not insensible to the influences by which he was surrounded. Fed, like all Irish boys of his class and creed, on the old Jacobite ballads, which sang eternal hostility and unending resistance to the national foeman and to the spoiler of the domestic hearth, and which almost invariably predicted a bright and triumphant future for Dark Rosaleen, he viewed with sympathetic interest the refurbishing of the pikes of '98, the nightly drillings, and the other preparations for the re-

bellion of 1867; and it was with sorrow and anger that he learned of the killing of Peter O'Neill Crowley in Kilcloony Wood, and viewed his remarkable funeral procession from the college terrace at Fermoy. It is highly significant that in later life he spoke of '98, '48, and '67, the years of rebellion, as the golden periods of modern Irish history.

Maynooth College, which Sheehan entered as a student for the priesthood in August, 1869, was then in a state of transition, and even of ferment, caused by the passing of the Irish Church Act in that year, the cessation of the yearly government grant of twenty-six thousand pounds, and the changes in personnel and curriculum thereby rendered necessary; and the conditions prevailing, as well as the general atmosphere, were not wholly congenial to the young and ardent student from the South. Like many other beginners in logic, before and since, he found Jennings' *Compendium* rather hard and dry work; and he sought relief and consolation in Carlyle, Wordsworth, and Tennyson; in Milton, Shelley, and Keats; in Browning and Ruskin, as well as in excursions into German and Italian literature. His reading was not well ordered, but it was not exactly indiscriminate; and in after years it bore wonderful fruit.

After his ordination in 1875, Father Sheehan served for about two years on the English Mission, at Plymouth and Exeter, successively. He was then recalled to his own diocese of Cloyne, and appointed curate, first in his native town of Mallow, then at Queenstown, and again at Mallow, whence, in 1895, he was promoted to be Parish Priest of Doneraile. His residence in England had not uprooted his national sentiments, but it had toned them down somewhat, and had given him that tendency, so noticeable in many of his writings, to institute comparisons between the two races. The characteristic of the English people which most impressed him was their individualism. To him England was a "strange land, where everyone is so interested in religion, because every man is his own pope; and so uninterested, because he cares so little what all the other popes, even the Archbishop of Canterbury, may hold or teach." He had returned to Ireland with what in that country is somewhat contemptuously called an English accent, and we are told by his biographer that "this un-Irish mode of speech he consistently retained through the remainder of his life." He had also the idea of improving the Irish people after the English model; but that was a Herculean task beyond his powers, or the powers of any man; and in maturer life he realized that the English and the Irish ideals

are irreconcilable, and, as was to be expected, it was the Irish ideal that he embraced. As Dr. Heuser puts it: "He had come to understand that the difference of national temper between his own people and their political masters was fundamental, and that this fact could not be ignored in their economic and religious improvement. He had come to see the two nations by comparison on a common scale, and as a result his love for his countrymen had taken on a degree of deeper affection than he had been conscious of in the years before."

All his life Canon Sheehan was a teacher. He had thought much on pedagogy, but he did not stop at theory. He was a practical educator. Already as a young curate he founded at Mallow, in 1880, a Literary Society, which was principally designed for the benefit of the young men. As pastor of Doneraile, he was deeply concerned for the welfare and progress of the seven schools of his parish. He visited them regularly and frequently, and it was his constant endeavor to maintain them in a state of the highest efficiency. He was a firm believer in vocational training, and he had the boys and girls taught according to their talents with the specific object of fitting them for whatever position in life they were destined to occupy. When school days were over, he retained a friendly interest in each and every one of the former students. By means of literary, musical and dramatic entertainments, of which his own talks and lectures were a specially attractive feature, he spread a tone of culture and refinement throughout the whole district.

In connection with a request for an official report from the United States Department of Education, Canon Sheehan prepared an elaborate analysis of the system of education in vogue in Ireland, in which he lays down the soundest doctrine regarding both the personality of the teacher and the programme of studies. Judged by its influence on humanity, teaching, he says, stands out as the premier secular profession. Therefore, in order to make the teachers happy and contented with their work, to liberate their minds from anxiety about their future, and to enable them worthily to sustain the dignity of their position, he advocated a generous scale of payment and of retiring pensions. He also registered a firm protest against the overlapping of studies as between the primary and the intermediate systems, and again between the secondary school and the university. For the preservation both of health and morality, he urged the teaching of animal physiology and at least elementary anatomy; and he insisted that, for girls, a knowledge of the science of nurs-

ing should be made indispensable. Inasmuch as half the joy and pleasure of most lives is to be found in books, he would have the teacher create a "passion" for reading, and a knowledge of what ought to be read, so that the beauties of English literature, and the hoard of precious thought hidden beneath the covers of books, may not remain unknown and concealed from the eager and inquiring spirits in which Ireland abounds.

In the vexed and much discussed question of higher Irish education he took the keenest interest; and we have it on the authority of Lord Castletown, Chancellor of the Royal University during the negotiations which preceded the latest reform of the Irish university system, that it was largely due to Canon Sheehan's assistance and his knowledge, which went to the root of things, that Chief Secretary Birrell was able to formulate the scheme, in accordance with which the National University and the Queen's University of Belfast were finally established.

Canon Sheehan was particularly anxious to offset the harmful trend of modern education. The founding of the Irish Intermediate Board in 1878 and of the Royal University of Ireland in 1879, and the secularizing and materialistic tendencies underlying both, gave him occasion to set forth, in different numbers of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* those views on education which he afterwards developed more fully in *Geoffrey Austin, The Triumph of Failure,* and *The Intellectuals.* His object was to plead for the infusion of more religion into classical and professional studies, and to prevent the practical elimination of religious training from the schools—a result which he thought certain to follow unless religious instruction was placed on at least as high a level as secular learning. Without this training in religion he feared that the Irish would not remain a high principled race, nor become a cultured one. In order to arouse his countrymen to a full realization of their high destiny, he considered it necessary that there should be a systematic leavening, through religious instructions, of all educational activities. He desired to see Ireland, as of old, opening sanctuaries of science to strangers, and sending apostles of intellect, as well as of faith, to other nations, and to win those intellectual triumphs while the deposit of faith remained intact, and the past and eternal glory of Ireland's fidelity to religion remained undimmed.

It was to the priesthood of Ireland that he looked for the preservation and continuance of the traditional Irish religious ideals. In an unpublished manuscript, entitled *The Work and Wants of the*

*Irish Church,* he appealed to them to take the necessary steps to check " the waste of energy that finds its results in tepidity, laxity of morals amongst the people, indevotion, impiety in conversation, irreverence in the young, irreligion amongst the older members, and a total absence of the 'higher sanctity' that might be expected to be general among a people so highly dowered by nature and grace." His beginning of reform would be in the educational system of the theological seminary; but he is careful to point out that he made such a suggestion in no spirit of captious criticism, and with no consciousness of any personal superiority, for he emphatically states: " No one could be more keenly alive than the present writer to the self-sacrifice, the devotion to duty, the fidelity to their flocks, which have always characterized the Irish priest, and which were never more clearly manifested than in the crucial trials of the past ten years." " But," he goes on, " we think with all diffidence and humility that the system at present in operation in the Irish Church needs revision and amendment; and it is hoped that the suggestion made here may stimulate those in whose hands God has placed the power of reformation and reconstruction to modify and organize on a healthier plan the principles that at present are guiding the Irish Church.

In all this matter Father Sheehan was of course treading on very delicate ground, and it is no wonder that in many cases he wounded feelings proverbially quick to take offence. It was, however, as Dr. Heuser points out, to a misconception of the underlying motives that most of the unfavorable notices of *Geoffrey Austin, My New Curate,* and *The Triumph of Failure* were due. Some theorists saw in *Luke Delmege* a direct attack upon Maynooth College and its educational methods, and its author was accused, as he himself phrases it, of a desire to lampoon and discredit the Irish priesthood. These strictures, whatever surface justification there was for them, stung to the quick the man who had felt, and expressed, that the Irish colleges " turn out the best equipped students in the world for the exigencies of modern missionary life," and who set it down as his considered opinion that " the staff of professors at Maynooth gives promise to maintain all the traditions that belong to the teaching staff of the greatest ecclesiastical seminary in the world." On the whole, however, the voice of hostile criticism was drowned in the general chorus of praise. When *Glenanaar,* which had run its course in *The Dolphin* in 1904 and 1905, came out in book form, it went far towards appeasing former

cavillers, because of the ardent patriotism that everywhere pervades the story. He secured the highest ecclesiastical approval when the Pope, who had read *My New Curate* in an Italian translation, conferred on him the title of Doctor of Divinity; and it was a mark of further approbation and favor in high quarters when the bishop of the diocese made him a Canon of the Cathedral chapter of Cloyne.

In addition to education, and the necessity of reforming it which is emphasized again and again in his stories and essays, Canon Sheehan was interested in other Irish problems, notably emigration and landlordism. Both topics are developed with pathos and power in *Lisheen,* which, after appearing serially in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, was published in book form in 1907. As a curate at Queenstown it had pained him to see the boys and girls, the sap of the nation, pouring across the Atlantic in hundreds every week, leaving behind the middle-aged, the old, and the decrepit. He used whatever influence he possessed in his immediate circle to induce the young people to stay at home. Those who left Ireland he regarded as objects of commiseration, because in the race for wealth and power they so often sacrificed their faith, their native simplicity, their domestic affection, and their love of their native land and its ideals and traditions. His attitude on this question is made manifest in the chapters entitled "A Parliamentary Dinner," in *Luke Delmege.* An itinerant vocalist, a young girl, sang outside the dining-room window Lady Dufferin's touching ballad, *I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary.* Not a word was spoken until she had finished the last stanza:

I'm biddin' you a long farewell, my Mary, kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darlin', in the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair,

for, as the author says, it was the infinite pathos of Ireland. Then, "I'll not forget you, darlin'," solilquized the young priest; "but they *do* forget you, darlin', and what is more, they despise you. And there isn't on earth, or in the nether hell," he said vehemently, bringing his hand down heavily on the table, "a more contemptible being than he, who, seduced by the glitter and glare of foreign civilization, has come to despise his motherland."

The subject of emigration, and its results to the emigrants, as

well as to the home land, was much in his thoughts, as is shown by his frequent references to it in his writings. As early as 1882 he published in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* an article on *The Effects of Emigration on the Irish Church.* Elsewhere he speaks of the life-blood of Ireland "welling out in the open sore of emigration, her towns decaying, her population diminishing at the rate of a million a decade." At the station the old pastor was scarcely able to bring himself to give his blessing to the young girl, who is starting the next week for Boston, and all the way home he could not help being silent and distracted, because he found the whole modern and universal exodus from Ireland maddening. Canon Sheehan deplored, in particular, that "the wealthy Irish-American is raising a generation that learns not merely to forget the old land of their fathers, but to become ashamed of it; to imitate the manners and fashions, and last of all the vices and infidelity, of the great body of Americans who recognize no definite faith, and who make civic virtue their sole religion, secular training their sole education, and worldly success the standard of all their attainments." He lays the blame partly on the genius of the race ("We were always exiles and wanderers," he says), but mostly on Mammon. *"Peregrinari"* is still their destiny, but "it is no longer *'peregrinari pro Christo!'* but *'peregrinari pro Mammona!'* Ah! Yes! the dear old Spartan simplicity of Irish peasant life is yielding to the seductions of the *Zeitgeist:* we want the city, and the electric-light, and the saloon, and the ball-room. There's the secret of Irish emigration!"

He almost despaired of finding a remedy; but, if one existed at all, he believed that it was to be found in the abolition of landlordism, and in the establishment of a nation of peasant proprietors who, safe in the knowledge that whatever they made out of the soil would not be swept away from them in the shape of rent, would feel at liberty to devote their energies to the betterment of their condition. Hence arose his attacks on the practical workings of the Gladstone Land Act of 1881, as well as on the whole framework of landlordism. Hence, too, his reason for becoming, though behind the scenes, one of the moving spirits in the *pourparlers* and conferences which eventuated in the Wyndham Purchase Act of 1903. When that Act was passed, he used his best exertions to have its provisions put in force in his own district, and with infinite patience and perseverance he smoothed away difficulties and overcame obstacles, until, by 1907, practically every farmer in his parish

had availed himself of the purchase facilities, and was the prospective owner in fee simple of the land he tilled. The result was soon visible in increased industry, in the adoption of modern scientific agricultural methods, in many external evidences of prosperity, and in happy homes. "We can now work at their education," said the Canon. "Hitherto our preaching was to make our people patient under their insufferable hardships, because they might hope in God's mercy. Now we can exhort them to gratitude, and they feel the joy of being Christians." The same results followed over large parts of Ireland; and emigration, which has been gradually diminishing, is now virtually at a standstill.

In politics Canon Sheehan, like most Irish patriots, was a Home Ruler. He did not, however, always agree with the later methods of the Irish Parliamentary Party. In *The Intellectuals,* published in 1911, he puts into the mouth of Dr. Holden some very strong fulminations against national disfranchisement and the total extinction of popular rights in constituencies, where, as the doctor alleges, the members of parliament are dictators and the voters obedient and tolerant slaves. He is prophetic of the future, too, for he makes the doctor predict that "the country shall never recover its political independence except along the bloody paths of revolution. And thither are we tending so surely as our solar system is moving towards the constellation of Hercules in the heavens." That the protestations of Dr. Holden against the usurpation of power by the Irish members truly echoed the Canon's own sentiments is shown by the following outburst, occurring in a letter to Mr. Justice Holmes in 1910: "I have been for the last few months here in Ireland in a state of silent fury against the insolent domination of the Irish parliamentary party and their attempt to stamp out all political freedom. At last, I was forced to speak out, and I send you two articles on our political situation and in favor of a new movement to establish political liberty and break down the barriers between Protestants and Catholics in this country."

The pastor of Doneraile belonged to the School of Davis, his fellow-townsman, who would band all Irishmen in one common cause for the betterment of the country, a policy which Parnell later crystallized in the well-known formula, "Ireland needs the services of every one of her children." In the Cork *Free Press,* established by his friend and schoolfellow, William O'Brien, M.P., another Mallow man, he found a congenial outlet for his

opinions. The leading editorial in the first issue of that paper was from Canon Sheehan's pen. It is, for one thing, a complete profession of political faith; but it is more than that: it is an eloquent and impassioned appeal for the restoration of what its writer considered to be the true principles of nationality. He argues for a press free from bribery and intimidation; for the overthrow of political expediency in favor of political morality; for the abandonment of sectarian bitterness and the adoption of a friendly attitude towards the Protestant minority; and the settling of the Home Rule problem by the methods of "conferences, conciliation, and consent," which had proved so efficacious as a means of passing the Wyndham Act in 1903. There are warnings and danger signals in abundance in this article and elsewhere in his later writings, and they are repeated with great emphasis in his posthumously published work, *The Graves at Kilmorna,* a historical novel dealing with the rise and suppression of the Fenian insurrection in 1867. This story ends abruptly on a note of what some writers consider pessimism, almost despair, regarding Ireland; but read aright, in the light of the author's outlook on past and present Irish political complications, it is capable of quite another construction.

In view of the stinging criticism to which he was subjected, principally by some of his own countrymen, the question naturally arises, Was Canon Sheehan a good Irishman? The answer must, I think, be an emphatic, Yes. From the beginning to the end he labored earnestly to live up to his own motto: To do God's work, however imperfectly; to serve Ireland, however unworthily.

The Ireland, from which Patrick Augustine Sheehan took his final departure in 1913, has since passed through a great upheaval and a sore trial, and she is yet far from being out of the valley of the shadow. But there are forces at work that augur well for her future. Whatever further tribulations are in store for her in the coming years, we may, without irreverence, associate ourselves with the language of Father Cussen, who, when asked by Luke Delmege what could save Ireland, answered:

"THE GOD OF ABRAHAM, AND OF ISAAC, AND OF JACOB! The same God that pulled our race through seven centuries of fire and blood."

# A YANKEE HAGIOGRAPHER: AGUECHEEK.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

A FERTILE cause of regret, one which frequently turns to censure, is that the lives and even the characters of the saints have suffered at the hands of their too ardent biographers; that heroic men and women who ought to occupy unique positions in Catholic devotion, have been presented to modern readers in stereotyped vesture, their splendid personalities being worn smooth of marked features to the conventional regularity of waxen images; and that, in consequence, these worthy examplars fail of interest and influence among their brethren of the Faith in a distant age, and in a different social atmosphere. Without admitting the entire catalogue of explanations which are advanced in support of this criticism—fifty per cent of them arise from the worldly viewpoint taken of the other-worldliness of the saints—it remains, as a *desideratum* in hagiography, that the glorious records of these heroic men and women should be presented in a manner to win the appreciation of the various national temperaments and the changing spirit of the times: that the narratives should exhibit a great solicitude for historical truth and edify and interest the readers.

A classic in literature, said de Quincey, should be re-edited with each succeeding generation. A similar favor should be accorded the biographies of the saints, especially of those saints who occupy a position of uncommon applicability to the world at large. To this end, a native historian ought to be fittest to tell the story to his fellow-countrymen. The standards of measurement will appear more natural—it is easier for an American to deal in dollars and cents than in francs and centimes: and, what is more considerable, the high lights of saintly endeavor, which at times appear so dazzling when viewed upon the landscape of an Italian or French translation, will seem quite approachable when set within the horizons of our own atmosphere. Francis Thompson, presenting his saints in modes of modern sympathy and in present-day terms of literary expression, has gone far in advance of his kinsman, Edward Healy Thompson, who cut the pattern of his biographies from old French and Italian models.

In our country, many novice pens have written abridged lives of the saints. Butler and perhaps some occasional note from the Bollandists constituted their field of research; and though they may not claim the repute of scientific hagiography, they served a good cause in keeping at least a passing acquaintanceship current among the children of the Faith. One of these American books of biography, perhaps more interesting than any other similar work, is *Memorials of the Blessed* by Charles Bullard Fairbanks. This volume, published in 1860, contains fifty sketches of notable saints. It cannot be called a marvelous contribution to hagiography—scientific researches very likely did not engage the writer, though there are copious citations from reliable predecessors, and constant evidences of painstaking care in the facts and the manner of stating them. The book, however, can challenge attention on other worthy counts. First, its author, a Yankee brought up with strong New England prejudices, as he proclaimed himself, is none other than the famous "Aguecheek"—a name known over a half century ago for those brilliant essays done under that pseudonym, and again, *feliciter redivivus* in the new edition of his work, under the title, *My Unknown Chum.* Secondly, the motive of this book of biographies sets its apostleship high; for it is the insistent cry of an ardent convert to the Faith against the worldly and materialistic spirit of the times. Sixty years ago! If that was the spirit of America in that green wood, how much more now in the dry! And finally, these sketches wear the fullness of Yankee expressiveness—the temperate tone of laudation, a quiet manner in urging the fact that its lesson, little literary *nuances* out of what might be called the New England Academy, felicities in the phrasing of some observation, or in the prim considerations which flower forth as a moral from the chapter.

Of the author, Charles Bullard Fairbanks, an exhaustive biographical record need not be given here. His short term of years was a busy school of religious study and growth. To the readers of "Aguecheek" (now known as *My Unknown Chum)* he might seem to have been a steady itinerant upon the highways of Europe, a constant pilgrim to the beautiful shrines of art, to the cities and hamlets rich with the best traditions of the Old World. But his greater pilgrimages were those of the soul—a busy negotiator traveling candidly forward in quest of the pearl beyond all price.

Born in Boston in 1827, Fairbanks was brought up in the

Unitarian doctrines. Later he became acquainted with Episcopalianism and for a time followed its tenets. But, as Rt. Rev. George H. Doane said in a biographical notice, "he was too earnest to play Catholic: he wished to be one indeed." And in 1852, on the Feast of St. Martin, he was received into the Church by the Bishop of Boston. "For myself," he writes to a friend, "I can only say that every day I find new occasions for thankfulness that I was led to the Catholic Church. I took the dreadful step in doubt. I went with many fears and suspicions; but now I know them all to have been groundless, and I can assure you that I have found a happiness such as I had never dreamed of before."

There were other steps to take; his heart would go yet farther on and up. He began to study in preparation for the priesthood. At Holy Cross in Worcester, (where many notable converts have started upon a new road, and where at that time, three sons of the illustrious Orestes A. Brownson were completing their college studies), Fairbanks set out upon his curriculum. He doubtless enjoyed a literary reputation even at that date, for an old diary at Holy Cross notes succinctly, "Fairbanks entered today." His ill-health bore hard upon him, and in the hope that by a change of climate he might have "passable good health" to pursue his studies, he went to seminaries as far apart as St. Hyacinth's in Canada and St. Sulpice in Paris, and thence to the *Collegio Pio* in Rome. He received Minor Orders in Rome; but his health compelled him to withdraw from his ambition. In Monsignor Doane's concluding sentence, "He entered into rest on Saturday, September 3, 1859, and on Sunday, the 4th, after the Requiem Mass, and the solemn service of the dead, he was laid in the cemetery at Montmartre." Sunday, and the Mount of Martyrs hallowed the farewell.

Even during those last years, fraught with many burdens of physical pain, he found time and courage, like many another holy ascetic before him, to use his talent in letters. As Aguecheek he had sent forth a splendid chapter on "The Philosophy of Suffering," no word of it apparently about himself; yet his contemporaries, in telling us that Aguecheek was a name suggested by the facial neuralgia from which he suffered intense pain, lead us to infer that much of that chapter about suffering was written out of vivid experiences. He had the temper of heroic Christianity. "This showed itself," wrote a friend, "among other ways, in the patience with which he bore the sufferings of disease, never allowing a murmur to escape his lips, but rather masking what he suffered by his cheer-

ful playful manner." He could count as nothing the afflictions of the flesh and the vanities of the world, assured that incomparable reward was being stored up beyond the horizons of time.

And this is in great part the message of his book about the saints. It is, as we have noted, an insistent cry against the world's love of materialistic comfort, a call to learn the culture and conduct of the saints as a manual of arms for Christian combat. This apostleship of his pen had found exercise even in the pages of the "Aguecheek" papers—many passages speak protest on the godless ways of London and other money-mad cities. And in his preface to the translation of Father Nepveu's *Spirit of Christianity* (another labor of love, which illness could not impede), he strikes off a paragraph which is keen analysis of the times and people therein. "This treatise," he writes, "is admirably adapted also to a large class among English-speaking Catholics, upon whom the unction of a Bernard, a Bonaventure, or an Adphonsus would be poured out in vain. It is no fault of theirs that they cannot sympathize with the simple and affectionate piety of the warm-hearted people of the Mediterranean countries—for they are constitutionally serious, and averse to any external demonstrations of feeling; and the main object of education, in the communities they live in, whose spirit affects them whether they will or no, appears to be the inculcation of a due regard for the proprieties and the respectabilities of life. The increasing devotion to material interests, of course, tends to drive such people, day by day, further from a religion which is, in doctrine and practice, a stern remonstrance against their spiritual self-isolation, and a severe reproof to their worldly and calculating spirit. Perhaps this book may be the means of tempering the chilly atmosphere in which they dwell, so that the graceful and fragrant flowers of piety may flourish there. Perhaps it may open their hearts to the tender pleadings of those saintly ascetics, and may cure them of their tendency to mistake fervor for poetic enthusiasm, and unction for sentimentalism."

Commentaries akin to this permeate his reflections upon the saintly characters of whom he wrote. As an illustration of his style in these sketches, take his final paragraph on St. Rose of Lima; it deserves quotation also on the ground that it reads piquantly to a multitude of modern Catholics. "Perhaps some who read this sketch may think that such a life as that of St. Rose is not intended for an example to them. They are engrossed, they may say, by occupations which necessarily distract them from

spiritual interests; and it cannot be expected that they should practise any extraordinary self-denial, or do anything more than is absolutely required to keep them from losing the name of Christian. But the truth is, it is to just this class of negligent and self-indulgent Christians that the pure and mortified life we have sketched most urgently appeals. It shows the prophetic wisdom of the Apostolic See that it should have honored with canonization such a saint as this shining model of self-abnegation, in a hemisphere which was to become the abode of a worldly and materialistic spirit, more arrogant and exclusive in its exertions than the Church has ever before had to combat in a land professedly Christian. If it be true that "friendship with the world is enmity towards God," then the life of a saint, whose whole career was one continued act of the love of God and detestation of the world and its maxims, is worthy of the study and imitation of every Christian. And they who are obliged to live in the whirl of society, among people devoted to money-getting and money-spending, to the vanities and unrealities which hem them in on every side, need to imbibe something of the heroic character of St. Rose of Lima if they would preserve their faith, and would cherish the hope of ever sharing in her blessedness."

From the lives of great Apostles also, whose operative zeal might seem to be inimitable, he would weave a little lesson for souvenir. This gentle-toned paragraph, which terminates his chapter on St. Patrick, offers further illustration of his manner: "Few are called to such a work as that of St. Patrick; but there is no one, from the mightiest to the most humble, from the most learned to the most ignorant, who may not imitate his virtues. We may not evangelize a heathen country, but our lives may be made to reflect the humility, and patience, and all-embracing love of God and man, which made the apostle of Ireland a saint in the Church of God, and embalmed his memory in the hearts of a redeemed and grateful people."

These citations may suggest to the reader an observation about the literary style which invests the book—that the author here writes with exceeding simplicity, no elaborate sentence structures, no far-sought turns of phrase; that he aims rather at comprehensive accuracy than at embellished elegancies or majestic amplifications which make for rhetorical forcefulness. This observation will occur to anyone conversant with the style of Fairbanks in his "Aguecheek" papers; for in his splendid essays, keen with intellec-

tual erudition as well as with humanistic emotions, he exhibits a stylistic power in that *genre* of writing which brings him abreast with the masters. Fifty years ago, his critics mentioned him in the same breath with Washington Irving; a half century later our reviewers place him in the superlative class of their eulogies. In the volume about the saints, on the other hand, Fairbanks' style is indicative of a beginner's limitations, there is a plain and formal structure to his sentences, a simple yet forceful order for phrase and clause, no searching after smart habiliments for the vesture of his narratives, a decent poverty rather than gay splendors, quiet dignity always, though now and then something of the *risus sanctorum* in his brief Yankee smile, and finally, the obvious though acceptable, moralizations appended to the sketches.

From this disparity in the literary style of these two books, a reader might be tempted to doubt the identity of Fairbanks and Aguecheek. Knowing, however, from abundant testimony of his contemporaries that Fairbanks is Aguecheek, the explanation of his stylistic manners is not far to find. With a true eye to what may be termed literary prospective, he knew how to meet his subjects and his audiences. When he wished to engage in a tourney upon the field of secular letters, Aguecheek wore apparel which should befit the environment and its demands: and when he went to the other-worldly courts of the cloister, Fairbanks adopted a style in accord with the simple religious garb of his heroes, "those heroes who conquered their greatest enemies, their own hearts." Secondly, with regard to his audiences: as Aguecheek, he wrote for the literary *clientèle* of Boston's best journals, the *Gazette* and the *Transcript;* in his *Memorials of the Blessed,* some of which appeared in the *Pilot,* he was addressing readers who, sixty years ago were foreigners for the greater part, and who, though not academicians, were studious for the glorious history of the Faith. Then, too, physical infirmities bore hard upon his pen during the preparation of his papers about the saints; "some of them," wrote his very intimate friend, "were dictated by him to a very near relative, at times when his disease, besides the suffering it caused him, deprived him of the use of his eyes." Elaborate composition was not possible under such trying circumstances.

Yet it must not be imagined that this volume, because it lacks the fullness of literary grace, has not stylistic valuations all its own. On the contrary, the adoption of the simple comprehensive modes, so truly in harmony with the atmosphere of his topics and with the

requirements of his readers marks Fairbanks as a skilled *littérateur.* Moreover, time and again, his pen drifts into the charms which glorify the pages of Aguecheek. That he should employ the same epithets for the same characters in both books is to be expected, as, for instance, calling St. Francis "the Apostle of Holy Poverty," and Bernard "the honey-tongued Doctor;" but likewise as hagiographer he exhibits that cultured mind which Aguecheek showed to have been stored with the treasures of ancient and modern literature. The very title of his book, *Memorials of the Blessed,* suggests acquaintance with a famous collection of the Middle Ages, *Memorialis Sanctorum,* by Eulogius of Toledo. Montalembert and Wiseman, good sources surely, as well as countless others, supply him with confirming testimony. He is conversant with Protestant writers who have paid tribute to his characters. Thus after narrating the incident in which the father of Francis of Assisi "insisted upon his son's immediate return home, or renunciation of all hopes of his inheritance," he quietly adds, "and here, says an eloquent Protestant writer concerning Francis' father, history takes her leave of him, without regret, and without applause, but not without sullen acknowledgment that, after all, it was from the mortal Pietro that the immortal Francis derived one inheritance which he could not renounce—the inheritance of that inflexible decision of purpose which elevated the father to distinction among the worshippers of Mammon, and the son to eminence among the saints of Christendom." And of Louis of France our well-read hagiographer is able to say that "his virtues have since received the homage of historians of every creed, and even of the great coryphæus of infidelity, Voltaire himself."

Allied to the literary erudition which marks these biographies as well as the essays of Aguecheek, there are, albeit the style in the main is wrought in a simple mold, sentences quite elaborate in constructiveness, occasional felicities in thought and phrase, now replete with gentle humor or again with the telling force of direct reprehension. Borromeo and Fairbanks unite in a witty defence of corporal austerities, the latter saying of the former: "His diet often drew remonstrances from his confessors; but he would abate nothing of his austerities, insisting upon it that the simplicity of his life had cured him of a troublesome disorder which had vexed him for many years." That Christians should strive to be worthy of the name they bear, stands out in this sentence about John of the Cross: "His incredible austerities showed that the name he had

taken was not a mere unmeaning title." One full sentence suffices to record that period of Teresa's life which might have been a wide pathway to peril: "Her rosary, once bright with constant use, hung day after day untouched in her chamber, and the lives of the heroes of Christianity, who triumphed so gloriously over those most powerful enemies, their own hearts, were cast aside for the chronicles of knight-errantry and the frivolous inventions of the novelist." In Laurence Justinian, he gives a graphic picture of son and saint, filial affection and religious decorum: "When he went out as a mendicant, he visited his mother's house just as he did those of her neighbors, and received her alms, in the same manner as he did theirs." As a last illustration of these telling sentences, let us take one about Bruno, which recalls the story of Michelangelo commanding his own statue of Moses to speak: "In the noble church adjoining *Santa Maria degli Angeli* stands the greatest work of the sculptor Houdon, the statue of the founder of the Carthusian Order, faintly typifying in its pure white marble the splendor and the solidity of the virtues of the saint, and meriting in the life-like fullness of its artistic perfections the criticism bestowed upon it by an illustrious Pope, 'It would speak, were it not that the rules of the Order prescribe silence.'"

As a hagiographer, therefore, as well as a writer in the forefront of secular letters, Charles Bullard Fairbanks merits the esteem and the admiration—it is not too much to say it—of the world, and most surely of the American community. As "Aguecheek" he produced a book of essays which, during the past sixty years has won lavish praise from a multitude of knowing readers, a book which marks him as an ideal American in commentary upon men and manners. And in his biographies of the saints, he displays characteristics truly American. In the quantity of his work also—for we should bear in mind that he was rarely in good health, and that he died at the age of thirty-two—he was a type of the steady-going, indefatigable Yankee. In the judgment of his secular friends, who were near to him when he was writing his Aguecheek papers, he was a saintly character, this young man, who posed as "a venerable old gentleman" in his charming essays. The good Madame Busque—who does not know that lovable housekeeper, a real personage in the most domestic scene in "Aguecheek"—the good Madame Busque insisted on calling him a saint on the way back from the grave on Montmartre. And the great Round Table of canonized saints of whom he wrote for the interest and edification

of his brethren in the Faith, are witnesses, we trust, to the truth, in his regard, of lines which he quoted for Elizabeth of Hungary:

A crown of glory now
Adorns that gentle brow
Which bore another crown while on the way.

## MY LESSON.

BY MARY REEVES.

I HAVE grown used to search for Thee always among the hills,
Or where the stir of forest leaves at dawn, sweet peace distills.
And I have lifted up my raptured face,
Calm with the thought of Thee to star-lit space,
And surged towards Thee on the winds that race.

But teach me now to find Thee even here, in the stern mart,
To trace Thy footprints still, through maze of men, with steady heart.
To see Thy image clear in world-scarred eyes,
To hear Thy summons ring through human cries,
To note Thy beauty from the mire arise.

I have been wont to lift my orisons, in quietude,
Where discord of the world—of strife and sin, dare not intrude:
I have drawn near to Thee in gracious dreams,
Have found Thee in green woods and purling streams,
And glimpsed Thy glory in the sunset gleams.

But let me now above life's dissonance, sing high Thy praise,
Bid me to sense Thee, as a light divine, on darkened ways.
Give me to find Thee on the fetid street,
Hear in the monotone of wearied feet,
And through the toilsome din, Thy meaning sweet.

# THE BENEDICTINES OF CALDEY.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

SINCE the conversion of Newman no incident in the religious life of England was so sensational as the conversion of the Anglican Benedictine monks of Caldey Island, and the community of Anglican nuns at St. Bride's, Milford Haven, to the Catholic Church. Their reception took place in February, 1913, when seventy-four souls in all, of the fine flower of Anglican piety, returned to the ancient Church. This great event was a sign of the unrest among the English High Church people; and its sequel may be looked for as a result of the decision of the Convocation of Canterbury refusing the appeal of a thousand High Church clergy for permission to reserve the Sacrament for purposes of private prayer. Against this decision the Bishop of London protested, saying that he feared it would have the effect of driving out of the Anglican Church those thousand men, whom he described as the most spiritual-minded and devout-minded men they had in the Church.

It was just such a decision that drove the monks of Caldey and the nuns of St. Bride's back to the Mother Church—they were required to give up "illegal practices," such as the reservation of the Sacrament, and the preaching of the Immaculate Conception as an article of faith.

Many people believed that the great hour for the return of England to the Catholic Church had struck when Newman wrote on October 8, 1845, from Littlemore: "I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist, who from his youth has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of England. After thirty years of waiting, he was, without his own act, sent here. But he has had little to do with conversions. He is a simple, holy man, gifted with remarkable powers. He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the Fold of Christ."

But the great hour had not struck, although as Gladstone said: "A great luminary drew after him a third of the stars of heaven." The hour has yet to strike. Many people, especially

army chaplains, believe that the War has sounded it. When it strikes, its coming will have been helped by the prayers of such contemplative communities as those of Caldey. Again one remembers Newman: "We are leaving Littlemore and it is as though we put out on the great sea."

When the Caldey monks made the great renunciation and the great acceptance, it was as though they put out on the wild sea, walking on the waters and trusting to the Lord to uplift them. Before the change they were praised, cherished and loved by all that body of the Church of England which still believes it possible to be Catholic within the borders of the Establishment. Before they settled at Caldey they had been at Painsthorpe in Yorkshire under the wing of Lord Halifax, the lay leader of the High Church party in England, "waiting till God should give them a place of their own," wrote Lord Halifax in the *Church Times* in 1906, "where they could dwell from generation to generation." In 1906 the hoped-for thing happened. Caldey Island, which had been a monastic settlement in the early days of Christianity in England, was secured for them, and there they were settled to pray for the world. Caldey is a rocky place off Tenby on the coast of Wales. About the same time the Anglican nuns of St. Bride moved from Malling Abbey to Milford.

Between 1906 and 1913, probably earlier, the Community at Caldey had been observing all the practices of the Catholic Church. Like all the extremists of the High Church party there was nothing between them and Catholicism except submission to Rome. To Caldey came many spiritually-minded people who found in "English Catholicism" a way of escape from the arid and cold ugliness of the Low Church, the Church of negations rather than affirmations. There was a Guest-House on the Island at which these pilgrims stayed, enjoying the "privileges" of the Divine Office, of "Mass" and all the monastic observances. Caldey was a High Church pilgrimage and shrine to which were brought many offerings. Doubtless it was a terrible blow to many good people when the news came that the whole Community, with the nuns of St. Bride's, had "gone over" to Rome. Caldey had been a gift to the monks, therefore it could not be alienated. It, with all its monastic buildings, became an outpost for St. Peter in St. George's Channel, looking across to Ireland which has suffered so much for its faithfulness to Rome. But the offerings were withdrawn. Those who were taken in St. Peter's net were left practically with-

out provision. From a plentiful city they passed into a City secure indeed, but so far as the worldly part is concerned, a City of few material resources.

Dom Bede Camm, who was to the Caldey monks what Father Dominic, the Passionist, was to Newman, has some interesting stories to tell about this event which so fluttered the dovecotes of High Anglicanism. He says: "When the news of the conversions at Caldey and St. Bride's first became known to the world, I received a very remarkable letter from an English nun in France. She wrote from the Mother House of the Congregation of St. Charles at Angers. I will quote her letter at length: 'A Sister of our Community, who died May 24, 1908, whose autobiography was published in 1910—it has now reached the third edition and fifth thousand, and is in all parts of the world, so to speak—said in her writings some things which bear such a striking relation to the events which rejoice the Catholic world at the present time, that I cannot resist calling your attention to them.'

"For instance, on January 2, 1907, she writes: 'The demon is enraged because God chooses for Himself a multitude of souls in whom He is about to work marvelous things. The adorable Trinity will have, so to speak, His heaven on the earth. I rejoice at the reign of God in these souls and I pray for them. I beg the divine Master to increase their number.

"'For some time since I see a Community of religious women all clothed in white. Our Lord finds His delight among these consecrated souls. They have always their souls, if not their arms, raised to heaven. Their thoughts are constantly fixed on God. Their prayers, which ever rise towards the Eternal God, are very fervent, and appease His wrath. They appear to me to be about forty in number.'

"I will break off here to remark that the nuns of St. Bride's wore a white habit, like the monks of Caldey, though this is very unusual among the Benedictines. They numbered, too, about forty, thirty-seven to be exact.

"Again on January 11, 1907, she writes: 'At my repeated prayers, Jesus turned His face each time to this poor land, this poor France of ours, but His face became ever more sad, as if ever more oppressed with grief.

"'At the same time I saw a little island, surrounded by water on every side. The soil was uncultivated. In the midst of the island there grew a beautiful rose on a long stem, without leaves.

I was much astonished. A rose at this season? A rose on a leafless stem, in this rough uncultivated soil? I could not understand what it meant.

" 'This morning, during Mass, when I was not thinking about it at all, Our Lord said to me, that this uncultivated soil meant that religion was not yet properly established in this place which yet was to be the heaven of the Holy Trinity on earth, and from which saints would arise to console the Heart of God. Already I knew interiorly that this world of chosen souls was not in France. Our Lord then commanded me to take His precious Blood which I had seen flow abundantly from Him, and to water therewith this barren soil which would then become fruitful.'

"Again on January 16, 1907, she saw an abundant shower of rain fall on this island, which was thus wonderfully predestined to be God's heaven on earth, and she was told that these were graces, which, rejected and despised by others, were now poured out on this chosen land. Under this abundant rain she saw the soil become soft and moist, as souls emerging from their state of ignorance, were thus prepared to bud and bring forth fruit.

" 'I have no idea,' the writer continues, 'if the good nuns of Milford Haven wear black or white. Then again, I have never been to Caldey, so cannot know if the facts coincide in reality as they appear to us to do. A line from you, Reverend Father, would be esteemed a great favor, for we have often wondered where the unknown island was, and also the nuns clothed in white.'

" Of course, I wrote to assure her that the facts did indeed wonderfully coincide with the Sister's revelations. It was in October, 1906, that the monks came to Caldey, and already in January, 1907, this holy nun had visions of this chosen isle, once the home of so many saints, but for more than three centuries utterly abandoned and neglected as far as religion was concerned.

" I asked for more information about the nun to whom Our Lord seems to have intrusted the work of these conversions, and the Mother General kindly sent me copies of her autobiography, entitled *Une Mystique de Nos Jours.*

" Sister Gertrude Marie Bernier was born of a poor family at Lion d'Angers in Anjou, in 1870. She became a religious in 1887, and spent most of her short life in teaching little children. She suffered greatly, and after years of severe illness died in the odor of sanctity at Angers, in 1908. Our Lord Himself com-

manded her to write her life, and tell of the marvels of grace which He was pleased to work in her soul.

"From the day of her First Communion she was inundated with divine favors, which reached their apogee when, in 1907, she celebrated her mystic nuptials with her divine Spouse. With these graces were united, as is usually the case, the most terrible sufferings, for she had offered herself to Jesus to be His victim. Her favorite device was, 'Love has chosen me, Love has called me, I yield myself up to Love by love.'

"And if we rejoice today at these wonderful conversions, at the sight of two Communities with one consent and one heart begging for admission into the Church of Jesus Christ, we may find the secret, it seems, of these extraordinary graces in the hidden life of prayer and immolation of this poor nun whom Jesus chose to be His instrument in the divine work.

"She did not live to know who it was for whom she thus poured out her supplications; she never knew the joy, at least in this world, of seeing her petitions so wonderfully granted. But no doubt these conversions are *mainly* due to her sacrifices and her prayers.

"I may now speak of what came under my own knowledge. In the year 1891 a dear friend of my own, Miss Charlotte Boyd, Foundress of the Orphanage of the Infant Saviour at Kilburn, came to see me during my novitiate at the Benedictine Abbey at Maredsous. She was a devout Anglican, and from her early days had been intensely interested in the revival of the monastic life in England. Possessed of considerable means, she had been moved, when on a pilgrimage to the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, to make a special vow that she would devote her life and the bulk of her fortune to rescuing from desecration the holy sites once consecrated to God and St. Benedict, and to restoring them to religious uses.

"Unfortunately, having been brought up in the belief that the Anglican Communion was the true representative of the ancient Catholic Church of the land, she handed over her benefactions to members of the High Church party, and made the Cowley Fathers trustees of the fund which she designated 'The Abbey Restoration Trust.'

"God, however, did not fail to reward her zeal and devotion, by enlightening her as to His true Church. Her visits to Maredsous greatly impressed her, and she began to see that submission to the Holy See was a necessary condition of true Catholicism.

While still hesitating she acquired Malling Abbey, a fine old house of Benedictine nuns, from the Akers family. She handed it over to a Community of Anglican nuns, which had been founded by the late Father Ignatius of Llanthony at Feltham in Middlesex, and whom she had long known intimately.

"About the same time she actually founded in our Abbey at Maredsous a Mass to be said daily for the conversion of England. It was laid down as a condition that when the petition was granted, the Mass should still be said daily in thanksgiving. She gave a sum of two thousand pounds for this foundation. The first fruit of this daily Mass was the conversion of the foundress herself.

"A further result has been the conversion of the nuns to whom she gave Malling Abbey. For this is the same Community now established at St. Bride's, Milford Haven, whither they moved from Malling two years ago. They let Malling as the place had become too small for them, but hoped soon to be able to send back a colony of nuns to re-people it. They had no intention of deserting the grand old Abbey, but there were difficulties about building there, and the house could no longer contain their greatly increased numbers. At present—1913—the fate of Malling Abbey is in suspense. It was at Malling Abbey that Brother Aelred Carlyle first made his profession as a monk. Thus it was that for many years the daily Sacrifice pleaded at Maredsous for these souls, who desired so earnestly to consecrate themselves to God.

" I, myself, as an Anglican clergyman, had known the Community intimately while they were still settled at Feltham, and I presented them one day with a statue of St. Scholastica, which they still keep in their chapel at St. Bride's. The lamp which hangs beside it, was presented by Monsignor R. H. Benson some years later to Malling.

" When I came to St. Bride's this year, to prepare the Community for their reception into the Catholic Church, I found several of the elder religious who remembered me well, and it was a very happy meeting after more than twenty years.

" My relations with the Caldey Community began much later, and in rather a curious way. In June, 1905, an article appeared in a Catholic weekly paper, giving a very laudatory and rather too gushing account of the Anglican Benedictines then at Painsthorpe in Yorkshire. This provoked controversy, and some violent letters appeared abusing the monks as shams and frauds. I was so much disgusted at the tone of the correspondence that I wrote to

protest, explaining that while, of course, I could not recognize the monks as real Benedictines, yet I was convinced from all I had heard of them that they were sincere and earnest men, leading a very mortified life according to St. Benedict's Holy Rule, and striving to serve God perfectly according to their lights. I added that my own experience had taught me that souls were never won by abuse, and that the true method to convert them was by showing them sympathy and charity in their difficulties, and trying to understand their position.

"This letter drew, on July 24th, a private communication from Abbot Aelred, in which he said: 'I feel that I cannot let this week pass without writing you a line of grateful thanks for your Christian letter. There is no question,' he went on, 'but that we are all in good faith, and in the present state of the world which is given over to forgetfulness of God and neglect of holy things, it is a grievous pity that we, who, at least, possess in common the love of our dear Lord, should make it possible for those who do not know Him to throw the old gibe at us: "See how these Christians love one another."'

"This letter naturally led to others, and established friendly relations, which were cemented some years later by the charity shown by the monks to a consumptive boy who had left their community to become a Catholic, and whom they took back when he was friendless and stricken with the fatal disease, and nursed most lovingly until his death. This was in 1911. The poor boy lived a year, and died praying with his last breath for the conversion of his benefactors. In a paper which he left behind him, he expressed in the most emphatic terms his joy at dying in the holy Faith of the one true Church of Jesus Christ, and his most earnest prayer that all whom he loved and who had been good to him, might find their way into the same sacred Fold."

On SS. Peter's and Paul's Day, June 29, 1913, Bishop Mostyn clothed Brother Aelred Carlyle in the Benedictine habit, and announced that by faculties from the Holy See, Caldey Abbey was established as a true Benedictine monastery. A few days earlier a like ceremony had taken place at St. Bride's.

All that is four years ago, and the censer of prayer is still swinging between Caldey and heaven. Dom Aelred is now in the United States to spread there the knowledge of the English Benedictines and to tell the needs of Caldey and the mission which it seeks to promote.

# New Books.

**HARRY BUTTERS, R.F.A.** Life and War Letters. Edited by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. With twelve illustrations. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Here in actual life and death, we have a true Robert Hugh Benson hero and theme—the mystic guidance of Divine Providence, hidden under commonplace happenings, working on the world's greatest battlefield, leading through suffering and humiliation to the Bethel wherein is the mighty wrestling with God's angel, a wrestling that cripples the soul in its pride and intellectual self-sufficiency. Eventually the soul wins the crown from the angel of suffering, and issues a humbled conqueror, glimpsing life's meaning with the new eyes of Faith, and in the very dawn of God's spiritual day, passing on to meet the Master face to face.

Yet not every reader will find this guiding of a rare soul from the darkness of unbelief to the light of Faith as the principal message of the book. The bright, flashing personality of the young soldier, whose physical beauty a poet has celebrated, dominates the pages. His cheery, fun-loving spirit that made him the delight of his comrades; the loftiness of thought and nobility of purpose; the mental grasp and insight into the real issues of this war, that won him the encomiums of England's foremost men, are all before us; but if we do not see, running through all this and giving it genuine significance, the story of a soul, groping on in doubt and pain, unknowingly led by a Guide whose lineaments we can discern but he could not, then we miss the real issue in this book.

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan evidently performed a labor of love when she wrote the *Life*. The story is told with simplicity and charm. The boy, the youth and the soldier are depicted with a vividness that bespeaks exceptional opportunities in acquiring data, and a more exceptional sympathy, governed by good taste, in presenting them.

In the letters themselves we come in touch with the rare personality that inspired the book, and find him as stimulating and as charming as we were led to expect from the introductory *Life*. In the very first letter, written on leaving home, we have a glimpse of the spiritual element that was in his going. The promise to say

every day one "Hail Mary" and the "*Veni Creator*" would mean nothing remarkable from a man who was a practical Catholic, but that promise from one who had lost the Faith entirely, speaks eloquently of his intense love for the sister who asked it, and who found courage to send him to the War with smiling face because she looked for his return—not to her but to God.

If a man during a long life can bring an inspiriting message to thousands of his fellows, he is considered exceptional in himself and fortunate in his circumstances. Harry Butters, in the dawn of his young manhood, enabled many of his fellow-countrymen to see the greatness of the cause for which we are fighting; showed them a joyous courage typical of those who battle for justice; and in the circumstances that preceded and attended his death, exemplified Francis Thompson's teaching in *The Hound of Heaven,* and the principles that Monsignor Benson constantly strove to impart.

This it is that makes the book unique among those that have come to us because of the War. There are many reasons for special interest it is true. Harry Butters was among the first to realize the issues at stake in the present conflict; saw that the rule "of the people by the people and for the people" would perish from the earth if the foe were victorious, and gave his life in defence of that liberty that his fathers had died for, long before the majority of his countrymen realized that that liberty was endangered. But the soul-story, where God's grace and the boy are fighting with the dark angel of unbelief, ending in glorious, inevitable conquest and the placing of Christ's own coronet on the head of the young soldier, is of dominant interest to those who see with the eyes of Faith.

**STATE SOCIALISM.** Pro. and Con. Edited by William English Walling and Harry W. Laidler. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00 net.

In the preface to this book, the editors tell us that "the tendency toward collectivism is probably the most portentous movement of the twentieth century," yet no hitherto published American work deals with it adequately. Messrs. Walling and Laidler have attempted to supply the deficiency. Their volume presents authoritative selections from various sources on the recent and present activities of governments in commercial, industrial and social fields. In five parts it describes what governments are doing by way of ownership and operation under the heads: "Finance;" "Agricul-

ture and the Conservation of Natural Resources;" "Transportation and Communication;" "Commerce, Industry and Mining;" and "Collectivism and the Individual." This is a very comprehensive programme, leaving no subject untouched that could reasonably be classed as among "socialistic" or collectivistic undertakings. It includes subjects as far apart as public housing, mining, savings banks, land development, shipping, and municipal utilities. However, they and all the other topics have a proper place in a book which aims to give an account of what governments are doing in other than the traditional domain of the state. According to the editors, all the governmental enterprises and activities that the book discusses are collectivistic, inasmuch as they are supported and operated by the government for a public purpose.

The editors maintain that "the book is in no sense a brief for State Socialism," and that they have "not sought to reproduce partisan arguments on either side," but only "to provide the reader with the more important data, so that he may be equally free to reach a conclusion for or against collectivism." While they have, no doubt, honestly endeavored to carry out this intention, the superior amount of space given to matter favorable to government enterprise in the chapters on railroads, telegraphs and telephones, and municipal ownership, suggests that they have not been able to overcome entirely their own predilections on the fundamental question. The *con* side does not seem to have received quite as much publicity as the *pro* side.

Besides the objective presentation of facts and sources in the text, there is an introduction of some forty pages, in which the editors give a summary of "what they regard as the more important arguments," under such heads as "State Socialism Before and After the War," "State Socialism and Democracy," "State Socialism and Nationalism," etc. This is not the least useful portion of the book.

It has become almost a settled conviction in the minds of most observers that State Socialism will be much further extended in all the great nations after the War than it was before that event. This belief and expectation are based mainly on the apparently superior efficiency of government direction of certain industrial activities in a critical period of the nation's life, and on the assumption that the need for such centralized and coördinated management will, for a long time after peace comes, be only slightly less than it has been during the time of the War. The book before us will tend to

confirm this view, for it shows that the movement toward what the editors have called "State Socialism" had acquired considerable and steadily increasing momentum in most of the great nations even before the War began. For the man who deplores, no less than for the man who welcomes, this trend the volume under review will be found extremely serviceable. In fact, no other book, no other half dozen books, contain as much information concerning the economic or collectivistic functions of modern states.

**VERY REVEREND CHARLES H. McKENNA, O.P., MISSONARY AND APOSTLE OF THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY.** By the Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O.P., S.T.M. New York: The Holy Name Bureau. $2.00.

The biographer's task in the present instance was far from easy; in fact, at first sight, it might appear hopeless. Father McKenna left little manuscript, and consistently refrained from making records of his many missions. This regrettable fact deprived his biographer of a means of penetrating the inner spiritual life of his subject, and forced him to draw an estimate only from the fruits of his labors.

Father McKenna's long life in the ministry brings us into contact with the great growth of the Catholic Church in this country. Born in Ireland in 1835, at the age of sixteen he came to America and settled in Lancaster, Pa. After a course at the local school, he learned the trade of stonemason in order to earn funds to carry him through college. The six years he spent at his trade, moving from place to place, showed him the great need to preach virile religion and explain the truths of the Church. These impressions abided through life and mapped his course when he entered the Dominican Order in 1862, and became priest in 1867. Shortly after he was chosen Master of Novices. From 1870 to 1900 he was almost constantly giving missions throughout the country. From the first his eloquence made him a marked man, and years only added experience and power to his brilliant sway over the minds and hearts of his varied auditors. From 1900 to 1912, he gave himself wholly to the furtherance of two confraternities ever dear to his heart, the Holy Name and the Rosary. The closing days of his life found him still active at the advanced age of eighty. He died February 21, 1917.

Of his life and work Father O'Daniel has made a connected and well-written story, bringing in general topics only so far as they

served as background for the noble activities of the great Dominican missionary. Thus we learn in summary the idea and scope of the institute St. Dominic was instrumental in giving to the Church. We learn, too, the meaning and method, the rise and growth of "missions" in this country.

This biography, besides being the record of a life well spent, and a chapter in the story of the growth of the Catholic Church in this country, will be a treasure for those who came under the spell of the preacher's voice and had his counsel in the tribunal of penance; to priest and aspirants to the priesthood, it will offer an exemplar and encouragement, and perpetuate him as the *ignis ardens et lucens* of the Dominicans.

It is so uniformly well done it may perhaps seem hypercritical to point out the error of James F. for S. in the name of Monsignor Duffy (page 198), of 1889 for 1899 (p. 290), of the questionable propriety of the twice used expression "well into the swing," and the statement (p. 93) relative to "the salvation of souls," which would seem to imply that the parish priest's parochial duties are not such.

**UTOPIA OF USURERS.** By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.25 net.

Although these essays do not represent Mr. Chesterton at his highest brilliancy, they fix a gesture, habitual to him, that is admirably generous and humane. No man writing for the public is more consistently democratic than he; there are, indeed, but few who share his high, true conception of democracy. His is the Catholic ideal, non-Catholic though he is; his views are founded upon doctrines that "modern thought" rejects. "Only with original sin we can as once pity the beggar and distrust the king," he said, some years ago; and his subsequent writings register an ever increasing conviction of the spiritual equality of men under a common load of guilt, and of the sovereignty of each man's soul. He has steadily refused homage to the ugly idol, efficiency, now thrust forward as a substitute for character, and denounces its service as soul-destroying.

The present volume is a protest and a warning. Its burden is that this plutocratic age is rapidly developing a policy of intervention in the lives of the working classes, their customs, their amusements, their food and drink, to compel economy and enforce restrictions; and this, not from any philanthropy, sincere if over-

zealous, whose goal is the greater happiness of its objects, but in the quest of a greater efficiency that will operate to the advantage of the capitalist class. This shameful usury Mr. Chesterton attacks, as also the monstrous insolence of the prevalent assumption that easy circumstances carry with them qualification and privilege to regulate existence for the masses with whom they are always hard. Mr. Chesterton is little less contemptuous of the invasion of capitalism into literature and the arts, utilizing them for advertising purposes, a revival of the age of patronage under singularly uninspiring patrons. We are warned that all this is symtomatic of a deadly disintegration of society, and that we are rapidly approaching "a paradise of plutocrats, a Utopia of gold and brass," a realization of the Servile State.

The work is an impassioned plea, unmarred by any of the demagogue's shallow eloquence, for the natural rights of men and the restoration of their earlier liberties. If there is somewhat less than usual of Mr. Chesterton's wit, it is by no means wholly absent; and there is no lack of wisdom, based upon enduring truths and expressed with the clearness of a tocsin.

**A NATURALIST OF SOULS.** Studies in Psychography. By Gamaliel Bradford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

Under a somewhat forbidding title the author of this volume gives us eleven delightful studies with a strong appeal to every thoughtful reader. In an introductory essay Mr. Bradford defines what he means by psychography, and makes his aim quite clear in the following terms: "Out of the perpetual flux of actions and circumstances that constitute a man's whole life it (psychography) seeks to extract what is essential, what is permanent and so vitally characteristic. The painter can depict a face and figure only as he sees them at one particular moment, though in proportion to the depth and power of his art, he can suggest more or less subtly, the vast complex of influences that have gone to building up that face and figure. The psychographer endeavors to grasp as many particular moments as he can and to give his reader not one but the enduring sum total of them all."

This aim the author successfully attains in his *Study on the Poetry of Donne*—a piece of discriminating criticism, though we are not prepared to grant all his conclusions. His essays on *A Pessimist Poet* (Leopardi), *Anthony Trollope, An Odd Sort of Popular Book* (Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy)* and *Dumas*

are thoughtful and full of literary interest; while his three classical studies, *The Novel Two Thousand Years Ago, The Letters of a Roman Gentleman* and *Ovid Among the Goths* are written with a finesse of scholarship worthy of Simcox or Mackail, we give the palm to his concluding study entitled *A Portrait of a Saint.* It is a fine appreciation of St. Francis de Sales that could scarcely be surpassed for beauty.

**THE CATHOLIC'S WORK IN THE WORLD.** By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

The sub-title tells us that *The Catholic's Work in the World* is the solution of the religious and social problems of the day. Certainly the book is timely. Catholics have a tendency to ignore their power and responsibility to set a right attitude towards the many enigmas of our complex life. Their number in the army may rouse them to a sense of what the Church does for family and society by her lofty morality and firm stand against divorce and race-suicide; by her schools and orphanages and hospitals and refuge homes; and by the influence of her priesthood and sisterhood. Certainly this book of Father Husslein presents to every individual a definite line of conduct for his immediate circle of influence. The topics, it is true, are briefly handled—with fifty live issues touched in two hundred and eighty-five pages it could not be otherwise—but sufficient is said to set our minds thinking. The author is in a position to feel the pulse of public opinion and to know whereof he talks.

**THE VOICE OF BELGIUM.** Being the War Utterances of Cardinal Mercier. With a Portrait, Frontispiece, and a Preface by Cardinal Bourne. London: Burns & Oates. 70 cents.

In these papers by Cardinal Mercier, constituting his various addresses both to his own distressed people and to the German authorities, we have the memorable words of a great patriot, a great thinker, and a great spiritual leader. All the world now knows the quality of his love of country, and that love is manifest anew for us here in ringing sentences all the more moving because they were originally uttered at the peril of their maker. His pastoral charge to the Belgians on the sorrowful Christmas of 1914, with its memorable words: "Mere ulitarianism is no sufficient rule of Christian citizenship," will forever remain a model standard for that same citizenship.

Scarcely less famous are his letters of protest to the German officials and to neutrals concerning forced labor and deportations. These are masterpieces of eloquence, of wit, of irony, and of close dialectic. This book reveals not only the conspicuous patriot, but the less well-known philosopher, and former President of the Institute of Thomistic Philosophy. Many notable thoughts and phrases are scattered through its pages. Where, for instance, could we get a happier definition of Modernism than where he speaks of Pius X. who "saved Christendom from the immense peril, not of any single heresy, but of every heresy at once, all mingled haphazard in a dangerous and deceitful whole?"

So stupendously destructive in the material order has been the present War that we are apt to overlook the fact that it has extended its shattering effect also to the region of ideas. Since August, 1914, many feeble philosophies that had sprung up in the easy times of peace have drooped and perished, and even many systems possessing a stronger and more vital principle have cracked under the strain of such tremendous events. But there has been one grand exception, and in the person of the heroic Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, Scholastic philosophy has again showed itself capable of victoriously grappling with the thorniest questions, the most fundamental problems that can be put to human intelligence.

And finally in his spiritual capacity this book discloses the Cardinal as the true shepherd of his flock; advising, encouraging, and above all comforting his stricken people. Here he rises to heights of real spiritual grandeur; and certain passages, notably where he speaks to the bereaved mothers of the nations, have a profound and piercing pathos that go straight to the heart and will have their effect long after the original occasion.

**THE RIGHT TO WORK.** By J. Elliot Ross, C.S.P., Ph.D. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.00.

This little book is a Catholic manual on the labor problem. The proposition that "each man has a right to work" is orientated in Catholic moral teaching, and is shown to be explicity stated or indirectly derivable from the social doctrines of Noldin, Cathrein, Lehmkuhl, Father Kelleher, Cardinal Manning and Leo XIII. This, with its correlative proposition, that, in cases of extensive unemployment, "the state has a duty in legal justice to provide in some way for those out of work," forms the theoretic basis of Father Ross' discussion. There follow a consideration of the

causes which today constitute a bar to the exercise of this fundamental right on the part of countless men, and a proposal of practical measures for the removal of this great social injustice.

Two classes are recognized, the capable and the incapable: those who, because of external conditions, are simply unemployed, and those who are normally unemployable—"at least by private employers." The need of the first class is to be met by controlling the vagaries of the labor market by a machinery designed to bring about a more perfect correlation between labor demand and labor supply; responsible municipal and federal labor bureaus, vocational guidance based upon the statistics of such bureaus, a reorganization and coördination of industries to establish a steady demand for labor and to destroy seasonal fluctuations, and, finally, unemployment insurance. Each of these expedients is discussed concretely and critically. "The finding of productive employment" for the second class, in spite of the difficulties involved, is declared to be the only sound solution of their problem; and definite suggestions are made as to the nature of this employment and the means for providing it.

The books ends with an inspiring statement of the duty of the individual. Catholic social workers should be grateful to Father Ross for clarifying the moral and economic issues involved in what is perhaps America's greatest problem, and for producing a practical social guide-book which stands four-square with Catholic ethics.

**THE FOES OF OUR OWN HOUSEHOLD.** By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

Those who enjoyed and profited by such of these stimulating papers as appeared in *The Metropolitan Magazine,* will be glad to obtain them in a more permanent form. In them Colonel Roosevelt continues to combine the brilliance and the sincerity which will always provoke enthusiastic assent or thoughtful replies to his discussions of public questions.

Although numbered as successive chapters, these papers are related not so much by a strict continuity of organization in the volume, as by the relevance and importance of their various subjects. They are practically a series of independent essays on topics of vital interest to Americans. The titles of some of the chapters—"The Instant Need and the Ultimate Need;" "A Square Deal in Law Enforcement;" "Industrial Justice;" "Social Justice;" "So-

cialism;" "The Farmer;" "Birth Reform"—give an idea of the breadth of the field covered. Though this is a war book, emphasizing with consistent gravity the enormous importance of war issues, Colonel Roosevelt has not confined himself to a narrow discussion of the origin and ideal conduct of the present struggle. The foes within he conceives to be not merely the formal traitors, insidious and powerful though they are; the unscrupulous owner, the anarchic workman, the "radical" Socialist, the propagandist of birth-control, all those whose teachings and activity are calculated to menace the order and sap the life of the nation, are put into the category of "the enemies of our own household." The reader's expectation of vigorous thought and forceful expression is not disappointed, the chapters on birth reform and Socialism being especially impressive for their wholesome, plain speaking. At a time like the present, when those who desire the public welfare, often must acknowledge with pain the public power of wrong-headed leaders of society, it is good to realize that a man of Colonel Roosevelt's influence has the sane, constructive attitude toward matters of such moment.

**DUNSANY THE DRAMATIST.** By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

There is no doubt that Lord Dunsany is one of the most gripping and original of contemporary English, or rather Irish-dramatists; and while Mr. Bierstadt's comments are entertaining rather than authoritative, the volume will repay perusal. Perhaps the excellent illustrations, and the analyses of the plots of the various plays, make up its chief value; for the letters which passed between Lord Dunsany and Mr. Stuart Walker are after all of very ephemeral interest. There can be no question that the present work has been undertaken *con amore,* and its somewhat rhapsodic appreciation is a significant sign of the almost popular esteem already accorded to Dunsany's exotic genius.

**ESSAYS ON THE REFORM AND REVIVAL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES.** By Henry Browne, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.60 net.

Father Browne, Professor of Greek in University College, Dublin, has just published a number of illuminating essays on the *renaissance* or revival of classical studies. He maintains that modern educators, instead of setting aside the classics as antiquated

and useless for the modern state, should so teach them that they become a real contribution to the vital welfare of human society.

From any human standpoint the Greeks were incomparably the greatest people the world has ever known. Not only did they have ideals, but they knew how to translate them into reality. Most men admit the excellence of Greek poetry, drama and sculpture, but some forget that the Greeks also had a passionate love of freedom and of citizenship. They were not like the Roman Imperialists, but they desired a direct and personal share in the government of the city-state as zealously as any modern democrat. Combine the study of Democratic Greece with Imperial Rome and you provide at once a perfect historical discipline for our youth.

A good deal of the modern distrust of the classics comes from the fact that classical education in the past was lifeless and uninspiring. Father Browne, therefore, pleads for the infusion of new virtues into its teaching methods. He denounces as a deep-rooted heresy the old view that classical education exists simply for the purpose of strengthening the mechanical powers of the mind, and of imparting to it clearness and suppleness in the use of language. This he tells us implies a total misconception of values, and a confusion of what is accidental with what is essential. The classical professor must do more than teach prosodies and vocabularies. He must inspire a human and living interest in his work, and teach his pupils the lessons of the ancients' greatness, nobility and achievements. Even their vices and deficiencies can be made to point a moral. In contrast the teacher must point out the weak points of our modern civilization.

No faculty of learning ought to claim any exclusive right of recognition. That is the fault of many defenders of scientific education since the days of Herbert Spencer. The real scholar does not belittle any faculty which is truly helpful and progressive.

The last part of this interesting volume is devoted to the educative value of modern museums, and a good account is given of the growth and development of them during the past twenty years both in England and the United States.

**ALASKA THE GREAT COUNTRY.** By Ella Higginson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Anyone who has visited Alaska will appreciate the enthusiasm which colors every page of this delightful volume. It was written some thirty years ago when this great wonderland was just emerg-

ing from the pioneer state, and entering upon its era of rapid industrial development. This new edition leaves the body of the work intact, merely mentioning in a final chapter the many changes due to modern commercial, agricultural and railroad development. The author describes vividly Alaska's many natural beauties of glacier, waterfall and river, the severe hardships of the early explorers and colonizers, the indomitable energy of the pioneer builders of the railroads and the government surveyors, the romance of the hunt for gold, copper and coal, the boundary disputes with England, the purchase from Russia, the heroism of our Catholic sisters.

**CANADA THE SPELLBINDER.** By Lilian Whiting. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

Miss Whiting gives us a perfect picture of Canada from Quebec and the Maritime Provinces to Prince Rupert and Vancouver. In an introductory chapter she gives a brief sketch of the makers of Canada from the days of Champlain to the days of Sir John MacDonald and Wilfrid Laurier. She lacks great power of description, but to offset this, falls back upon scores of writers and poets who have written of the scenes she visits in her trip from coast to coast. The volume is superbly illustrated in color and monotone.

**THE QUEST OF EL DORADO.** By Rev. J. A. Zahm. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The chapters of this most fascinating volume first appeared in the *Pan-American Bulletin* five years ago. They tell of the fruitless quest of the Conquistadores for the kingdom of El Dorado, the Gilded King. The same spirit, that draws men of our day to the gold fields of Alaska or prompts them to hunt for the treasures of Alaric the Goth or Captain Kidd, urged on these explorers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These extraordinary expeditions have been barely mentioned by the English writers, yet they show forth, as nothing else could, the amazing audacity, the matchless prowess, and the thrilling heroism of the dauntless Belalcazar, Pizarro, the Quesadas, Ursua, Berrio and Silva.

Some moderns have blamed these explorers for believing the lying tales of the Indians. But they forget that Cortez learned of Mexico City from an Indian, as likewise Balboa learned of the Pacific. Men were prepared for the marvelous in that age of great discoveries.

Father Zahm maintains that the prime motive of the Spaniards was not a thirst for gold, but a love of glory and a sense of patriotism which impelled them to make sacrifices and to undertake enterprises before which even the bravest men of today would recoil with horror.

The narrative is illustrated with a number of engravings of De Bry, Colijn and Gottfriedt, which their contemporaries accepted strangely enough as perfect representations of the objects portrayed.

**VARIOUS DISCOURSES.** By Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. New York: Joseph F. Wagner. $2.00 net.

These twenty-five discourses are, as Father Campbell tell us, "the remnants of thirty-five years of pulpit and platform work. There are no sermons among them, properly so-called, though several of them have been delivered in churches or at religious gatherings." They are a fitting memorial of the author's fiftieth anniversary in the Society of Jesus. He treats of the higher education of women, Jesuit education, the only true American school system; the life of Father Rasle, Jean Nicolet and Leo XIII.; marriage, Socialism, and the establishment of the American hierarchy.

Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will appreciate his tribute to Father Hecker. Father Campbell says: "No one who ever looked upon this man of noble mien with head erect, his kindly face illumined by the sunlight of affection for all mankind, could ever doubt that he was a leader of men. You felt that he himself was conscious of the power he possessed, and exulted in it, without the slightest trace of self-seeking or pride. His sacerdotal zeal was a fire that consumed him; a spark running through the reeds to set, if possible, the world aflame."

**A SCALLOP SHELL OF QUIET.** With an Introduction by Margaret L. Woods. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 60 cents net.

In England, since the outbreak of the War, there has been a quite noteworthy revival of interest in poetry that has extended over a wide area and even as far afield as the soldiers in the trenches. One of the signs of this revival is the large number of books of verse put on the market, and though the vast majority of the poets are distinctly of the minor variety, their mere multiplicity is a sure evidence of the old fact that song is the natural medium of expression in times of great spiritual and emotional stress.

The present little booklet is No. XII. in the "Adventurers All" series, the object of which is to present to the public the work of the younger poets as yet unknown to fame and to remove from poetry the reproach of insolvency. *A Scallop Shell of Quiet* is made up of contributions from four women poets—Enid Dinnis, Helen Douglas-Irvine, Gertrude Vaughan and Ruth Young—and its chief characteristic is the grave note of spirituality running through the various pieces. This is particularly so in the case of Miss Dinnis, whose verses are of a definitely religious and Catholic cast. The love-lyric, usually so strong a favorite with women poets, is here, as Miss Woods points out in her introduction, remarkable for its absence. All the poems have a certain freshness of appeal, but as a whole they do not achieve success and none reaches an exalted level of expression. Their failure is rather on the side of execution than of emotion or thought. *The Sisters of Perpetual Adoration* is the most satisfying poem in the book.

**A HARMONY OF THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.** By Ernest DeWitt Burton and Edgar Johnson Goodspeed. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

This book is interesting to the Catholic chiefly for the insight it gives into the Biblical teaching of the Chicago University, and the self-satisfied way that Professors Burton and Goodspeed put forth their unproved hypotheses regarding the Synoptic Gospels and their literary sources. We notice that *The Harmony of the Four Gospels* published by Professor Burton in 1894 has become *A Harmony of the Synoptic Gospels,* because, in the interim, the Fourth Gospel has been rejected as unhistorical by the "Higher Critics!"

**A YOUNG LION OF FLANDERS.** By J. Van Ammers Kueller. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

The author tells us she has written this "Tale of the Terror of War" in order that her two young sons, as they grow up, may realize the anguish and devastation wrought by the great conflict, especially upon family life, not only physically but, to an equal extent, spiritually, subjecting domestic relations to a miserable strain in cases where the units are of different nationalities and sympathies, and exacting, as the price of allegiance, unprecedented sorrow and desolation. It is, however, no plea for pacifism that Madame Kueller presents; every line is instinct with the spirit of martyred Belgium, calling for the willing sacrifice of life and

all that makes it dear, that the spectre of war may be laid, to rise no more. The author follows the fortunes of a family group, so far as is compatible with vividly picturing general conditions and concentrating interest upon one of its members, the "young lion," Léon Casimir. He is a boy scout, who refuses to be withheld from the strife, in which he plays a gallant part; as a bearer of dispatches he has many adventures, and finally distinguishes himself by tearing down the German banner from the tower of Marbeke, and substituting for it the flag of Belgium.

It is not exclusively juvenile readers who will be held by this stirring story, of which the translation is exceptionally fluent and satisfactory. In spirit and execution the work is of a character to make it altogether fitting that its illustrations should be by Louis Raemaekers.

**THE WATER BABIES.** By Charles Kingsley. With illustrations in Color by Maria L. Kirk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.35 net.

That long-lived and popular tale of Tom, the chimney sweep, and his submarine adventures has just reappeared in handsome form to introduce another generation of children to the wonders of the world of living things beneath the surface of the waters. Written for a real boy-baby by his father, and told with all the charm that experience and a rare gift enabled that father to impart to tales of nature's marvels, the story is as attractive to children of the present day as it was when first published some fifty years ago. Binding, letter-press, and illustrations combine to make this new edition a fine gift book.

**THE RUBY CROSS.** By Mary Wallace. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.

David Beresford, younger brother of Judge Beresford, having sowed a bountiful crop of the traditional wind, seeks to shift on the other shoulders the inevitable reaping of the whirlwind. He abandons his wife and child; but later when riches come to them, he tries to lay hands on it. The young wife, however, has found a friend in the strong-willed, clear-headed Anne Holloway, and eventually the war for the coveted securities resolves itself into a bitter conflict between Anne and David. The good name of a thoughtless impulsive girl, Rosalie, whose soul is very dear to Anne, happens to be at the mercy of young Beresford, and he

quickly seizes on the chance to force Anne to surrender. How he was foiled; how the guilt of his youth, for which the innocent Johnnie Ward had suffered unto death, was revealed; how he was brought to repentance; and how the Catholic faith came at last into the household of the Beresfords again—all this is told with a good deal of well managed dramatic suspense.

**THE SORRY TALE.** By Patience Worth. Edited by Casper S. Yost. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.90.

According to Mr. Yost, the editor of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat,* this strange tale purports to have been dictated by Patience Worth through the ouija board to Mrs. Curran of St. Louis. From three hundred to five thousand words were dictated at a sitting, and some two hundred and sixty persons were present as witnesses or aids of Mrs. Curran in transcribing the words of the medium.

This tale of the Christ is not in the least impressive. It is concerned chiefly with the tedious life history of Hatte, an illegitimate son of Tiberius Cæsar, who dies in the end as the thief on the cross. We defy the normal man to wade through these incoherent, sensuous, badly-written pages without throwing the volume aside in utter disgust. Its sole interest lies in its much advertised and to our mind spurious origin.

**THE PARISH THEATRE.** By John Talbot Smith, LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00 net.

We predict a heavy demand for this practical and valuable little book. For a good many years Father Smith has been the foremost Catholic spokesman for the drama in America. He has made a study of the stage and its mission, and has done more than any other man to encourage Catholic dramatic art in the United States. His writings have educated a large public to measure the productions of the theatre by the standards of Christian truth and purity. There is no one in the country interested in the stage—actor, manager, playwright, or theatregoer—who does not owe a debt to Father Smith. And now he has put under obligation a still larger public—priests, pastors, nuns, brothers, religious and laity—all who are interested in parish dramatics or the multifarious problems of parochial entertainments, benefits, and so on. In *The Parish Theatre* he discusses from a practical standpoint the presentation of those plays and other forms of stage entertainment which

form a large part of the activities of hundreds of people in scores of parishes all over the land. "With three thousand parish halls giving at least four plays a year," as Father Smith remarks, there can be no doubt about the Parish Theatre being a very real and lively actuality. How to organize this vigorous phenomenon, how to bend its efforts to the most fruitful ends, how to conserve it and develop it to greater achievements—these are the points discussed by Father Smith. His brief chapters on the rise of the Parish Theatre, its present conditions, and its prospects, will be eagerly read by large numbers of our parochial leaders; and in this handy volume they will find all this interesting information richly supplemented by a descriptive list of one hundred choice plays suitable for parish production, every one of which has been tested by experience. If the publication of this book does not give a strong new impulse to the Parish Theatre, we are much mistaken.

**CHILDREN'S BOOK OF PATRIOTIC STORIES.** Edited by Asa Don Dickinson and Helen Winslow Dickinson. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.

Especially appropriate and timely in this crisis of the nation's history is this publication for children of varying ages. The content is made up of reprints of writings that have received the stamp of approval from discriminating readers. Some are fiction, some are extracts from histories, and all are concerned entirely with the Revolutionary period, for it is the avowed purpose of the compilation to keep alive in young hearts the "spirit of '76." The work of selection has been well done, and the book may be recommended for juvenile libraries, public or private.

**CATHOLIC CHURCHMEN IN SCIENCE.** By James J. Walsh, M.D., LL.D. Third Series. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $1.00.

This is a neat little volume, the third of a uniform series dealing with the work of Catholic churchmen in science. In the introduction, as also throughout the volume, Dr. Walsh reminds us that science was the basis of education in the much despised Middle Ages, and that the classics, as the great element of culture, are only in prominence since the impetus given them by the Renaissance. He combats the idea that the Catholic Church is the enemy of science by showing first that the Popes have been steadfast and continuous in their support of scientific research, and then by adducing

five great scholars who were churchmen and scientists—Roger Bacon, Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, Abbé Spallanzani, Abbé Breuil and Father Obermaier.

Dr. Walsh reviews not the biography of these men, but the chief characteristics of their life work. The last two are of our own day, and stand conspicuous for their revelations of the cave men, their art and their place and time in history. Spallanzani is heralded as the precursor of Pasteur by reason of his far-reaching studies in regeneration. Cardinal Nicholas " represents one of the important links in that chain from the thirteenth century scientists to the Renaissance time which culminated in Copernicus' revolutionary theory and the beginning of modern astronomy." The discussion of the diversely fertile work of Bacon follows the line of the great celebration at Oxford in 1914.

This volume is a valued contribution to Catholic literature, commended to both clergy and laity.

**MANNA OF THE SOUL.** A Book of Prayer for Men and Women. Extra Large Type Edition. Compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25-$2.75 according to binding.

This new prayer-book was prepared for the use of all persons, young and old, who either because of poor eyesight, or on account of the dim lighting of some churches, feel the need of larger print than that usually found in prayer-books. The book is handsome, complete without being bulky, and will prove acceptable to many readers. The prayers are drawn largely from the liturgy and from the indulgenced prayers of " The Raccolta." With excellent judgment, the compiler has included the Requiem Mass as said on the day of burial; also the Marriage Service and the Nuptial Mass.

**LONG LIVE THE KING.** By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

This stirring story of the intrigues of a Catholic court, somewhere in Europe, will be read with pleasure by young and old. Its hero, the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto, is a real live boy, bored to death with the burdens of an exacting royal etiquette, and longing with all his soul for freedom from tutor and from governess. Despite the strictest vigilance he manages to make friends with another real boy from the United States, and is initiated into all the joys and privileges of real childhood. The hero's favorite,

the dashing young officer Nikky, wins the hand of the princess in spite of every obstacle, and the plots of the rebels are frustrated through the people's love for their endearing boy prince. It is a bright, clean, entertaining novel.

**THE PROPHECY OF MICAH.** By Arthur J. Tait, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

It is a relief to find a work that exhibits clear and definite Christian principles, delivered with strength and conviction. This little book of Dr. Tait's is a popular exposition of a great prophet of Israel, although he is styled a minor prophet. It is not a commentary and does not aim to discuss the difficulties of the prophecy; but keeping to the main lines of thought in the sacred writer, it develops them clearly and makes them luminous in the light of Hebrew and Christian truth. There is in this book a breadth of handling and a vigorous mastery rarely found; it is well balanced and sensible and filled with the thought of a personal, loving God, and of the realization of His divine plan in the Incarnate Son.

**THE EXPOSITORY VALUE OF THE REVISED VERSION.** By George Milligan, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

This work belongs to the Short Course Series of popular religious books. It tells once more the oft-told story of the English Bible, nor does it omit the usual strong Protestant bias. Its chief aim, successfully fulfilled, is to show how the Revised Version of 1881 brings out more clearly and correctly the meaning of the original. It deals only with the New Testament, although the title would include both the Old and New. The Revised Version is already justified at the bar of science, and Dr. Milligan exhibits some of its claims. The book is useful, but contains little that is noteworthy. Its scholarly author would have done better had he omitted the commonplace history which did not belong strictly to his subject, and expanded his real theme which is both interesting and important.

**THE MEDIATOR.** By Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50 net.

We have many excellent volumes in English on the priesthood by Cardinal Manning, Canon Keating and others. But Father Geiermann has made a worthy addition to them by his new treatise

which portrays Jesus Christ in the Scriptures as the model of the priest. As a book of spiritual reading it is invaluable, bringing out clearly all the qualities that go to make a devout, zealous and effective "good shepherd" of souls.

**THE MARTYR OF FUTUNA.** Blessed Peter Chanel of the Society of Mary. From the French by Florence Gilmore. Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y. Catholic Foreign Mission Society. $1.00.

This simple life of Blessed Peter Chanel will do much to arouse enthusiasm for foreign missions, and, we trust, will lead many an American youth to work in the "Field Afar." The martyr of Futuna was at first a parish priest of Crozet, a little village near Geneva in the Jura mountains. He joined the Marists, and spent some years as superior of the preparatory seminary of Belley. Feeling the call of the missions he left for Oceania in 1836, and in a brief ministry of three years, won, after incredible hardships, the crown of martyrdom in the little island of Futuna.

His murderer, Musumusu, became a convert, and the island today is entirely Catholic. It has five priests and several native nuns. The blood of Blessed Chanel has indeed been the seed of many fervent Christians.

**PROLEGOMENA TO AN EDITION OF THE WORKS OF DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS.** By Sister Maria José Byrne, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.25.

This scholarly volume was presented to Columbia for the doctorate by Sister Marie Byrne, Professor of Latin in the College of St. Elizabeth. Its five chapters treat of the life of Ausonius, his friends and correspondence, his works, the history of the text, metre and prosody.

Ausonius was a fourth century rhetorician and poet, the son of a physician of Bordeaux. He taught in that city for thirty years, and like many professors of his day practised law. He became tutor of the Emperor Valentinian's son, Gratian, in 365, and held a number of political offices including the consulship (379), of which he was most proud. It is generally believed that Ausonius became a Christian at the time of his court connection, but he was never more than a nominal one. The spirit of paganism dominates all his work, the few references to Christianity being mostly for effect or prettiness.

As a poet he does not rank high. His work is imitative, ingenious, filled with erudite allusions, and largely devoted to trivial themes. He was more of a rhetorician than a poet. He was very well read in all the Greek and Latin authors of antiquity, and quotes and paraphrases them in page after page of his work. He numbers among his friends the most eminent statesmen and the most famous literary men of his age.

**MARTIE THE UNCONQUERED.** By Kathleen Norris. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

Mrs. Norris' novel will give transient entertainment to the general reader, but it is not memorable. Her heroine, Martie, enters womanhood handicapped by an indifferent upbringing, makes the mistakes natural to ignorance, self-will and impulsiveness, endures several years of marriage with an intemperate actor, and is left a widow, in poverty, with a young child to support. From this time circumstances take a more friendly turn, so much so as to depreciate the book's rather flamboyant title; for it is more by happy fortune than inherent force of character that, through a newly discovered talent for writing, we leave her making her living, and with an outlook toward the future of pleasurable anticipation. The book is readable, and much of it is well written; but it fails to carry out the author's evident intention to picture the triumph of a dauntless spirit over adverse conditions.

AMONG the books produced by the demands of the War we have a compendium of *Army and Navy Information,* by Major De Witt Clinton Falls, N.G.N.Y. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00.) It gives in handy form the uniforms, organization, arms and equipment of all the warring powers, fully illustrated by line cuts and color plates. This timely and useful little reference book is something no one can afford to do without today.

We also recommend from the same publishers, *Hospital French* (25 cents net), a handbook for doctors and nurses working in the Base Hospitals in France. By means of this ingenious system of questions, arranged by the Base Hospital Division of the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross and translated into French by Ernest Perrin, an English-speaking doctor and a French patient or a French doctor and an English-speaking patient may arrive at perfect mutual understanding without an interpreter or any further knowledge of the other's language.

Another excellent French manual for the use of our men "somewhere in France," is *The Soldiers' English and French Conversation Book,* by Walter M. Gallichan (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.). The sentences are arranged according to the situation in which a man may find himself: landing; marching; traveling; camping; billeting, etc. Money, weights and measures and military terms, also a general vocabulary of useful words are added to these specialized conversations, forming an invaluable aid to the man who has neither the time nor the taste for French grammar.

Of rather wider range is *The Soldier's Service Dictionary* of English and French words and phrases, edited by Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt.D., LL.D. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.00 net). Not only will this little book serve the soldier, but it may be recommended to anyone needing a dictionary of modern war terms. It is khaki bound and of convenient size.

IN *The What? Why? How? Plan for Writing an Essay,* published by the Educational Company of Ireland (Dublin and Belfast), Rev. John B. Murphy outlines a clear and simple method for teachers and pupils to follow in the study of English composition. Father Murphy resolves the whole thing to a technical skeleton which the dullest student can instantly comprehend. His plan is a plea for clarity of thought and expression; and he follows its outline with a series of forty-eight specimen sketch essays which will prove helpful in the class-room or for home work.

IN its second booklet of the Soldiers' and Sailors' series, the G. R. C. Central Society of St. Louis offers to the Christian warrior *Joy* (5 cents) "as a sure charm against the many foes of the spirit." The little treatise breathes the true Catholic spirit, and has a message for more than the men of the service for whom it is patriotically intended.

IN *The Soldiers' and Sailors' Prayer and Song Book* (Baltimore: John Murphy Co. 10 cents), Rev. Albert L. Smith combines short prayers for morning and evening, Mass, etc., with hymns, national and popular songs. The uniquely excellent features of the little book are the words of address by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and the short "Scripture Readings," on "Christ," "Prayer," "The Sea," "War," "Victory" and "Peace."

# Recent Events.

**Turkey.**

A momentous event which has taken place in the past month, one which will appeal most to the sentiments of the Christian world, is the fall of Jerusalem after it had been for six hundred and seventy-three years under the domination of Turkey. No event was more unexpected when the War was first entered upon, and nothing so unlooked for as the freeing of the Holy Land from the cross of Ottoman tyranny. It has always been a reproach to Christians that the scene of Our Lord's Crucifixion should be desecrated by the unbelievers and the fierce enemies of Christianity. Between 1096 and 1270 the Christians had striven in seven different expeditions to capture the city, and had succeeded once in taking it and holding it for a comparatively long period. Then they lost it; and held it again only twice and for very short periods. Since 1244 it has been without interruption in possession of the enemies of Christ. Now it has been recaptured. Whether it will be held finally and forever by Christians depends upon the result of the War, and its fate will be decided in the fields of France. The Holy Father has condemned any attempt on the part of Catholic nations to assist in its recapture by the Turks.

The capture by the British of the Holy City was made possible because the plans of the Turks and Germans to invade Egypt had failed. The German force which overran Serbia was called "the Army of Egypt," and it was confidently asserted that after this army had conquered Serbia, it would march upon Egypt and seize the Suez Canal. The Triumvirate which at that time dominated Turkey had set its heart upon restoring Egypt to the Ottoman domination. The Army of Egypt succeeded in making two attacks which proved to be futile, and the British army in Egypt instead of contenting itself with defending that country, assumed the offensive, built a railway across the desert of Sinai, and gradually pushed the Turkish army back until it reached Gaza and Beersheba. Here their advance was stayed for a long time. A new general was sent out from England to take the place of the former commander. After a good deal of delay devoted to making preparations, General Allenby, the new commander, finally again took the offensive and advanced rapidly, taking Gaza, Jaffa and the rail-

way leading to Jerusalem, and succeeded in pushing northeastwardly, so as almost to surround Jerusalem. It was expected that von Falkenhayn might make a great effort to stay the British advance, but that expectation was not fulfilled and the British by the use of the bayonet, without cannonading the city, drove the Turks out of Jerusalem. This entrance might have been made with less loss to the attacking forces, had it not been for the fixed determination of the British commander not to use artillery against this city, which contained the sacred place of Our Lord's death, and so many other shrines venerated by all Christians, and it may be said also by the Mussulmans.

This event took place December 10th. General Allenby entered the city on foot, with bared head, attended by his staff, and the commanders of the French and Italian detachments. From this it appears that the credit of the capture was not exclusively due to the British forces, inasmuch as French and Italian soldiers took part. In addition to these the General was accompanied by the heads of political missions and the military *attachés* of France, Italy and of this country. General Allenby was received at the gates of the city by guards, representing England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, India, France and Italy. The flag of Great Britain was thrown over the citadel and in London, for the first time since the beginning of the War, the bells of the Catholic Cathedral, at Westminster, were rung and a *Te Deum* was sung in honor of the momentous event.

The future course of General Allenby is not yet disclosed. Whether he will proceed towards the north to cut off the Turkish supplies to Aleppo, or whether he will push eastward across the Jordan to cut the railway which leads to the holy place of Islam, thereby isolating the Turkish forces in Arabia who are fighting for the regaining of the Turkish holy places, is not yet known. For something like a year, von Falkenhayn, it is said, has been drilling and organizing an army for the purpose of recovering Bagdad, the city of the Caliphs, which the British seized several months ago. The capture of this city was almost as great a blow to Turkish prestige as was that of Jerusalem, and, it may be added, to German prestige also, because Bagdad was the terminus of the railway which the Germans had hoped would be the means of destroying British influence and trade in the region of the Persian Gulf, and even perhaps of India itself. Not only has Bagdad been captured by the British, but they have advanced north for a hundred

miles, up the Tigris, on the way to Mosul. Latest accounts say that General von Falkenhayn has made his first move to recapture Bagdad, with what success is not yet known. The recent operations of Great Britain, however, in Turkey have resulted in Great Britain's obtaining possession of the sea gates of the Turkish empire.

The death of General Maude, the only one of all the British generals who, it may be said, has been uniformly successful, is to be regretted. His successor has not yet proved his capacity. This will doubtless be revealed in a very short time, if the report of the German offensive be true.

**Belgium.**

In the text of one of the secret treaties between Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy, as given out by the Bolshevik Government, it was disclosed that "France, Great Britain and Russia take upon themselves to support Italy in her disallowing representatives of the Holy See to take any diplomatic steps for the conclusion of peace, or regarding matters pertaining to the present War." Whether the text thus made public is authoritative or not is still a question. Lord Robert Cecil, British Minister of Blockade, denied in the House of Commons on December 6th that "England or France has entered into any treaty or understanding to support Italy against the Holy See, if the Holy See attempted to take any steps towards peace." The *Osservatore Romano* stated that such a treaty between Italy and the Allies was known to the Vatican, but that it would reserve discussion of it for a later day.

In view of all this, it may be well to review what action the Holy Father has taken, and what declarations he has made with reference to the treatment of Belgium by the Germans.

On January 22, 1915, Benedict XV. addressed an Allocution to His Cardinals in Consistory. In the course of it, he said: "Whilst not inclining to either party in the struggle, we occupy Ourselves equally on behalf of both; and at the same time we follow with anxiety and anguish the awful phases of this War, and even fear that sometimes the violence of attack exceeded all measure. We are struck with the respectful attachment to the common Father of the faithful; an example of which is seen in regard to Our beloved people of Belgium, as referred to in the letter which We recently addressed to the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines."

For anyone who may think these utterances of His Holiness

too vague, the letter which Cardinal Gasparri sent to the Archbishop of Paris gives to them point and precision: "The violation of the neutrality of Belgium, carried out by Germany, on the admission of her own Chancellor, contrary to international law, was certainly one of 'those injustices' which the Holy Father in his Consistorial Allocution of January 22d strongly reprobates!" From this it is clear that the Holy Father has condemned Germany's action as unjust and a violation of international law.

Of the Holy Father's address to the Consistory, Cardinal Gasparri has given the above cited, authoritative explanation, an explanation which concurs with that of an influential German newspaper: "The one belligerent power against which the Vatican has officially spoken is Germany." The *Hamburg Fremdenblatt* thereby endorses the interpretation of the Holy Father's address, which was given by the Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, and recognizes the condemnation which it affords of German violation of Belgian neutrality. No other neutral power except the Vatican, has officially censured the violation of Belgian neutrality. To the affirmation, made by a newspaper correspondent, who had been vouchsafed an interview with His Holiness, that the British blockade was to be condemned, Cardinal Gasparri made an emphatic denial and said that the Holy Father had never given utterance to such condemnation. In denial of a second assertion of the same newspaper correspondent, the Pope in an interview with another correspondent, declared: "At the beginning of the bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims We charged the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne to convey Our protest to the German Emperor," and he added: "I condemn strongly the martyrdom of the poor Belgian priests and so many other horrors on which light has been cast."

Thus it is clear that the Holy Father reprobates German action in Belgium. His Holiness also condemned aërial bombardments on open towns and cities on the occasion of the bombardment by the Austrians of Padua, and he proceeded to express his reprobation of all such bombardments: "by whomsoever they are committed." This condemnation more nearly affected Austria than any other State.

The Holy Father's reprobation includes the deportations of which Germany has been guilty. His protest, however, has been ineffectual, for out of sixty thousand who suffered in this unjust way, His Holiness was able to secure the return of only thirteen thousand.

These facts prove that the Holy Father has censured the German invasion of Belgium; that he protested against the bombardment of the Rheims Cathedral as a sacrilege; pointedly refused to judge the British blockade on Germany; reprobated aërial bombardments of open towns and secured the release of some of the victims of the Belgian deportations, and that His Holiness has gone to the limit to which any neutral power could go, and beyond that to which any neutral power has gone. The effect of this action of the Holy Father has caused German writers to criticize him for not supporting the German peace offers, for declining to excuse the infractions of canon law, committed by German prelates in the occupied territories; and for showing in his general policy an undue affection for Italy. By refusing to give countenance to a congress which it was to assemble at Zurich for the purpose of obtaining the Holy Father's approval of Germany's methods, he deprived that congress of all authority and frustrated its objects.

Unwarranted criticisms of the Holy See are now and again published, but even writers outside the Church are beginning to see that: "The Roman Pontiff is the supreme head of a great religious communion, the members of which live dispersed among all the nations of the earth. There is no state of any importance today which does not count numerous Roman Catholics among its subjects. It follows that if the Pope in policy or war were to support any one Power or group of Powers against their opponents, he would be favoring one section of the Church at the expense of another.

"It can scarcely, therefore, need argument to prove that at all times political neutrality is required of the Holy See, on grounds of elementary justice, not to say necessity."

**France.**

The Ministry formed by M. Clemenceau received a vote of confidence from the French Assembly by a majority of four hundred and eighteen to sixty-five. The speech of the Premier gave a clear indication not only of what was to be the policy of the Government towards the enemy in front of the French lines, but also its policy towards the enemy behind those lines. The line of this enemy is perhaps as dangerous to the countries at war with Germany as is Germany's army. It stretches from one end of the world to the other, as we have experienced in our own country even before the United States declared war on

Germany. It showed itself by the destruction of ships, and munition works, by fomenting labor troubles and secret propaganda. Of its strength and potency, proofs have been seen in Russia and, later still, in Italy. Of the same malevolent activity France has been within the last few months a victim. "No more pacifist campaigns, no more German intrigues, no treason nor semi-treason. War, nothing but war" said M. Clemenceau in the exposition of his policy before the Assembly. This reference to pacifists and German intrigues refers to the propaganda of Bolo Pasha which has now been proved to have been financed by Germany, with large sums of money. It had among other objects the exciting of distrust among the French people and the French soldiers in the good-will and good faith of her British ally. The campaign was so successful as to involve M. Malvy, the Minister of the Interior. Within the last few days, further disclosures have been made of their extent. M. Joseph Caillaux is now on the point of being tried for what amounts to treason in the same connection, for being more or less involved in Bolo Pasha's attempts to weaken the French resistance to Germany. M. Caillaux is accused of having gone so far as to have entered into negotiations with Germany to make peace with France, and to treat France's ally, Great Britain, as the common enemy of the two countries. A treaty is said to have been made to that effect. Efforts were made by him in Italy also to detach her from the Allies. Such charges were made after an investigation by a committee of the House of Deputies, and it is likely that M. Caillaux will be put upon trial. It is fair to say that he indignantly denies what is charged against him; and it would indeed be an ominous sign if the ex-Premier of France and the head of the largest political party should have gone so far in serving the enemy's interests. However, it has long been known that he has been of all the politicians in France the chief one who has actively furthered Germany's interests. Evidence of this was seen in the Agadir negotiations in 1911.

The seriousness of the situation may be seen from the utterances of M. Clemenceau: "We come before you with the sole idea of an integral war..... We shall not resort to violence. All the accused before court martials—that is our policy..... No more pacifist campaigns, no more German intrigues, no treason nor semi-treason. War, nothing but war. Our armies shall not be taken between two fires. Justice is on the way. The country will know that it is defended and is a France forever free."

The secret of the fall of M. Painlevé's cabinet is revealed in these utterances of M. Clemenceau. M. Painlevé was afraid that division would be caused by a strong policy against these intriguers. M. Clemenceau on the contrary thinks that severe measures will promote unity.

**Means to Promote Unity.**

So many councils have been formed since the last notes were written that it may be well to enumerate them and describe as far as possible their objects. The first, if it may be called a council at all, is the formation of a war committee to direct the War, which followed upon the disaster in Italy. One representative from each of the armies of Great Britain, France and Italy, one of whom is General Cadorna, now meet daily to direct or to advise upon the active operations that are being conducted on what is now the single front which stretches from the British Channel to the Adriatic. Its object is to secure unity of action in the armies there day by day.

The second council, which has the name of the Inter-Allied War Council, consists of one representative of all the Allied countries with technical advisers drawn from all the Allied armies. Its object is to help the various governments to coördinate their efforts. Its advantage is that the information which is at the disposal of each of the Allied staffs would then be at the disposal of this central council. It is to be a permanent body to bring about that unity which, notwithstanding the many conferences held and the various means taken, has proved impossible so far.

Mr. Lloyd George in his Paris speech gave many instances of the misfortunes that have resulted from unconnected action. For example, if such action had been possible, Germany's way through the Balkans might have been blocked, and on the other hand the movement of Italy towards Vienna by way of Leibach, which her troops so nearly approached, might have been effected. The council, however, has no executive powers, as many in this country wished it to have, but is only an advisory council, advising the representative governments as to the operations which seem desirable. Should this council fail, another means of achieving unity which has been discussed may be adopted, that is to say, the appointment of one generalissimo over all the Allied armies. This proposal, however, has been dismissed for the time being, as likely to produce even greater difficulties.

It is to this council that the President referred in his speech at Buffalo, when he said that he was taking the best measures to secure peace by sending a representative to a war council. Of this council and its first meeting Colonel House said, upon his return, that the word peace was not uttered either officially or unofficially during his twenty-eight days in Europe. All discussion was directed toward a speeding-up of the War. Complete agreement, the Colonel said, had been achieved. The morale of the French and British people has never been better.

A third council, which is to meet permanently in London, has been formed, the objects of which, so far as the writer knows, have not been disclosed. Yet another council, the fourth, has been formed for bringing about unity between the navies of the nations that are at war against Germany, and to unify all their efforts. This council is to meet in London, and its objects are so clear as not to need further specification.

**Allied War Aims and Peace Talk.**

Yet a fifth council was to have been held, on the demand of the new Government in Russia, for the purpose of defining finally and precisely the war aims of the Allies. At present there seems no prospect of such a council being held since Russia has no longer any right to expect an answer having, according to the latest news, acted in disunion from them, and formed an armistice with Germany, preparatory to entering into peace negotiations. But the war aims of the Allies have been clearly enough indicated, both by this country, by England and with less precision, but not with less determination, by the Premiers of France and of Italy. This country's war aims were placed clearly before the world in the President's address at the opening of the second session of the sixty-sixth Congress, at the beginning of last month. In the address the President declares that "our object is, of course, to win the war, and we shall not slacken or suffer ourselves to be diverted until it is won.... (The American people) desire peace by the overcoming of evil, by the defeat once for all of the sinister forces that interrupt peace and render it impossible, and they wish to know how closely our thought runs with theirs and what action we propose. They are impatient with those who desire peace by any sort of compromise—deeply and indignantly impatient..... (Our objects are) First, that this intolerable thing of which masters of Germany have shown us the ugly face,

this menace of combined intrigue and force, which we now see so clearly as the German power, a thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace, must be crushed, and if it be not utterly brought to an end, at least shut out from the friendly intercourse of the nations; and, second, that when this thing and its power are indeed defeated and the time comes that we can discuss peace—when the German people have spokesmen whose word we can believe, and when those spokesmen are ready in the name of their people to accept the common judgment of the nations as to what shall henceforth be the bases of law and of covenant for the life of the world—we shall be willing and glad to pay the full price for peace and pay it ungrudgingly....." The President while disclaiming vindictive action of every kind, and accepting the formula "no annexations, no contributions, no punitive indemnities," proceeds to explain in what sense he accepts that formula, as not excluding the reëstablishment of the rights of the small nations in every particular, and leaving to all peoples the right to control their own destinies. After enumerating what is necessary to be accomplished before peace is made, he reaffirms the demands which the United States will make on Germany, which while they disclaim any interference in the internal affairs of Germany, practically demand that the people of Germany shall have political control of their country, a demand which, in fact, is more extreme than any demand put forth by any of the Allied powers. On the other hand, the President's demands on Austria are less than those which have been made by some of the other powers, for he disclaims any intention of disrupting Austria-Hungary into the various states or the various nationalities of which the Dual Monarchy is composed.

The President's address has been adopted by France and Great Britain and Italy in substance, but without any very clear declaration. On the other hand, for the first time in the history of the War, a statesman of note has raised the question of peace in Great Britain. Lord Lansdowne, in a letter, urged upon the people of England the consideration of a more particular declaration of their war aims, indicating a fear that revolutionary movements might follow on account of the continued indefiniteness. He declared that the peace movement in Germany is strong, and growing stronger, but might receive a set-back if a war *à l'outrance* continued. The letter created quite a surprise, coming from a statesman of his character and familiarity with foreign affairs, but it does not

seem to have produced much effect so far, as Mr. Lloyd George re-declared British aims in favor of a knock-out blow; while Lord Northcliffe says that Lord Lansdowne is one of three or four British junkers who are intimidated by the fear of a land revolution which they think sure to follow upon the long continued war.

As for Germany's war aims and peace terms, they have not yet taken the form of definite statement, which has been demanded so often. The new Chancellor of the empire has been as stout in affirming that they must fight on to victory as any war lord could desire. He has recently declared that there is no possibility of making peace with England if Mr. Lloyd George represents the mind of the British people, and this, notwithstanding some political mutterings, is an unquestionable fact. While Germany is obdurate, it has long been known that Austria is extremely willing to make peace, and the latter has recently disclaimed any desire to gain territory in the Balkans, being content with the right to purchase the swine of Serbia, and certain other products.

**Russia.**

The untrustworthiness of the news from Russia is exemplified by a statement made in these notes last month that M. Kerensky had defeated the Bolsheviki in Petrograd, whereas in truth he had been defeated three days before in a battle with the Bolsheviki, which lasted three days, and had surrendered to the military leader and was to proceed to Petrograd to make his submission. Instead of doing this, however, he disguised himself and fled, no one knew where. As he has been elected to the Constituent Assembly he seems to be still extant, but he has lost the confidence of every party in Russia. It would be futile to review the news which has come to this country from Russia since the last notes were written; or to say anything about the declarations made by the preposterous government now in power, which has not yet been recognized as even a *de facto* government by any power, except perhaps Germany. An example of the contradictory statements which come from Russia is found in the rumor that the Tsar had escaped and was accepted as the ruler of Siberia, and the later statement that the Tsar is still a prisoner. Finland, it is declared, has become absolutely independent and has expelled all the Russians. The Cossacks, under Kaledine and Korniloff, are said to have taken possession of large tracts of the wheat lands of Russia, and have secured possession of the great supply of gold which Russia is

known to possess. The Constitutent Assembly is on the point of meeting at Petrograd, but the Bolsheviki have declared their intention to prevent its meeting, or to nullify all its proceedings in the event of its decision not being agreeable to themselves. It would take a long time to enumerate all the high-handed proceedings of the Bolshevik Government, such as the confiscation of lands and of all the factories. The world has seen that the Socialists who claim to be its regenerators, are as high-handed in their methods of government as the worst of autocrats. An English writer has said that they have done more harm to Russia in six months than the Tsars have done in three centuries. It would be truer to say that the present situation is the result of the autocratic methods of the Tsars. These methods have been such as to deprive the Russian people of political independence, so that when freedom came they have not had sufficiently instructed intelligence in political affairs to distinguish between license and liberty.

**Progress of the War.**

In Flanders the British have made really no progress, but in a surprise attack in the direction of Cambrai, in which a very large number of tanks did great service, the British victory was so great as to be the cause of their defeat. They got within two and one-half miles of the city of Cambrai on a very broad front. Not expecting such a success they had not resources enough to support the advance they made, and were in turn surprised by the Germans at a point on the old British line. The British lost more guns in this battle than its army ever lost in any war, but to offset this, they claim to have taken more guns than the Germans in this attack. The British were forced to retire—how far has not been disclosed. So dissatisfied are the British people with the result of this attack, which began with a triumph, that strict inquiries are being made into the conduct of the generals in charge.

In the French sector there have been more or less miscellaneous attacks and counter-attacks, but nothing of any importance.

A great deal has been said about a stupendous German drive to be made by Hindenburg on some portions of the British or French lines. The greater the talk about it, the less likely is it to come, for the Germans do not advertise their attacks in advance, but fall upon their enemies unawares. However, it is generally believed that with the troops relieved from the Russian front a strong German offensive will take place ultimately.

The Italians have held the Brenta-Piave line considerably to the surprise of military experts, who expected that they would have to retreat back to the Adige. There were experts who thought that this would be expedient in any event, because, by so doing, the Germans would be forced into action in a more difficult country.

Nothing has taken place at Saloniki. Under the head of Turkey the capture of Jerusalem by the British has been chronicled, and reference has also been made to the possible attempt of von Falkenhayn to recapture Bagdad.

After continuous warfare since the beginning, the last possession of Germany in Africa has fallen into British hands, thereby placing under British control more than a million square miles of what was German territory. Germany possesses not a square mile of the large colonies which she had before the outbreak of the War. None of her ships may sail the ocean, her trade with the whole world has been completely destroyed, except with Scandinavia, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland, although if peace be made with Russia that vast empire will be reopened for commerce.

Some time ago, in the course of his speech in parliament, in which he replied to the critics of his Paris speech, Mr. Lloyd George announced that the submarine menace was definitely checked; that in one day five submarines had been sunk. Subsequent events, however, show that this campaign still goes on and in fact the number of vessels lost have increased. However, some time after Mr. Lloyd George's speech, the first Lord of the Admiralty said "that the U-boats are being held, but are not definitely mastered." He also declared: "That the upward curve of shipbuilding and the upward curve of destruction of enemy submarines have been as satisfactory as the downward trend of mercantile marine losses." Close economy in the use of tonnage and the concentration of all efforts against the submarine would bring victory to the Allies. He further stated: "Within a measurable time tonnage will be launched at the rate exceeding the sinkings; and, also, if the naval measures continue to improve, as it is reasonable to expect, the Allies will be able to say that U-boats are being sunk faster than the Germans are able to build them, and that the German U-boat fleet is steadily dwindling away." Merchant shipbuilding tonnage is equal at present to that of the record year of 1913, which, of course, was before the War began.

*December 18, 1917.*

# With Our Readers.

THE New Year finds the whole world in conflict. Our own country is in the thick of it, and for her the opening year may be one of the most fateful in her history. The burden of the sacrifice and of the honor rests upon us all—for all of us, men and women, young and old, whether uniformed or not, as one heart, one soul, one body, have entered her service.

An article in this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, *Re-education by War,* gives our readers a vivid picture of the new conditions to be found; the problems to be met; the reconstruction in the application of standards which has been forced upon us.

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THERE is this high and redeeming consideration for us, as Americans: that we have entered the War for no selfish purpose; that we seek no increase in territory; we will ask no material gain for the unspeakable sacrifices we will be asked to make. Our own country, with her democratic institutions, is dearer to us than life. Her existence was not only threatened, but endangered, and we have been forced to enter upon a crusade to safeguard her existence; to enable us to live under the laws and traditions established by our fathers; enjoy our own political liberty, and vindicate to the world our claim and that of our fathers, that a democratic form of government does insure safety, liberty, peace for the people who are its citizens. This question is now one of supreme importance to us and to all the world. The year 1918 may go far towards answering it, indeed it may answer it completely and forever. To this end our country has asked millions of her sons to leave their homes and give their lives, if need be, for her sake; for this purpose she has, for the time at least, assumed arbitrary power, and demanded of all submission, obedience, personal sacrifice; and to this cause must thousands look, with tearful eyes, for the immediate consolation of their tried souls and their broken hearts.

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THE world tragedy cannot but bring man nearer to God. It brings him nearer to God, first, by showing him that the other gods which he foolishly worshipped have proved vain idols. Intellectualism has been the fetish of the modern world for two generations. Pride in intellectual gifts, intellectual research, intellectual attainments has been the root whence sprang the modern neglect of the spiritual and the

overthrow of moral principles. Viewed in its origin, the so-called Protestant religion is a claim that every man has the right through his own rational investigation to choose that form of belief which his intellect approves. The process rests on no authority; but on rational choice, which may be reviewed and altered as often as the individual sees fit, since the process begins and ends with himself. According to it, God has not delivered a definite revelation and imposed it on man. To escape the charge of rationalism, its champions substituted personal, individual and immediate inspiration by the Holy Spirit, but this in turn, making a mockery of truth before men, only drove them with apparent greater justification into rationalism.

So under the guise of intellectualism, it is really to rationalism that the world has given reverence and obedience. Scientific investigations, current theories of man and creation, of life and death, of marriage, of the family and of the nation have not been guided by a predeclared, supreme, unalterable law of God. The modern process had been just the reverse. Intellectual research was thought to hold the key not only to the secrets of nature, but to the secrets of man's well-being here and hereafter. The fundamental truths not of Christianity alone, but of Theism were summoned before the bar of human investigation, human reason, not to be defended, but to be questioned, found wanting and denied.

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THUS rationalism, far from being a merely intellectual quality and characteristic, grew necessarily to be moral and practical. It controlled states and their policies; it controlled the industrial life of the world and the whole question of property. What a profound difference an abiding religious sense in these questions would have effected, is clearly shown to the reader of Hilaire Belloc's papers in the two latest issues of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Rationalism controlled the popular notions of marriage; hence divorce is advanced as an advisable and beneficial institution; it molded the concept of parental duty and parental obligation, and so birth control was taken out of the hands of the Creator and placed in those of the created; it robbed the modern world of the true status and importance of the family, and therefore the true concept of citizenship must be taught the world anew.

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IT is manifest that the prevalence of rationalistic and liberalistic principles has not only disturbed but destroyed the right order of society in every country. No nation can pervert them with impunity. The modern world sees that its industrial system has been unjust, that perverse, dishonest business methods have prevailed and have won security of position; that admiration for the thing cleverly and attractively well done, for the bold success, without regard to its mo-

rality, have characterized our literature, our art, our drama, our industrial and business life; that love of ease and comfort and luxury have led to a selfishness that works indifference to the rights of others. The awakening has shocked us with the sense that all is wrong with the world; that in this terrible conflict which shakes nations but which also trumpets forth a demand for the reëstablishment of fundamental spiritual truths, no nation can claim freedom from blame. We as a nation, and we know our own conscience best, know that we have ample cause to strike our heart and exclaim: *mea culpa.* Cardinal Mercier had the courage to say publicly of his own country. "It would, perhaps, be cruel to dwell upon our guilt now, when we are paying so well and so nobly what we owe. But shall we not confess that we have indeed something to expiate? He who has received much, from him shall much be required. Now, dare we say that the moral and religious standard of our people has risen as its economic prosperity has risen? The observance of Sunday rest, the Sunday Mass, the reverence for marriage, the restraints of modesty—what had you made of these? What, even, within Christian families, had become of the simplicity practised by our fathers, what of the spirit of penance, what of respect for authority? And we, too, we priests, we religious, I, the Bishop, we whose great mission it is to present in our lives yet more than in our speech, the Gospel of Christ, have we earned the right to speak to our people the word spoken by the apostle to the nations: 'Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ?'"

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WE have quoted this expressly Catholic exhortation because, besides its immediate purpose, it brings home a most vital truth of human well-being and human progress, characteristic of religion alone. Cardinal Mercier sees not only the Calvary which his own country must endure, not only the unspeakable injustice and barbarities to which she has been subjected, but he can see beyond the night into the redeeming and risen light of the morn in which they who would walk must be personally purified, purified not only by the justice of their cause, but by a personal spiritual righteousness which will justify them in identifying themselves with that cause.

Repentance has no place in any bald system of ethics; repentance is known only to religion—religion which reëstablishes the personal relation of the creature with God. Repentance is the desire and the determination to undo the offences of the past and never to permit their repetition. Repentance begins with the individual even with regard to national sins. And national repentance, a necessary forerunner of renewed national life, must be the unified expression of the hearts of the people. It matters not how worthy the cause, if the up-

holders be not just themselves, or filled with a desire for justice, that cause will fail. It matters not how noble her mission; how glorious her institutions; how upright the crusade on which America has entered, if we, who have them in our keeping, look not into our inmost souls and *individually* make ourselves, before God, worthy instruments.

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THE world, even as did the first sinner, blames somebody else for its sins. It has been our habit to blame the state; society; industrial and economic conditions. But, however much they are to blame, our guilt also has been individual and personal. Unless we keep burning within our hearts that truth of eternal wisdom we will never find the way of peace.

The extraordinary, incredible changes effected in our economic, political and social life since the War began, should prove to the thinking man that greater, more radical changes will follow when the War is over. Society is not going to tolerate the great injustices under which it has suffered. And the only way by which justice and not radicalism or chaos will rule over a world re-making itself, is that we merit right guidance then, by repentance now.

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REPENTANCE will free us from the unsafe boastfulness too characteristic of our country, and give us that consciousness of weakness so necessary for strength. Repentance will make clearer the way for a more united national spirit. It will show us how we have failed in our duty to thousands in our own country who, because of injustice, have never had reason to look upon her and love her as a mother.

Repentance will bring out in clearer light the magnitude of the task before us both during and after the War, will sanctify our sacrifice, sober our imagination, restrain our habits and enlarge our trust.

Nothing so much as repentance helps us to realize our need for charity from others; and through this realization, to extend charity to others. The hour demands the effacement of self, the promotion of the national cause. If we are to make it the occasion of adverse criticism, of chronic caviling; of eager listening to rumor and report of the unworthy personal motives of national officials, of associates and co-workers, then we are in a fair way to wreck our national cause. It would profit us more to abstain from seeking victory elsewhere and to seek it here at home and over ourselves.

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WE always look to the opening of a New Year with some hope of blessing. Not the least of blessings that this New Year may

confer upon us, is a sense of our unworthiness to accomplish the great task assigned to us. Such a sense will fit us to achieve.

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ALTHOUGH it has been repeatedly noticed in our Catholic press, it may with profit be repeated once again that the Y. M. C. A. is expressly and professedly a Protestant organization. For the willing coöperation which it has frequently shown in aiding the work of Catholics in the camps—lending its halls for the celebration of Mass, aiding the chaplains—we have no word except of sincere gratitude.

At the same time, we Catholics must understand that the Y. M. C. A. work does not free us from our obligations as Catholics, and that being a Protestant organization it will not and cannot do Catholic work for our Catholic soldiers and sailors.

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IT is the more important to remember this, since it is sometimes said that there is no special need of the work which the Knights of Columbus have undertaken and are carrying out. There is grave and urgent need of such work. We have the care of over thirty-five per cent of the soldiers of our Army and forty per cent of the men of our Navy, and to the work of the Knights we should as Catholics give generously of our means and of our support in every way. We take this opportunity also to request that Catholic men, not subject to draft, offer themselves to the Knights of Columbus for work as camp secretaries. Much of the success of the work in camps depends upon capable secretaries, and surely there should be sufficient missionary spirit among our Catholic men to lead them, in goodly numbers, to offer themselves for such work both at home and abroad.

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THE political institutions of America, Father Hecker claimed, in his *Aspirations of Nature,* "were based on Catholic principles and Catholic views of human nature." No more important question, save that of Religion itself, faces the American people today than the right theory of the state and the just principles of political government.

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IN a notable article contributed by Gaillard Hunt to the October issue of *The Catholic Historical Review,* the claim is made and defended by definite evidence, that the immediate source of that part of the Declaration of Rights of Virginia and of the Declaration of Independence which proclaimed the national equality of man, and the right of governing as derived from the people, is a Catholic source. Dr. Hunt first points out that, although the Virginia Declaration was modeled on the English Bill of Rights, the paragraphs declaring that all men are by nature equally free and independent; that all power belongs to the people, and that when a government fails to

confer common benefit, a majority of the people have a right to change it, were unknown to the English Bill.

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IN examining the sources Dr. Hunt shows that Montesquieu's *The Spirit of the Laws* did not influence the framers of the Declaration; that Rousseau's writings had not obtained currency in Virginia in 1776 and that James Berg was of no help to Thomas Jefferson.

Thomas Hobbes, who anticipated Rousseau's doctrine by one hundred years, and Richard Hooker bring us nearer to the sources of the American Declarations. For these two men influenced in turn Algernon Sidney and John Locke. The former was a hero of the Americans of 1776. A copy of his *Discourses* was in every American library of that time, and every reading man had read it in part or in whole. Now these *Discourses* speak of a volume entitled, *Patriarcha* by Sir Robert Filmer, "concerning the universal and undistinguished right of all kings." Filmer's book contained a passage from Cardinal Bellarmine to the effect that all men are created equal, and Sidney defends Cardinal Bellarmine against the attack of the absolutist, Filmer. John Locke, whose essays were also well known to the American colonists, also knew Filmer's book and also refuted it. Consequently he also knew Cardinal Bellarmine. Cardinal Bellarmine's writings, as is well known, made a sensation in England when first published. In colonial America he was not unknown. A copy of his works was in the library of Princeton when James Madison, a member of the committee which framed the Virginia Declaration of Rights, was a student there. Cardinal Bellarmine's books were to be found in Virginia. There is every reason to suppose, therefore, that many of the political readers of America in 1776 had a direct, first-hand acquaintance with the Cardinal's writings.

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AND every political leader of note knew of the Cardinal's teachings through Filmer's book, and the works of Sidney and Locke. Filmer could not have influenced Mason or Jefferson. Filmer was a dead author to those who were convinced of the equality of the political rights of men. But Cardinal Bellarmine's teachings would help and guide them at once. And, as Dr. Hunt points out, in no other author —in neither Sidney nor Locke—is such a clear epitome of Mason's and Jefferson's doctrines to be found, as in Bellarmine. "Were Mason and Jefferson conscious of their debt to Bellarmine, or did they use Filmer's presentation of his doctrine without knowing that they were doing so? Did the Americans realize that they were staking their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor in support of a theory of government which had come down to them as announced by a Catholic priest? We cannot answer these questions, but it should

be a satisfaction to Catholics to know that the fundamental pronouncements upon which was built the greatest of modern revolutions, found their best support in the writings of a Prince of the Church."

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WE wish to call the attention of our readers to the observance of the Octave of Prayer for Church Unity which begins on January 18th, the Feast of St. Peter at Rome, and ends on January 25th, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. The observance of this Octave originated with the Society of the Atonement, and His Holiness, Benedict XV., in February, 1916, extended it to the whole Church. It is happily significant that the "World Conference on Faith and Order" representing many Protestant denominations, have chosen the same Octave as a special time of prayer for the reunion of Christendom.

The form of prayer to be recited daily during the Octave, authorized and indulgenced by Our Holy Father, is as follows:

*Antiphon.* That they all may be One, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they may be also one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me. John xvii. 21.

*V.* I say unto thee that thou art Peter;

*R.* And upon this Rock I will build My Church.

*Let us pray.*

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who saidst unto Thine Apostles; Peace I leave with you, My Peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that Peace and Unity which are agreeable to Thy Will. Who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

N. B.—It is also recommended that one decade of the Rosary (at least) be said for the particular intention of each day; also that Holy Communion be received as often as possible during the Octave, daily if possible, certainly on the First or Last Day of the Octave in order to obtain the Plenary Indulgence.

The daily intentions outlined for the Octave are:

January 18th. Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. The return of all the "Other Sheep" to the one Fold of Peter, and One Shepherd.

January 19th. The return of all Oriental Separatists to Communion with the Apostolic See.

January 20th. The submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

January 21st. That the Lutherans and all other Protestants of Continental Europe may find their way "back to Holy Church."

January 22nd. That all Christians in America may become one in communion with the Chair of Peter.

January 23rd. The return to the Sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

January 24th. The Conversion of the Jews.

January 25th. Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. The Missionary conquest of the entire world for Christ.

A plenary indulgence has been granted by the Holy Father to every one of the faithful who on the First or Last Day of the Octave shall receive Holy Communion under the usual conditions.

# BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
*Church and State in England to the Death of Queen Anne.* By H. M. Gwatkin, D.D. $5.00 net. *Selections from the Correspondence of the First Lord Acton.* Edited by J. N. Figgis, Litt.D., and R. V. Laurence, M.A. Vol I. $5.00 net. *French Windows.* By J. Ayscough. $1.40 net. *Correspondence of John Henry Newman with John Keble and Others, 1839-1845.* Edited at the Birmingham Oratory. $4.00 net. *The Acáthist Hymn of the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church.* Edited by W. J. Birkbeck, M.A., and Rev. G. R. Woodward, M.A. $1.25 net. *Tales of My Knights and Ladies.* By O. K. Parr. 40 cents net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York.
*God and Myself.* By M. J. Scott, S.J. $1.00. *Readings and Selections for the Holy Hour.* By Rev. F. A. Reuler. $1.25 net. *The Externals of the Catholic Church.* By Rev. J. F. Sullivan. $1.50. *The Heart of the Gospel.* By F. P. Donnelly, S.J. 75 cents. *The Heart of Revelation.* By F. P. Donnelly, S.J. 75 cents. *Cardinal Mercier.* By Rev. J. F. Stillemans. $1.25 net. *Blessed Are They That Mourn.* Edited by H. J. Thurston, S.J. $1.00 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
*American Soldiers' and Sailors' Diary.* Compiled by M. P. Converse. *Somewhere Beyond.* A Year Book of Francis Thompson. Compiled by M. C. Haley. $1.25 net.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:
*A Short History of England.* By G. K. Chesterton. $1.50 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
*The Ethics of the Ouija-Board. The Church and Peace.* Pamphlets.

THE WOLFE TONE Co., New York:
*My Ireland.* By Francis Carlin.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, New York:
*American Civil Church Law.* By Carl Zollman, LL.D.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS, New York:
*The Discovery of America.* A Pageant. By F. F. Coakley, D.D. 75 cents.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
*The Dwelling Place of Light.* By Winston Churchill. $1.60.

SULLY & KLEINTEICH, New York.
*The Magic Stone.* By Blanche E. Wade. $2.00 net.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
*Unmade in Heaven.* By Gamaliel Bradford. $1.25 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. New York:
*Wessel Gansfort.* Life and Writings. By E. W. Miller, D.D. 2 vols. $4.00 net.

STURGIS & WALTON Co., New York:
*Socialism and Feminism*: Vol. I.—*The Climax of Civilization.* $1.25. Vol. II.—*Socialism.* $1.50. Vol. III.—*Feminism.* $2.50 The set $4.50. By C. M. Walsh.

CATHOLIC UNION STORE, Buffalo:
*Hell and Its Problems.* By J. G. Raupert, K.S.G. 25 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
*The Journal of Submarine Commander von Forstner.* Translated by Mrs. R. Codman. $1.00 net. *Militant America and Jesus Christ.* By A. M. Rihbany. 65 cents net. *The Crime of the Corwin.* By J. Muir. $2.75 net. *A New Basis for Social Progress.* By W. C. White and L. J. Heath. $1.25 net.

JOHN MURPHY Co., Baltimore:
*Ordo, 1918.* 50 cents net.

THE ARTHUR H. CLARKE Co., Cleveland:
*The Ashley Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific, 1822-1829.* Edited by H. C. Dale. $5.00 net.

THE W. H. MINER Co., St. Louis:
*Louvain: A Tragedy. The Sublime Sacrifice: A Tragedy.* By C. V. H. Roberts. $1.25 each.

B. HERDER. St. Louis:
*The Life and Letters of Sister St. Francis Xavier.* By one of Her Sisters. $2.25 net. *The Little Office of the Bl. Virgin Mary.* 60 cents net. *Sister Rose and the Mass of Reparation.* By Mother Mary of the Cross. 20 cents net.

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## FREEDOM OF SPEECH IN WAR TIME.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

E must now consider briefly liberty of speech and liberty of the press. It is hardly necessary to say that there can be no such right as this, if it be not used in moderation, and if it pass beyond the bounds and end of all true liberty."

These are words of Pope Leo XIII. found in his encyclical, *Libertas Præstantissimum*. They are strikingly applicable to one of the troublesome problems that have been created in America by our entrance into the War. If our people find themselves vexed and bewildered by the question of free speech and free printing in war time, they must lay the blame upon a greatly exaggerated conception of these privileges both in theory and in practice. Neither liberty of speech nor liberty of the press has been "used in moderation," nor kept within "the bounds and end of all true liberty." The prevailing practice has been to permit men to say anything that they pleased so long as they did not utter nor teach obscenity, nor attack a natural or corporate person in terms that were clearly false and libelous.

There exists no moral right to make false statements or to advocate wrong doctrines. Freedom of expression is not an end in itself. It is merely a means. It is reasonable only when the end that it seeks is reasonable, and when it promotes that end in a reasonable way. Obviously no reasonable end is served by the utterance or advocacy of doctrines or theories that are contrary to the truth. If it is wrong to practice polygamy or industrial sabotage,

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it is likewise wrong to advocate the theories that support and provoke these actions. A man has no more right to say what he pleases than to do what he pleases. There is no peculiar sacredness inherent in the manipulation of the vocal organs, nor in those actions which produce the written or printed page.

It is a matter of simple historical fact that all governments, civil and religious, have acted upon the principles just laid down. When the situation seemed sufficiently grave, governments have always forbidden the expression of what they conceived to be wrong doctrines, whether in the field of religion, ethics, politics, or science. In so far as they have departed from this principle, the cause has always been either uncertainty or expediency. False religious teaching has been tolerated because the governing authority was not convinced of the falsity, or because the matter was not regarded as important, or because this policy seemed in the circumstances to be more conducive to social peace and social welfare generally. The same considerations have dictated the toleration of false doctrines in other fields of thought. No government has formally admitted the claim that men have a right to say or write what is false or unreasonable.

So much for the general principles. The question of freedom of speech in war time presents two aspects, the legal and the moral. Under the former comes the alleged constitutional right to oppose by speech and publication the military policies of our Government. Men have vociferously proclaimed that such a right is guaranteed to them by that provision of the Federal Constitution which declares that "Congress shall make no law....abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." The espionage law, which prohibits spoken or printed words tending to discourage recruiting and the operation of the selective draft, and which has been utilized to send such exponents of free speech to jail, is angrily asserted to be in violation of this article of the Constitution. As pointed out by Louis F. Post, however, there is another article in the Constitution which empowers Congress to declare war, and to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying its war-powers into execution. On their face, these clauses give Congress full authority to enact the espionage law, or any other law which restricts freedom of speech to the extent necessary to prosecute the war. The freedom of speech protected by the Constitution is stated in very general terms. It is not declared by the Constitution to be unlimited. Whether and how far it may properly

be limited by statute law in particular cases, can be determined only through other provisions of the Constitution, and through the meaning that was authoritatively attached to the right of freedom of speech when the Constitution was adopted. Both these tests seem to justify the restrictions which Congress has already placed upon freedom of expression in the present War. In any case, the power to interpret the Constitution authoritatively has been located by that document itself in the Federal Supreme Court. It has not been confided to the fragile judgment of war-opponents, conscientious or otherwise. These zealous defenders of the Constitution should utilize the remedy provided by the Constitution. They should take their grievance to the courts.

The moral right of the individual to criticize the war policies of the Government, may be conveniently considered under four principal heads: some general considerations; what is certainly reasonable; what is certainly unreasonable; and what may be reasonable or unreasonable, according to its spirit and circumstances.

In a democracy, efficient government depends upon organized and enlightened public opinion, which in turn supposes ample freedom of discussion. This is a general truth the application of which is not restricted to normal and peaceful conditions. Neither in peace nor in war are the officials of government infallible. They can always receive valuable enlightenment and coöperation from the discussion of public questions by the people whom they represent. Should they attempt to suppress entirely discussion of the War or criticism of their conduct of the War, they would not only deprive themselves of important assistance and support, but would become so alienated from the desires and sympathies of the people that they could not long carry on the business of war successfully. This is a fundamental consideration which even Mr. Bryan, democrat as he is and lover of peace as he is, seems to have momentarily underestimated, when he wrote that the citizen in private life is not called upon to discuss questions of war which are before Congress.

The second general consideration is suggested by the words of Pope Leo XIII., that liberty of speech and of the press should be "used in moderation." Now moderation must be much more strictly interpreted when the nation is at war than when it is at peace. The reason is the indefinitely greater consequences that may follow a wide liberty of speech in the former situation. A parcel post system or a protective tariff law may be subjected to such severe criticism by individuals and organizations that they

will be abandoned by the Government. Though the consequent injury to the public weal may be very great, it is neither enormous nor irreparable. Criticism of a war policy may lead to national defeat, humiliation, and loss of independence. Therefore, reason and common sense dictate that the critic should examine carefully the grounds of his opinion and its probable consequences, and set forth his views with becoming diffidence and modesty.

The right of criticism has been emphasized in the preceding paragraph because that right is the freedom of speech that is mainly in controversy. Therefore, we put the question, how far is criticism of the proposals and acts of the Government certainly reasonable? As regards proposals, such as bills before Congress and other contemplated official programmes, the individual should be permitted to express his opinions publicly; as regards governmental acts already completed, such as a law or an administrative policy, a distinction must be drawn between those acts that are essential to the prosecution of the War and those that are not thus essential. Since the War could be carried on as effectively, possibly more effectively, without the latter, the private citizen may properly criticize them and strive to have them repealed or changed. In common with thousands of others, I believe that the excess profits tax which Congress enacted last summer is gravely defective on account of its comparatively low rates. It seems to me that while the War lasts the Government ought to take not merely the paltry proportion authorized in this statute, but *all* the profits of business above eight or nine per cent. In the last two sentences I have been finding fault with a war measure which in its present form is not essential to our military success. Whether the tax on excess profits be thirty per cent or one hundred per cent is not vital to the carrying on of the War. Similarly, one can criticize George Creel's Committee on Public Information without rendering oneself liable to the charge of obstructing the Government, or exercising an unreasonable freedom of speech.

It is possible, however, that the individual may be mistaken in his estimate of the importance of certain governmental acts and policies. He may attack one or more of them as unessential when they are really vital, when no substitute measure would be half as efficient. In such a situation, the presumption of correct judgment is against the individual and in favor of the Government. Hence he cannot reasonably complain if the Government restricts his freedom of speech for the sake of efficient prosecution of the War.

Even when the private citizen exercises his right to find fault with unessential measures, he should do so in a helpful, constructive fashion. Criticism that tends to make the War unpopular, to make the people feel discouraged, in a word which has the net effect of hindering the war-making activities of the Government, is not justifiable. In all criticism the most important element is the spirit. Where this is obviously malevolent, no technical justification as regards the subject matter will render the discussion reasonable.

What kind of criticism is certainly unreasonable? In the first place, one is not justified in uttering falsehoods; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor by implication; neither by positive assertion nor by suggestion and insinuation. To say that the President and Congress plunged the country into war at the behest of the capitalist newspapers, or of the great financial interests, or of Great Britain, is an apt example of this kind of criticism. Such assertions are not supported by even a shadow of positive evidence, and they are contradicted by all that we know of the President and Congress. They are plain and simple lies. Yet the men who have uttered them, have presumed to defend their action as an exercise of the right of freedom of speech!

In the second place, the private citizen has not a right to speak or write against the War itself, or against any measure that is necessary for its successful prosecution. If the War were unjust, individuals would have not only the right but the duty of proclaiming the fact, and of demanding that the country should get out of the conflict at the earliest possible moment. But the presumption of right is always in favor of the civil authority and against the individual. This presumption can, indeed, be overthrown by a convincing presentation of facts to the contrary; but so long as individuals are unable to produce such a presentation, the authorities are justified not only in continuing the War, but in preventing all obstructive criticism and obstructive expression of opinion generally. While the Government is no more infallible than the dissenting individual, it has on its side the presumption of truth that always accompanies the acts of authority. In the absence of an infallible judge to declare on which side truth actually reposes, the decision must be made on the basis of presumption. To adopt the other alternative, to assume that the dissenting individual is right and the Government wrong is, in its essence, anarchy.

To the objection that this conception of free speech compels the conscientious opponent of the War to violate his moral con-

victions, there are two conclusive replies. The first is that this hard situation is not peculiar to war or the time of war. It exists whenever the conscientious individual is called upon to obey any act of government that he believes to be wrong. The second reply denies that the individual is compelled to do violence to his conscience. He is not required to advocate a war in which he does not believe. All that he is asked to do is to keep his mouth shut and his pen quiescent. If his conscience will not permit him to adopt this course, he has the alternative that genuine believers have faced in all ages. He can become a martyr to his convictions.

As examples of opposition to and criticism of measures essential to the conduct of the War, one might mention the action of those persons who protested against coöperation between our military forces and those of the Allies, and against sending the drafted soldiers to Europe. Both these programmes are palpably necessary for efficient conduct of the War. Criticism of them was, therefore, an abuse of the privilege of free speech. If any public authority, state or national, prohibited, prevented or punished such performances, its action was perfectly reasonable. There is no reference here to those persons who attempted to petition Congress to let the drafted men stay at home, nor to those who took steps to test the constitutionality of the selective draft law. Both of these were orderly and constitutional processes which stand on quite a different plane from indiscriminate criticism on the platform or in the press; nor was either of them repressed by public authority.

Besides direct opposition to and criticism of the War and essential war measures, there is an unjustifiable, unmanly, and disingenuous kind of printed expression which consists mainly of malicious emphasis. This has been carried on in certain journals, one of which classifies itself as a Catholic paper. In brief, the method is: to abstain from printing a line in favor of the War, of war measures, such as the Liberty Loan, or of unofficial related activities, such as those of the Red Cross or the Knights of Columbus; to print no news favorable to the cause of the United States or the Allies; and to publish a considerable amount of news that is unfavorable. While items of the latter sort appear also in papers that are conspicuously loyal to the Government, they are balanced by encouraging news statements and editorial comment. In the journals that pursue the crooked method which we are now discussing, no such balance is maintained. The picture is all black. The evident purpose and the normal effect are to make the readers

discouraged and dissatisfied over America's participation in the War —in a word to make the War unpopular.

Obviously, this procedure quite as certainly tends to obstruct the Government's conduct of the War as does opposition to the draft law. And it enjoys the distinction of being dishonest and cowardly. We can have some respect for the War opponent who in an open, straightforward manner violates the espionage act, and lands in jail. We can have none for the editor or publisher who procures personal safety through the tortuous tactics described above. In any case, the freedom of speech that they exercise, is an unreasonable freedom and the Government would be quite justified in amending the law so as to make such abuses of free speech plainly illegal.

Happily very few Americans believe that our war against Germany is unjust. The provocation has been too grievous and too flagrant to permit such a conviction to lodge in the mind of any man not obsessed with prejudice. Thousands of persons, however, believe that our entrance into the War was unnecessary. Naturally these desire to see the conflict brought to a close as soon as possible. Some of them are demanding that the authorities take immediate steps toward the reëstablishment of peace, not by an abrupt withdrawal from the War, but by negotiations with the enemy. Does the public advocacy of this plan come within the limits of reasonable freedom of speech?

Everything depends upon the terms and spirit of the proposals and the discussion. In general, private citizens should be permitted to discuss the question of peace, since this is the only means of forming public opinion; and public opinion is essential to the enlightenment and guidance of the authorities in a democracy. Making peace is one of the most important problems that can confront the rulers of a nation. If they deprive themselves of the assistance of public opinion upon this problem, they may logically neglect it and regard it as of no account in relation to every other problem of government. Such a principle is fit for a Prussian autocracy, not for the United States of America. As a matter of fact, no one has the hardihood to defend this principle in its full implication. As the *New Republic* has pointed out, those persons and journals who decry discussion of peace terms are not logical and consistent. They do not condemn all advocacy of peace, but only those proposals in which they do not believe: that peace which would fail to involve dismemberment of the German Empire. They would permit

all discussion which assumes that dismemberment is a necessary prerequisite to peace. But this is not adequate discussion. It presents only one side of the question concerning a desirable peace and can create only a truncated public opinion. It deprives the Government of that degree of assistance from public opinion which the authorities have a right to be provided with in a democracy.

To state the problem in concrete terms, let us suppose that a group of persons are of the opinion that our Government should accept the Pope's letter of last August as a fair basis for immediate peace negotiations. Their views are, of course, directly opposed to those contained in President Wilson's reply to the Holy Father. Would such persons be justified in demanding that they be permitted publicly to express and advocate their peace-opinions? I cannot see that such freedom of speech is unreasonable. It seems to me, that, with a proviso to be mentioned presently, men and women have a moral right to advocate Pope Benedict's or any other not palpably unreasonable programme of peace negotiations. After all, the President is not infallible. His rejection of the Pope's proposals may have been a mistake. In that hypothesis one of the most effective means of informing and influencing him correctly, is adequate expression of views by the people. Unless some overpowering reason appears to the contrary, he ought not to be deprived of the benefit of such discussion. To be sure, if Congress and the President should decide that all discussion of peace terms at the present time is gravely harmful to the nation, and should forbid it by law, the individual would have no reasonable ground of complaint, since the presumption of correctness of view is, as stated above, on the side of the governing authority. Should Congress enact into law the proposition not long ago enunciated by Secretary McAdoo, that "every pacifist speech made in this country at this inopportune and improper time is in effect traitorous," the private citizen would be morally bound to submit. He is no more infallible than the President, and he is less likely to be right than the Government.

Since no law of this sort has yet been placed among the statutes, the individual has a moral right to advocate any terms of peace that are not clearly unjust or unreasonable, subject however to two important conditions. The first of these is that he should state his views with moderation and modesty, as becomes a critical phase in the life of the nation, and that he should not tack on to them lying insinuations about our reasons for entering the War or our objects in prosecuting it. To intimate that we ought to

stop the War immediately on almost any peace terms, because we are merely pulling chestnuts out of the fire for England, or because we are playing the game of the financiers who have loaned money to the Allies, is to exercise an utterly unjustifiable freedom of speech. This is obvious. The second condition may not be obvious, but it is of fundamental importance. It is that no man should advocate immediate negotiations for peace, or any other terms, conditions, or circumstances of peace, without at the same time giving full and positive support to the prosecution of the War. The peace advocate who is at once honest and patriotic, will take substantially this position: "I believe that the United States ought to seek peace along such and such lines, but I recognize that until a truce has actually been declared, the war-making forces of our country should be kept up to the highest possible mark of efficiency and activity. I do not want my views on peace to have any influence towards a relaxation of our capacity to fight."

If an absolutely impartial and competent arbitrator were available to determine the conditions of peace, our participation in the War ought to cease this very hour. In that case we could have confidence that the settlement would be in harmony with justice. Pope Benedict would be an ideal umpire. But neither Pope Benedict nor any other arbitrator, has yet been agreed upon by the belligerent nations; and it is practically certain that the terms of peace will not be fixed by any such supreme authority. We may regret that this simple and fair method of ending the War does not approve itself to the belligerents, but if we are to be guided by realities instead of fond wishes, we must recognize the situation as it is and shape our course accordingly. If we are to remain true to the interests of our own country, which are also the interests of justice, we cannot permit ourselves for an instant to forget that peace will finally be arranged by negotiations between the parties to the conflict.

Therefore, the terms of peace will be dictated by the preponderance of force. If the advantage of the military situation is with Germany when the negotiators finally come together, the outcome will be a German peace; if it is with the United States and the Allies, we shall have the kind of peace that we believe to be righteous; if neither side enjoys a pronounced military advantage, the terms of peace will be less favorable to our cause and the cause of justice than if the enemy were decisively defeated. Such will be the situation, and such the determining forces of the settlement,

whenever peace is made, whether it be one year or ten years hence. The terms will be dictated by the stronger party. If we love our country and wish a just peace, we must desire that the stronger party at the peace table shall be the United States, not Germany. Therefore, we must desire and strive to keep our military and naval forces up to the highest pitch of efficiency and activity, until a truce is actually declared. Any man who advocates or clamors for peace without doing his best to safeguard this, the indispensable condition and guarantee of a just peace, is obstructing the War quite as certainly and unreasonably as the man who hinders the selective draft. He is quite as disloyal, and has quite as little right to exercise freedom of speech.

The position taken by Mr. Morris Hillquit is a good illustration of this principle. In the *New Republic,* December 1st, he declared that if he were now a member of Congress, he would refuse to vote for money for military supplies, but would advocate immediate negotiations with Germany for peace. Should these fail, he would then be ready to vote for all the munitions and equipment required for a decisive victory. He makes the situation too simple. Apparently, he thinks that a peace proposal by the United States and the answer thereto by Germany, are merely a matter of a few reciprocal cablegrams. He talks as though the "negotiations" could be concluded in a day or two. Were this, indeed, the situation Mr. Hillquit's position would be impregnable. But men who have the courage and the power to look facts in the face, know that the formalities involved in even beginning negotiations for peace, and the preliminaries to a truce, require a considerable amount of time, and they know that any relaxation of military vigilance and readiness during this interval, is utilized by the enemy to put himself in a better position to dictate the peace terms. Mr. Hillquit's method would give Germany full license to take possession of this advantage. Had he declared his willingness to vote for all the military supplies demanded by the responsible war authorities, and then advocated peace overtures, we should compassionately wonder at his naïve assumption that the Socialist-Centrist coalition in the Reichstag represents and controls the government of the Kaiser, and at his childlike faith in the honor of the Prussian autocracy, but we could not accuse him of an ineptitude that is hardly distinguishable from unconscious disloyalty.

In passing, one is tempted to remark that the position taken by Mr. Hillquit and many other leaders of his wing of the Socialist

party, typifies a fatal limitation of the Socialist mentality. Too often Socialists seem to think with their feelings instead of their intellects. They see that an industrial *régime* of universal coöperation and altruism would be better for mankind than one of competition and selfishness, and they forthwith conclude that a social order so desirable is likewise feasible. Many of them argue in the same way about the possibility of getting a just peace from the undefeated military caste of Germany.

In the foregoing pages I have tried to state the principles of free speech and their application to war conditions in a purely objective manner. I have not written with a slanting eye toward either the present attitude of our Government or the contentions of pacifists. My purpose has been merely to lay down correct principles, as I see them. If, now, I am asked whether the advocates of free speech have been harshly or unfairly treated by public authorities in the United States since the beginning of the War, my answer must be that they have not been so treated on the whole. Certain it is that the Federal Government has done nothing of this sort. Neither in its laws nor in its enforcement of them has it encroached upon morally legitimate freedom of speech. It may be objected that these assertions are contradicted by the treatment of Senator La Follette. What are the facts? In his speech at St. Paul, September 20th last, he declared, not by direct assertion, but by supposition and insinuation that the United States went into the War to rescue the "House of Morgan," and for the "poor privilege" of riding in munition ships. I am using the version of his remarks which appeared in *Current Opinion* for November. Because of these unjustifiable and oblique statements, he was denounced in the press, and called to account by the Senate. When, sixteen days later, he made his notable address before the latter body, he uttered not a word in explanation of or reference to his offensive remarks in St. Paul. He defended the general right of the citizen to discuss the war policies of the Government, and the particular right of Congress to define the war aims and the peace terms of the nation. Only this, and nothing more. Yet many of his pacifist admirers are under the impression that his Senate speech was a triumphant answer to unjust accusations!

That a few state and municipal officials have gone too far in their prosecution of alleged disloyalty, is quite likely. Possibly the Governors of Minnesota and Illinois should not have prohibited last September the meetings of the "People's Council for Democracy

and Terms of Peace." At that time, however, this organization was not merely talking peace; it was opposing the dispatch of the conscripted soldiers to Europe. Moreover, many of its leaders were notoriously pro-German.

Indeed, the cause of the pacifists, so-called, has been discredited from the beginning because of their close alliance with those persons who want a German victory, even at the cost of an American defeat. Wherever free speech has been unduly repressed by minor authorities, it has been more or less closely associated with disloyal opposition to the War.

Freedom of speech has been tolerated even when it was directly obstructive of certain war measures. During his recent campaign for the office of Mayor of New York, Mr. Hillquit declared over and over again that he would not buy Liberty Bonds, and by implication at least urged the same course upon his audiences. He was not molested by the authorities. Should the opponents of the War decide, as they threatened some time ago, to make a campaign for the election of members of Congress next fall who think as they do, they would, no doubt, be accorded to them as was given to Mr. Hillquit.

That many of the newspapers have gone far beyond the bounds of truth and decency in their denunciation of critics of the War, is unfortunately a fact, but these journals are not the Government, and their assertions and arguments can be combated on the platform and in the press. Men who refuse to utilize this method of defence do not show great faith in the power of free speech.

No opponent or critic of the War who is genuinely loyal to his country need fear that the Federal Government will deny him the privilege of freedom of speech. For the honest and patriotic critic will confine his utterances to complaints and proposals that are constructive, and that stop short of giving "aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States." While insisting as strongly as he likes upon his constitutional and moral rights to contribute to the process of forming helpful opinion, he will bear in mind that lies and lying insinuations, direct or oblique opposition to essential military measures, and peace proposals that would leave Uncle Sam virtually bound and gagged at the same peace table with the triumphant exponents of Prussian autocracy, are justifiable neither in law nor in morals. There exists no right to any such abuse of free speech.

# A PAGE OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY A. G. BRICKEL, S.J.

THAT the treatment accorded to Catholics in the Cambridge history of English literature would be insular, was a foregone conclusion; that in these days of easily accessible source-books, it would be bigoted, was not so easily divined. Among the many pages marred by bigoted and unfair criticism of Catholic literary men, it may be profitable to take as a specimen Professor Saintsbury's assertion about Cardinal Newman. In discussing *The Dream of Gerontius* among "minor poetry," the professor goes out of his way to cast a slur on its author's historical ability. "Newman's mind," he says, "was extremely over-furnished with logic, and extremely under-furnished with the historic sense." This one sentence is enough to reveal either the bigotry or the ignorance or the mixture of both displayed by Saintsbury. It should be sufficient to remind him that he offers no proof of his assertion, and not try to disprove his words. But since the idea that Newman came to the Catholic Church from "disappointment or disgust or restlessness or wounded feeling or undue sensibility or other weakness," is still prevalent in certain quarters, the refutation of the professor's statement challenges an attention which he in his own person does not command. And the method of the refutation is suggested by the words of Newman: "False ideas may be refuted by argument, but by true ideas alone are they expelled." I intend to show, then, by an examination of the data Newman left in his works that he was highly gifted with the historic sense, and thus present a true idea of his ability as an historian.

Lord Acton, perhaps the greatest modern historian, says in one of his letters to Mary Gladstone: "The great object in trying to understand history, political, religious, literary or scientific, is to get behind men and to grasp ideas. Ideas have a radiation and development, an ancestry and posterity of their own." If Newman be judged by this criterion of Acton's, he is surely well-furnished with the historic sense. He cares for no fact merely as a phenomenon, but only in so far as it is the realization in the outer world, of

ideas energizing in the minds of those whose history he sketches. He is a psychological, rather than an objective, historian. Not that he neglects the objective element, not that he condescends to obscure or conceal facts that tell against his heroes, but he refuses to narrate, with the passionless candor of the purely ontological historian, the great events of Christianity and the characters who took part in them. And thus he is a greater realist than the merely objective historian. For the creative ideas of men and their master-motives are prior to the facts of history and are their true causes.

Even before examining his histories, we might anticipate that Newman was a good historian, by an inference from the most characteristic feature in his theory of knowledge, his distinction between "notional" and "real" assent. His preference for "real" assent, whose object is the concrete and particular, generated in him the historic sense. History is, as Aristotle remarks in his *Poetics,* the science of the particular. When once Newman's gifted historic sense is grasped, the cardinal fact of his conversion is seen to be, not the sentimental thing that Protestant polemic makes it, but the inevitable issue of reasoning exercised upon the facts of history. He studied the original documents of the Fathers so exhaustively that he finally came to the pass where, in his own words, "To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant." Besides, certain volumes of Newman that we might not, on a hasty examination, place in the category of history, are seen to belong there, since they narrate the historical evolution of ideas. Thus *The Present Position of Catholics* traces the historical course of Protestant prejudice; the *Apologia* and *Anglican Difficulties* portray the ideas behind the Oxford Movement; *Loss and Gain* becomes a psychological history only surpassed by the *Apologia.* We can distinguish a triple gradation in Newman's history of the development of ideas; first, their development in individuals, then in nations of the world and Orders of the Church, finally in the world at large and in the Church as a world-wide society. But before exemplifying these three phases of evolving ideas, it will be illuminating to give his view of the task imposed on the historian of ideas, by citing a few passages from his *Development of Christian Doctrine:*

"But, when some great enunciation about human nature or present good or government or religion, is carried forward into the public throng of men, and draws attention, then it is not merely received passively in this or that form into many minds, but it becomes an active principle within them, leading them to an ever

new contemplation of itself, to an application of it in various directions, and a propagation of it on every side. At first men will not fully realize what it is that moves them, and will express and explain themselves inadequately. There will be a general agitation of thought and an action of mind upon mind. New lights will be brought to bear upon the original statements of the doctrine put forward; judgments and aspects will accumulate. After a time some definite teaching emerges; and, as time proceeds, one view will be modified or expanded by another, and then combined with a third; till the idea to which these various aspects belong, will be to each mind separately what at first it was only to all together. It will, in proportion to its native vigor and subtlety, introduce itself into the framework and details of social life, changing public opinion, and strengthening or undermining the foundations of established order. ....This process whether it be longer or shorter in point of time, by which the aspects of an idea are brought into consistency and form, I call its development, being the germination and maturation of some truth or apparent truth on a large mental field.... It is indeed sometimes said that the stream is clearest near the spring. Whatever use may fairly be made of this image, it does not apply to the history of a philosophy or belief, which on the contrary is more equable, and purer, and stronger, when its bed has become deep and broad and full. It necessarily rises out of an existing state of things, and for a time savors of the soil. Its vital element needs disengaging from what is foreign and temporary, and is employed in efforts after freedom which become more vigorous and hopeful as its years increase. In time it enters upon strange territory; points of controversy alter their bearing; parties rise and fall around it; dangers and hopes appear in new relations and old principles reappear under new forms. It changes with them in order to remain the same."

With the concept of history we have sketched above Newman was ever imbued, and it is not surprising that after a lifetime of study of the personalities of Church history he could crystallize in pregnant paragraphy the ideas animating any one of them. This is his characterization of Athanasius, his favorite Father of the Church: "This renowned Father is in ecclesiastical history the special doctor of the sacred truth which Arius denied, bringing it out into shape and system so fully and luminously that he may be said to have exhausted his subject, as far as it lies open to the human intellect. But, besides this, writing as a controversialist, not

primarily as a priest and teacher, he accompanies his exposition of doctrine with manifestations of character which are of great interest and value. The fundamental idea with which he starts in the controversy, is a deep sense of the authority of tradition. It was not his way to be fierce, as a matter of course, with those who opposed him; his treatment of the semi-Arians is a proof of this. It is the same prudent, temperate spirit and practical good sense, which leads Athanasius, though the prime champion of the Nicene *Homoöusion,* to be so loath to use that formula....It arises from the same temper of mind that he is so self-distrustful and subdued in his comments on Scripture; he, the foremost doctor of the Divine Sonship, being the most modest as well as the most authoritative of teachers. Erasmus seems to prefer him, as a writer, to all the Fathers and certainly, in my own judgment, no one comes near him but Chrysostom and Jerome."[1]

In a similar brief fashion, but with critically accurate historic sense, Chrysostom is epitomized: "I consider St. Chrysostom's charm to lie in his intimate sympathy and compassionateness for the whole world, not only in its strength, but in its weakness; in the lively regard with which he views everything that comes before him, taken in the concrete, whether as made after its own kind, or as gifted with a nature higher than its own. This specialty, I conceive, is the interest which he takes in all things, not so far as God has made them alike, but as He has made them different from each other.

"I speak of the discriminating affectionateness with which he accepts everyone for what is personal in him and unlike others. I speak of his versatile recognition of men, one by one, for the sake of that portion of good, be it more or less, of a lower order or a higher, which has severally been lodged in them; his eager contemplation of the many things they do, effect, or produce, of all their great works, as nations or as states; nay, even as they are corrupted or disguised by evil, so far as that evil may in imagination be disjoined from their proper nature, or may be regarded as a mere material disorder, apart from its formal character of guilt. It is this observant benevolence which gives to his exposition of Scripture its chief characteristic. He is known in ecclesiastical literature as the expounder, above all others, of its literal sense.[2]"

But not only saints and doctors of sacred science pass before us as we read Newman's historical sketches. Proud and subtle

[1] *St. Athanasius,* vol. ii. [2] *Historical Sketches,* vol. ii.

heresiarchs like Arius, apostate emperors like Julian, sophistical impugners of the Faith like Abelard are all woven into the texture of his narrative, are all viewed as the embodiment of some one or some few leading ideas. Let his portrait of Abelard stand for a specimen of this power of reducing a seemingly versatile character to a single master idea: "Great things are done by devotion to one idea; there is one class of geniuses, who would never be what they are, could they grasp a second. Men of one idea and nothing more, whatever their merit, must be to a certain extent narrow-minded; and it is not wonderful that Abelard's devotion to the new philosophy made him undervalue the Seven Arts out of which it had grown. He felt it impossible so to honor what was now to be added, as not to dishonor what existed before. He would not suffer the Arts to have their own use, since he had found a new instrument for a new purpose.[3]" How much of Abelard's life may be understood, especially how many of his misfortunes may be traced directly to his dominant dialectic, is as evident from this short selection as from a detailed history.

It would be sufficient to prove the validity of Newman's historic sense, if we merely showed that he was able to penetrate into the ideas animating the personalities he describes. But our contention that he was a good historian will be confirmed by adducing some typical examples of his ability to characterize what we may call corporate ideas, the dominant ideas, for instance, of the religious orders or of various nations that cut across the path of Church history. That this power of grasping corporate ideas was Newman's in a high degree, is demonstrated in his story of the Benedictine schools, in his remarks on the Dominicans and Jesuits, in his histories of the Turks, Northmen and Normans, the Lombards, the histories of the various heretical bodies, Arians, Lutherans, Anglicans.

According to Newman, the idea of conservatism in teaching theology and Scripture was the striking intellectual characteristic of the Benedictines. Their genius is thus delineated: "The monk proposed to himself no great or systematic work, beyond that of saving his soul. He cared little for knowledge, even theological, or for success, even though it was religious. It is the character of such a man to be contented, resigned, patient and incurious; to create or originate nothing; to live by tradition. He does not analyze, he marvels; his intellect attempts no comprehension of

[3] *Historical Sketches*, vol. iii.

this multiform world, but on the contrary, it is hemmed in, and shut up within it. It recognizes but one cause in nature and in human affairs, and that is the First and Supreme." The monk was in his theological studies "faithful, conscientious, affectionate, obedient, like the good steward who keeps an eye on all his master's goods and preserves them from waste and decay.[4]"

In other places Newman recognizes that the Dominicans and Jesuits have their respective corporate ideas as different from each other and from the Benedictines, as the creative Scholasticism inaugurated by the Dominicans was different from the conservatism of their predecessors. "St. Benedict," says Newman, "is the historical emblem of the retreat of the Church from the world, and St. Dominic of its return."

A collective estimate of the three religious orders is given in the following paragraph: "Education follows the same law: it has its history in Christianity, and its doctors or masters in that history. It has had three periods: the ancient, the mediæval, the modern; and there are three religious orders in those periods respectively, which succeed, one the other, on its public stage, and represent the teaching given by the Catholic Church during the time of their ascendancy. Now, St. Benedict has had the training of the ancient intellect, St. Dominic of the mediæval; and St. Ignatius of the modern. Next I proceed to contrast these three great masters of Christian teaching with each other. To St. Benedict, then, let me assign for his discriminating badge, the element of poetry; to St. Dominic, the scientific element; to St. Ignatius, the practical."

Newman has no very extensive commentary on the Dominicans, so I will conclude this illustration of corporate religious ideas by citing a paragraph in which the Jesuit idea is delineated: "By common consent, the palm of religious prudence, in the Aristotelic sense of that comprehensive word belongs to the School of Religion of which St. Ignatius is the Founder. That great Society is the classical seat and fountain of, the school and pattern of discretion, practical sense, and wise government. Sublimer conceptions or more profound speculations may have been created or elaborated elsewhere but, whether we consider the illustrious body in its own constitution, or in its rules for instruction and direction, we see that it is its very genius to prefer this most excellent prudence to every other gift, and to think little of poetry and of science, unless they happen to be useful. It is true that, in the long catalogue of its

[4] *Historical Sketches*, vol. ii.

members, there are to be found the names of the most consummate theologians, and of scholars the most elegant and accomplished; but we are speaking here, not of individuals, but of the body itself. It is plain that the body is not over-jealous of its theological traditions or it certainly would not suffer Suarez to controvert with Molina, Viva with Vasquez, Passaglia with Petavius, and Faure with Suarez, De Lugo and Valentia. In this intellectual freedom its members justly glory; inasmuch as they have set their affections, not on the opinions of the Schools, but on the souls of men.[5] "

How Newman can describe the corporate idea of a nation, may be shown in his portayal of the common characteristic of the Northmen and Normans: "War was their life. It was almost their *summum bonum;* good in itself, though nothing came of it. His very worship was to do battle; his rite of sacrifice was a passage of arms. He couched his lance to decide the question of fact, that his lady was the beautifullest woman in creation; he drew his sword on the blasphemer to convince him of the sanctity of the Gospel; and he passed abruptly from demolishing churches and burning towns to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the unclean infidel. They destroyed for destroying-sake, because it was good to destroy; it was a display of power, and power made them gods. They seemed as though they were possessed by some inward torment, which needed outlet, and which degraded them to the madness of their own Berserkers in the absence of some nobler satisfaction. Their fearful activity was their mode of searching out something great, they knew not what, the idea of which haunted them. Hence, too, when they had advanced some steps in the path of civilization, from this nature or habit of restlessness they could not bear neutrality; they interfered actively in the cause of right, in proportion as they gave up the practice of wrong.[6]"

Let this exemplification of corporate ideas conclude with the description of the idea of an ecclesiastical body. The Oxford Movement is thus outlined by Newman: "It has been formed on one idea, which has developed into a body of teaching, logical in the arrangement of its portions and consistent with the principles on which it originally started. That idea, or first principle, was ecclesiastical liberty; the doctrine which it especially opposed was the heresy of Erastus, the Royal Supremacy. The object of its attack was the Establishment, considered simply as such.[7]"

[5] *Historical Sketches,* vol. ii. [6] *Historical Sketches,* vol. iii.
[7] *Difficulties of Anglicans,* vol. i.

After considering the evolution of ideas in individuals and in nations and bodies, national or ecclesiastical, we arrive at the third method of viewing ideas. This third method reduces to a higher unity the ideas of personalities and societies, and investigates them in the world-wide Church and the world ever in antagonism to it.

The process of the development of ideas from the origin of Christianity to the present time, was at once the cause of Newman's conversion and its sufficient warrant. What kept him out of the Catholic Church so long was his conviction that, while the Anglican Church had the note of Apostolicity, the Church had only that of Catholicity. The Anglican always grounded his argument on the *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* of Vincent of Lérins, thereby excluding what he called the innovations of Rome. But, arguing on a partial view of the author quoted, after the manner of all heretics, he failed to notice another passage in the same treatise of Vincent of Lérins which hints that doctrine may be so metamorphosed in course of time, that its later form may be to its earlier as the full-grown man is to the child: "*Ut quamvis unius ejusdem hominis status habitusque mutetur, una tamen nihilominus eademque natura, una eademque persona sit.*"

When Newman retired to Littlemore, the conviction, enforced by his reading of the Fathers, came upon him irresistibly that what he had formerly thought corruptions of Romanism, depriving it of the note of Apostolicity, were in reality only legitimate developments of the original dogmatic deposit. It must not be imagined, however, that this process of development was that of the Modernist, a purely subjective one, a sort of bubbling up of dogma from the inner consciousness of the believer. The objectivity of dogmatic development could be proved by numerous passages in the Cardinal's works. Let the following quotation from his speech in acceptance of the Cardinalate serve as a typical utterance on the objectivity of dogma: "For thirty, forty, fifty years I have resisted to the best of my powers the spirit of Liberalism in religion. Liberalism in religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion. It is inconsistent with any recognition of any religion as *true*. It teaches that all are to be tolerated, for all are matters of *opinion;* revealed religion is not a truth, but a *sentiment* and a taste; not an *objective* fact, not miraculous, and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy."

There is a sentence of Newman's essay on Abelard which contains in embryo the entire *Essay on Development:* "The oracles

of Divine Truth, as time goes on, do but repeat one message from above which they have uttered since the tongues of fire attested the coming of the Paraclete; still, as time goes on, they utter it with greater force and precision, under diverse forms, with fuller luminousness, and a richer ministration of thought, statement and argument." For an outline of the argument for development one of the opening chapters of the *Essay on Development* will suffice: "The following essay is directed towards a solution of the difficulty, as far as it exists, which lies in the way of our using in controversy the testimony of our most natural informant concerning the doctrine and worship of Christianity, *viz.*, the history of eighteen hundred years. The view on which it was written, has at all times, perhaps, been implicitly adopted by theologians, that the increase and expression of the Christian creed and ritual, and the variations which have attended the process in the case of individual writers and Churches, are the necessary attendants on any philosophy or polity which takes possession of the intellect and heart and has had any wide or extended dominion; that, from the nature of the human mind, time is necessary for the full comprehension and perfection of great ideas; and that the highest and most wonderful truths, though communicated to the world once for all by inspired teachers, could not be comprehended all at once by the recipients, but, as being received and by minds not inspired and through *media* which were human, have required only the longer time and deeper thought for their full elucidation."

Such is the general plan on which Newman would have worked out the doctrinal developments which, in his Anglican days, he had considered unjustifiable additions to the primitive creed. As a matter of fact, he only partially worked it out, a heavy task, and left the book in its unfinished state. To complete it was impossible, as Newman himself says: "It would be the work of a life to apply the Theory of Development so carefully to the writings of the Fathers, and to the history of controversies and councils as thereby to vindicate the reasonableness of every decision of Rome."

In the light of the evidence adduced above, Professor Saintsbury's assertion of Newman's lack of historic sense, is untenable. The few examples of his historic sense cited, are enough to show, at least in outline, that the Cardinal investigated his sources in the critical and philosophical spirit desired by Lord Acton. Moreover, is it not extremely improbable that Newman would have considered,

as a province for slovenly endeavor, one-fourth of his works? Nor should his modest title of *Historical Sketches* deceive anyone into thinking them fragmentary or uncritical since they are really scientific monographs. It should also be remembered that the century almost spanned by our historian's life was distinguished from its rationalistic predecessor by the rise of and estimation for scientific history and the consequent appeal to its testimony in sanction of the various movements of thought. The Oxford Movement, under the guidance of Newman, was no exception to this rule. Finally, if we needed to confirm by authority a conclusion based on the examination of actual data, we would refer, not to a mere literary critic like Mr. Saintsbury, but to a historian of the first rank, Döllinger, who spoke of Newman as "the greatest living authority on the history of the first three centuries of the Christian Era."

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## SAINTS' GOLD.

BY JOHN BUNKER.

WHOSO is faithful warden of desire,
And o'er his bosom wields control complete,
Hath deep within his soul a bower meet
For shadowy ease and chaunt of woodland quire;
Nay, 'tis a sacred region walled with fire,
A sanctuary pure, a calm retreat
Of healing thoughts and claustral silence sweet
Whence all the ills o' the seeming world retire.
But if he should his wild desires unpen
Upon this precious plot and it despoil,
The snake Remorse about his heart shall coil
And this fair garth become a viperous den;
For this is truth, if any truth's to tell,
In man's own breast he bears his Heaven or Hell.

## THE MISFORTUNES OF MR. JONES

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is very odd that anyone should have ever said that an Englishman's home is his castle. For the truth is that an Englishman is almost the only man in the Western Hemisphere whose house is not his castle—a misfortune he shares to a very great extent, I understand, with the members of the other Anglo-Saxon civilization across the Atlantic. An Englishman's home is merely a fort of which he is put in charge by a landlord whose vassal he is. The French peasant's home is really his castle; though it is by no means a romantic castle. The Spanish peasant's house is really his castle; and it is by no means a castle in Spain. Even an Irish peasant's house (under recent and just legislation) is often his castle, if it is only a castle of mud. But the two people today, apparently, who, even when they gain profit and security from a house, cannot, as a general rule, claim this defiant and chivalric possession of it, are Englishmen proper or else descendants of an originally English civilization in other lands. The French or Irish peasant might actually put battlements or drawbridges onto his cottage if he chose; the Irishman would not do it because he is troubled with a sense of humor; the Frenchman would not do it because it would cost money. But they might if they liked; because they now, nearly all of them, own their own houses. But if the average Englishman (or American) tried furtively to stick on battlements or to rig up a drawbridge in the night, he would find his landlord inaccessible to their romantic outline; and even talking in a dreary way about depreciating the property.

The average modern Englishman (and again I unwillingly include the average modern American) has not a home, let alone a cottage; the only question that follows is, do they want one? And the answer is most certainly, yes. The common Englishman, or American, if he were making the world to suit himself, would certainly give himself a personal building and habitation, standing separate upon a square of earth. In short, he wants a private house. I concede at once, with enthusiasm, that he also wants a public house. I agree that he enjoys all the things that Socialism

can give, the public park, the public library, the public picture gallery. But no one wants to sleep in a public picture gallery—at least no one with whom I am personally acquainted. Along with this idea of privacy goes the idea of property; a man cannot really lie down and rest except on six foot of ground to which he has a right. It is useless to discuss this; it is delicate, because it is deep. You can call the sentiment of ownership mystical, if you call the fear of death mystical, or the desire of progeny mystical. All we can say is, that if we dig to the bottom of our brains, these things are there. The sense of property, for instance, is one of the very first things which children feel to be just. A baby of three can appreciate the ultimate idea that a thing can be sacred to a person and inseparable from him. It may be said that this moral idea they receive from their elders. Perhaps; but the interesting thing is that this moral idea they receive with rapture. They throw themselves into it with an enthusiasm which they do not show for many of the other most important didactic ideals. We find none of that difficulty here which really embarrasses us in explaining to children the social utility of truth or its complicated limitation by courtesy. *Meum* and *Tuum* are to the child as plain as pancakes; he feels that the person can own objects. But if we tried to put it by saying that the animate merely rules the inanimate, even that would not be quite right. Children (and grown-up people too) have in their ownership an obscure idea even of loyalty to the thing. A little boy who has gone to bed without his toy gun does not merely feel that he is sad without the gun. He also feels that in some transcendental way, the gun is sad without him. And it is no good calling this fetish-worship and saying that the boy believes the gun to be alive; the boy is not such a fool. He has simply a vague idea that he has left a part of himself somewhere and that part is not doing itself justice. But if anyone calls it fetish-worship, it is sufficient to answer that the thing is quite as plain in adults as in infants. The ordinary grown man has a notion of something which is, in some dark way, due even to the dead things which he owns. He says, "I owe it to my roof." He says, "I would not pollute my sword." He talks of the honor of a rock or the reputation of a meadow. But above all he feels it about the holy box in which he lives. Even when he is boasting of his living blood and progeny, he actually prefers to refer to it in terms of brick and mortar. His proudest name for the Jones family is "The House of Jones."

Now, you may say that Mr. Jones, the average Englishman or American, can never get back that plain possession of a plain home. You may say (with some historical plausibility) that he never had it. Certainly, and especially in the case of the English branch of the Jones family, he never had it perfectly and for any considerable period; his ownership was always hampered and very frequently disturbed. It would be a tolerable proposition that an Englishman, for instance, had never owned. But if you fancy that a man cannot bewail the loss of something that he has never had, then you have not begun to be human, or even alive. That is the first and most fascinating difference between man and the beasts, that man is mourning for something which has never been in history, is always remembering something that is not in his experience. If I printed in large letters on the book cover "The Horse without Horns," you would think it an unreasonable expression. If I were to write as a headline "The Fish who Lost his Legs," you would consider the phrase for some time with a knitted brow. At last you would point out that no horses have horns and no fish have legs; so fearlessly do you face the last discoveries of science. But you would not think it odd if I called a book "The Man who Lost his Innocence," though, in truth, no men have been innocent in all human history. You would not think it strange to say "The Restless Man," though, indeed, none of our race have ever really rested on this earth. In the same way it is not unnatural of a man that he is specially "The Homeless Man;" and it is true to say it of our friend, Mr. Jones.

Now, we will say that Mr. Jones was just about to move with his wife and baby into his little villa, when something suddenly went wrong with the drains; or some rich creditor foreclosed upon the property; or for some other reason he was abruptly kept out of what he already regarded as his own. I can imagine some fine writer who could combine realism with the fantastic, some writer like Mr. H. G. Wells, composing a wild and yet most human romance about it. Jones circles hopelessly round his lost house in a nomadic state all his life, going first into the street, then into poor lodgings, then to a too-expensive hotel, then to a middling boarding-house, then to a workhouse; but never losing hope and always expecting to get his luggage into his own home at last. So far the story would be only made out of that plain poetry which is the stuff of our daily life. But the element of the fantastic (and also of the allegorical) would enter into the story through this very odd circumstance; that at every stage of that weary and disjointed

waiting, people assured Mr. Jones that his uncomfortable and temporary condition was really much better than the home life he was trying to get. When first he was flung out of his new house and had to picnic anyhow in the front garden, the passers-by paused and assured him with public benevolence, that he was now back in the splendid struggle with Nature, out of which all energies arose. When he paid rent to a savage and miserly landlady, he was informed that this keen economic competition between the landlady and himself, was the origin of all natural wealth. When he went to the boarding-house, he was told that in that place the higher vision of brotherhood and sisterhood had superseded the extinct *cultus* of the family. When he went to the expensive hotel, he was told to admire the march of science; and asked if he expected to have fifteen telephones in the hut which he so weakly regretted. And when he came ultimately to the workhouse, was fed by the municipality on cocoa and even worked at times under the threat of flogging, then he was finally assured that he had entered the Socialist state which is the only solution of human ills; in which the Social Organism is the only true living thing. And yet, such is the old-world obstinacy of the Joneses, they still want to get back to their own house.

This is not a farce but a very fair statement of the actual history of Jones—especially Jones the peasant—or what ought to have been the peasant. His history has been one permanent *pis aller*. And worst of all it has been a *pis aller* offered as perfection. His fate has always been a second best which some fashionable craze assured him was a first best. He was assured that every dreary lodging and desolate club he entered, was better than that impossible private house. Age after age, the colleges and instructed classes tried to get him to be "contented" and do his duty in that state of life into which it had pleased them to kick him. Age after age, they tried (with a tired amiability) not to get Jones what he wanted, but to get Jones to want what he got. I can give you this, without carrying the historical summary too far back, in a few lines.

For our purpose we may roughly leave out of account the small pagan cities or the clear mediæval theory, in which property had a principle right or wrong; the period of which I am talking began with the rise of modern civilization. It begins at the Renaissance, that fountain of inspiration and expansion, that fountain of complexity and crime; and in England (where we shall especially

follow the misfortunes of Jones), it begins about the time when William Shakespeare had discovered how to write romantic tragedies and Sir John Hawkins had discovered how to enslave negroes.

From that time onward, through the seventeenth century especially and largely through the eighteenth, the real growth was the growth of the large landowners—swollen by the stolen monastic and common lands. The country became decidedly, and as some think incurably, an aristocracy; and undoubtedly produced many great gentlemen who gave glory to their country. But their basis was their territorial wealth. Modern romantic writers are never tired of telling us that being an aristocrat and a gentleman does not depend upon money. But it does; it does quite decisively if we are talking about a whole aristocracy. A lord may be poor, just as a money-lender may go bankrupt. But the principal essence of being a money-lender, is having money to lend. And the primary essence of being a lord, is being a landlord. I need not retell the tale which is now being slowly and reluctantly told by everybody of the bland and brutal campaign of annexation which for two centuries the English aristocracy waged against the English people—from the first seizure of the monastic lands and property—the impudence of illegal fences and the worse impudence of legal ingenuity in the seizure of the commons. The decisions of a thousand Justices of the Peace have been gibbeted in one good rhyme:

> You prosecute the man or woman
> Who steals the goose from off the common;
> But leave the larger felon loose
> Who steals the common from the goose.

But indeed it is not our point to expatiate on this. Our point is that something soothed Jones all through his history into a strange submission to his own enslavement. If the great lords stole the common from the goose, he must have been a great goose surely to stand it. Why did he stand it? He stood it because he was even then told that his despoilers stood for progress, for patriotic efficiency and for a new order of things. Especially his squire claimed to stand for Protestant England against the Pope, and for parliament against the King. He consented to be landlord-ridden in order not to be priest-ridden; and a "House of Commons" came at last to be a final substitute for every commoner having a house. "How much better," he was told, "to follow the young squire in his

protest against Popery (or the poisonous Stuarts), than to have a mere private house."

The two great movements that have happened since the Reformation can but be defined as the solemn sanctification of two cardinal sins. The aristocratic movement ultimately amounted to the declaration that pride is not a sin. The Manchester, or Commercial Movement, which followed it, amounted to the assertion that avarice is not a sin. It is in this dogma alone that the Industrial Movement differed from mankind. A French peasant may grab at gold as much as a Manchester or Chicago merchant. But when a French peasant wants to worship a saint, he does not worship a man who grabbed at gold, but one who flung it away. But the industrial or *laissez-faire* philosophy admired money-grubbing as well as practised it; it called the thing "enterprise" and "self-help." Nations not filled with smoke and certain chemical smells, it described as nations in decay. Its offer to the laborers (who ought to have been peasants) was simply the discipline of hunger and hatred with the chance of being a Lord Mayor. All that the Manchester or Chicago plutocrat did for his workers (as far as I can make out) was to bang them again and again on the head; and then look at them admiringly and call them "hard-headed." And if again at this stage Jones began to mention a house, he was at once answered, "Is it not better to have a millionth chance of that marvelous house which Arkwright built than to have a mere private house?"

There was a reaction against the Manchester or *laissez-faire* school—but it did nothing towards getting Jones nearer to his own house. On the contrary, it wanted him to go further away from it. It wanted him to see his real happiness—it wanted him to find it somewhere else than where he was. The English Jones was urged to "colonize;" the American Jones to "seek his fortune" out West. The temporary overflow of the population in England (which was as accidental as a pot boiling over), the temporary possibility of rapid amassing of wealth in Western America, was perceived as another opportunity of dividing Jones from his original foolish dream. Let him go forth and annex the universe—then he would not annex his own home. "Go forth, heroic Jones, that little log hut you will build in the wilds, will be far more glorious than any private house."

The force that now threatens to take the place of that, which for want of a better word, I shall call imperialism, is like all the

rest in this, that it has no good word for Jones' house into which he planned to bring his wife and children long ago. Socialism and the individualistic philosophy of the Manchester School of *laissez-faire* are very nearly the same. They are identical in their fundamental conception of daily life. Both imagine that the mass of the people must be submissive wage-earners. Only the Manchester individualists told them to submit to inhuman selfishness, while the Socialist seems to think they will submit to an inhuman idealism. Both, in short, regard the normal man as an employee. Both forget that over half the planet, the average man is an employer; a proud and exacting employer who employs himself. Under Manchester conditions, for instance, Jones has become separated from his wife, for whom he had largely planned the house. She had looked, perhaps, to making the inside of that house her own, to exercise that omnipotence on a small scale, that was her privilege against the masculine power on a larger scale. But under the nightmare of Manchester, she has to go and turn a handle that makes cotton, while her husband turns another handle that makes jam, neither of them caring in the least whether it makes green fire or crocodiles. Does the Socialist propose to alter this sexual separation or this unmeaning toil? Not at all. The Socialist only says: "Think, my dear Jones, how much better it will be when your wife is a separate citizen like yourself, has a vote and a fixed rate of wages; how much finer that will be than that obstinate fancy of yours to own a Private House, which really...."

I daresay Jones would submit to this as he has submitted to all the other side-packings of his old and simple desire. The rich kept his house to protect it against Popery, they kept it to employ it for economic progress, and they may perhaps continue to keep it in order to help in constructing a Socialist society. Jones who has asked for so little and been offered so much, who has been offered a new world when he only wanted a small piece of the old, will probably continue to wander hopelessly round the little house he wanted and find all the roads up; and the little lanterns burning in the barricades like the broad swords that prevent a return to Paradise. When Socialism has been succeeded by some other fad of the universities, I suppose Jones will still be hanging about, wondering when he will be allowed to finish his honeymoon.

## SURSUM CORDA!—SOME NOTES ON WAR POETRY.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

THE World War is producing poetry—and poetry. We have, for example, poetry about the War; and poetry of the War. Some of the poetry about the War has been splendid. Where it has truly sung of the reaching of the bloody hand of Mars unto the very hearts and hearthstones of the people, here at home—or in Europe—it has been vivid and authentic. Such poems as Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's *It Is Well With the Child,*[1] or Katharine Tynan's *High Summer;*[2] many of the poems of the Vigilantes, known largely through the daily press; Henry Van Dyke's *The Red Flower,*[3] written within sound of the guns: these are authentic, true poems "of" the War. John Oxenham's *The Vision Splendid,*[4] though obvious and at times crude, is saved by its very authenticity. At rare moments, too, there have been singers (like Robert Haven Schauffler with his *The White Comrade*[5]) whose imagination, fired by the call to arms, or touched to flame by the hand of anguish and loss, has swept clear to the actual scene of conflict and pictured with the consummate power of inspiration the heroisms and horrors of modern battle. All this is good. It is poetry about the War, and even, in a degree, poetry of the War. Yet it often happens that the reader, with a vague instinctive resentment, rejects in his soul the singer who sings of a war which he still knows only by hearsay or imagination, or even through the finest sympathy. Such poetry served well enough in the days when only civilian bards sang war; but now we have come upon the hour when the common soldier finds himself articulate. Now, it would seem, the true soldier-song, the true poetry "of" the War remains the right and prerogative of the man who goes into the trenches to fight—and who sings while he fights. He it is who must give us the real poetry "of" the present conflict.

He is giving it, in remarkable abundance, and of rare quality. Already between thirty and forty volumes of war poetry, written

[1] *Atlantic Monthly,* September, 1917.
[2] Los Angeles *Tidings,* November 2, 1917.
[3] *Scribner's,* New York.
[4] George H. Doran Co., New York.
[5] *The Outlook,* December 22, 1915.

by men who have fought and died, or are fighting and writing still —or else mending their wounds only to return again to the fray— have appeared in print in this country and England. Half of these men at least have gone down in the fight, and only their song remains. But the song will live—because not only is the quantity of this poetry surprising in its bulk, but also its quality is high. And it is likewise not only in great part real literature, as literary standards go, but documentary history, as well, of the most priceless value. In the dim future, when wars are so few and far between as to be almost forgotten—God speed that day, the white dawn of which these soldier poets of the present are now so heroically building out of the very fabric of their souls, singing as they build!— when treatises on arms and armament are gathering dust on the shelf with other useless curiosities of antiquity, this poetry of the World War will remain, a living voice from the dead past, chronicling as no master strategist, no technician nor historian ever can, the true story of the titanic struggle.

The War is not only giving us poetry, but is giving birth to poets (since poets, we remember, must be born)! It is true, of course, that some of these singers whose voices have come up to us out of the mud and blood of Flanders, or from the hot sands of Gallipoli, like "the leaping rapture of the lark" (as Robert Service sings it in his *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*[6]) were trained poets of name and achievement before ever they went into the conflict; but out of it they have emerged reborn, beyond all measuring greater then they entered, because now they have not only seen life, but have tasted of the bitter tincture of death. "Death is as interesting to me as life, I have seen so much of it, from Suvla to Strumnitza, and now in France," wrote Francis Ledwidge, Ireland's "poet of the blackbird," a few weeks before he fell on the Western Front: already he was regretting that his first book, *Songs of the Fields,* a pre-war production, ever had been published, so far ahead of his old self had he been swept by the red tides of war. And Patrick MacGill, stark realist and morbid pessimist of *The Dead End* in 1914, now comes home wounded and on furlough, the author of *Soldier Songs*[7] which reveal him changed to a sane, clear-seeing singer of hearty courage and manly *camaraderie*....But others were not poets at all (except potentially) until they went down with their loaded rifles into the riven earth to fight and to

[6]Barse & Hopkins, New York. [7]E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

face eternity; or, marching to the transports or the trenches, touched elbows with their common fellows and came at last to know life and to sing of it.

The two most famous names so far given us out of the deadly turmoil of the War, are those of Rupert Brooke[8] and Alan Seeger. Both were poets of high rank; both were killed in action. Of Seeger, an American, more later. Of Brooke, there can be little said now to add to the eulogies his fine singing has won. The point to make is this: That Rupert Brooke, like the majority of his fellows, was served by the War, in that it enabled him finally to achieve (again like his fellows) some measure at least of the greatness of which previously he had only given promise. He was a poet of attainments already when the summons came, to which he responded so characteristically with his "Well, if Armageddon is on, I suppose I ought to be there!" But he was one who had not escaped altogether (as some of his poems show) the too often fatal "ferment of the youth of genius." In the end, and all too soon, while youth was yet his in full flower, the War hushed his voice and stilled his hand; but not until it had begun, at least, to work the inevitable change in him, deepening the waters of his spirit so that more and more they moved unfretted by surface winds, more and more obedient to the tidal forces of God and Eternity. The finest element in the poetry of Rupert Brooke is its social spirit, its liberal uprightness, its fairness, its total lack of hatred or animosity in the midst of a universal clamor of bitterness.

Rupert Brooke's fame was not a little heightened by his lovable personality, and by reason of the fact that he was the first English poet to fall in defence of the freedom of the world. He was a romantic figure, handsome, manly and amiable, and none knowing him or his work could help regretting deeply his untimely taking off. But there are those now who wonder if his poetry has in it as much of the element of permanency as was first credited to it. No such fears, however assail the critics and appraisers of Francis Ledwidge, the young Lance Corporal who fell in action July 31, 1917, and who, according to Lord Dunsany, "would have surpassed even Burns" had he survived the War; while the dictum of Herbert Jenkins is that "had he lived, I believe he would have been one of the world's greatest poets." Ledwidge's likeness, which Lord Dunsany remarks, to Burns, gives the key to his quality. He was

[8] *Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke.* John Lane Co., New York.

of the people. Although as Katharine Tynan expresses it,[9] he was "a peasant only by accident"—"all gentlehood, born refined," and totally incapable of the "peasant coarseness" which in Bobbie Burns could inspire such a poem as *To a Louse on a Lady's Bonnet in Church*—Ledwidge was still essentially of the people, his songs heart-songs, and his soul, having come to a spiritual vision far surpassing the half-lights of Brooke's pagan soul, seeing and singing of God Himself. It is Lord Dunsany who has brought out Ledwidge's last book, which he has called *Songs of Peace*,[10] because in the midst of all war's clamor and horror ("It is all like the end of a beautiful world," Ledwidge told Mrs. Tynan in one of his letters from the trenches) he sang of peace—of the things the heart and the soul of man loves and cherishes. "I am always homesick," he wrote; and yet

> Roaming, I am listening still,
> Bending, listening overlong,
> In my soul a steadier will,
> In my heart a newer song.

It was this same "steadier will," this same "newer song," that the War gave to Julian Grenfell, who died from his battle wounds in May, 1915. Grenfell was not only a poet but a soldier also when Armageddon came. He already knew arms and the service, and was already known in letters. But war, actual participation in the War of wars, gave him the fuller vision which makes his poetry now a living thing. It made him write *Into Battle*,[11] composed just before his death, and one of the immortal utterances, it would seem, of the great struggle. Ranking with Grenfell and Brooke and Ledwidge, was Lieutenant W. N. Hodgson, who wrote under the name of "Edward Melbourne," and who fell in the battle of the Somme. *Before Action* is his best known poem, full of high resolute purpose—a soldier's poem which reveals authentically a soldier's soul facing the final struggle.

The youth of these poets of the War is one of their most striking and most pathetic characteristics, though theirs is, in truth, as Emily Hickey says in her poem, *Killed: Aged 19, 20, 21:*

> Bright boyhood sprung to splendor of manhood, still
> Keeping the dew of youth....
> Not cut off in promise unfulfilled,
> But bearing autumn's fruit in springtime's leaves.[12]

[9] The Catholic World, November, 1917.
[10] Herbert Jenkins, London.
[11] In Cunliffe's *Poems of the Great War*.
[12] Catholic World, Sept., 1917.

Brooke was only twenty-nine. Ledwidge was younger still. Hodgson was in his twenties. Alfred Ratcliffe, friend and college mate of Brooke, was, like him, twenty-nine. And there was Charles Hamilton Sorley, only twenty-one when he fell, yet already author of a volume of poems *(Marlborough and Other Poems),*[13] which is full of big things and bigger promise. His *All the Hills and Vales Among* is a real achievement. A month or so before Sorley's death, Andrew, Viscount Stewart, a lieutenant in the Sixth Royal Scots Fusiliers, fell in action—another youngster, a poet whom the War inspired to memorable utterance. Outside of academic circles he was unknown as a poet before the War. So also was Robert Sterling, whose poems, since his death "out there" have already run into a second edition. He was a mere boy, and only in 1914, the year the War began, won the Newdgate Prize at Oxford. One of the most popular war poems in England has been *But a Short Time to Live,* the work of another mere lad, Leslie Coulson. Coulson was a sergeant in the Royal Fusiliers, and fell leading a charge on the Western Front in October, 1916. Before Flanders, he had served in Gallipoli, Egypt and Malta, and from all these fields had sent home stirring songs of the War. The poems of Lieutenant H. Rex Freston from *Somewhere in Flanders* have likewise been popular, and attracted wide attention in the British press. He was an Exeter man, author of *The Quest of Truth,* and fell in action two years ago, in January, 1916.

But the Western Front has not claimed all the poets. Brooke died on a hospital ship in the Ægean Sea, while journeying to the Dardanelles, after having served two years in the West. Alexander Cowie—only a boy of twenty-two, and yet the author of some of the War's most stirring and graphic poetry—fell in Mesopotamia, fighting for the relief of Kut. Like Rupert Brooke, he was a Cambridge man and showed in his writing a decided classical inclination. Lieutenant Bumpus, of the Australian Field Artillery, died in hospital in Cairo from his wounds, and on his deathbed wrote *Passing By,* a vivid and pathetic piece, just lightly touched with humor, and one of the most widely copied poems of the War. It made a tremendous impression in England, and with its haunting refrain, "Passing by, passing by," on which the poet rang many telling changes, will probably have a long life as a popular poem. Brian Brooke was another who served in the East—in British East Africa—though he fell at the Somme. In both scenes of the strug-

[13] Erskine Macdonald, London.

gle he lifted up his heart in song. Another poet-victim of the Somme offensive was Richard Dennys, the very title of whose book of war poems, *There Is No Death*,[14] tells the story of what immortal prize he plucked from the red jaws of Mars.

These soldier poets often reveal much in their titles. *The Undying Splendor*[15] is the name of John William Streets' volume, fruitage of the mind of a naturally gifted man, all his life a simple Derbyshire coal miner until the War claimed him, to show him forth a poet as well as a hero. In the trenches he composed a series of sonnets which so impressed the distinguished English actor, Henry B. Irving, that he read them himself before the Poetry Society of London. "I have tried to picture some thoughts that pass through a man's brain when he dies," this poet wrote to his publisher; "but I may not see the end of the poems." Nor did he. He was reported missing in July, 1916, and on May 1, 1917, nearly a year later, was officially listed among the killed. Of Streets' poems Galloway Kyle, the successor of Stephen Phillips as editor of the London *Poetry Review*, says: "Here Kitchener's men become articulate."[16]

Thus the list grows. I do not review my pages to count exactly how many soldier poets I have already spoken of: enough, at least, to give some idea of what is being done in the production of genuine poetry "of" the War. Yet there are still others who cannot be passed over. There was Frederic Manning who, before his brave death, cried out from the trench:

> O God of Sorrows,
> Whose feet come softly through the dew,
> Stoop Thou unto us,
> For we die that Thou livest![17]

There was Thomas Kettle, Irish college professor and gallant soldier, whose *Poems and Parodies*[18] have just appeared in America. His quick, free mind focussed the world-conflict at its very opening, in a glorious indignation that sent him marching off from the peaceful halls of learning to meet death in the trench. He wrote for his daughter a memorable sonnet from the Somme (where he fell in action last September), the concluding lines of

[14] John Lane Co., New York. [15] Erskine Macdonald, London.

[16] *Songs of the Fighting Men and More Songs of the Fighting Men*, collected by Galloway Kyle. Erskine Macdonald, London.

[17] *The Dial*, May 17, 1917. [18] Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

which answer for all time the questioning of those who would ask why such men, abandoning everything, went " to dice with death:"

> So here, while the mad guns curse overhead,
> And tired men sigh with mud for couch and floor,
> Know that we fools, now with the foolish dead,
> Died not for flag, nor King, nor Emperor,
> But for a dream, born in a herdsman's shed,
> And for the secret Scripture of the poor.

There was Edward Thomas (" Edward Eastaway "), one of the most vibrant voices of the war-time choir, a poet of true Cymric vision, for whom John Freeman, the English poet and essayist, has recently published a memorial volume. And there was Dixon Scott, whom Robert Hield, of the London *Post,* has likewise celebrated in a memorial.

Nor are all the soldier poets dead. There is James Mackereth, whose book *The Red Red Dawn*[19] appeared in November; Leo Ward (son of the late Wilfrid Ward) who, with his Oxford chum, Innes Stitt—both in active service—has just brought out a joint volume, *Tomorrow and Other Poems;*[20] " Etienne," a lieutenant of the Royal Navy, who sings of the sailor at war in *Verses from the Grand Fleet;*[21] Eric Chilman, whose masterpiece, *After Days,* appeared recently in the London *Poetry Review;* and Lieutenant Mackintosh of the Seaforth Highlanders, whose *A Highland Regiment*[22] celebrates the more obvious side of the martial life. It is mostly a lusty shout for the glories of gun and blade, and very well done, of its kind.

These are all British poets (the majority of them, it is readily noted, either Scotch or Irish); but already America, still newly entered upon the universal struggle, has sounded her singing voice in the trenches. Alan Seeger[23] saw to that, in the very beginning—that gifted poet whose " rendezvous with death " was kept indeed, as he prophesied. There is a tremendous effect of exaltation in Seeger's *Champagne* and *The Aisne*—they have much of the fire that is the one thing lacking, in a great degree, in all our poetry of the War; but his *I Have a Rendezvous With Death,* full of the premonition which we find voiced sooner or later in the songs of nearly everyone of these soldier singers, is not only his best known

[19] Erskine Macdonald, London.
[20] Longmans, Green & Co., New York.
[21] Erskine Macdonald, London.
[22] John Lane Co., New York.
[23] *Scribner's,* New York.

production, but is perhaps the most widely quoted poem the War has produced, not even excepting Rupert Brooke's *The Soldier,* which, like it, is charged with a beautiful and noble melancholy. These two poems have qualities to outlive the appealing circumstances of their publication.

Seeger could not wait for America to take up the challenge of the common enemy. He volunteered in 1914, and, as is well known, died two years later from wounds received from a German shell at Belloyen-Santerre, in July, 1916. He was only twenty-eight, and practically unknown to the literary world before the War found him his soul. How keenly he felt about American participation in the conflict is revealed in his *Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France,* written for the Decoration Day exercises at Paris in 1916. "By the death of these," he cries:

> Something that we can look upon with pride
> Has been achieved, nor wholly unreplied
> Can sneerers triumph in the charge they make
> That from a war where Freedom was at stake
> America withheld and, daunted, stood aside!....
> Accents of ours were in the fierce *mêlée,*
> And on those farther rims of hallowed ground,
> Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,
> And on the tangled wires,
> The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
> Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers,
> Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops are ours!

One does not say that little he dreamed his own blood would, soon afterward, color that same "hallowed ground;" for he knew it, as Rupert Brooke knew it, and Francis Ledwidge, and fully half the number of their comrade-singers. Seeger will long hold first place among our American war poets. Yet there has recently gone from us to the front one who is already Seeger's peer as an artist, and who, fired by the tremendous experiences that lie before him, seems destined to achieve immeasurable things. This is Joyce Kilmer—God send him home again!—whose two books, *Trees* and *Main Street,* have placed him in the front rank of American poets. His is one of the clearest, finest voices in our native choir—a voice that is fresh and buoyant, yet exquisitely attuned to the supernatural. Another young American poet now in service "out there" is William Alexander Percy, a Midlander from Mississippi, whom we

have come to know through his magazine verse, and from whom we doubtless will hear more in the near future.

Neither is all war poetry of death or tragic premonition. Far from it. There is humor too—most of it American (though Patrick MacGee, for one, among the British singers, has gone so far ahead, thanks to the War, as to be capable now of humor). One remembering the virile ballads of Robert Service's Klondike days, need only be told that this poet has written a book on the battlefield to be assured that there is humor. Service's *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* are already known to tens of thousands. The book contains characterization—*Private McPhee, The Man from Athabasca, Soulful Sam,* and *'Erbert 'Iggins*—equally as human and amusing as ever the indomitable *Danny McGrew.* Yet it is the same Service who sings so exquisitely of the lark soaring over the battlefield with his:

> fusillade of melody
> That sprays us from yon trench of sky,
> A battery on radiant wings
> That....
> Hurls at us hopes of such strange things
> As joy and home and love and peace,
> Pure heart of song!....

Humor likewise is the keynote of *Rookie Rhymes,*[24] a book of war verse by the men of the First and Second Provisional Training Regiments at Plattsburg. It has been said of this volume that it contains more "pep" than poetry; but the poetry is there too—and always the humor. This is true also, in a degree, of Everard Appleton's *With the Colors: Songs of the American Service*[25]... Who knows what immortal poetry of the trenches (when these rookies get "out there") these little books may not foretell!

Speaking of humor, one cannot resist going out of the field of our own language to take up that inimitable French war classic, *Le Passion de Notre Frère Poilu,* written by Max Leclerc in the ingenuous dialect of Anjou. In this the wounded and dying soldier is transported to heaven, there to have a wonderful interview with God, to Whom he must make a full confession of his life. How the various saints—"heaps of saints"—intercede for him; St. Labré, for instance, who, never having himself made it a practice of washing, steps forth to take the blame for the vermin that drove

[24] Harper & Brothers, New York. [25] Stewart & Kidd Co., New York.

poor *Poilu* to the guardhouse (here is your peasant coarseness with an exquisite vengeance!); and how at last, when the Lord smiles on the simple trembling soldier, the heavens open to reveal the glory of the angelic hosts—all this is told with inimitable humor and charm:

> And among them, with happy smiles,
> Were many *poilus,*
> With coats of sky blue,
> That looked as if made to order,
> And gold caps they had on.
> Our *poilu* in the crowd
> Sang with them with all his heart:
> *Glory be to God in the highest!*
> While the angels in the light
> Sang in answer from all sides:
> *Peace on earth to men of good will!*

It will repay us to take note of the ending of Leclerc's poem: it is cheerful, joyous, optimistic; and it has in it not only a spiritual vision—simple and clear and not at all of the mystical, yet spiritual nevertheless—but also, with a prophetic symbolism, it points to the times that are to come when the last great war is over and done with, when peace shall reign on earth as well as in heaven. For, making note of this ending, we really strike the keynote of practically all the poetry the War has produced in the trenches. Almost invariably it is hopeful. Almost invariably it sees, beyond the red night, a white dawn. "The stricken, tainted soil," says Eric Chilman in his *After Days:*

> shall be
> Again a flowery paradise—
> Pure with the memory of the dead
> And purer for their sacrifice.

It is indeed remarkable, the feeling with which one rises from the reading of this already voluminous poetry of the War, born as it has been of the flaming clamor of the guns, written often in blood by the very hand of death!—a feeling of exaltation rather than of depression. Like the song of the lark indeed, mounting the smoking skies above the trenches, these soldier's songs rise above all the horrible din of battle and hate, singing of love and hope; and they will not be silenced, even by the shattering note of bodily extinction. And though they may chant heartbreakingly of pain and suffering

and loneliness and homesickness, or cry out in flaming righteousness against wrong and atrocity, still the note of hope persists. The eye still sees beauty, amid all the horror and ghastly obscenity: beauty in the hush of the morning, after the dreadful night of pandemonium and blood; beauty even in the very fires of destruction that play about them all through the night like the luminous lights of hell; most of all, beauty and nobility in the heroism and patience and longsuffering of their comrades. To Frederic Manning the lumbering transport wagons passing him on the moonlit road were "as the horses of Hippolytus carven on some antique frieze;" and what could surpass the pathos of Robert Service's crude "Jim" (who "ain't sentimental a bit") come to visit the grave of his trenchmate "Bill," his rough hand filled with wildflowers plucked furtively along the roadside?

Hate is not to be found in this poetry. On the whole it even seems, in summing up, to be lacking in fire—that white-hot passion, for example, which makes Claudel's French *To the Dead of the Armies of the Republic,* seem to leap at the throat of the common enemy; as when he sings in the invader's face:

> That which pounds your ranks day and night, that which rings
> out joyously in face of you, is not all!
> There is a vast army noiselessly concentrating in your rear:
> From Louvain to Réthel, and from Termonde to Noméný,
> Rough mounds of earth are stirring,
> And a great black stain grows larger!

Love is the major note in this poetry of ours: love of God and country; love of all humanity; even forgiveness—mercy at any rate—for the merciless enemy. A fine trustfulness in Providence speaks confidently through it. Those who once questioned and challenged God, now, having long gazed through eyes dimmed with tears and pain on the ruined crucifixes of shattered Belgium, accept Him with all His gifts of grief and suffering and even death, because they have come to see new horizons beyond the barbed wire and the trenches' top. They have learned as few other men since Christ Himself lived and died, what the meaning is of vicarious suffering. Ledwidge sounds this note with especial strength and beauty. Unlike Rupert Brooke, he was not willing to

> go down with unreluctant tread
> Rose crowned into the darkness—

because to Ledwidge it was not darkness, but light, to which his soul aspired. His hands, like Frederic Manning's, were "hungry for life again;" but it was life eternal he craved, some of whose radiance he would reach up and snatch away from behind war's heaven-obscuring curtain of blood and smoke, to bequeath to those who would come after. And this high spiritual note, so characteristic of his poetry, is strong in most of the soldier songs of the War.

A tremendously compelling belief in the righteousness of their cause and an unshaken faith in the future of democracy are also characteristics of this poetry. This War shall be the last of all wars: never again may such calamity befall mankind; so do our soldier poets believe and sing. And, believing that, they are willing to suffer and even to die, in order to make sure of that glorious consummation. Nearly all of them foresee their own death; yet they accept it as part of the vast dispensation of this crucial hour. They can sing nobly and resignedly of it; they can even jest in the face of it. Their manly good humor sustains them; yet they remain reverent; never do they fall to flippancy. They stake their all on the future, that time when

> to our children there shall be no handing
> Of fates so vain, of passions so abhorred....
> But peace...the peace which passeth understanding...
> Not in our time...but in their time, O Lord.

Awaiting that time, and fighting for it, they seem to sing out to the sore-tired world a glorious *Sursum Corda!*—as Robert Service does when, amidst these "spacious days of glory and grieving," these "sounding hours of lustre and of loss" he valiantly reminds us that:

> The Power that Order out of Chaos fashions
> Smites fiercest in the wrath-red forge of war....
> Have faith! Fight on! Amid the battle hell
> Love triumphs, Freedom beacons, all is well!

To such a clarion call—to such a *Sursum Corda* the voice of all the poets of the War—we cannot but answer a hearty, aye, even a joyous, *Habemus ad Dominum!* Therein we can give proof of the immediate social value of the work being done by these dauntless spirits who, fighting our fight for us, with their souls as well as their bodies, give us such cheer and courage from the trenches that we cannot resist their challenge to "lift up our hearts."

# ST. MATTHEW AND THE PAROUSIA.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

## II.

IN the Gospel of St. Matthew there is a difficult pair of verses bracketed together at the end of the sixteenth chapter. One of these verses declares that "the Son of Man 'shall' come in the glory of His Father, and then shall He render to every man according to his works;" the other that "some of those standing by shall not taste death, till they see the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom."[1] In the Greek text the auxiliary verb[2] translated into English by "shall"—in the verse which says, "The Son of Man 'shall' come in the glory of His Father"—has the primary sense of "being about to," and expresses a future on the verge of being brought to pass. The use of this apparently near-future verb, in a verse describing the Final Advent, is regarded by grammarians as an accusing fact, a compromising admission. It is sufficient of itself, they tell us, to warrant one's concluding that the author of the First Gospel believed the Lord about to return in glory, to consummate a Kingdom scarcely as yet begun.

The presence of this verb in the text creates a serious difficulty. Some scholars have risen from its reading with the conviction clearly framed that Jesus never spoke in the manner here recorded, and that His original utterance is lost beyond recovery in documents that have thus come down.[3] Others, less bridled in their thinking, do not hesitate to charge even the Lord Himself with the all too common error of His time. What is the basis of these impressions? Is it an uncriticized state of mind? Or, is it an objective condition of fact, textually impossible to deny or call in question? The sequel will show. The difficulties of scholarship are sometimes its opportunities in disguise. Otherwise the present series of studies would have nothing new to say or offer on a question most concerning to the mind and heart of Christendom.

The use of this auxiliary verb connoting nearness is peculiar to

[1] Matt. xvi. 27, 28. "St. Matthew" is used throughout for the author or translator of the First Gospel.

[2] μέλλειν. [3] *Theology of the New Testament*. Stevens, p. 154.

the author of the First Gospel. He frequently has recourse to it in cases where the other Synoptic writers employ the indicative future instead; and this persistent literary habit seems to some an additional reason for thinking that he shared the false expectancy of the times. Is it likely, critics ask, that a writer who regarded the two verses in question as cut off from each other by a long intervening tract of time—is it likely that a writer of this persuasion would have chosen a verb associated with the immediate future, when, pen in hand, he sought to give his thought expression? And yet, that is what St. Matthew apparently does, or rather what biblical critics charge him with having done. It is a charge the truth or falsity of which investigation alone has the warrant to decide; and to that impartial, enlightening agency the course of the theme now turns for a much-needed solution of the mystery.

The author of the First Gospel makes use of the auxiliary verb in question ten times. He employs it of Herod, as when he says that the latter shall seek the Child, to destroy Him;[4] of the wrath "to come;"[5] of Elias, who "is to" come;[6] of the sin which shall not be forgiven, either in this world, or in the world "to come;"[7] of the glorious advent of the Son of Man, as when he says that "the Son of Man 'shall' come in the glory of His Father" —the verse being the one about which the present inquiry revolves;[8] of the sufferings which the Son of Man "shall" undergo from those who wreaked their vengeance on the Baptist;[9] of the Lord's approaching betrayal, as when St. Matthew writes that "the Son of Man 'shall' be delivered up into the hands of men;"[10] of the Saviour's departure for Jerusalem, where suffering and death attend His coming;[11] of the chalice which Jesus, in His reply to the Zebedees, asks them if they can drink, as He indeed "shall;"[12] and finally in the eschatological discourse delivered on Mt. Olivet, in which the Lord declares to His disciples, "ye 'shall' hear of wars, and rumors of wars, but be ye not affrighted, for the end is not yet."[13] A goodly number of instances, surely, in which to have clung to the use of one expression. What is its meaning, and what could have been the reason that led the author of the First Gospel to employ it so frequently?

The most astonishing feature about the persistent employment of this verb is that nowhere in the ten instances above enumerated

[4] Matt. ii. 13. [5] Matt. iii. 7. [6] Matt. xi. 14. [7] Matt. xii. 32.
[8] Matt. xvi. 27. [9] Matt. xvii. 12. [10] Matt. xvii. 22.
[11] Matt. xx. 17. Some MSS. only. [12] Matt. xx. 22. [13] Matt. xxiv. 6.

do we find it used, *save in connection with the fulfillment of prophecy!* The contexts are all prophetical; and this fact creates the presumption that the much-debated auxiliary is employed, not in its primary meaning of a near future, but in its secondary sense of *prophetical necessity,* or accordance with the Divine appointment—a sense which this same verb frequently possesses elsewhere in the New Testament Scriptures, in the Septuagint, and the classics. In other words, it is the realization of prophecy, not the expression of futurity, near or remote, which the writer has in mind throughout. He is not speaking of something "*about to be,*" but of something that "*is to be,*" because foreordained of God and foretold of the prophets. Careful investigation leaves no doubt either as to the meaning of the expression, or the reason for its repeated recurrence in St. Matthew's pages. The temptation to read it in the "obvious" sense of a near future is well nigh irresistible. But when this temptation is overcome by impartial investigation, the disillusionment which one experiences is exceedingly instructive.

That the realization of prophecy, and not the expression of futurity, is the idea meant to be conveyed by this favorite auxiliary may be gathered with surety from all the contexts of its employment. Take the first instance, where it is used of Herod, to express a contingency which no Jew believed possible—the laying of violent hands on the Son of the Most High. The evangelist makes the fulfillment of prophecy most clear. "Behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and flee into Egypt: and be there until I shall tell thee. For Herod '*is to*'[14] seek the Child, to destroy Him. And he arose, and took the Child, and His Mother by night, and retired into Egypt: and he was there until the death of Herod: *that it might be fulfilled* which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying: 'Out of Egypt, I have called my Son.'"[15] The slaying of the innocents is then described, and after the description comes the citation of another prophecy, this time from Jeremias, and not from Osee, as before: "A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bemoaning her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.'"[16] The meaning is plain. Herod "is to" seek the Child's destruction, that the prophecies concerning Him may be fulfilled. This first use of the auxiliary is clearly intended for those who did not believe the Messias subject to persecution.

[14] μέλλει γὰρ Ἡρώδης ζητεῖν. Matt. ii. 13.
[15] Matt. ii. 15; Osee xi. 1. [16] Matt. iii. 18; Jer. xxxi. 15.

It is quite true, from the standpoint of time, that Herod was "about to" seek the Infant Saviour. But this is a coincidence that cannot be proved to have been the thought intended. It is not a coming event, but the *reason* of its coming, which the author specially wishes to assert.

The second occasion of its use is likewise in connection with the fulfillment of prophecy. John has come from the wilderness into the region round about the Jordan, baptizing, when he notices the Pharisees and Sadducees approaching to receive the holy rite. "Ye offspring of vipers," he declares, "who warned you to flee from the wrath 'to come?'"[17] The incident is introduced by a quotation from Isaias, in which, as in the text, the word "wilderness" occurs: "The voice of one crying in the wilderness; make ready the way of the Lord; make straight His paths."[18] The "wrath to come" is the wrath foretold to befall the city and the generation.[19] The period of prophecy ceased for Israel and the time of fulfillment began, with the preaching of the Baptist.[20] In the phrase "wrath to come" there was, therefore, a reference to the past of prophecy, which would not be lost on readers closely acquainted with the predictions of the Seers. The relation signified by the auxiliary verb employed in this instance is not a temporal relation to an event about to happen, but the relation of necessity existing between promise and realization, prophecy and fulfillment. From the context and the citations, it is clearly the latter relation which the author would have his readers gather. His thought is completely taken up with the idea that what God foretold, history must fulfill. It is of prophesied time that he is speaking. Future time, *as such,* does not occupy the focus of attention at all.

That this interpretation is not speculative but exegetical becomes clearly apparent in the next instance to be examined—the third—where the construction employed is the very same as that found in the verse about the Lord's coming in glory—an important circumstance to which attention is called in passing. The Lord is speaking of John; and to the great astonishment of those present, He identifies him with Elias who *is to* come. "What was it ye went out into the desert to see? A prophet? Yea, and more than a prophet. This is he of whom *it is written:* Behold, I send My angel before thy face, who shall prepare thy way before thee—For all

[17] ἀπὸ τῆς μελλούσης ὀργῆς. Matt. iii. 7. [18] Is. xl. 3.

[19] Matt. xxiv. 2, 21, 34; Luke xxi. 23; 1 Mac. i. 67; 2 Mac. v. 20; Ps. Sol. ii. 26; xvii. 14. ὀργή. [20] Matt. xi. 13.

the prophets and the law prophesied until John. And *if ye are willing to receive it,* this is Elias, who 'is to come.'[21] He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The reference is admittedly to Malachias, where we read: "Behold I will send you Elias before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers, lest I come and strike the earth with anathema."[22]

Here the author uses the same auxiliary verb as before, but this time to classify and designate something that has already passed over from expectation to reality. Not the slightest indication can one find in the text or context, that the near future is in the mind of the writer. The thought is altogether on a different plane, and moves in a different direction. The relation expressed by the verb employed in this context is that which exists between the expected and the fulfilled, not that of the future, whether imminent or remote. Were we to read a near future into the Lord's statement about the Baptist, and interpret it as meaning, "This is Elias, who *is about to come,*" we should have to change the whole meaning of the context into the pointless declaration, that something which has already received fulfillment is on the eve of being brought to pass. The Master is engaged in proving that the prophecy concerning Elias—the one expected to come before "the Lord's dread day"—has been actually realized in the coming of John; and, consequently, that the people should no longer look to an event still in the throes of the future, but rather to a fact accomplished, a prediction already translated into history.

The relation here expressed by the auxiliary is the relation of this particular event—namely, the coming of John—to the prophecy which it verified. Futurity is not only not implied, it is actually excluded; and if that be the case in this instance, does it not create the presumption of its being so in others? No immediacy of realization is suggested by the language of this passage. From all the circumstances it can only mean that the prophetically foretold has happened; what was to be, has been brought about. The thought centres on a fulfilled prediction, and no reference is discernible to a future of accomplishment. This fact alone is enough to shake the dogmatic confidence of that school of biblical critics who regard the exegetical problem on which we are here engaged, as fixed and settled. It is opening up very fast before us, and we hope the thought is growing in the mind of the reader, that in this question,

[21] ὁ μέλλων ἔρχεσθαι. Matt. xi. 14. [22] Mal. iv. 6; iii. 1, 2.

as in so many others, we have not to do with the rules and limitations of grammar, so much as with the particular religious psychology of an exceptionally acute people.

The fourth occasion on which the author summons the same auxiliary "shall" to the conveyance of his thought is the deeply interesting passage concerning the sin against the Holy Ghost, "which shall not be forgiven, either in this 'age' or in the 'age to come'"—nay, the guilt of which will lead to condemnation in the day of judgment.[23] It is the sin of sins in all ages, this blasphemy of the Spirit, this refusal to recognize the Divine. Why did the author turn to the participial form of his favorite auxiliary on this occasion? He must have had a special reason for avoiding the present participle of the verb "come." What was it? The thought of the imminence of the new age, or a desire to prove to the Jews that another historical era was prophesied to succeed the old? A study of the context shows that the latter consideration governed. The Gentiles would put their hope in the Messias, even if "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." "Behold My Servant Whom I have chosen, My Beloved in Whom My soul is well pleased. I will put My Spirit upon Him, and *He shall show justice to the Gentiles.* He shall not contend, nor cry out, neither shall any man hear His voice in the streets. The bruised reed He shall not break, and smoking flax He shall not quench, till He send forth judgment unto victory. And in His name shall the Gentiles hope."[24]

The purpose of this quotation, especially in such circumstances as the context immediately following reveals, has no mystery about it. The author of the First Gospel inserts it to show that an age of the Gentiles was prophesied to replace the Jewish dispensation. He prepares the mind of the reader for this announcement by quoting the Lord as predicting it in open speech. When the disciples, passing through the grain fields of a Sabbath, plucked ears of corn to appease their famishing, Jesus defended their conduct by declaring to the Pharisees that "One greater than the Temple is here."[25] Is not the beautiful quotation from Isaias made part of the text, to say in quoted speech what the Lord has already said in open? Nay, to give prophetic setting to the defiant utterance of Jesus, that "the Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath?" One cannot let these

[23] ἐν τῷ μέλλοντι. Matt. xii. 32. For extension of guilt to the future life, see verses 36, 37, and compare Luke xii. 9, 10; Mark iii. 28, 30. "The coming age" is not here used in the same sense as in Mark x. 30, or in Luke xx. 34, 35.

[24] Is. xlii. 1-5. Matt. xii. 17-21. [25] Matt. xii. 6.

tributary contextual lights converge, without coming to the conclusion that St. Matthew is here again referring to the Divine necessity which history is under to follow the course that was of old predicted. The relation which he is expressing is not that of the present to the future, but that of the future to the past of prophecy. His eyes are filled, not with what is coming, but with what is bound to come, because foreordained of God. And it is precisely because the temporal future as such is not in his thought, that he avoids using the present participle "coming"—the "coming age"—and has recourse instead to an auxiliary, one of the special functions of which is to signify the conformity of events with the forecast of prophecy. The age foretold *must* come. The Lord's word shall not be made a mockery through non-fulfillment. Is it not becoming clearer and clearer how unfounded is the impression that St. Matthew conceived the age of the Gentiles as of short duration, and that scarcely should the Kingdom come when the consummation would ensue? And is it not strange that this impression should have been based, to so large an extent, on the use of a verb that in this investigation has as yet disclosed no associations whatsoever with future time as such? Contextual criticism is slowly clearing up an exegetical situation which textual criticism has long since come to look upon as not open to review.

The fifth occasion on which the same auxiliary "shall" becomes the vehicle of expression is the Lord's declaration that "the Son of Man 'shall' come in the glory of His Father," to render to every man according to his works.[26] It is the particular verse which has occasioned this whole inquiry, and the point to be determined at its close. Critics say it implies an immediate future, and that St. Matthew, in making use of it, or its equivalent, registered his personal belief in the nearness of the Final Coming. Is this statement exegetical, or beside the fact?

An examination of the text and context discloses no real ground for this impression. Nay, it actually reveals St. Matthew on another purpose bent. Here as elsewhere in his pages, we find him making use of his much-misunderstood auxiliary in the sense of prophetical necessity, and not in the sense of a future soon to be. "From that time," says the opening verse of the passage, "Jesus *began to show* to His disciples, that He *must* go to Jerusalem, and suffer many things from the ancients and scribes and chief priests, and be put to death, and the third day rise again."[27]

[26] Μέλλει γὰρ ἔρχεσθαι. Matt. xvi. 27. [27] Matt. xvi. 21.

The words, "began to show" evidently mean that the Lord was quoting the prophets, and proving to those about Him the prophetic necessity of His death. It was a thing that specially stood in need of proving. The disciples, as the intervening verses plainly indicate,[28] had never associated membership in the kingdom, much less the glory of its headship, with so fell a thing as death. They had shared the expectation of the times, that the resurrected Just would reign forever with the Messias-King at Jerusalem, in a world dispeopled of evildoers, on an earth the whole face of which had been splendorously renewed. Disciples whose thoughts had run so long in the direction of earthly glory found it hard to adjust themselves to the new and unaccustomed teaching of the Lord. They still "savored the things of men, not the things of God," and their whole viewpoint stood in need of radical reforming. The Scriptures had to be opened to them anew, and the prophecies reinterpreted, yet not in such a way that the reinterpretation would look more like destruction than fulfillment. And so, quite naturally, at the end of the passage, we find the Lord reaffirming the expectation that He will come in the glory of His Father with His angels, to render to every man according to His works—a statement which He immediately supplements by another, to the effect that some of those present "shall not taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom."

What was the intention of the writer in putting these two statements so closely together, and at the end of a context in which it is question throughout of the necessary fulfillment of the Scriptures?[29] Was it to express his own personal views, or to call attention, for some reason or other, to two different prophetical utterances, each of which was under the necessity of being fulfilled? Both verses are adapted prophetical quotations, and the fact that they are put so close together in the text is no accident of compiling. The twenty-seventh verse, which predicts the coming in glory, is from Enoch: "On that day My Elect One will sit on the throne of His glory, and make choice among their deeds.... And He sat on the throne of His glory, and the sum of judgment was committed to Him."[30] Is it likely that St. Matthew had the near future in mind when he incorporated this quotation? Is it likely, either, that readers acquainted with the literature of prophecy would

[28] Matt. xvi. 22-26. [29] Matt. xvi. 21-28.

[30] Enoch xlv. 3; lxix. 27. These chapters of Enoch probably written after 37 B. C.

receive that impression when their eyes fell on his text? Is it not the intention of the writer to emphasize the fact that the Son of Man shall surely one day come in glory, as prophesied, and that when He does so come, He will render to every man according to his works? Is there the slightest contextual evidence that the proximity of the event is at all in mind? And if it was in mind, why should Enoch be quoted in the twenty-seventh verse, and set over against the prophetic reference to Daniel in the twenty-eighth? There must have been some reason for this reference to different prophetic sources, which St. Matthew knew his Jewish readers would readily understand.

Daniel had prophesied that a Kingdom was to be given the Son of Man,[31] when the band of the "holy people" was dispersed and their power shattered.[32] He seemed to imply—perspective is not a feature of prophetic language—that the resurrection would take place when the Temple fell,[33] and was so interpreted by many, who must have missed noting his distinct avowal that no insight had been vouchsafed him beyond the "time of the end."[34] Did the author of the First Gospel here quote Enoch on the "coming in glory," and Daniel on the "coming in the Kingdom" for the purpose of uniting these two events, or with a view to marking off their separation in time? Did he think that by placing these two verses alongside, the false expectations based on Daniel would be corrected, as they afterwards were in the twenty-fourth chapter,[35] where the Lord distinctly warns the disciples against the current misreadings of that prophet? Is not the purpose exactly the same as that found governing in the twenty-fourth chapter—only less explicitly portrayed? And have we not, in consequence, an additional reason for concluding that the "shall" of verse twenty-seven —"the Son of Man 'shall' come in the glory of His Father"—so far from being an auxiliary indicative of nearness, is employed to exclude that significance altogether, and to convey the totally different idea of an event that is to be fulfilled, though not at the time expected? What Enoch said shall indeed come to pass; but what the generation shall witness is not the Son of Man returning in glory, but the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom—a distinction to which St. Matthew more than once reverts in the remaining portions of the Gospel.

One more consideration before leaving the verse which has led

[31] Dan. vii. 13, 14. [32] Dan. xii. 7. [33] Dan. xii. 2, 3.
[34] Dan. xii. 8. [35] Matt. xxiv. 15, 23, 25, 26.

to this whole inquiry. What has thus far been urged in proof of the fact that St. Matthew had necessity, not time, in mind, when he wrote the disputed text about the coming in glory, receives additional strength and force when linked up with a statement made at the beginning of the section, namely: "From that time Jesus began to show that He *must* go unto Jerusalem," there to be delivered to contumely and death. We said nothing about the significant verb "must"[36] which appears in the opening verse. It is equivalent to our English expression, "must needs," and is commonly used in the New Testament Scriptures to convey the idea of revealed necessity or accordance with the Divine appointment. It offers supporting testimony to the correctness of the view, for which we have been all along contending. Its position in the text shows that the governing thought of this whole section is the necessary fulfillment of prophecy, not the near future as such. It bids us take all that is said under it as corrective teaching, not as mere allusion to the proximity of events. What difference is there, therefore, between the verb "must" at the beginning and the disputed "shall" at the close? Is there any? Do not both signify events under the necessity of coming to pass, because revealed of God? And is not this the commanding reason of their employment? Nay, are we not, from every point of view, obliged to conclude that by its use, the author is here interpreting his own words for us, here revealing the inner texture of his thought? We shall not dogmatically answer. The investigation is not yet complete.

The instances still awaiting consideration are few, and may more readily be dispatched than the ones foregoing, because of the accruing light which has already been shed upon them in advance. The sixth instance is very damaging to the Near-Future Theory. The disciples are coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration, and have just been commanded by the Lord to "tell the vision to no man, till the Son of Man be risen from the dead." They ask the Saviour why the Scribes say that Elias must first come. Jesus does not deny the prophecy, He repeats it saying: "Elias indeed cometh, and shall restore all things." Then He adds: "But I say to you that Elias *is already come,* and they knew him not, but did unto him whatsoever they would. Even so 'shall'[37] the Son of Man suffer from them." What sense attaches to the auxiliary "shall" which the author again requisitions in the clause last quoted? Does it

[36] δεῖ. Matt. xvi. 21.

[37] μέλλει πάσχειν. Matt. xvii. 12. Compare δεῖ in verse 10.

signify an event impending, or one prophesied to be, and already fulfilled?

An examination of the context does not leave us long in doubt. The idea underlying the whole passage is the necessity of the fulfillment of prophecy. Is not this the thought which prompts the disciples to ask the Lord, *Must* [38] not Elias first come, that the Scriptures may be fulfilled? Is not this the thought which lies behind the Lord's answer, when He declares that the prophecy concerning Elias has actually come to realization in John? "I say to you, that Elias is already come, and they knew him not, but did unto him whatsoever they would." And is it not this same thought, namely—the necessity of fulfilling prophecy—which leads the Saviour to connect the ignorance and destructiveness of John's enemies, with the same power which they are to have over Himself? "Even so 'shall' the Son of Man suffer from them." And was not this the very reason why the author of the First Gospel did not use the indicative future in this instance, but had recourse, instead, to a special auxiliary verb—one that he had previously pressed into service five times, and was to call upon thrice more in the course of his gospel, because it conveyed the very idea which he wished to blazon for the Jewish reader, namely, that in being subject to persecution, suffering, and death, Christ was actually fulfilling the prophecies concerning the Messias, and proving Himself to be in all truth the expected "Son of God?" The meaning is not propinquity of time, but correspondence with Revelation.[39]

Must we not say the same of the seventh and eighth instances? "And Jesus 'having'[40] to go up to Jerusalem, took the Twelve aside, and said to them on the way: Behold we go up to Jerusalem: and the Son of Man 'shall'[41] be delivered unto the chief priests and scribes; and they shall condemn Him to death." These two uses of the auxiliary occur in a context where corrective teaching is the fact brought out. We have textual proof of this in the two phrases: "He took the twelve disciples apart;" and "*Behold,* we go up to Jerusalem"[42]—sure signs that not action, but the reason of action is being reported. The thought is a continuation of the teaching begun in the fifth instance.[43] Jesus is inculcating the unwelcome

[38] δεῖ. Matt. xvii. 10.

[39] St. Mark has: "*As it is written of the Son of Man* that He must suffer many things and be despised." Mark ix. 11, 13.

[40] μέλλων δὲ ἀναβαίνειν. Matt. xx. 17. Some ancient MSS.

[41] μέλλει παραδίδοσθαι. Matt. xx. 18.

[42] Matt. xx. 17, 18.

[43] Matt. xvi. 21, 26.

idea of a suffering Messias. He is showing that His conduct is governed by prophecy, by the necessity of fulfilling the Word of God as distinct from the word of men. He is explaining why He has no freedom of choice with regard to the Divine appointments. And that is why the author inserts a verb of necessity in the midst of several future indicatives, to let the stumbling and shocked Jewish readers see that He is relating the fulfillment of prophecy, not merely narrating the facts of history. It was a linguistic turn intended primarily for those who were disinclined to think of the Messias in terms of suffering, defeat, and death.

And the ninth instance: "Can you drink the chalice that I 'shall' drink?[44]—the question which the Lord puts the Zebedees on the occasion of their mother's asking Him to give her sons the posts of favor in His Kingdom—what is the meaning of 'shall' here? Near futurity, or fulfillment of prophecy? Manifestly the latter, from all that we have seen. The question which the Lord asks concerning their ability to drink His chalice is an adapted quotation from Jeremias,[45] and this fact alone affords sufficient proof that not the near future, but the fulfillment of prophecy is the idea intended to be conveyed. True, the time of His suffering, betrayal, and death is near. But that does not determine the sense in which the auxiliary verb "shall" is used on this or other occasions. The meaning of this verb has to be gathered from each particular context of its employment, and from the general purpose of the writer, not from temporal circumstances with which it happens also to be in accord, unless it first be proven—which no one has yet attempted —that these are the reasons of its employment, the determinants of its sense. The point on which the Lord had to instruct His disciples, and on which St. Matthew had to enlighten the Jewish readers, with whom particularly in mind he wrote, was not the imminence, but the prophetical necessity of the Messias' death; he had to prove, not that the Lord was "about to die"—that would have been a meaningless thing to assert so frequently—but that in dying, He was actually fulfilling the prophecies, and proving Himself to be in very truth the Holy One foretold of God and expected of men. Can you drink the chalice which I am *destined,* which I am ordained, to drink? Is not this the meaning? Are we not again introduced to the prophetically necessary, not to the temporally near? Are we not confronted by *corrective teaching,* rather than by the

[44] μέλλω πίνειν. Matt. xx. 22.
[45] Jer. xlix. 12.

empty utterance, that things which are "about to be" will surely happen soon?

The final instance is before us. The Lord has scarcely begun His eschatological discourse when He declares to His disciples: "You 'shall'[46] hear of wars and rumors of war. See that ye be not troubled. For these things *must* come to pass, but the end is not yet." Why is the special auxiliary "shall" again requisitioned as a vehicle of expression? The verse contains allusions to the wars and rumors of wars foretold by the prophets as signs of the end—the destruction, namely, of the Jewish Commonwealth; and the author again makes use of the same auxiliary to indicate the fulfillment of prophecy. But why is the auxiliary in the future tense?[47] To call attention to the fact that their hearing of wars and rumors of wars is related to the past of prophecy, and so must actually become a personal experience before the Kingdom of Israel falls.[48] It is a prophetic, as distinct from a mere temporal, future; and that is why a form of construction had to be used, which would point backwards to the preëxisting prophecies, and forwards to their approaching season of fulfillment. There was no thought of the near future, divorced from the past of prophecy, in the mind of the author who composed the verse in question. We have irrefutable proof of this fact in the explanatory phrase immediately following, and introduced by the causative particle "for"[49]—a sure sign that the reason of the previous assertion is being laid before the reader: "For (these things) must needs come to pass; but the end is not yet." Both by the "for" and the "must," we are given plainly to understand that prophetic fulfillment, not mere futurity as such, is the meaning of the auxiliary "shall" in the present verse. The explanatory clause is a personal, authentic, official interpretation by the author himself of the manner in which his much-used auxiliary should be understood throughout. Here in the final instance of this grammatical construction, as previously on another occasion of its use,[50] the author relieves the possible ambiguity of this frequently chosen vehicle of expression, by the employment of an additional verb so plainly indicating the necessary realization of prophecy, that a circle of readers conversant with the Hebrew Scriptures and the turns of language peculiar to the Greek tongue, would immediately see prophetic necessity, not

[46] μελλήσετε δὲ ἀκούειν. Matt. xxiv. 6.
[47] μελλήσετε (μέλλετε).
[48] ἀκοή. Jer. li. 46; xlix. 14; x. 22; Dan. xi. 44. ἀγγελία. Ezek. vii. 26.
[49] δεῖ γὰρ γένεσθαι.
[50] Matt. xvi. 21.

mere imminent futurity, in this verse about the wars. The verb "must" is here actually put forth as the key to the auxiliary preceding! Of wars and rumors of war, you 'shall' indeed hear, for these things have been foretold of the prophets, and must perforce pass over into history, lest the word of the Lord be proved an empty letter. But such things mark the beginnings of a New Age and its birth-woes; they signalize the ending of the Jewish dispensation, they do not portend the passing of the world. The thought which the verse aims at conveying is not that wars are grounded in the nature of things, and under fell necessity of occurring, but that they have been foretold as signs of the last days for the City and its power.

What, then, is the meaning of "shall" in the twenty-seventh verse of the sixteenth chapter, where it is said that "the Son of Man *shall* come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then will He render to every man according to his works?" The investigation just completed makes it a matter of scientifically ascertained fact, that this verse was never written to express the approach of Doom. No relation to near time was meant to be conveyed in the celebrated text of the sixteenth chapter, or in any other, for that matter, where the same auxiliary is made to function—ten times in all—by the author of the First Gospel. Fulfillment, not futurity, is the thought expressed throughout; and with the establishment of this clarifying fact, the great barrier difficulty to an understanding of the First Gospel disappears. All the learned surmise about its foreshortened view of the Kingdom and its Judaic restrictions of the Gospel and history, so far as based on this supposed near-future verb, loses what scientific standing it once possessed and sinks to unfounded speculation.

In its stead there emerges the simple fact of the purpose of the writer. He undertook to prove Christ the fulfillment of prophecy, not to a Western audience like ourselves, but to a Palestinian circle of readers who could not abide the thought that Herod, or the Sanhedrin, had power of life and death over the Anointed of the Lord; whose minds were not open to the sacrificial conception of Messiahship, save through a presentation showing at every step that prophecy required the unexpected turn which events were taking. Whatever may have been the tongue in which the First Gospel was originally written, there were but two serviceable verbs in the Greek language, through which this idea of prophetical necessity could find expression; and that one of them should have been employed so

often is not in the least surprising, when we bear in mind the didactic purpose of the author, the mentality of the folk for whom he wrote, and the unusual number of quotations in his pages. He could not perpetually repeat the circumlocution: "As it is written;" and so he called plentifully on the other means of expression that lay to hand.

What seems unaccountable is not that he should have composed his gospel in the manner discovered, but that the purpose of his phrasing should for so long have remained concealed. One thing contributed powerfully to this clouding of perception—the mistaking of an instrument of corrective teaching for an expression of personal opinion on the part of the author. Because the facts described were for the most part near, it seemed "obvious" and unquestionable that nearness was the thought intended. The slender likelihood of this interpretation, whether directly regarded in itself, or in actual relation to the text, should have made its proponents think twice before subscribing to its truth. A writer who would go out of his way for language to emphasize the "obvious" so often without need, saying, for instance, that Jesus is "about to" suffer, "about to" drink the chalice of affliction, "about to" be betrayed into the hands of men, "about to" to do this and "about to" do that, is a tax upon credulity to conceive. Who could soberly imagine such a literary abnormality as this, putting pen to parchment? The Near Future Theory is not only not proved, it cannot even state itself without creating a greater problem and mystery than the texts to be explained. St. Matthew might well say, as did Pilate, and with far more discerning reason: *Quod scripsi, scripsi.*

# THE CARDINAL OF SPAIN.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

CERTAIN Church historian remarks, "that from whatever side the Middle Ages are viewed they present an aspect of unapproachable grandeur."[1] In reviewing the life and work of the Spanish Cardinal, Ximenes, there is a continual reminder of this dictum. Francisco de Cisneros de Ximenes, whose fourth centenary has just been celebrated, was born in 1436, in Torrelaguna, of a noble but impoverished family. His own inclinations coincided with that of his parents that he should study for the priesthood, and for some six years he defrayed his educational expenses at the University of Salamanca, by giving lessons in civil and canon law. Thence he went to Rome. He was attacked on the way by robbers, and was enabled to reach the Eternal City only through the generosity of a friend. While there he received from the Holy Father a bull appointing him to the first vacant benefice in the archdiocese of Toledo. This the Archbishop, however, refused him, and because Ximenes maintained the higher authority of Rome, he was arbitrarily imprisoned in the strong tower of Uzeda. It was during his stay there that a holy priest prophesied that he would, one day, be Archbishop of Toledo; to which forecast the future prince of the Church replied, with a smile: "Father, such a commencement does not promise so happy an end."

In the designs of Providence, his sojourn at Uzeda enabled him to give his whole attention to the study of Sacred Scripture, to which he was ardently devoted, an excellent preparation for one of his great works. On his release from confinement, he exchanged his benefice for one in the neighboring diocese of Siguenza, where he became Grand Vicar and administrator, under Cardinal de Mendoza. Feeling himself called to the cloister, he took the habit with the Franciscans, in the Convent of the Observantines and there at Our Lady of Castanar, led a life of wonderful austerity, and of peace and solitude which precisely suited his inclinations.

Soon after he was made Guardian of the Monastery of Sal-

[1] Alzog, *Church History.*

zeda and later Provincial of his Order, ever occupying himself with needed reforms and with the wise direction of his brethren, himself always a model religious and ideal son of the Poor Man of Assisi. Much against his will, he was chosen confessor to Queen Isabella, an appointment which he reluctantly accepted and solely on condition that he should live at the convent, and come to court only when he was needed.

"A man of great sanctity," wrote one of the courtiers, Alvarez, to the celebrated Peter Martyr, "has come from the depths of a lonesome solitude: he is wasted away by his austerities and resembles the ancient anchorites, St. Paul and St. Hilarion." He was farther described by a contemporary as "equal in wisdom to St. Augustine, in austerity of life to St. Jerome, and in zeal to St. Ambrose." During those years, it was his ardent desire to become an apostle to the Moors, whose conversion he had always at heart; but a holy woman, one of those called *beatæ,* declared to him that it was the will of God he should remain in Spain.

In 1495 occurred the death of Cardinal de Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo. This post was so rich and influential that its incumbent was said to be only second to the King in power and influence. Its late occupant had recommended Ximenes both to Rome and to the court as his successor. Hence it was that, when the Franciscan appeared at the court on Good Friday of that year, Isabella handed him the Papal bull, which he kissed respectfully; but when he read the superscription: "To our venerable brother, Francisco de Cisneros de Ximenes, Archbishop elect of Toledo," the strong man turned pale as death and abruptly left the room without taking leave of his sovereign. He cried out to the friar who was his companion: "Come, brother, we must leave here without delay." When the Queen sent her chamberlain to inform him officially of his elevation, he was far on his way to Ocaña.

Isabella was obliged to write to the Pope and he, in turn, to the humble friar, commanding him to accept the post. Ximenes was at that time sixty years of age and felt the burden of such an office to be too heavy for him. Unwillingly he obeyed the Papal mandate, and was consecrated at a convent of his Order at Tarrazona in presence of the King and Queen. When, according to custom, he bent to kiss their hands, the newly-made prelate remarked: "I come to kiss the hands of Your Majesties, not because they have raised me to the first see in Spain, but because I hope they will help me to support the burden they have placed on my shoulders." The

royal pair and all the nobles of the court, then knelt to receive the blessing of the newly consecrated.

An impressive scene, reflecting all the pomp and stateliness of the ages of faith, was witnessed when the new Archbishop took his place for the first time in the Cathedral of what was then the capital of Spain. The chroniclers describe the high altar, with massive carvings and dark panelings, setting off the dull gold of the *retablo;* of painted windows, thickly studded with rubies, sapphires and emeralds, by the munificence of those believing days; of gorgeous banners unfurled in the twilight gloom of the Cathedral, relieved by the glow of innumerable waxen tapers; of the organs on either side of the choir, thundering forth triumphal strains, as the Archbishop entered, tall and spare of frame, with his thin face and high forehead, deeply wrinkled, and his deep set, penetrating eyes fixed upon the altar. The edifice was thronged with people of every class, the poor who so loved the holy Franciscan and the wealthy and powerful, who revered him as a saint and, moreover, took their cue from the exemplary sovereigns who ruled over them. Thus began that marvelous career, replete with benefits to the Church, to the country and to humanity at large. Ximenes continued for his part to lead so poor and simple a life, that the Pope was obliged to admonish him that custom demanded from an archbishop, at least an outward show of pomp and ceremony. Thenceforth, he appeared, on public occasions, in rich garments, but underneath he wore a hair shirt; he spread, when necessary, a sumptuous table, but partook himself of the same food as the humblest Franciscan friar, and invariably slept on a plank. The Pope was constrained, again, to advise him to moderate his austerities, in view of his onerous charge. On his wrist he always wore a small crucifix, as a preservative against sin. It was his pleasure to surround himself with learned and pious men, with whom he conversed on spiritual things, and in one corner of his mighty spiritual domain was a small, dim chapel, his favorite place of prayer, wherein he said Mass and sang the divine offices. Every year he made his retreat with his brother friars.

To the clergy at large he was, according to contemporaries, a real friend and father, though at the synods of Alcantara and Alcalo, he laid down strict and salutary rules for their guidance, and introduced wise reforms. Moreover, he made it his first care to replace unworthy judges by men of tried integrity. In these transactions he did not entirely escape the penalty of greatness. His re-

forms were opposed in some quarters, his motives questioned; but when urged to punish the offenders, he gave a characteristic reply: "When a man is in power and has nothing with which to reproach himself, the wisest course he can pursue, is to permit the people to enjoy the poor consolation of avenging their fancied wrongs by words."

Part of his rigid code, as regarded himself, was to acknowledge no private ties in the distribution of honors or favors. When solicited to do so, his answer was, that the Pope might send him back to the convent whence he came, whither he was willing to go, but that no personal considerations could influence him in portioning out the honors of Church or state. Always the devoted friend of the poor, the palace gates were daily thronged with mendicants, amongst whom appeared the Archbishop, personally reading petitions and distributing food or alms. He was beloved and revered by the humblest of his diocesans and his name long remained in grateful remembrance amongst them.

He was the trusted adviser of their Catholic majesties in the most intimate affairs of state, and it is certain that his advice contributed to the munificent patronage which Isabella extended to letters, causing culture, accomplishments and a liberal education, both for men and women, to be the rule rather than the exception at her court.

Amid all his multifarious occupations, Ximenes never lost his early enthusiasm for the conversion of the Moor. He frequently invited the *alfaquis* or Moorish priests to the palace where he discussed religion with them, and not infrequently succeeded in convincing them. Among the Saracens he was known as *Alfaqui Campanero,* because he had reintroduced into Granada the ringing of church bells, which had been forbidden during the Moorish occupation, as contrary to the tenets of Mahomet.

Being now, by virtue of his office, Grand Chancellor, he also assumed a charge, the idea of which is repugnant in no small degree, not only to our modern ideas, but to the general teaching and practice of the Church. He became Grand Inquisitor for Castile. Now though the Spanish Inquisition appears to people of this twentieth century, wholly indefensible, such was not the contemporary opinion, nor is it, entirely, that of scholars, who have investigated its workings: "To be just to the Middle Ages," remarks a learned author, "we must judge them by the principles and ideas of those times and not of our own."[2] Also must prevailing conditions be taken

[2] Canon Dalton, preface to Hefele's *Life of Ximenes.*

into account, as well as those things which were happening in many of the principal countries of Europe especially after the Reformation, when religious wars and the excesses of the reformers and their followers caused the Spanish tribunal to appear mildness itself. "In the Middle Ages," says Alzog, "when the two powers of Church and state were expected to work in harmony together, a policy towards heretics was pursued and a personal surveillance was exercised over them, which led to the establishment of the Inquisition, an institution which has been the object of more misrepresentation and erroneous judgment than any other known to history." This is not surprising when it is considered that one of the chief sources of information upon the subject is the infamous Llorente, a disgraced and discredited official of that tribunal, who boasted that he had destroyed all the documents appertaining thereto. Of course it is generally known how the Popes labored to mitigate its severity and how often appeals against its rulings were made to the Papal court, always with success. It seems to have been, in fine, a religio-political institution devised, in part, for the protection of the state against the Jews and the Moors, who were often its dangerous enemies. In any case, big-hearted, just and generous as Ximenes was, he presided over the destinies of that much discussed tribunal, in so far as Castile was concerned and, moreover, believed in its necessity. But even the malevolent Llorente admits that he "endeavored to lessen the severity of the Inquisition, deposed bad functionaries, and pardoned many accused persons." He farther declares that the Grand Chancellor's main object in accepting that post, was to labor for the conversion of the Moors and their enlightenment in sound doctrine.

"He adopted," says his German biographer,[3] "every expedient which justice and humanity dictated in order to diminish the number of judicial cases reserved for the tribunal of the Inquisition. Llorente[4] acknowledges that Ximenes exerted all his energy to provide for the instruction of converts, for which object priests were appointed in all the larger towns, with special injunctions to visit the new Christians in their houses and warn them not to commit any act which might make them amenable to the Inquisition."

On one occasion because of the number of cases and the serious nature of many of the accusations, the Cardinal convened a

[3] Hefele, *Life of Ximenes.* Translation of Canon Dalton, p. 387.
[4] Llorente, *History of the Inquisition,* vol. ii.

congress of twenty-two of the most respectable Catholics that could be found, and that would prove the most impartial judges. As a result of their investigations, unworthy witnesses were not only discredited but themselves imprisoned, some of the accused were liberated and every effort made to repair injustice. Many other instances are cited to show the rigorous care with which Ximenes watched over officials and strove to prevent all cruelty or excess Some of the discredited ones appealed against him to the Holy See, but always without result. The Cardinal made an effort to have none but ecclesiastics admitted to the Grand Council,[5] thinking thus to ensure justice and moderation. But the King made answer to his appeal, that the Grand Council was indebted only to him for its jurisdiction, and that he had the right of making appointments to it, as to all other courts of justice. The same biographer goes on to say that in all the affairs of the Inquisition, Ximenes had always shown himself the same straightforward and thoroughly just, though severe, man as in all his other actions. And, he adds, "if the Inquisition had been in reality what it is frequently depicted, as an institution more bloodthirsty than the legislation of the times, a colossus of injustice, all the resplendent virtues and eminent qualities of Ximenes would not have availed to wipe off the stain from his character."

It is well to remember, too, that the Inquisition took cognizance not only of religious matters, which then entered into the domain of law, but of numberless other crimes that were punishable throughout Christendom, such as sorcery, blasphemy, polygamy, church robberies, usury, and the grosser forms of immorality. In reading over some of the provisions of that tribunal, there is matter for astonishment in the efforts that were made to safeguard the accused, giving every opportunity for escaping sentence. In the mildness of those enactments, they compare favorably with those of almost every other court then existing. The *auto da fé,* which in the minds of the ignorant and the prejudiced offers a climax of horrors, was, in reality, a solemn and usually a joyful occasion. It meant the releasing of penitents, or those falsely accused, and the reconciliation of the former with the Church. Such a celebration is described under the administration of the Archbishop, when four thousand Moorish converts were baptized, and a fire was, indeed, kindled, but only to consume piles of volumes containing the delusive doctrines of Mahomet. The great prelate, in fact, devoted

[5] Hefele.

himself, even when at the zenith of his fame, to the conversion of the Moors, and was to be found, catechism in hand, teaching the infidel children.

In 1507, Pope Julius II. sent the Cardinal's hat to Ximenes, with the title of Cardinal of Spain. The news was received with enthusiasm by the Spanish people, as well as by the court. Demonstrations of joy, were everywhere held. But those honors and the plaudits which they evoked, mattered little to the austere disciple of St. Francis, who still remained, frugal, self-denying, an ascetic in appearance and in mode of life.

His public or official work as Grand Chancellor of Spain cannot be passed over in silence, nor those benefits to his country which procured for him a memorial upon the walls of the Senate Chamber, in one of the public squares, and a far deeper and more lasting remembrance in the hearts of a grateful people. To the cities, towns and villages which formed the domain of the Archbishop of Toledo, he sent delegates to procure the appointment to all fortresses, castles or towers of faithful governors and conscientious judges, that there might be no injustice or oppression of the poor. He fought against the oppressive commercial tax called the *Alcavala,* which was a consequence of the wars, and though he could not procure its abolition —which abolition Isabella, acting under his advice, recommended in her will—he so modified its exactions and so equitably divided them that the burden was but little felt. He further succeeded in ridding the country of the whole tribe of publicans or collectors, who had made themselves so obnoxious.

" As far as his power extended, he removed all the abuses which were known to him or brought them to the notice of the just and generous Queen; he protected the poor and the weak against injustice and oppression; he was also in a special manner the terror of corrupt officials and servants whose illegal acts he denounced to Isabella." A great blow to the Cardinal was the death of that illustrious sovereign, " ruling the world from her sick bed," according to a contemporary saying. A munificent patron of learning and the inspirer of learning in others, she pawned her jewels to send Columbus to the conquest of a new world. A Catholic of the old, heroic pattern, Spain attained under her sovereignty the climax of its power. Glorious upon land, the very expression, " the Spanish main," testifying to her domination of the seas, she stands forever a refutation of the ancient calumny that Catholicism impoverishes and belittles nations. Spain then at the zenith of her greatness, as

were France and Portugal, began to decline after the so-called Reformation, when the miscalled liberal principles and internal dissensions were engendered which disrupted states.

Ximenes supported the claims of Ferdinand against Philip, who had married the heiress to the throne, but contrived to bring about a reconciliation between them. The death of Philip, followed sometime afterwards by that of Ferdinand, caused Ximenes to be declared Regent of Castile; for the demented Queen, Joanna, being still alive, her son, the Archduke Charles, later the Emperor Charles V., could not be proclaimed King. The latter wrote to the Cardinal, in relation to that clause in Ferdinand's will by which he was made Regent:

> The most excellent clause in the Testament is that by which you, Most Reverend Sir, have been, during our absence, entrusted with the government of the kingdom and the adminstration of justice. If this had not been already done, we could not, considering your integrity, wisdom and zeal for God and ourselves, have selected for this office a man who would give greater satisfaction to our conscience and in whose hands the weal of our kingdom would be safer.

Ximenes was at that time eighty years of age, and he had to face opposition from many of the chief nobles, an assault upon the integrity of Spain by the exiled King of Navarre, and intrigues on the part of France and Portugal. All of which dangers he met with calmness and fortitude. Also by his firmness and prudence he put down revolts at Malaga and at Arevalo. He sent an expedition against Horue-Barbarossa, a daring and successful pirate, who had aroused the Saracens against Spain. He overcame a rebellion on the part of certain nobles, headed by the Duke of Alva.

While Ferdinand was still alive he gave the Cardinal command of an important military expedition against the Moors in Africa, who were becoming every day more troublesome. He fitted out an expedition under Navarro. A fleet of eighty vessels sailed from Carthagena, with the Cardinal on board to hearten the soldiers. Siege was laid to the town of Oran, a stronghold of the enemy. Before the attack Ximenes addressed the soldiers, reminding them that they fought for Faith and country, that it was Christ against Mahomet. During the battle, the lion-hearted prelate prostrated himself in prayer in the neighboring oratory of San Miguel. When the town was carried by assault, the Cardinal rode at the head of the troops, preceded by the clergy, chanting the psalm: " Not unto us, O

Lord, but unto Thy Name be glory." Three hundred Christian captives were released from bondage, but Ximenes at sight of the Moorish dead burst into tears, saying:

"They were, indeed, infidels, but they might have become Christians. By their death, they have deprived me of the principal advantages I might have gained over them."

In the conduct of military affairs, his biographers declare that the Cardinal of Spain possessed all the qualities of a great general: invincible courage, prudence and a mind fruitful in resources. On his return from Africa he was received with great honor, to which he showed his usual indifference. The students of the university, whom he addressed, were astonished to hear him speak rather of art and learning than of wars and conquest. He always regarded Oran with deep affection, declaring it to be "a dear Christian oasis in a desert of infidelity." It is said that long after his death, the Moors had a legend of a gigantic figure in a Franciscan habit and a Cardinal's hat, who led the Spaniards to victory.

In taking leave of what might be called the public portion of Ximenes' career relating entirely to Spain, the opinion of a comparatively recent biographer is of value. "In the whole history of the world," says Robertson,[6] "Ximenes is the only Prime Minister who was revered by his contemporaries as a saint, and to whom the people over whom he ruled ascribed, even while living, the power of working miracles." A modern Spaniard, Arnao, declares that "under him Spain passed through the most prosperous and happy phase of her history. Would," he cries, "that another Ximenes were born to her in the nineteenth century." One of his bitterest political opponents, the Duke of Alva, exclaimed at his death, "that he was one of the most remarkable of men, a true, old Spanish, heroic figure."

Apart from his public position, there is a consensus of opinion amongst his biographers and contemporaries that he was zealous beyond conception for the advancement of the Catholic Faith, ardently devoted to the Papacy, and as a monk, full of the spirit of his Order. Irreproachable in morals, he was severe only to himself, practicing wonderful austerities amid the splendors of a court. He was of an abounding generosity of disposition that led him promptly to forgive all injuries. His character as a priest was never assailed, even though the bitterest enemies of religion have written against him. His charity to the poor knew no bounds, so

[6] *History of Charles V.*

that he was beloved by them and revered as a saint. As a statesman, he organized a noble militia, paid off the national debt, and showed himself always a friend of liberty, while supporting established government. He spent twenty millions from his vast revenues in the service of the country, and at his death left not a farthing to any private interest.

As he became confessor to the Queen at the very time that Columbus appeared at the court, it is reasonable to suppose that he may have advised Isabella to her splendid course of action. Years later, when he was at the head of the government, he interested himself actively in the concerns of America, sending thither Las Casas with three monks of the Jeronymite Order and, later, fourteen Franciscans, one of whom was brother to the King of Scotland, to convert the aborigines. Full of wisdom, justice and foresight were the instructions he gave these evangelists as to the treatment of the natives. He bade the missionaries impress upon them that they were objects of the greatest solicitude to the Regent and the Spanish people. He ordered the erection of villages—close to the mines, where the savages might be employed—which must always contain a church and school. He gave very detailed orders for the protection and good treatment of the children of the forest. About that time there was a great demand for negro slaves in all the colonies, and it was suggested to the Regent that, by such a traffic, he might vastly increase the resources of Spain; but he issued an edict forbidding all traffic in slaves and discountenanced it in every possible way.

Ximenes took full advantage of the newly-discovered art of printing, encouraged craftsmen, inviting them into Spain and causing the circulation of *Lives of the Saints,* and other works of piety, amongst the first being a life of Thomas à Becket, to whom he had a great devotion. He had always been a lover of learning, had paid great prices for ancient manuscripts, and was ever a munificent patron of letters. To him is chiefly due the preservation of the Mozarabic liturgy, "so venerable for its antiquity and deep piety." He collected the manuscripts relating to the rite and founded in his own cathedral a Mozarabic chapel of rare and curious design, as also a college of thirteen priests to perpetuate this rite, and for whose benefit he procured, at great cost, the printing of breviaries and missals.

There are two great works upon which the fame of the Spanish Cardinal rests more than on all else. These are the foundation

of his university and his world famous *Polyglot Bible*. The benefits of both extended far beyond the boundaries of Spain, and the latter became, and for long remained, the model for biblical scholars.

He chose for the site of his new school of learning the smiling and peaceful scenery of Alcala on the banks of the Henares, the ancient Complutum. He had attended the grammar school there, and no doubt old association had something to do with determining his choice, no less than the pure air blowing down from the Sierras and the charm of the surroundings. The College of San Ildefonso, named from the titular saint of his Cathedral, formed the nucleus of the foundation, to which were added later the two boarding schools of St. Eugenius and St. Isadore, where forty-two scholars were supported free of expense; those of St. Balbina and St. Catherine for students in philosophy; still another for theological students and a few medical students, one for scholars who fell ill, this latter under the invocation of the Queen of Heaven; the Little School for twelve Franciscan scholars and St. Jerome College of Three Languages, in which ten students studied Latin, ten Greek and ten Hebrew. There were thirty-three professors, in honor of the thirty-three years of Our Lord's earthly life and twelve chaplains, in honor of the Apostles. The former wore a picturesque costume, a long, red, close fitting robe with scarf of the same color, thrown over the left shoulder and falling in folds to the feet.

By Spaniards this foundation was entitled " the eighth wonder of the world," and it is related that when Francis I. visited it, he exclaimed: " Your Ximenes has undertaken and carried out a work which I could not attempt. The University of Paris, the pride of my kingdom, is the work of a whole line of sovereigns, but Ximenes alone has founded one like it." This great work he accomplished in the short term of eight years, founding besides the Convent of San Juan, to which he added that of Santa Isabel for poor girls who were to remain there for a certain time, after which they were free to marry or embrace the religious life. He was besides chief patron of the home for widows and orphans. He founded in all four hospitals, eight monasteries and twelve churches. Of the university, a contemporary declares that it was finished within with great splendor, particularly its libraries and refectories, and that the whole city was gradually embellished to make it more worthy of such a seat of learning. The different religious orders presently established there other houses of study, and by the middle of the seventeenth century the ten houses of the original foundation had increased to

thirty-five. Sad to say, that noble institute, where everything had been so nobly planned, even to provision for poor or infirm professors, fell under the hammer of the revolution. The party of the *Progressistas* destroyed that monument to the liberality and love of learning, of one who would be now named, perchance, a "reactionary" Cardinal. Sad commentary on so-called liberty and progress.

It was at Alcala that Ximenes carried out that darling wish of his heart, his second monumental work. He had from his earliest years been passionately devoted to the study of Holy Scripture, to which end he had learned Hebrew and the Chaldaic tongues. He began at Alcala, and carried to completion in fifteen years, his Polyglot edition of the Bible, named from the place at which it had been accomplished the *Complutensian Polyglot*. He first secured the services of a number of foremost scholars, having no regard to the narrowness of nationality, though Spain at the time was able to supply him with philologists and men deeply versed in sacred lore. He obtained valuable assistance from that princely patron of letters, Pope Leo X., who threw open to him the treasures of the Vatican, though it has been suggested, in view of the dates, that this assistance was given while Leo was still a Cardinal.

When the Bible was complete, it presented the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, the Greek version of the Septuagint, the Latin version of St. Jerome and the Chaldaic paraphrase of the Pentateuch, together with letters, prefaces, dissertations to assist in the study of the Sacred Books. During the progress of the work, the Cardinal constantly exclaimed to his helpers: "Lose no time, my friends, in the prosecution of that glorious task, lest in the casualities of life you should lose your patron, or I have to lament the loss of those whose services are of greater value in my eyes than wealth or worldly honors."

It was a joyful day, for the great man of Spain, when the first six hundred copies were struck off and the German printer, Arnauld William Brocar, sent his son, John Brocar, clad in festal garments and with radiant face, to announce the good tidings to the Cardinal. The latter cried out: "I give Thee thanks, O Lord, that Thou hast enabled me to bring to the desired end the great work which I undertook." And he said later: "Of the many arduous duties which I have performed for the service of my country, there is nothing, my friends, on which you ought to congratulate me more than on the completion of this edition of the

Bible, which now opens to us the sacred fountains of religion, just when they are most needed." A none too friendly historian, Prescott, describes that Complutensian edition of the Bible as "a noble monument of piety, learning and munificence, which entitles the author to the gratitude of the whole Christian world."

This was the last of the Herculean tasks, which the Cardinal of Spain undertook for the service of his countrymen and of humanity. He died four months after its completion, in the eighty-second year of his age, and was buried amid the tumultuous grief of the people. Sobs and tears accompanied him to his last resting place. He had given orders for a simple and unostentatious funeral, but in that respect his orders were disobeyed, and his remains were conveyed amid the blaze of numberless torches to the monastery of St. Mary's, where a solemn service was celebrated. Near Burgos, the students of the university erected a mortuary chapel, where "bishops, priests and the grandees of Spain assisted at Matins for the dead." In the Cathedral church which he had illustrated by his virtues and exalted character, a marble monument was placed over his remains and fifty-eight years later a magnificent enclosure of bronze was placed around it, upon which were represented the chief events of the great man's life.

And there to all time reposes the mortal remains of this noble son of Spain, the glory of his Order, an ideal priest and prelate, and one of the most illustrious of those who have worn the Roman purple. After four centuries his voice still speaks for truth.

# THE CASE OF SOCIALISM v. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE UNITED STATES.[1]

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THIS paper was read in Cathedral College Hall on December 18 and 20, 1917, to Catholic pastors and assistants, presided over by His Most Reverend Eminence John Cardinal Farley. In the discussion which followed the reading, the paper was approved as representing the views of those present. This brief puts together some texts, on the one hand, from Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII. and accepted maxims of Catholic jurists and, on the other hand, from our Declaration of Independence and amendments of our Federal Constitution and pronouncements of our Federal Supreme Court justices interpreting clauses of the Declaration and amendments. In these authentic texts the reader is enabled to see with his own eyes that the Catholic Church and the United States hold the same fundamental principles on the right of private property as founded on nature and God, and as limited by the ample authority of the state and its laws made for the general welfare. Socialism denies that the right of private property is from nature and God, and is thus seen to be fundamentally anti-Catholic and anti-American. Given the Catholic and American principle that the right of private property, although derived from nature and God, is yet circumscribed by limits imposed on it by the necessities of our neighbor and the ample authority of the state to enact new laws suited to new conditions, there is, at least in our country, no excuse to heed clamors of Socialists or the Socialistic for a reconstitution of society. It is hoped that the texts here put together, with some explanations of the meaning of their terms, will help to satisfy minds now more or less bewildered by dogmatisms which led to the Reign of Terror, the Paris Commune and the Russian Bolsheviki.

What is meant by the right of private property? It is the right in private individuals of perfectly disposing of a corporeal thing unless these individuals are prohibited by the law. This definition was made by Bartoldi. It is commonly accepted by other

[1] *Cf.* Vermeersch, *Quæstiones de Justitia*, n. 231 *et seq.* Hannis Taylor, *Due Process of Law*, p. 491 *et seq.*

jurists and also by the great scholastics such as Molina, Lessius and Lugo.

Another definition which is widely received is: The right of disposing, for one's own advantage, of the utility and the substance of a thing, within the limits placed by a just law. This definition more clearly distinguishes between the dominion of property and the dominion of jurisdiction, which latter includes the right to dispose not for individual advantage but for the general welfare. It also more explicitly explains what is meant by disposing *perfectly*. It mentions not only the utility but also the substance of a thing.

With these definitions is in accord a celebrated description of the right of property by an anonymous Roman jurist: "*Jus utendi et abutendi quatemus juris ratio patitur*—the right of using and abusing in so far as the law allows." Here *abusing* means *consuming*, and not abusing in the bad sense, and also refers not only to the utility but to the substance of a thing. As the reader may have noted, the definitions accepted by Catholics all limit this right by laws for the common good.

These definitions do not limit the right of property by the extreme necessities of others. Such necessities rarely occur. It is perhaps more prudent not to provide for them in explicit definitions or laws which might be easily misunderstood or misapplied, and thus become occasions of dangerous suggestions in practice. However this limitation, though not expressed, ought to be ever implied. This article treats of the right of property in the sense of a generic institution as opposed to communism as a generic institution, under which *no one* would have the right of private property. As Lugo observes, "the concrete manner in which this right exists is not *completely* from natural law alone, but depends, at least negatively, on human law; not only because many ways can be introduced of acquiring, losing and transferring dominion, and in fact have been introduced, by merely human law; but also because other ways of acquiring dominion which seem to have been introduced by natural law, still, at least negatively, depend on human law, since they could have been prevented by human law; as, in fact, many individuals are rendered by human law *incapable* of acquiring dominion.

Furthermore, we here speak of nature, natural rights, and natural law, as the remote and not as the proximate moral cause of the right of property. Thus in our country all the titles to land came first from the state.

The right of property is not a natural right so strictly as the right to marry, which would exist among men, however few, and even though not regarded as infected by selfish inclinations coming from original sin. The right of property must exist among men who live together in a great number, especially since they are infected by original sin. In such a condition it would be wrong not to have some kind of civil government with civil authority. The right of private property is from nature in the same sense, but would exist even though no civil government existed.

Let us now hear some of the words of Leo XIII. teaching that the right of private property is from nature, under God and His providence.

The following passage is from the Encyclical *Quod Apostolici Muneris,* December 26, 1878:

"More wisely and profitably the Church recognizes the existence of inequality amongst men who are by nature unlike in mental endowments, and in strength of body, and even in amount of fortune: and she enjoins that the right of property and of its disposal, *derived from nature,* should in the case of every individual remain intact and inviolate. She knows full well that *robbery* and *rapine* have been so forbidden by God, the Author and Protector of every right, that it is unlawful even to covet the goods of others, and that thieves and robbers, no less than adulterers and idolaters are excluded from the kingdom of heaven.....Moreover, she lays the rich under strict command to give of their superfluity to the poor, impressing them with the fear of the divine judgment which will exact the penalty of eternal punishment unless they succor the wants of the needy."

The following passages are from the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum,* May 15, 1891:

"The Socialists, working on the poor man's envy of the rich, are striving to do away with private property, and contend that individual possessions should become the common property of all to be administered by the state or municipal bodies.

"These contentions are emphatically unjust because they would rob the lawful possessor, bring state action into a sphere not within its competence, and create utter confusion in the community.

"Every man has *by nature* the right to possess property as his own.

"Man precedes the state, and possesses, prior to the formation

of any state, the right of providing for the sustenance of his body.

"*The limits of private possessions* have been left (by God) to be fixed by man's own industry, and *by the laws of individual races.*

"With reason, the common opinion of mankind—little affected by the few dissentients who have contended for the opposite view—has found in the careful study of nature, and the laws of nature, the foundations of the division of property; and the practice of *all ages* has consecrated the principles of private ownership, as being preëminently in conformity with human nature, and as conducing in the most unmistakable manner to the peace and tranquillity of human existence. This same principle is confirmed and enforced by the civil laws—which, as long as they are just, derive from the law of nature their binding force. The authority of the divine law adds its sanction, forbidding us in severest terms even to covet that which is another's: 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife: nor his house, nor his field, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything which is his.'

"The right of property which has been proved to belong naturally to individual persons must likewise belong to a man in his capacity as head of a family: nay, such a person must possess this right so much the more clearly, in proportion as his position multiplies his duties.

"*The main tenet of Socialism, community of goods, is directly contrary to the natural rights of mankind.*

"Justice demands that the interests of the poorer classes should be carefully watched over by the administration, and that they who so largely contribute to the advantage of the community may themselves share in the benefits which they create, that, being housed, clothed and enabled to sustain life, they may find their existence less hard and more endurable.

"When there is a question of defending the rights of individuals, the poor and helpless have a claim to special consideration (from the state)."

What is the theological note of this part of our thesis? What theological censure would be incurred by him who would deny its truth? In our answer we follow Vermeersch, *Questions on Justice*, n. 198. That the system of private property is licit, is not unjust, is clearly contained in Scripture, and is to be held as of *Catholic faith.* He who would affirm that this system has its origin from

the state and would deny that any right of private property has its origin in nature, would openly contradict the teaching of Leo XIII. and incur the censure of temerity, to say the least.

Can a Catholic be a Socialist? Not if he holds the main tenet of the Socialists, namely, that all individual possessions should become the property of all, to be administered by the state or municipal bodies, or that the right of private property comes from the state and not from nature and God. The words of the Declaration of Independence which are in accord with those of Pope Leo, are: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights and that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and to secure these, governments have been instituted among men."

The Fifth Amendment of the Constitution says: "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law, nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation."

This Fifth Amendment, ratified in 1791, limited the power of the Federal government and not of the states. But the Fourteenth Amendment, ratified in 1868, says: "Nor shall any *state* deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law."

This amendment was made in order to limit the power of the states. The teaching of the Supreme Court on the origin of these rights is seen in the following words of Justice Field, cited by Mr. Hannis Taylor in his new work on *Due Process of Law*, page 491: "'As in our intercourse with our fellowmen, certain principles of morality are assumed to exist, without which society would be impossible, so certain inherent rights lie at the foundation of all governmental action, and upon a recognition of them alone, can free institutions be maintained. These inherent rights have never been more happily expressed than in the Declaration of Independence, that new Evangel of liberty to the people: "We hold these truths to be self-evident," that is, so plain that their truth is recognized upon their mere statement; "that all men are endowed," not by Edicts of Emperors or Decrees of Parliament or Acts of Congress, but "by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights," that is rights which cannot be bartered away, or given away, or taken away, except for punishment of crime; "and that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and to secure these," not to grant them, but to secure them, "governments are instituted among men...." Among these inalienable rights, as proclaimed in that

great document, is the right of men to pursue their happiness, by which is meant the right to pursue any lawful business or vocation, in any matter not inconsistent with the equal rights of others, which may increase their property, or develop their faculties, so as to give them their highest enjoyment.'

"The Fourteenth Amendment was intended to give practical effect to the Declaration of 1776 of inalienable rights, rights which are the gifts of the Creator, which the law does not confer, but only recognizes." In the same case Justice Swayne said: "Property is everything which has exchangeable value, and the right of property includes the power to dispose of it according to the will of the owner. Labor is property, and, as such, means protection. The right to make it available is next in importance to the rights of life and liberty." In Allgeyer *v.* Louisiana the Court said: "The liberty mentioned in the Fourteenth Amendment means not only the right of the citizen to be free from the mere physical restraint of his person, as by incarceration, but the term is deemed to embrace the right of the citizen to be free in the enjoyment of all his faculties; to be free to use them in all lawful ways; to live and work where he will, to earn his livelihood by any lawful calling; to pursue any livelihood or avocation, and for that purpose to enter into all contracts which may be proper, necessary and essential to carry out to a successful conclusion the purposes above mentioned."

In Adair *v.* United States the Court said: "Each right is subject to the fundamental condition that no contract, whatever its subject matter, can be sustained, which the law, upon reasonable grounds, forbids as inconsistent with the public interests, or as hurtful to the public order, or as detrimental to the common good."

The rights of life, liberty and property are all subject to certain sovereign powers of the state, such as the taxing power, the power of eminent domain and the police power. Therefore such rights are not inalienable in any strictly absolute sense. The state may rightfully call on a citizen to serve in the army and give his life for his country and its rights and liberties. The state can rightfully restrain any men from carrying on a business which is immoral, or injurious to public morals, or which causes a reasonable suspicion of immorality, or of injustice, private or public. Any business affected with a public interest may be regulated, provided due consideration be given to vested rights and to prior contracts entered into by the state. Purely private vocations are as a general rule not subject to restraint by state power.

"However, the most innocent and constitutionally protected of acts or omissions may be made a step in a criminal plot, and if it is a step in such a plot, neither its innocence nor the constitution is sufficient to prevent the punishment of such a plot by law." Thus Congress passed the Sherman Act and the Clayton Act to prevent and punish acts tending to monopoly, to forcing prices, to restraining the free flow of trade by combinations which block free and fair competition. The Sherman Act has been already upheld by the Supreme Court as not contrary to the rights of liberty and property and freedom of contract. State laws imposing a minimum wage for women or children working in factories, have been upheld by the Supreme Court as being not arbitrary but reasonable restraints imposed on capitalists in the use of their property and the exercise of their liberty. The Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, finally ratified in the year 1913, empowers Congress to impose the income tax, and Congress has emphasized by practical measures the principle that he who receives more individually, owes more for the general welfare.

States have made many local laws limiting liberty to dispose of one's own labor or to exercise other property rights. On appeal against these laws for alleged violation of rights guaranteed by the Declaration of Independence or by the Constitution, the Supreme Court has ever held that these laws are void if they are arbitrary, but are valid if they are reasonable or not manifestly unreasonable or arbitrary.

Some countries have no clear-cut written constitution. Our country is unique not only in having the oldest written Constitution but also, and especially, in having as the guardian of the Constitution, a Supreme Court, a Judiciary which is not subordinate but coördinate with the Legislature and the Executive, a Judiciary whose members hold office during life or good behavior, and can be removed from office only through impeachment by a majority of the House before the Senate, the more slow and conservative branch of the Congress. Our Federal Judiciary thus far have little to fear from the insolence of office and power or from clamors of the multitude. Through the wisdom of Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton and Madison and Pinckney and the other fathers, we have in our explicit fundamental laws the sane principles of St. Thomas and Leo XIII. on the right of property as from nature and nature's God, and on the limitations of this right by the states or the United States, acting reasonably for the common good, and on their ample

authority to introduce social reforms which may be deemed needful or useful in our day of big business with big capital. There is not and never was a country where the law made property more sacred and secure. Though the most conservative in this respect, our country can lawfully be also most progressive on sane lines, truly Catholic and truly American. There could be no shadow of an excuse for transplanting to American soil foreign Socialism, whose main tenet is public ownership and public administration of all wealth-producing property. Socialism is not only most anti-Catholic, but, by the fact, also most anti-American. For these principles, how America should love the Church and the Church America, nay, how the whole world should love the Church and America as the two mightiest guardians of principles which are saviours of society from envy, madness, anarchy, misery and slavery.

## A GREAT MYSTERY.

BY VIOLET O'CONNOR.

Not for myself this offering. We deem
Mankind's pontifical and rev'rent dole
Gives greater glory to our wondrous goal.
Surrender to each other so extreme,
This signal token of your high esteem,
Is only possible because laid whole
As homage, on the altar of my soul,
For God Almighty—as a gift supreme.

In times gone by the Pascal lamb was slain
To manifest oblation's sovereign power,
To shadow forth the day when Jesus died.
So now in Christian marriage we obtain
A sacramental knowledge of Love's hour,
When Christ shall come and claim His Mystic Bride.

## ASPECTS OF RECENT DRAMA IN ENGLISH.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

### II.

### The Realists—and One Other.

THE aim of the literary pioneers discussed on our last article was, it will be remembered, to bring back to the English stage a large and fundamental realism. "The seizure and presentation of the essential and distinguishing marks of a character—the exclusion of falsification, of non-essentials"—that was the watchword of their new *theatre of ideas,* as Henry Arthur Jones called it; dramatic realism, as opposed to the stage naturalism which has now become associated with the name of Mr. Belasco. But before these men had finished their work, there grew up a school of younger, more radical playwrights: psychologists indeed, but before all else, what one may call *photographic realists.* John Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett and their coterie would not consider Jones or Pinero realistic enough—or democratic enough. They might charge, not without truth, that the older men were interested chiefly in portraying types of a rather sophisticated society, that they introduced "no character less imposing than a well-bred butler," and had comparatively little sympathy with the great body of plain people.

So these younger dramatists have set about treating the problems of the poor, of the so-called working people, particularly of the rebels in all fields whatever. Toward the governing and moneyed classes their attitude is in the main ironic to the point of antagonism; and implicitly rather than explicitly this antagonism is found to extend to all idea of authority, whether human or divine. Probably most largely representative of this whole school is the work of Mr. John Galsworthy, who has won for himself a notable place among contemporary dramatists. *The Silver Box,* his first important play, gives us a study of drunkenness and theft—a distressing story, deftly painted, of corruption among the rich and the poor: the point of contrast being, of course, that the poor suffer their own bitter consequences while the prosperous escape. *Joy* shows the

problems of a young girl whose canons of life are shaken by her parents' infelicity and infidelity. *The Pigeon* exploits rather cynically the problems of haphazard philanthropy. In *Strife*, Galsworthy follows with really great power and pathos the conflict between capital and labor: the crushing, futile months of strike in an English factory town—months which lead at last to the identical compromise both sides had at the outset rejected. His most celebrated play, *Justice,* takes up the terrible, the almost insoluble problem of the punishment of crime. In one sense it is an arraignment of solitary confinement—as the *Ballad of Reading Gaol* was an arraignment of capital punishment: but in the last analysis the story of Falder is an arraignment of our whole punitive system, of what the author himself calls "the general blindness of justice." Those who saw Mr. John Barrymore's recent portrayal of the rôle will not soon forget the young clerk, crushed, ruined, driven at last to suicide, by the wholly just but wholly unmerciful sentence passed upon his first forgery.

"Nobody wishes you any harm," as the broken boy says in the final act, "but they down you all the same....I seem to be struggling against a thing that's all around me....It's as if I was in a net."

*In a net*—the words sum up the general sense of frustration so conspicuous throughout this recent realistic drama—the human rat-trap, self-made or fate-made, from which no way of escape is pointed out! One meets it again in Galsworthy's far more futile play, *The Fugitive,* a uselessly depressing picture of the woman who was "too fine and not fine enough," who "couldn't be a saint and martyr and wouldn't be a soulless doll"—and who therefore ended as a self-slain courtesan. The somewhat hackneyed question as to whether a "gentleman" may—or should—marry a working-girl whom he has wronged, is treated very tellingly in Galsworthy's *Eldest Son.* It is again treated in that morbid but much-praised provincial play by the late Stanley Houghton, *Hindle Wakes.* And several other rather repulsive aspects of the marriage, or, more exactly, the sex question, are dealt with in Granville Barker's minutely realistic and enormously dismal drama of London tradesmen, *The Madras House.*

"It is not quite a well arranged world," sighed Audrey, the *Lost Angel* of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. But at least it was a world with God in it: while to all purpose and intents the confused *milieu* of this modernistic drama might just as well be a world with God

left out of it. It is full of admirable sociology and psychology and even philanthropy. But it is only saved from absolute hopelessness because it is so difficult for man—particularly if he be an artist in any field—to attain absolute godlessness. There can be no question that in so far as these young writers are treating a great variety of people, a great variety of problems, they have widened the scope of the older realists. They have stretched the view, indubitably: one is far less sure that they have lifted the viewpoint. They stand very close to their subject matter, sometimes reaching such multiplicity of detail that the big, essential problem is quite obscured. Frequently this would seem to be the result of trying to say *everything*—of applying the novelist's method to the dramatist's work; as Mr. Bennett, in spite of some delightful exceptions, does in his dialogue, and as Mr. Barker does so conspicuously in his endless stage directions. But there are times when the cause lies deeper: when it lies, in fact in the dramatist's own disinclination to pass or even to admit, any final ethical judgment. It is all very human, very plausible to explain that Falder's crime was committed to aid the woman he loved. Shakespeare, in his all-loving comprehension, might have done that. But when it is further suggested that the legal flaw which prevented her divorce from an encumbering husband, and her easy marriage to the young clerk, was somehow responsible for the whole later miscarriage of justice, the point is obviously stretched too far. Shakespeare, in his large sanity and lucid vision, would never have done that! For obviously, art must choose the big essentials: art must simplify, not confuse, the verdicts of our tangled life.

But photographic realism is not concerned with clarifying verdicts, rather with painting life in microscopic and often most unlovely detail. Happily for human nature the quick reaction follows; a reaction that is apparent not only in the strictly imaginative contemporary drama but also in much of Galsworthy's own recent work. For his *Bit O'Love*, if not as strong as some of the earlier plays, is shot through with a most tender and engaging idealism—the struggle of a much-suffering man to reach the universal love and forgiveness of a Francis of Assisi.

No discussion of recent realistic drama can go far without pausing before the rôle played by that ever-dramatic country sometimes described as *John Bull's Other Island*. Dr. Cornelius Weygandt, who speaks with authority upon his subject, points out that it was the experimental performance of two new and most dissimi-

lar plays—William Butler Yeats' *Countess Cathleen* and Mr. Edward Martyn's *Heather Field*—in Dublin during the May of 1899, which "inaugurated the drama of the Celtic Renaissance."[1] Almost immediately the play became an integral and arresting factor in that splendid phenomenon of the Irish Literary Revival which was then in the process of becoming. During the early 90's was organized the movement later known as the Irish National Theatre Society—and still later as the Abbey Theatre Company. It was an epoch-making movement, in spite of the fact that it was largely directed by professional *littérateurs* of French and English tincture—for example, Mr. George Moore—and of the additional fact that its occasionally perverse choice of plays was responsible for alienating a portion of Catholic Irish sentiment. But the Irish theatre really achieved: it brought to our contemporary stage acting of a new realism, and a whole body of vital and significant drama.

Except for the symbolic plays of Mr. Yeats, Lord Dunsany and a few others, which will come up for appreciation when the imaginative drama is discussed, these works were mainly studies of peasant life quite startling in their simplicity and notable in their realism. Sometimes they were uproariously funny farces like *The Workhouse Ward* or *Spreading the News,* by Lady Gregory. Oftener they were rather crude domestic tragedies such as Padraic Colum gives us: the conflict of age and youth, of home and the *wanderlust,* of the family and the individual. Of course the very masterpiece of these plays, and one of the greatest one-act plays in the whole range of English literature, is Synge's *Riders to the Sea.* Like Loti's *Pêcheur d'Islande,* it sings the eternal enmity between the sea and the dry land: the tragedy of men who go down to the sea in ships, and of the women who wait their return—waiting and watching until the very last of the loved ones is bidden farewell. There is something worthy of Greek tragedy in the compact, cumulative heartbreak of its single familiar scene. Old Maurya, the peasant mother, sits bowed by her turf fire, mourning the death of her son Michael, and telling her daughters the strange vision in which she has seen him and the living boy, Bartley, riding together toward the sea. Quietly the neighbors begin stealing in: they kneel and cross themselves ominously; then the men draw near, bearing the body of Bartley covered with its sheet of dripping sail. Awe-struck, the daughters wait. But old Maurya does not cry out at all. The woman who has been nine days keening the loss of

[1] *Irish Plays and Playwrights.* By Cornelius Weygandt.

her less loved Michael, kneels quietly by the body of her youngest son, and her thought is of *rest at last.* "They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me....I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other....."

Sprinkling the lad's body with holy water, she says her simple valedictory—the wail of the old, tired mother for all the big and little children of the old, tired world: "It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely....May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Seumas and Patch and Stephen and Shawn —and may He have mercy on my soul....and on the soul of everyone is left living in the world...." This, of course, is much finer than the close of Galsworthy's tragic *Justice.* It is probably the greatest bit of drama Synge has given us; for *The Well of the Saints* was marred by its cynicism, and *The Playboy of the Western World,* for all its fresh and primitive poetry, was marred by the deviltry its critics insisted upon taking so seriously.

But it may well be claimed that neither tragedy nor farce is ever quite so true to the whole nature and idiosyncrasy of a people as the gentle romance which contains both elements at once. Mr. Yeats' *Land of Heart's Desire* does this with true Celtic wistfulness: and it is done again with delicate realism in that most lovable of all Lady Gregory's dramas, *The Rising of the Moon.* Here one finds an almost perfect example of Irish comedy, for the little one-act story of the sergeant and the escaped convict plays upon the keys of patriotism, sly humor, pathos, and that inalienable love of poetry and adventure which is the birthright of the Gael.

It has never been easy, and it is never going to be easy, to pigeon-hole Mr. George Bernard Shaw: but probably the least restrictive category in which to place him is among the infinite variety of the Celt. Unless, of course, one cares to remember that he is perhaps best loved and best hated here in the chaste bosom of the American theatre! Neither the critics, the actors, nor the audiences are at any moment likely to agree about the amazing Mr. Shaw: but he has admirably contrived that they shall agree to listen to him and to talk about him, thereby proving at the outset the *efficiency* of his genius. One sees in this extraordinary Irishman much of his own

*John Tanner,* and something of Synge's *Playboy:* a man of perverse but quite uncommon ability, a poet today, a satirist tomorrow, a fanatic occasionally, a philosopher often; in fine, a dramatist who dislikes plots and delights in shocking "middle class morality." Now obviously, this workaday "middle class" morality is about as vulnerable and tempting a target as clever or merely superficial irony can lay hold upon. What would have become of the satirists of the ages if they had not found the hypocrisy of the conventions to fall back upon? Let it even be admitted boldly that no morality has more than one leg to stand upon unless it can be explained and enforced by the spiritual interpretations of a higher thing, Faith. It so happens that Mr. Shaw has in the main avoided direct ridicule of the Catholic Church: for some inscrutable reason he has even confessed a fondness for the feast of Our Lady's Assumption! But on the whole, he is manifestly impatient of supernatural dogma as he is of the practical Ten Commandments. And with an even hand he juggles metaphysics and ethics, with logic thrown in for good measure. Therefore his criticism has proved overwhelmingly destructive: or rather, it has proved simply *amusing,* in a sinister sense of amusement. For futile and mischievous as the conventions —more particularly the Anglo-Saxon conventions are often seen to be, they are at least preferable to the volcanic anarchy of this *enfant terrible* of the drama.

As with Henry Arthur Jones—but for a different reason—the mere chronology of Mr. Shaw's plays is illuminating. As far back as 1898 came that revolutionary volume of "pleasant and unpleasant" dramas containing *Widowers' Houses, The Philanderer, Mrs. Warren's Profession, Arms and the Man, Candida, The Man of Destiny,* and *You Never Can Tell.* Two years later were issued the "three plays for Puritans," *The Devil's Disciple, Cæsar and Cleopatra* and *Captain Brassbound's Conversion.* Then followed *Man and Superman,* 1903; *John Bull's Other Island,* 1904; *Major Barbara,* 1905; *The Doctor's Dilemma,* 1906; *Getting Married,* 1908; *The Shewing Up Blanco Posnet* and *Press Cuttings* in 1909; *Misalliance* and *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets,* 1910; *Fanny's First Play,* 1911; *Overruled,* 1912; *Androcles and The Lion* and *Pygmalion,* 1914; *The Great Katherine,* 1916, etc., etc. If this list proves anything, it proves that Shaw's best plays are not those of the last ten years. His best plays—*Candida* for example, or that scandalously interesting *Man and Superman*—were written before the great Shavian secret of *paradox and then more paradox* had

been reduced to a system or a trick. Since then there has been a tendency on Mr. Shaw's part to turn preacher or propagandist instead of playwright; and in place of the essence of drama, *action,* to substitute particularly brilliant or appalling conversation.

George Bernard Shaw has taken a quite brazen pride in applying *realistic* treatment to every possible—or impossible—subject: yet from first to last he has remained superlatively, extravagantly and incorrigibly *imaginative.* If he were not, he would be unpardonable. But one pardons much to the professional paradox: "as easy as lying," in Gilbert Chesterton's word, "because it is lying." So to consider *Androcles* an attack upon Christianity becomes unnecessary and a little absurd. An early-Christian farce is not necessarily an attack upon the Faith: but it *is* necessarily bad taste and bad art. It is an anomaly, a false straining after effect, just as *Getting Married* or *Misalliance* are a straining after effect, and just as *The Great Katherine* is simply a rather impish lampoon upon Katherine of Russia. Mr. Shaw laughs at everything: that is his strength—and it is his weakness too. Fortunately one feels often that the smile "hurts half the mouth," as Cardinal Manning used to say. "You've learned something—that always feels at first as though you had lost something," cries *Major Barbara's* philosophic lover. And there is scarcely a play that does not throw out searching human things like that, above and beyond the hard, bright glitter of Shavian irony. Yet there is not a play which rings, as a whole, quite true—which convinces of the author's integrity either in art or in life.

For it takes more than wit, more even than wisdom, to make a real work of art: what if it be found to take love and belief—*in something?* What if no work can be truly human which has not some fundamental feeling for the divine, nor just to the clay unless in some dim, implicit way, it is just to the Potter also? George Bernard Shaw's mind works like a rapier, deftly, dazzingly at times. But a man may use a good rapier in a poor or foolish quarrel—and then the rapier is bigger than the man! There, peradventure, will lie the final condemnation of the most brilliant and notorious dramatist of our contemporary English-speaking theatre. And many a lesser man will fall by his side.

# THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AND THE REVOLUTION.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A., PH.D., D.D.

## The Extremists in the Russian Church.

RUSSIA'S upheaval reveals to us the chaotic medley of parties into which the body of the Russian Orthodox Church has split. A few years ago, a Russian priest, A. Molozhsky, boldly asserted that what we designate as "Russian Orthodoxy" had in fact a meaning quite other than we realize. It is rather a collective noun embracing the heterogeneous and often opposite religious tendencies of Russia. "We have in Russia," he said, "a score of orthodoxies which differ from each other in their fundamental beliefs. Our so loudly boasted unity of faith is a mere chimera."

In fact, Russian Orthodoxy comprehends the most varied types of Christian consciousness, the intransigeant of the deepest dye as well as the anarchists bred in the school of Tolstoi. Russian latitudinarianism administers the same sacraments to all the representatives of the different Russian orthodoxies. The adogmatists, too, who like the teachers of radical Protestantism, throw overboard the dogmatic truths of Christian faith, and look upon our Saviour as the changing spirit of the ceaseless religious evolution of man, are included among those to whom the sacraments are administered.

Before the Revolution, the Russian Church was entirely under the sway of the intransigeant wing, which consisted of bishops, monks, and *chinovniki* (bureaucrats). The party had their centre of action in the Holy Governing Synod, which was but little concerned with the religious welfare of Russia, and thought only of making the Russian Church a servile tool of the civil power. Monasticism exercised a kind of dictatorship within the Russian Church. Although its ranks were filled with coarse and ignorant peasants, it also has had an *élite* of zealous missionaries, of rectors of seminaries, of erudite theologians. According to an old custom, all the candidates for episcopal sees have been obliged to wear the monastic garb. Since the election of the bishops depended only on favoritism—or even, at times, on simony—they could not help being subservient to the bureaucracy of the Holy Synod. Therefore,

every attempt at internal reformation of the Church found in them its fiercest opponents. Their pastoral letters and writings teemed with praises of the political masters of Russia. Their theological treatises discovered and triumphantly reënforced the connection between the autocratic theory and form of government, and Russian Orthodoxy. In their opinion, the future of Russia rested on the granite block of her Byzantine faith, and on the theocratic *régime,* inherited also from Byzantium. They found themselves unable to imagine a Church withstanding the unjust claims of the civil power, relying only upon spiritual weapons to resist her foes, and to surpass her rivals. They seemed to be of little faith with regard to the value of the latent energies of their own Church. They preferred to grope, paralyzed in spiritual inertia, and they reconciled themselves to the name of "bureaucrats in cassocks" with which the liberal press of Russia lashed their servilism.

Of course, their policy was inspired by prudent motives of self-preservation. They were conscious of their apostolic and intellectual inferiority in respect to Catholicism and Protestantism. They feared that their Church, stripped of the support of the state, would lose her influence upon the masses. The cultivated classes, who practically have deserted the Church, would seek refuge in other creeds, or content themselves with complete religious indifference. The Russian peasantry also, when freed from her onerous tutelage, would enter the ranks of the Stundists, who have gained the upper hand among the Russian sects. Fear of the triumph of heterodox proselytism chained the Russian bishops to the car of the Russian autocracy, and formed the basis for their religious and political theories. In order to bolster the interests of their own caste, they became of one mind with Constantine Pobiedonostsev, the most cynical exponent of the subserviency of the Church to the state. His policy, which is the policy of the intransigeant wing of the Russian Church, was thus outlined in a document addressed to the Evangelical Alliance in 1888: "The Russian Government is convinced that nowhere in Europe do all religions enjoy such liberty as in Russia. This truth is unfortunately not admitted in Europe. Why? Solely because in Europe religious liberty is confounded with an unrestricted right of proselytism. The Western religions in Russia have always been affected by a mixture of spiritual and secular motives. Catholicism was impregnated with Polish political propaganda; Protestantism, as represented by the Livonian knights, was equally animated by secular motives. The time for a peaceful

coöperation on the part of Christianity of the East with that of the West has unfortunately not yet arrived, for the Western religions, so far as Russia is concerned, are not yet free from worldly objects, and even from tendencies to attack the integrity of the empire. Russia cannot allow them to tempt her Orthodox sons to depart from their allegiance, and she therefore continues to protect them by her laws."

At present, intransigeant Orthodoxy has been overthrown. It was not able to come to terms with the leaders of the Revolution. Its cohorts were indebted to the autocratic *régime* for their caste privileges, and their uncontrolled authority. They were known as the life-guards of Tsarism, therefore they are not to be trusted, even when they declare that they have gone over to the Revolution. Their sanction of a form of government which levels all the social differences, would be regarded as a mere *ruse de guerre* for the obliteration of a compromising past. Monasteries were the strongholds of the ancient *régime*. Probably they will be submerged by the revolutionary wave which is sweeping over all Russia.

It is a recognized fact that the Revolution has assumed an attitude hostile to the hierarchy. The official organ of the Russian Church is filled with the names of the bishops who have been forced to resign and to hide within the walls of monastic prisons. It is no exaggeration to say that half of the Russian dioceses are now deprived of their bishops. In some instances their resignation was forced by the revolutionary committees. Such was the case with Pitirim, Metropolitan of Petrograd; Marcarius, Metropolitan of Moscow and Antoni, Archbishop of Kharkov, an implacable foe of Russian liberalism. In other instances bishops have been virtually deposed by their own priests. This is what has happened to Palladius, Bishop of Saratov, and Leontius, his Bishop-Vicar. The diocesan Congress forbade them to deliver political speeches. They refused to obey the injunctions of their subordinates, who then requested the military committees to expel them forcibly. Notable, too, is the case of Nikon, Bishop of Jeniseisk. According to a report of the Holy Synod, dated August, 1917, Bishop Nikon declared that he had lost his illusions as to the Orthodox Faith: consequently, he felt it would be shameful hypocrisy to abide within the pale of the Church. For this reason, he asked the Holy Synod to discharge him from his episcopal duties, and to expunge his name from the records of the Orthodox Church of Russia. The Holy Synod complied with his request, and in accordance "with the sixty-second

canon of the Apostles," issued a decree stating that Bishop Nikon belongs no longer to the Russian Orthodox hierarchy.

The removal of so many bishops from their dioceses places the Russian Church in a very difficult situation. Even before the Revolution the lack of bishops was a matter of grievous concern. For a hundred million souls the Russian Church had scarcely one hundred and thirty bishops. At the present time, the Russian episcopate has lost half of its representatives. Hence it follows that its decaying influence has received the finishing stroke. The decline of the episcopate draws after it the collapse of monasticism since the moral support of the monasteries, which have been regarded by Russians as the asylums of "flaunting wassailers of high and low degree," depended on the bishops who are all monks. Therefore, the intransigeant wing of the Russian Church is beaten off the field. The only way of restoring its prestige would be the reinstatement of Tsarism. Of course, such an event is not beyond the range of human possibilities. But so long as the Revolution is able to keep up its effective direction of Russia's destinies, the Russian hierarchy and monasticism will pay with the loss of authority for those abuses attributable to them, and for their sedulous support of the policies of the Holy Synod.

The defeat of the extreme conservatives has given prominence to the party of the extreme liberal. The followers of liberal Orthodoxy are themselves divided into two branches, the "Cadets" and the "Bolsheviki," if we may be permitted to call them by the names of the Russian political parties. Both are imbued with the spirit of the Revolution. The former aim at a democratization of the Russian Church on the basis of authority derived from, and granted by, the people, and not by the hierarchy; while the latter dream of rebuilding the Russian Church on a communistic basis. The former are, so to speak, the heralds of a type of democratic government in the Church; the latter are the apostles of an ecclesiastical anarchy.

The liberal extremists are not the sons of the Revolution of today. They came officially upon the stage in 1905, when the *Tzerkovny Viestnik*, the organ of the white (or secular) clergy, made public a memorandum written by thirty-two priests of Petrograd. For reasons easy to understand, the writers of the manifesto remained anonymous. They advocated full freedom for the clergy, and the breaking of the chains which had paralyzed their activity. From their point of view, a Church independent of the civil power, alone could revive the latent religious energies of Russia.

The memorandum gave rise to angry polemics in the Russian press. The Russian bishops were indignant at it. Its authors were cursed as champions of Ritschlian rationalism, and corrupters of the true notion of the Church. As time went on, the storm abated, and the memorandum sank into oblivion. The priests, however, who outlined therein their plans of ecclesiastical reform, are still alive if we are to judge from a new programme, given out on Easter Sunday of 1917. On this occasion, their confidence in the final triumph of the Revolution was complete, consequently they scorned to wear longer the veil of anonymity. I feel that a literal translation of that important document rather than a few quotations, or a comment, will best serve to acquaint our readers with the long-suppressed aspirations of the liberal wing of the Russian Church.

"Never was the great solemnity of the Resurrection of Our Lord so full of cheer for us, and so near to our hearts, as in this very year. In Russia our Church trampled upon and severely wounded, has arisen from her prostration. She had been buried in the coffin of injustice, violence, and oppression. She was sealed with a Teutonic seal by the hands of autocrats, who were German by blood and spirit. She was crushed by German immigrants, by those immigrants who encircled the Russian throne with a strong wall, who usurped for themselves the ruling power in this country. It seemed to us that there was no glimpse of hope for the victory of truth. But the war broke out against violence. Like an angry fist, Russia was upraised. Her Teutonic guards fled ignominously The sun of truth lightens our paths. Christ is risen!

"In these bright, great and joyful days, the thirty-two priests of Petrograd and their followers from the clergy and laity believe it necessary to take up again and at once their work, interrupted in 1907. We are the pastors of the great Russian people, which is now free. We adhere steadfastly to the three fundamental points of our programme: First: The Church is free and independent of all forms of civil government whatsoever. The eternal Church is stronger and more extensive than any temporary and ephemeral *régime:* she is stronger and more extensive than any nation. Second: The Church is not closed and limited by external boundaries. She is entirely free so far as her inner organization is concerned, according to the principles of synodal autonomy which must be realized in the first cell, the parish, as well as in the highest manifestations of her life, the national council. Third: The independence of the Church from the civil power does not force her to hold aloof

from national life, and from all its manifestations. Her sole goal consists in Christianizing them.

"We bow before these claims. We enthusiastically applaud the heroic martyrs who shed their blood for the freedom of our people during the whole period of the great emancipation movement. May their memory last forever, and may the glory, honor and happiness of those who outlive them be great. Let us applaud, too, the provisional government, which, to the admiration of all, has quickly led our country into the salutary paths of triumphant freedom. While hailing the sun of freedom, we believe, and are confident, we serenely hope that the same brightness will shine upon the Church. The Church will appear in the midst of her flock garbed in freedom. To hasten her victory, it is necessary to summon at once a national council, a council of the whole Church, a council composed of bishops, priests, deacons and laymen. We count upon you, oh pastors of the great Russian Church. The fallen autocratic *régime* had enslaved the Church, limited the scope of our zeal to the deadening of ceremonies. It transformed the pastors of the Church into servants required to labor for the state. Instead of preaching the Christian ideals of truth and love, it exacted of us the gospel of blind obedience, of silence, of servility.

"All that is now a thing of the past. It will always be so. We ought at present to train another type of pastors for the people. A free people must have a free priesthood. A people bleeding for the defence of the truth, needs pastors of their own essence. What we are to be in these times, we must state in the words uttered by the people when they arose for the cause of truth. In 1905, in the Caucasus region, the faithful said to a certain pastor: 'Until now you have walked at the head of a procession of the dead: now you must advance in front of a legion of living warriors.' Let us, then, go ahead in front of that legion; let us have the spirit of gallantry and abnegation. Let us act like free Russian citizens, laying foundations of the free life. Long since our people yearned for such pastors. We want to go on with the people, for they, and they alone, are the pillars of Russia and of the Orthodox Faith."

This message seems, perhaps, somewhat too mild to the "Bolsheviki" of the Russian Church. In fact, the Democratic League of the Russian Orthodox Church has directed the following appeal to Russian Christianity:

"Dearest brethren! In the great day of the resurrection of our country, we want to be united with our people, who have ac-

complished the heroic deliverance of our country from the unbearable yoke of autocracy. The old *régime* has mouldered away, and thanks be to God for ever!

"The Democratic League stands for these principles:

1. We need an ecclesiastical democracy that is, the active participation of each member of the Church in all phases of its life.
2. We need a political democracy, that is, the active participation of the whole people in the government of the country, on the basis of an absolute equality of rights, and of the freedom of conscience.
3. We need an economic and social democracy, that is, an equitable relation between labor and capital, a relation which rests on the commandments of Christ, and on the acknowledgment of the property rights in land of all the masses of laborers."

I think I am not mistaken in saying that the clergy who subscribe their names to the Democratic League deserve the term of *Bolsheviki.* In ambiguous words, they advance the same programme as the present rulers of Russia. They urge the expropriation of landed property, and its division among the peasants. This claim is in no way strange. Most Russian priests come from the peasantry. They till the soil like *mujiks,* and very often the landed property of their churches does not suffice to earn their daily bread.

It has been rightly observed that the Russian Revolution has chiefly economic causes. The lower clergy share in the distress of the Russian lower classes. They see in the success of the Revolution an improvement of their economic condition. They struggle for the emancipation of their caste, stationary in the turmoil of Russian life. It may be that they are grossly mistaken. As we have observed in a previous paper, the Russian Revolution is the offspring of the religious and social radicalism of Tolstoi which has spread throughout Russia. Now Tolstoism, it is needless to say, is the antithesis of Christianity. Therefore, in order to be loyal to its principles and *raisons d'être,* the Russian Revolution must not only struggle against the privileged classes, but against the Church, alleged to be accountable for the misrule of the autocratic *régime.* Consequently, instead of finding their condition ameliorated through the success of the revolutionary movement, the Russian priests risk going from the frying-pan into the fire. The Russian *mujiks* have always longed for the landed property of

the Church. It is probable, therefore, that those properties will be confiscated and that the clergy will be reduced to starvation.

A distinguishing trait of the above quoted document is its significant silence concerning the rôle of the bishops in the rebuilding of the Russian Church. It is plain that the extremists of Russion religious liberalism are carrying their democratic claim very far indeed. No doubt, they have suffered much from the uncontrolled despotism of their bishops. They were treated by them like serfs attached to the service of the Church rather than priests exercising a divine ministry.

In the writer's *La Chiesa Russa,* published in 1908, attention was drawn to the probable consequences of absolutism on the part of the Russian episcopate. I wrote at that time as follows: "The misrule of the hierarchy has brought about a kind of dualism among the clergy. It has sown the seeds of a latent schism, growing stronger every day, and waiting for a propitious moment to burst out. The Russian Church is divided into two castes and its unity is broken. We do not understand why the Russian episcopal sees must be the monopoly of the monastic caste, careless as it is, even of appearances, in its moral life. The organization of the Russian Church today has given rise, on the one hand, to an aristocracy enslaved to the civil power (bishops and monks) and, on the other, to a democracy (the lower clergy) now passive in its hatred of religious authority but tomorrow likely to revolt against it."[1]

We are now witnessing the realization of our fears. The revolutionary movement has clearly defined the opposite aims of the extremists of the Russian Church. We have only to wait for the results of their propaganda.

Of course, we do not say that the crucial moment of the crisis of the Russian Church has arrived. A large part of the lower clergy wish to cling to the hierarchical constitution of the Church, while limiting to some extent the authority of the bishops, and taking from monks their monopoly of the high ecclesiastical dignities. They know that they would inflict a deathblow on their form of Christianity if they were to destroy the hierarchy. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that the spirit of anarchy has spread over the lower ranks of the Russian Church, and poisoned the blood of her body.

As Catholics we are distressed at the calamities of the Russian Church, even though we feel that she has deserved her just punish-

[1] *La Chiesa russa.* By A. Palmieri, Florence, 1908, p. 688.

ment, either for her base acquiesence in the encroachment of the civil power, or for her complicity in the religious persecutions of the former *régime*. Our pity is also not entirely free from apprehension. Alexis Lebedev, the great historian of Eastern Christianity, wrote that for two centuries the Russian Church had been swinging between Catholicism and Protestantism. The Synodal *régime* was a product of Protestant influence. As is well known, Theophanes Prokopowicz, the compiler of the *Spiritual Regulation,* was so imbued with the tenets of Protestant theology, that he denied sacred tradition as a source of faith, and the infallibility of the *magisterium* of the Church, even when fully represented in the Ecumenical Councils. The ascendancy, however, of Protestantism over the Russian Church was short-lived. The hierarchy firmly kept the traditional teaching of Russian Orthodoxy. They formed, so to speak, a *High Church* which did not break the doctrinal link of connection with Catholic theology, as concerns the fundamental notion and nature of the Church of Christ. The lower clergy, on the contrary, trampled as they were under the feet of the bishops, who, with few exceptions, acted like civil employers of the state, began to drift towards the Protestant conception of the Church. Things being so, it will be small wonder if the Russian Revolution opens the doors of the Russian Church to an infiltration of Protestantism. By refusing their allegiance to a Church hierarchically constituted, the liberal extremists are also breaking their link of connection with the Catholic Church. They are embarking on the stormy sea of Protestant radicalism. The ascendancy of their party would pervert the concept and the aims of the priesthood.

Even the elective principle, of which there is so much talk in the Russian ecclesiastical press, points out clearly the new alignment of a considerable part of the Russian Church. Not only priests, but bishops, are being considered as receiving their authority from the people, as the delegates of the congregation, subservient to the whims of the mob. Hence it follows that the anarchy which to a fearful extent is endangering the body politic in Russia, would also cripple the languid energies of the Russian Church, and accelerate its process of disintegration. It is to be hoped that our pessimism is mistaken. We know by experience that God brings good out of evil, and in the midst of sorrows, prepares the day of joy and glory for the Catholic Church. The dire calamities of the World War have made evident the necessity of the restoration of Christian unity. That restoration cannot be accomplished without the leader-

ship and the coöperation of the Catholic Church. Rome, and Rome alone, has preserved the note of unity. It has been the true Catholic Church, which according to St. Augustine, preserves religious unity even when the world is divided by political enmities.[2] It may be that a part of the Russian Church will now recognize the source of that power which makes one all the members of the Catholic Church. It is possible that Russian divines feel and realize the truth of the beautiful words by which St. Basil the Great shows the road to the healing of the wounds of divided Christianity. In 371 that great luminary of the Greek Church wrote St. Athanasius of Alexandria: "No one, I feel sure, is more distressed at the present condition, or rather to speak more truly, the ill condition of the Churches than Your Excellency; for you compare the present with the past, and take into account how great a change has come about. You are well aware that if no check is put to the swift deterioration which we are witnessing, there will soon be nothing to prevent the complete transformation of the Churches. I, for my part, have long been aware, so far as my moderate intelligence has been able to judge of current events, that the one way of safety for the Churches of the East lies in their having the sympathy of the bishops of the West."[3]

And among those bishops there is one whose influence in the past was beneficial to the Eastern Church, and who could restore the lost dignity and the full independence of Russian Christianity, the Bishop of Rome.

[2] *Neque quia et in orbe terrarum plerumque regna dividuntur, idcǫ et unitas Christiana dividitur, cum in utraque parte Catholica inveniatur Ecclesia. Contra Donatistas*, 33, P. L., xliii, 417.

[3] *Ep. lxvi.*, P. G., xxxii., 424.

## "FAIR MAID OF FEBRUARY."

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old-time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid.—*Tennyson.*

ECAUSE "amid blear February's flaw tremulous snowdrops peep," and though the distant hills are bleak and dun, "The virgin snowdrop, like a lambent fire, pierces the cold earth with its green-sheathed spire," this delicate blossom has won its pretty nickname:

Fair maid of February!—drop of snow
Enchanted to a flower, and therein
A dream of April green.

"The snowdrops with their fairy bells have but one chilly month of beauty," declares Hartley Coleridge in addressing the plant *Everlasting* which had caught his fancy, although upon other occasions he highly praises this brave blossom for "doing its duty to the almanack:"

Yes, punctual to the time, thou'rt here again,
As still thou art—though frost or rain may vary,
And icicles blockade the rockbirds' aëry,
Or sluggish snow lie heavy on the plain.
Yet thou, sweet child of hoary January,
Art here to harbinger the laggard train
Of vernal flowers, a duteous missionary.
Nor cold can blight, nor fog thy pureness stain.
Beneath the dripping eaves, or on the slope
Of cottage garden, whether marked or no,
Thy meek head bends in undistinguished row.

Blessings upon thee, gentle bud of hope!
And nature bless the spot where thou dost grow—
Young life emerging from thy kindred snow!

Barry Cornwall calls it "the frail snowdrop, born of the breath of winter, and on his brow fixed like a pale and melancholy star," a pretty re-expression of Churton's line, "the snowdrop, shivering in the icy crown of winter, now grown old." *Galanthus nivalis* has many nicknames, being variously known in England, France, Italy and Switzerland as virgin flower, snow piercer, winter gallant, first-ling, blackbird flower, little snow bell, little white bell, baby bell, spring whiteness, white violet, but among the prettiest appellations bestowed upon this member of the amaryllis family is the one found in the following stanza:

To behold the snowdrop white
Start to light,
And shine in Flora's desert bowers,
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The Morning Star of Flowers.—*James Montgomery.*

Over and over again, the poets praise its early rising. "Along the brook, from leafy mould interred, we saw the snowdrop shyly peeping through," says Lloyd Mifflin. "When snowdrops droop over their dying snow," sang James Douglas long ago, in a ballad of his lady's birthday. Holmes tells us that "at first the snowdrop's bells are seen;" Norman Gale terms it "the snowdrop, child of wintry March;" Thomas Westwood reports that "the snowdrop pierces the snow," and according to another observer, it is:

The herald of the flowers,
Sent with its small white flag of truce, to plead
For its beleagured brethren; suppliantly
It prays stern winter to withdraw his troop
Of wind and blustering storms, and having won
A smile of promise from its pitying foe,
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
To the expectant host.

While Dr. Holmes speaks of:

The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
The frozen trophy torn from winter's crest.

"Wavers on her thin stem the snowdrop cold that trembles not to kisses of the bee." Tennyson records of *The Progress of Spring;* Owen Meredith considers the season at least commenced when "the rich earth, black and bare is starred with snowdrops everywhere;" George F. Savage-Armstrong feels assured that winter's over because "th' bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again;" Sir Joseph Noel Paton notes that with the return of the sunshine and the swallows, "snowdrops gleam by garden-path and lawn." In fact, this blossom may with confidence claim to be the first flower of spring, since "Nature, safe-smiling, draws the snowdrop through the snow" (Gerald Massey), and:

When winter's sceptre quivers
  Within his withered hand,
And from the captive rivers
  His crystal chains unband,
Above the sod they shyly peer,
The first-born blossom of the year.
—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

Because of its early blossoming, the snowdrop is dedicated to the Feast of the Purification. According to an old floral calendar rhyme, "The snowdrop in purest white arraie first rears her hedde on Candelmas daie," in memory of the Virgin's taking Jesus to the temple and presenting her gift. Therefore, it is one of the flowers held sacred to the Virgin Mary, and when on the day of the Purification her image was removed from the altar, these emblems of purity were strewn over the vacant place. Hence, the flower is also dedicated to maidenhood:

A flower that first in this sweet garden smiled,
To Virgins sacred, and the snowdrop styled.—*Tickell.*

This may account for its being a favorite flower in convent gardens, and not there alone, but wherever maidens may have a choice as to the flowers grown.

"A Nun of Winter Sisterhood,"
A Snowdrop in the garden stood,
Alone amid the solitude,
  That round her lay.—*John B. Tabb.*

Demure as downward-gazing nuns,
Frail snowdrops on the border grow
And through their files a light wind runs.—*W. C. Thorley.*

O loyal vestals in this land of sun,
Your white cheeks flush not, and your virgin eyes
Vouchsafe no lifted look. O where lies
The spell by which your gentleness can shun
These heats? Is it your hidden zone of gold?
Or in the emerald whose glimmers show,
Scarce show, beneath your white robes' inner fold?
—"*Snowdrops in Italy*," *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

When winter from the seaward range is gone,
By Esthwaite's shore is still a field of snow;
Thousands upon ten thousands snowdrops blow
In virgin sweet community as one,—
Type of the peace that dwells with God alone,
Emblems of angel brotherhood below;
Their beauty every village child may know
From Hawkshead vale to grey-built Coniston.
—*H. D. Rawnsley.*

Possessing so much of personal purity, the snowdrop becomes a modest rival to the lily's right to be used as the standard for stainlessness. "White feet ez snowdrops innercent, that never knowed the paths o' Satan," occurs in *Bigelow Papers.* In *The Princess,* the hero pays tribute to his mother as "some serene creation minted in the golden moods of sovereign artists; not a thought, a touch, but pure as lines of green that streak the white of the first snowdrop's inner leaves." In Tennyson's *St. Agnes' Eve* hymn is found the prayer: "Make Thou my spirit pure and clear as....this first snowdrop of the year."

She in the garden bower below
Sate loosely wrapt in maiden white,
Her face half-drooping from the sight,
A snowdrop on a tuft of snow.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

"The snowdrop's tender green and white," is a combination which delights the eye, and makes it worthy a place in poetry. "The sweetest snowdrop that I ever knew, it was green and white, when I put it away, and had one sweet bell and green leaves fair," might be true of any blossom of the species, and this description, in Sydney Dobell's *A Little Girl's Song,* is the snowdrop to perfection. In a Rossetti sonnet *(True Woman),* as one of the things most unseen, is named "the heart-shaped seal of green that flecks the snowdrop underneath the snow."

You ask why Spring's fair first-born flower is white!
Peering from out the warm earth long ago
It saw above its head great drifts of snow,
And blanched with fright.—*Clinton Scollard.*

Legend would have its origin otherwise: After the fall of man came winter, with its snowy pall for Eden's untimely end. Eve so mourned over the barren earth, one result of her sinful disobedience, and so sorely missed the beautiful things of the fields, which had surrounded her in Eden, that an angel was sent to earth to comfort her. He seized a flake of falling snow, breathed upon it, and bade it take form, and bud and blow. Ere it reached the ground it had turned into a beautiful flower, which Eve caught to her breast with gladness, for the angel said to her:

This is an earnest, Eve, to thee,
That sun and summer soon shall be.

The angel's mission ended, he departed, but where he had stood grew a ring of snowdrops. Eve prized this blossom more than all the other fair plants in Paradise, for not only did it break the spell of winter, but it also carried assurance of divine mercy. Hence, the flower means consolation and promise, and in floral language stands for "Hope."

When the snowdrop goes to town
  In her little grandmotherly bonnet,
With only a glimmer of earth
  And a magic of heaven upon it,
Look at the rainbow of spring
  In the eyes of the happy beholders,
Cares in a covey take wing
  And weariness falls from the shoulders.—*Norman Gale.*

Another poet (anonymous, unfortunately) sees in the blossom another meaning:

Like a true-hearted woman,
When all are gone but thee,
Thy blossom stands like Faithfulness
Amid Adversity.

But in many rural communities the pretty blossom is con-

sidered an emblem of death, particularly the first flower of the season, which is a most unlucky thing to carry into a house, according to one folk-lorist, who tells this anecdote: "Hearing a child violently scolded for bringing into the house a single snowdrop, which the mother called a death-token, I asked her why she gave this pretty flower so bad a name, and was informed that 'it looks for all the world like a corpse in its shroud, and that it always keeps itself quite close to the earth, seeming to belong more to the dead than to the living.' Why she believed that a single one brought death with it, while she regarded any larger number of them as harmless, she did not explain."

Thou beautiful new comer,
With white and maiden brow;
Thou fairy gift from summer,
Why art thou blooming now?
Thou art watching, and thou only,
Above the earth's snow tomb;
Thus lovely, and thus lonely,
I bless thee for thy bloom.—*Letitia E. Landon.*

Perhaps the blossom's connection with death is through the legend that a certain maiden, finding her lover dead, plucked a snowdrop and placed it on his wounds. It did not rouse him, but at the touch his flesh changed to snowdrops. This association with death occurs also in Lord de Tabley's lines:

Let snowdrops early in the year
Droop o'er her silent breast.

It is said that the word means not so much a "a drop of snow," but a "snowy drop," fit for wearing as an ear ornament, or other jewel. This is hinted in the lines already quoted from Cornwall, Churton, and Holmes, and most fittingly adapted by Wordsworth:

Who fancied what a pretty sight
This rock would be if edged around
With living snowdrops? circlet bright!
How glorious to this orchard ground!
Who loved the little rock, and set
Upon its head this coronet?

One authority suggests that "the snowdrop with airy bell"

is intended in Spencer's *Sonnet LXIV.*: "her snowy brows like budded belamoures;" which is a happy solution to the identity of the unknown plant, since the snowdrop is not only a "fair love," or "*bel amour,*" but is a *bell* indeed.

> And quivering bells of snowdrops, pure and white,
> Ring music on their stems—breeze-melodies,
> Of rustling petals, subtle elfin tunes,
> Felt, but not heard.
>
> And the light snowdrops, starting from their cells,
> Hang each pagoda with its silver bells.—*O. W. Holmes.*
>
> Through days of rain and nights of snow,
> A flower grew silently and slow,
> Till all around was white,
> Then clad in robes of tender green,
> With faëry bells that peep between,
> The snowdrop seeks the light.—*R. A. MacWilliams.*

A large part of the flower's claim to beauty and purity is its extreme modesty. "From out thy crevice deep white tufts of snowdrops peep," says Jean Ingelow. "There sweet white snowdrops soon will peep," prophesies another observer; "the south winds stop to kiss the modest snowdrop in the grass," corroborates a careful eyewitness, while Olive Custance reports that:

> Within the woods stand snowdrops, half asleep,
> With drooping heads—sweet dreamers so long lost.

But for all its shyness, the snowdrop is not utterly spiritless, and survives, if not defies, blasts which drive strong humans inside:

> —these frail snowdrops that together cling,
> And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
> Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.—*Wordsworth.*
>
> Only a tender little thing,
> So velvet soft and white it is;
> But March himself is not so strong,
> With all the great gales that are his.—*Harriet P. Spofford.*

The didactic value of this combination of strength and fragility, early-blooming and early-decaying, snowy white and leafy

green, makes the snowdrop a favorite flower with the poet for pointing a moral. "The snowdrop only, flow'ring thro' the year, would make the world as blank as wintertide," confesses Tennyson, although he also expresses admiration and affection for the blossom. Jean Ingelow marks how "the snowdrop blossoms, and then is not there, forgotten till men welcome it anew," and sees in this ready forgetting another proof of the fickleness of mankind. The brevity of life is summed up in these two lines by Katherine Saunders:

> I saw the snowdrop at its birth
> Felled by spears of rain to earth.

The immutability of nature and the inability of natural objects to partake of man's woes and perplexities was expressed long ago, in 1863 in fact, although it is just as applicable today: "A snowdrop is a snowdrop still despite the nation's joy or shame." In short, the poet has made figurative, as well as decorative, use of this generally beloved blossom:

> The student snowdrop, that doth hang and pore
> Upon the earth, like Science evermore.—*Sidney Lanier.*

> Twelve times the snowdrop o'er the snow
> Hath shivered.—*Alexander Smith.*

> She seemed like a snowdrop breaking,
> Not wholly alive nor dead;
> But with one blind impulse waking
> To the sounds of the spring overhead.—*Austin Dobson.*

> And I believe the brown earth takes delight
> In the new snowdrop looking back at her,
> To think that by some vernal alchemy
> It could transmute her darkness into pearl.—*J. R. Lowell.*

# New Books.

**POEMS OF CONFORMITY.** By Charles Williams. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.40.

An English soldier in France, closing, at "lights out," the book in which he had been reading of Robert Bridges, put it under his pillow, together with a volume of Browning and Chas. Williams' *Poems of Conformity*. And doing so he was moved to attempt an appraisement of these three poets' relations to Christianity and to Christ; which relations seemed to be mutually complementary. Bridges follows the counsel of St. Paul: "Whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, seek after these things" and the counsel of St. James, "to keep oneself unspotted from the world." He practises that "fugitive and cloistered virtue" which Milton said he would not praise, and yet has so praised in *Il Penseroso* as to lead his modern disciple captive to his own denied conclusion. Browning's is that more robust virtue which would prove all things and endure all things.

If so to summarize these two poets is to do them injustice, it is still harder to do justice to Mr. Williams. With a much more subtle intellect than Browning's his quest would seem to be to make the best of both worlds; body and spirit. He seeks no cloistered virtue, and would prove all things—even prove them to be good, if so it may be. His chastity and purity are not those of ice and snow, and though doubtless they are the superior purity of fire, yet his passion is so much more obviously subtle than it is fierce, that, rather than any virtue itself, active or passive, one sees in him the reward of virtue, the fulfillment of the promise, "If you shall handle serpent, or drink of any dangerous thing, it shall not hurt you." But to say this is still to leave the truth unsaid. Mr. Williams' poetry is not concerned with the "sweet reasonableness" and "lofty ethics" of Christ (not, at least, as the apostles and disciples of culture see them), and though his poetry is, largely considered, nothing but Christology, it is not (if I may say so without offence) "devotional." Mr. Williams' delighted intellect deals with mystery, and so flames into passion (we wronged him if we seemed to deny him vehemence or intensity of passion). His Jesus is Emmanuel, "God with us," incarnate once in Palestine, and now for

ever sacramentally "with us." He is concerned, as a poet of love, with Jesus at the Marriage in Cana, with Jesus and the Magdalen, with Jesus and the woman taken in adultery, with the virgin motherhood of Blessed Mary; as a poet of theology, with the Child Jesus disputing with the doctors in the Temple, and asking them questions; and, as a poet of politics, with Jesus rebuking the rich and the Pharisees.

His technique he takes where he finds it, provided only it be beautiful. The verse is, for the most part, "sheer lyrical," and if in one poem he seems too much to mimic Mrs. Meynell, and in another, Francis Thompson; yet when his verse calls up echoes of Shakespeare's sonnets, or Rossetti's lyrics, or Kipling's at his romantic best, or Browning's at his loveliest, their tune is his by grateful adoption and not by servile imitation. As a very lovely example, take this

Who is this coming,
  Turned from the door,
From the high feast, Love's feast,
  Feast of the poor?

It is the proud man
  Who cannot buy
Of the new food, Love's food:—
  Sweet, is it I?

Rough went poor spirits,
  In lane or mart,
For the good wine, Love's wine,
  Lean at the heart.

Poor men who trudged it,
  Ravenous, mired,
At a full board, Love's board,
  Sit gay-attired!....

O then be wise, sweet!
  Now let's go bare,
At the poor's feast, Love's feast,
  To have place there.

Mr. Williams has the mystical intellect; he is theological, Christological and, by consequence, moral. In his view this present World War is but a lover's quarrel on a larger scale: the lovers are guilty as the politicians. Conversely, Mr. Williams' Republic (or, to a less ready optimism, the Coming of the Kingdom) is but the

amity of lovers enlarged. And the Church's Liturgy and the Psalter, and their love-songs, are one and the same, minified and magnified. The Virgin Mother is all womanhood. We are all crucified together with Christ, and all live again in Him. Mr. Williams follows St. Paul and Patmore in the assumption of all paganism into Christianity. He has read Mr. Frazer's *The Golden Bough* with the intellect of a Christian mystic.

**CARDINAL MERCIER: PASTORALS, LETTERS, ALLOCUTIONS: 1914-1917.** New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.25 net.

As surely as the figure of Mercier, the hero of Belgium and the champion of human rights, will remain immortal, so will the record of his matchless words, spoken in the midst of the struggle, stay for all time on the pages of history and literature. The present volume gives us in their complete form the various pastorals, letters, and addresses written or delivered by the Cardinal from the time of the invasion of his country down to so late a date as January, 1917. To say that such a book is valuable is stating an obvious truth. It is invaluable. It is a classic of the War. It sums up in its content the whole story of the conflict. It opens up its secret archives to us and shows us state documents that are more than official papers, because they are written in blood and tears. It is at once a personal and an impersonal history. Here letters are exchanged between a reigning prelate and the officials of "the occupying power;" here records are laid bare, facts cited, pledges demanded and pledges given. But here also is revealed the perfidy of a conscienceless invader—pleadings scorned and pledges broken; a whole people enslaved; and the soul of that people finding instant utterance in the words of a man who seems to have verily been raised up by God to fight their battle for them and convict their oppressors before the eyes of the world.

The reading of this book has a remarkable effect on a man. Hitherto, no matter how familiar the name and heroic deeds of Mercier have been, the figure of the intrepid Cardinal has been more or less vague. We have known him only through the fragmentary glimpses the press could give us. But now, from these pages of his own, by the magic of a wholly unconscious self-revelation, he emerges a living breathing being, whose voice, pleading for pity and denouncing the oppressors of his people, rings in our ears until we are stirred to the very depths. No man can be said to have

read the history of the World War until he has read this volume. And no man will take up the book without finishing it, perhaps at one sitting; for it grips and holds, and by the sheer force of its compelling language, sweeps one on to the end. The translation is masterfully done.

**THE HOSTAGE.** By Paul Claudel. New York: Yale University Press. $1.50 net.

To M. Claudel's growing audience in America which has, up to the present, had an opportunity of enjoying—and puzzling over —only two of his books in English translation, this volume will prove most welcome. *The Hostage* is an easier drama to read than *The Tidings Brought to Mary* ever could be, or *Le Repos De Septième Jour,* or *Tête d'Or,* were they procurable in English.

Claudel can always be depended on for a surprise. In *The Hostage,* with consummate daring, he chooses a theme that perhaps no other writer, living or dead, would ever have ventured upon. He kidnaps a Pope; and on this abduction and its outcome he rests the fate of a woman's body and soul. George de Coufontaine, secret agent for the deposed royalty of France, steals from his impious keepers the person of the imprisoned Pius VII., not to free the persecuted pontiff but because, crushed by misfortunes and tormented by unbelief, he has come to the desperate pass of challenging the God Whose very existence he would deny. To the ruined cloister of Coufontaine he brings his august captive in the dead of the night, placing him in the safe keeping of his betrothed, his cousin Sygne, the sole survivor left with him to preserve the name and estates of his family. Sygne is a believer. Her pure soul reflects the very image of God. Her faith, unshaken by the same terrific blasts of tragedy and ruin which have blinded the eyes of George and made of him a defiant atheist, shines forth in patience and good deeds, in strength and resignation. She has given her life to the restoration of the Coufontaine estate. With her own hands she has pieced together the shattered crucifix of the ruined abbey. Together she and George are yet to mend the broken fortunes of their family. And then comes this strange visitor in the night and a consequent tragedy so dire as to make the former sufferings of the Coufontaines seem as nothing by comparison. Another figure emerges out of that fateful night—the uncouth, sharp-witted renegade Turelure, once a monk in this very cloister of Coufontaine; now the servant of Sygne—and more than her serv-

ant; for true son of the Revolution that he is, the beast unleashed, he has in secret conceived an unholy passion for this upright maiden; and she who fears nothing else and faces disaster with a smile and a prayer, is afraid of him.

This is the unique dramatic situation to which Claudel brings us: between the pure love of George and Sygne interposes the lust of Turelure; and he, possessed of their secret concerning the abducted Pope, demands the maiden in marriage, else the Supreme Pontiff will fall into his bloody hands. If she would save the Pope, Sygne must break her sworn faith with her betrothed, forget her love and yield herself to a monster.

Claudel handles these intense situations masterfully. A great poet, whose utterances flow molten from the crucible of his glowing mind, he is likewise a great dramatist, capable of tremendous effects of suspense, of pathos, of high tragedy. From a dramatic point of view *The Hostage* would be magnificent, overpowering save that it " overreaches itself and falls on the other." The unities raised so high fall with a crash the more disastrous because of the height they had attained. Sygne is a soul of the highest Christian principles, most unselfish in her love of Christ. Through the most grievous of temptations she has proved absolutely true and then she fails and falls—and this on the advice of a priest. Her plighted word is broken—to save the Pope. She does evil that good may come and Claudel images this as the acme of sacrifice. This climax is not the result of " ecclesiastical " morality, as Pierre Chavannes rather ironically says in his preface: it is due to the poison of the East imbibed by the gifted Claudel and which, in this instance at least, has made him forget that Christian mysticism is founded on simple basic truths and that sacrifice is fulfillment not sterility: that Christ came to give life and give it more abundantly. There can hardly be found in all literature a more moving picture of pathos and crushing tragedy than that of Sygne renouncing her all through a false notion of sacrifice. Since this false notion is the theme of the play and the whole action converges towards this scene, we must term the work, for all its dramatic and literary power, un-Christian and immoral.

**FRENCH WINDOWS.** By John Ayscough. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40 net.

It sounds like a contradiction of terms to speak of a charming war book; yet this is exactly what John Ayscough's new volume is

—a book of the War, written in the very heat of the War and out of its turbulent heart, throbbing with its deepest feelings, and yet charming beyond words. Here we have the record of a chaplain's experiences during eighteen months' service at the front, in France and Belgium—the story of the soldier's heart, as it is revealed in all its sincerity and simplicity to the man of God as he lives beside him and walks among the ranks; and the story, too, of the people's hearts, as they are laid open in all their suffering before the priest's compassionate eyes. Whatever of self-revelation the soldier himself in this War may write, we can never again quite so penetratingly see into it as John Ayscough makes us see.

The love of God, finding instant expression in a tender and compassionate fellowship with men, plays like a light over every page of this book. There are tears in it, and terror; but humor, also, smiles glinting through the mists, and beauty shining on the horizon, however the murk and smoke of ruin or battlefield may veil the vision.

**THE ASHLEY-SMITH EXPLORATIONS AND THE DISCOVERY OF A CENTRAL ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC (1822-29).** The original Journals edited by Harrison C. Dale, Professor of Political Science in the University of Wyoming. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clarke Co. $5.00 nèt.

This volume contains a fascinating and most valuable account, at first hand, of the discovery of the central and southwestern route to the Pacific. The first episode in the finding of the famous overland way to California is taken from the journal of William Ashley, a native Virginian and noted fur trader, who made his way up the South Platte River in 1824-25, across Northern Colorado to the neighborhood of the Great Salt Lake. In 1826, Jedediah Smith journeyed through the deserts of Utah and Nevada, thence over the Sierras to San Gabriel and San Diego, in California, the first American to reach that state by land. The Smith narrative is given chiefly from the original manuscripts of Harrison Rogers, Smith's clerk on the expedition to California. They contain interesting accounts of their visit to some of the early Spanish missions on the Western Coast, notably that of San Gabriel in Southern California, where the explorers met with the kindest hospitality.

The book is a material contribution to the history of the American and British fur trade, and contains the earliest known description of Yellowstone National Park. Aside from its histori-

cal importance, as compiled from original manuscripts, it is an interesting and entertaining tale of the adventures of two of our most important explorers. Unfortunately only seven hundred and fifty copies of this book have been printed, and the type distributed, so there will be no other edition.

**THE HONAN HOSTEL CHAPEL, CORK.** By Sir John R. O'Connel, M.A., LL.D. Cork: Guy & Co., Ltd.

In this monograph of less than sixty pages, designed as a souvenir of the memorial chapel erected for Catholic students at the University College, Cork, the author has produced a valuable little treatise on ecclesiastical architecture, and has given us an interesting *résumé* of the development of Irish church building.

We could wish that many pastors and bishops in America might read this volume. With the exception of a few cathedral churches, and of California with her ideal Mission type of church edifice, America has nothing to boast of in the way of sacred architecture; and she has a good deal to blush at. The raw, barn-like, meeting-house type of church building is too much with us. Perhaps it is too early yet to expect us to develop a native architecture. But it is not too soon to begin to wish for it!

Sir John O'Connel's book lays down some very simple rules for the building of a church which shall be expressive of the very soil from which it springs, like a link between earth and heaven; and forthwith he shows how these rules have been applied and worked out in the chapel which he describes. Not a little of his work could serve as a guide to the American pastor who has the building of a church on his hands. His chapters on church decorations, furnishings, site, and so on, are illuminating and full of common sense.

**SOCIALISM AND FEMINISM.** With an Introduction on the "Climax of Civilization." By Correa Moylan Walsh. Vol. I.—*The Climax of Civilization,* $1.25; Vol. II.—*Socialism,* $1.50; Vol. III.—*Feminism,* $2.50. The set $4.50. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

Here are three well-written volumes by a man of extensive knowledge, vigorous intellectual grasp, and keen logical powers; and if these qualities were all that were needed for the solution of mankind's problems the present work would deserve high position indeed. Mr. Walsh is what might be called an historical rationalist; that is, he has taken all history for his province, and subjecting it to

the dry light of reason has propounded certain theories thereon and examined certain human phenomena by the aid of those theories.

In Volume I., *The Climax of Civilization,* we have the ground-plan of his examination. Holding that, not humanity at large, but the "civilized state is a growing organism, and the advance of civilization is this growth," he shows by past analogy how the state like other organisms has its time of growth, maturity, decline, and finally disintegration. This is the old theory of cycles, but he gives it a new application by likening the progression of the moments of civilization to that of a point on the rim of a wheel rolling uphill.

Believing that we are at "the beginning of the culminating plane or swell of our cycle, having nearly reached the highest point of material civilization of which our society....is capable," and having shown by historical instance that Socialism and feminism arise in the culminating period of the civilization cycle and face toward decline, he has in his two succeeding volumes set himself the task of proving that both Socialism and feminism contain the sure germs of decay for the civilization that admits them, "for beneath each of them is a new morality of sentiment, replacing the old morality of duty—of selfishness driving out the spirit of self-sacrifice and willingness to assume obligations."

In *Socialism,* besides showing its inherent tendencies to deterioration, he proves its utter impracticability; and in *Feminism,* after disposing of some of its fundamental assumptions and setting straight some of its twisted logic, he proceeds to show that "woman suffragism is individualism run mad and tending to its opposite, collectivism....a neo- and pseudo-democracy resting on opinion instead of will." Moreover, Socialism and feminism have this in common, that they are both striving for an equality—the one an equality of the poor with the rich, the other an equality of women with men—which would "violate nature; for the one is contrary to the natural constitution of society, and the other to the natural constitution of the human body."

The amount of thought in these three volumes lifts them above the average contribution to current philosophy, and by the sheer force of logic many sophisms are riddled and many sound conclusions arrived at; but it is to be noted that these conclusions are in the main negative conclusions, and when we come to examine the positive side of the present work we find at once the weakness it

has in common with all rationalism. Morality becomes little more than custom, manners *(mores)*; religion a more or less subjective creation of man to bulwark his spiritual instincts. Hence, authority, rights, duty, are of ambiguous import and without solid basis. In other words, the capital defect of rationalism is that it can furnish no sanction for what it recommends, or rather no sanction outside itself, thus becoming, under an intellectual disguise, simply the old game of trying to lift oneself by the bootstraps.

**MILITANT AMERICA AND JESUS CHRIST.** By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 65 cents net.

In this booklet a well-known Syrian Protestant minister gathers together some of the New Testament passages and incidents which show the militant spirit of Our Lord during His sacred life on earth. As an interpreter of Syrian manners and customs, Mr. Rihbany has already established a reputation; and there can be no questioning his zeal and devotion. The trouble with this book, however, as with all his writings, is that it does not approach Christ from the full Christian standpoint. In his eagerness to make Our Divine Saviour the more human and the more understandable to others, Mr. Rihbany appears to have thrown up a lot of Syrian dust through which it is not always easy to see clearly the Christ Who is Divine. His interpretation of Christ lacks authority; the Christ he pictures for his readers lacks authority. And of what use to soldiers or anyone else, to men seeking the light, is a Christ Who lacks authority, Who cannot lead or command

**ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE FOR 1917.** By William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.00 net.

Whatever his faults as a critic of literature, Mr. Braithwaite has made an indisputable place for himself as an historian of modern poetry. This *Anthology* is the fifth published by him, and the largest and most important. That it is important cannot be denied, for, though its estimate of current verse may too often err, it is nevertheless a record—and the only record, we have, outside of the files of the magazines themselves—of the poetical utterances of our twentieth century American singers. With his *Anthology* as such we can have no fault to find; on the contrary we are thankful for it.

But such an *Anthology* must by its very nature be a thing of bits; the record of one man's judgment only, one man's tastes and predilections in poetry; and no one could expect from the reading public an unanimous agreement with its conclusions and decisions. There is an over-emphasis on the morbid, a leaning toward the sensual and the grotesque, in these selections, when they are summed up, which is anything but American. It is rather an echo of the decadence which has characterized Continental poetry during the past generation—a decadence now out of fashion in Paris, though belated in its arrival over here. If, for instance, John Hall Wheelock's *Earth,* pagan and pantheistic to the core, is to be taken as a great American poem, then assuredly we are in a sad, sad state! If Edgar Lee Master's dictum—which he puts in the mouth of Shakespeare in his *Tomorrow Is My Birthday*—that sex is the be-all and end-all in human life, is to be accepted, then we are fallen low indeed since the days of Matchless Will! We cannot accept such utterances, no matter how felicitously or sonorously voiced, as great or as American; no more than we can comprehend how Mr. Braithwaite could have passed on such an obviously silly and pointless criticism of the baptismal service as that implied in Amy Sherman Bridgman's *The Christening.* Here we have the poet not only protesting in a feeble feminine manner against the doctrine of original sin, but even objecting to the words of the ritual which signify the soul's Christian soldiership. Surely this is pacifism gone mad! And the same lack of perception which admitted Miss Sherman's verses to the *Anthology,* included Odell Shepherd's *A Nun,* with its trashy old-fashioned notion that those who choose the religious life are disappointed lovers and heart-broken women. When, O when, will our poets and novelists be done with that nonsensical falsehood!

Still, we rise from the reading of Mr. Braithwaite's book with hope rather than discouragement. We agree with him when he says that "the condition of American poetry is persuasively healthy"—though one would hardly arrive at that diagnosis from the reading of his *Anthology* despite the inclusion therein of a number of clear-sighted vigorous spiritual utterances. But we disagree absolutely with him when he declares that as Americans we have at last struck our poetic stride. We have not—far from it! We are still in the stages of creeping and stumbling; and no more convincing evidence of the fact could be found than Mr. Braithwaite's *Anthology* for 1917.

**A LITERARY PILGRIM IN ENGLAND.** By Edward Thomas. New York: Dood, Mead & Co. $3.00 net.

Well-printed, artistically illustrated, entertainingly written, this book can be recommended for the pleasant employment of an idle hour. Making no pretensions to profound criticism or elaborate description, it may be termed a personally conducted tour through several of the most picturesque districts of rural England associated with some of the most distinguished names in modern English literature. The author has evidently made himself thoroughly familiar with both places and personages, and the literary gossip he retails is enlivened or embellished by copious and appropriate extracts in prose and verse. Though the volume contains some three hundred pages, few of the articles would require more than half an hour to read.

**THE PARTY, AND OTHER STORIES.** By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The most obvious comment on this volume—the fourth of Chekhov's tales which Mrs. Garnett has put into English—is its deliberate joylessness. This perverse murkiness (it goes by the name of " implacable realism " in modern critical parlance) is found abundantly in other literature besides the Russian. Only in the latter, however, does it seem to be uniquely at home. In French or English letters, " realism " may be viewed as a crowning discovery or a pathological interruption, according to the viewer's literary philosophy; it cannot, in either case, be called the law of that literature. With the Russians it is different. There is a profound homogeneity in the realistic temper of such of their works, at least, as have come over into the English, which makes the very differences between school and school of minor importance. It is the spirit which inclines naturally, unrebelliously, almost tranquilly, to pessimism. Its literary artists prefer black as others prefer crimson and gold. They are caught in the idea of human helplessness and frustration. They are hypnotized in quiescence. To them, life at its best (as in Tolstoi) is strangely lacking in joy; at its worst, it is a cunningly contrived avenue of seeming significance, leading inevitably into a *cul-de-sac*.

In the pages of a blazoned realist like Chekhov, the achievements and defects of this temperament appear at their plainest.

There is the plausible psychology, the mastery of moments, in which no one has excelled the ablest Russian realists. There is the amorphous, impressionistic style of narration, with no trace of the sharply defined, creative technique which molds the best type of English and French short story. And there is, finally, the unequivocal statement of the unholy philosophy which broods over all realistic literature. There are eleven tales in this volume, and in none of them is life found anything better than unintelligible. The sweetness and spirituality have been carefully extracted from life, and there is left a sort of carnival of sordidness and inconsequence which is like a nightmare of the soul. It is nothing to say that these tales are not Christian. They are not even in the nobler tradition of paganism.

**LIFE AND LETTERS OF SISTER ST. FRANCIS XAVIER OF THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE OF ST. MARY OF THE WOODS, INDIANA.** Translated from the French by one of the Sisters. St Louis: B. Herder. $2.25.

Irma Le Fer de la Motte, Sister St. Francis Xavier, was born in Brittany in the early years of the nineteenth century (1816). Her immediate ancestors had lived through the Terror with its agonies and sorrows, and had suffered for the Faith. This home was a perfect training for the hardest religious life, and when Irma's call to the American mission came she was ready and joyful to answer the call. The year 1842 found her in Indiana at the first home of the Sisters of Providence—St. Mary of the Woods—her heart's desire fulfilled.

A charming and attractive personality, a sprightly and affectionate disposition, a sympathy which forgot self to enter into the joys and sorrows of others, made her beloved by all—a host in herself, a support to her superiors and her sisters in religion. Her co-laborers are among the heroes and heroines of those pioneer days in the early history of the Catholic Church in the United States—Bishops Flaget and Bruté; Mother Theodore Guerin with many others. The last named was her superior for all the years of her mission life from 1842 till her death in 1856, when Mother Theodore also went to her eternal reward. Irma's biography is largely told in her own words, and pictures the ups and downs of those pioneer days in vivid touches. A sketch of her life, previously published, was fittingly entitled *An Apostolic Woman,* a title she most certainly earned.

**THE RIDDLES OF HAMLET AND THE NEWEST ANSWERS.** By S. A. Blackmore, S.J. Boston: The Stratford Co. $2.00.

All students of Shakespeare, and in particular all teachers of literature, will welcome this interesting and valuable work. The author's name will not be unknown to them; for already he has given them his commentary on Macbeth *(Macbeth: A Great Soul in Conflict)*, a treatise which has proved helpful and illuminating in a high degree. This companion volume will again lead them behind the scenes of Shakespeare's theatre, and indeed further—into the workshop of his brain and the very domain of his soul.

To apply the touchstone of Christian truth to the works of the great master—this is Father Blackmore's avowed purpose in his Shakespearean studies. The author lays his foundations deftly and quickly; and on them builds the structure of his argument with such persuasive grace and such compelling logic that he not only solves the riddles of Hamlet, but makes us marvel, in the light of Christian truth, that they ever were considered riddles. To Shakespeare, as Father Blackmore proves, they were not riddles, because Shakespeare's mind was Catholic, his viewpoint Catholic, his whole interpretation of life Catholic. Once the reader or spectator of the tragedy gets this viewpoint, his difficulties vanish.

A work of this nature is bound to achieve much in the cause of Christian truth. It makes a strong appeal to the non-Catholic student and critic. It is never captious or bitter, but at every point so convincing, so strong, so persuasive, that it would be difficult to measure the good it will do.

**INNOCENCE AND IGNORANCE.** By M. S. Gillet, O.P. Translated by J. Elliot Ross, C.S.P. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.40.

Some five years ago two professors of theology at the Catholic University in Innsbruck issued a book on the question of sex-instruction for the young which met with much approval from those of our pastors and educators who were able to read it in its original. No translation was made; but a demand for such a book was created. Since then there has been more than one treatise on this subject from Catholic writers. The latest to appear in English is Father Ross' authorized translation of Abbé Gillet's *Innocence and Ignorance*.

Abbé Gillet is opposed to the "method of silence" in treatment of sex-awakening in the young—a method which he

declares is still popular with the majority of our educators. But he is still more opposed to the secular methods, advocated by many, of so-called "scientific" education in purity. The dangers of promiscuous instruction in these delicate matters he makes plain. It is the middle course, the course of common sense, that the Abbé champions—the simple Catholic method of first preparing the soul of the young by strengthening it, before opening its eyes to the dangers about it. This preparation must begin at the cradle; hence it is the parents who are responsible. His whole work, in fact, is addressed first of all to parents. The safety of the children lies in their hands. He shows strikingly how easy it is for the parent who keeps and fosters the confidence of his children, to lead them safely through the dark waters of nature's upheaval; how hopeless the task of that parent who loses hold of his children's hearts.

The value of such a book to Catholic educators and confessors is very great. We could wish, however, for a more simplified treatise for the use of the average parent—who, after all, is the one who must be reached, and reached as directly as possible. We are inclined to think that an "adaptation" of Abbé Gillet's volume, rather than what appears to be an almost literal translation, would have served better. This Father Ross may yet give us, we hope.

**LITTLE PILGRIMS TO OUR LADY OF LOURDES.** By Mrs. Francis Blundell. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.10.

It is to be hoped that this book will have the effect its author desires in exciting prayers to Our Lady of Lourdes from many "little pilgrims" the world over, to the end that peace may come quickly to the warring world. Certainly the little volume—which is offered to Our Lady in thanksgiving for a child's marvelous recovery—deserves to be read by every Catholic child. It takes the small reader by stages through the whole story of Bernadette Soubirous, closing each short chapter with a naturally drawn lesson on the traits which Bernadette has shown—humility, modesty, loving confidence—and on the peculiar graciousness and lovableness of Our Lady. There is a union of simple devotion and narrative charm which makes it attractive reading for even a grown-up. There is, moreover, no forcing of the little meditations, nor has the author made the one mistake most fatal and most common in children's books—that of "stepping down" in the story or oversimplifying the diction, to fit a mistaken conception of what a child's mind really is.

**"HONEST ABE."** By Alonzo Rothschild. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00 net.

This study in honesty is based on the early life of Abraham Lincoln, whose peculiar integrity attracted the attention of those with whom he came in contact in both private and public life. Mr. Rothschild is well known as a student of Lincoln, and has already treated of him as a "master of men."

This new addition to Lincolniana contains many interesting anecdotes of his life at the Bar. "The love of money never twined its sinister roots around the heart of Abraham Lincoln," for "wealth" he always considered, "simply a superfluity of what we don't need." Poor as he was, he would never accept a fee or engage his services in a cause which he did not believe to be intrinsically right. As he said once after hearing the story of a man who wished to employ him as his lawyer: "Well, you have a pretty good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time while standing talking to the jury, I'd be thinking, 'Lincoln, you're a liar;' and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud."

Lincoln in court was "truth in action," and was in all respects the ideal advocate with a sensitive and rare standard of professional ethics.

**THE ROYAL OUTLAW.** By Charles B. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

King David is *The Royal Outlaw;* and this volume sets forth, in the form of an historical novel, his vicissitudes during the period of Saul's persecutions until, upon the death of the latter, he is acclaimed ruler of Israel.

We gather from the publisher's announcement that the book was written in response to a hypothetical need of a popular version of the biblical story which would make the people of those times "our fellow-beings and friends." Unfortunately, the author appears to have felt that to accomplish his purpose he must eliminate from the incomparable romance its inner significance. The hand with which he has removed the veil of symbolism was curiously maladroit and lacking in ordinary veneration for a literary masterpiece. The awe-inspiring Samuel is shown attempting to incite David to treason against Saul, and is rebuked by him with indignation; the mantle of tragic dignity that shrouds the figure of Saul

is torn away; and David is presented as a sort of Robin Hood who comports himself among his followers with a *bonhomie* that sometimes approaches buffoonery. In the remark: "God give thee good sense and a shade less poetry, David," the author lets us glimpse the psalmist: but of "the man after God's own heart," His prophet and servant, there is not the faintest adumbration.

**IN HAPPY VALLEY.** By John Fox, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

Those who know Mr. Fox's work know how clear is his eye for observing, and how genuine is his literary power for recounting what he has seen. This present volume is a series of tales centring about the region which he has made peculiarly his own—the mountains of Kentucky. The best story in the collection is *His Last Christmas Gift,* a grim little masterpiece softened by a touch that almost brings tears. The other tales lack somewhat in compactness and unity, but there is enough interesting material, warmly and humanly presented, to make them all very good reading.

**LIFE OF ROBERT E. LEE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.** By J. G. and Mary Hamilton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

This is a biography for young Americans of North and South alike, and is written by the head of the department of history in the University of North Carolina. It tells in a bright, informal way the life of one of our greatest Americans, whose noble, simple character and steadfast devotion to what he believed to be right, need to be more widely known and appreciated in all parts of our country. The last traces of bitterness between North and South are now disappearing, when the descendants of the followers of Lee and the followers of Grant are marching away to battle under the same flag; for the South has heeded the counsel given by Lee to his faithful people: "Remember that we form one country now. Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans." This is a book that every boy and girl should own.

**THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT.** By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

It is a far cry from *Richard Carvel* and *The Crisis* to *The Dwelling Place of Light,* Winston Churchill's latest attempt at modern, realistic fiction. Those earlier books, and others that immediately followed them, were romances worth reading. His

more recent novels reveal what is, to those who once believed in him and his promise, a sad spectacle. Undeniably this gifted writer, whose beginnings predicted the coming of a true romancer of the highest rank into American letters, has degenerated. We saw this in *Coniston,* but tried to blink the fact. It stared at us all the more insistently in *The Inside of the Cup,* and last year in a *Far Country.* Now with *The Dwelling Place of Light* as further confirmation, we are forced to admit that our author not only has degenerated, but is rapidly going further down hill.

It is not only as a literary artist that Mr. Churchill disappoints in this book. His later writings had revealed him as more or less a student of affairs; he appeared to be achieving a certain social vision—at any rate he showed the initial symptoms of such a development. In view of this it was not unreasonable to expect that he might eventually come to the stature of a more or less responsible exponent of things as they are. But here we find him gone so horribly astray that he actually turns "I. W. W.," radical, specialist and advocate of the worst things Marx or Engels or Bill Haywood could espouse—not even excepting free love. What more can be said?

Frankly, we believe that this novel merits severe condemnation. It can make no appeal whatever to the American Catholic: it is equally bad from the religious standpoint, and as a social document. Any man who, at this stage of our national life, with a war on our hands and many internal dangers and problems to cope with, will publish such a defence of the propaganda of syndicalism and mob-rule, deserves a reprimand.

**THE SOUL OF A BISHOP.** By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

To many who have eagerly anticipated the successor to *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* the present novel will bring a disappointment for which the author's intention is no less responsible than his limitations. He has virtually made a mere re-statement of *God the Invisible King* in the form of fiction. It is the story of Edward Scrope, Anglican bishop of Princhester, who realizes that he has shattering doubts both as to his Church's doctrines and its value and usefulness as an institution. The War brings these misgivings to a climax of unhappiness. At this juncture he has three visions which reveal to him the God Who is soon to be worshipped by all men, save a small minority. Mr. Wells does not so insist, as in the

last-named book, that this deity is finite; he says it does not matter whether this be so or not. God's essence is simplicity, and but for "the weakness and wickedness of priests" everyone would understand Him. Except for their theological speculations, the doctrine of the Trinity would not exist; except for this doctrine, there would not be the division of mankind into nations and kingdoms, with the concomitant issues that lead to war. All over the world men are awakening to this truth; a change is imminent; creeds and differentiations will be abolished, and mankind will dwell in peaceful unity of allegiance to one invisible King, under whatever name He may be known.

It has more than once been Mr. Wells' experience to witness an early verification of something he has foretold. In this instance, he has shown discretion in admitting that much time may be required for the fulfillment of this extensive prophecy. It will not be hastened by this exposition. Seldom has propaganda been less beguilingly presented. The title fails to justify itself. Mr. Wells falls into the special error of his time and his school of thought—he identifies the mental with the spiritual. It is the workings of Scrope's mind, not his soul, that we follow, even when his native honesty impels him to abandon his office and his church.

**GARDENS OVERSEAS AND OTHER POEMS.** By Thomas Walsh. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

The mark of distinction and scholarship is stamped on the writing of Thomas Walsh. He has been called one of the most scholastic of America's present-day poets, and has long been accorded a place among the intellectuals. A glance at his new volume confirms this estimate; here we find poetry of the highest grade, of the finest polish; Spanish poetry and Italian poetry, Russian and Latin poetry, and songs (these too from the Spanish) out of South America—all done into faultless flowing English; and finally we have the poet himself, in his own tongue and his own utterance, singing of life as he beholds it and would interpret it, with imaginative force and much felicity of expression.

While Mr. Walsh's translations are pleasing and interesting, and his offering of characteristic verse from Latin America of much value as a revelation to the North American of the spirit of his Southern—and strangely unknown—neighbor, it is nevertheless as himself that we like the poet best—when he sings of *Our Little House* and of *The Kingdom of the Rose;* when he recounts some

such lovely legend as *The Vision of Fra Angelico* or pictures *The Harbor Fog* or *Moonrise on Manhattan.* The latter poem is full of memorable phrases and striking imagery; and it is a long day since we have read lovelier lyrics than *Stars on the Water* and *At Memory's Casement.*

There are, it is true, some verses in the book which we would have omitted—some that appear forced beside the exquisite grace of others; there is unevenness and some infelicities—as, for instance, the "brow of the large gray eyes," which mars the opening poem; but these flaws are only made evident by the beauty of the work as a whole.

**CHARRED WOOD.** By "Myles Muredach." Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co. $1.25 net.

This "mystery story" contains many familiar elements; the morgantic marriage of a Grand Duke, the substitution of a living infant for a dead one, the remarkable likeness between twin sisters, all bringing about international complications when the pursuit of a young and willful Grand Duchess extends to this country. With this there is introduced newer and more original material in the character of a priest, Father Murray, who feels himself constrained to maintain silence that brings him into temporary disfavor with his superiors, causing him to be degraded from the office of Vicar-General to that of pastor of a small country parish. Thus humbled, he attains great heights of spirituality, and learns so to love obscurity that when vindication comes, with attendant elevation, it is a grief and a hardship to him. The title is derived from a line then read by him: "Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?" He is the book's centre of interest, although this is too frequently obscured by faulty constructions.

**MY WAR DIARY.** By Mary King Waddington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Vast as will be the accumulation of war literature when the great struggle is over, Madame Waddington's contribution will occupy by right a place of distinction, as affording illumination of a unique character. The entries in her diary cover the first eighteen months, and record many incidents, scenes, and touches of character that only her social prominence could bring in her way. She gives us glimpses of the men most eminent in French affairs of state, describes conditions both in Paris and in the country, and

tells of the tone of the public mind at various stages of the War's progress. We learn, too, of the workshop for women, and other relief work which she was instrumental in organizing. The book is necessarily personal, yet it is most attractively free from any touch of self-importance.

**A FATHER OF WOMEN AND OTHER POEMS.** By Alice Meynell. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd. 35 cents net.

A new poem by Alice Meynell is always an episode worth noting, while a new volume is an event. Many readers must, indeed, have been waiting with something like eagerness for the poems which should follow that achingly memorable utterance of the very first war days, *Summer in England*. There have been but few followers, it would seem, during the three years "Too dark for love or song;" but all of the sixteen now published are too good to be foregone by lovers of the fine things in literature. In subject they range from the tragic nearness of Edith Cavell to the remoteness of Tintaretto's trick in light and shadow. In form they are at once reticent and ejaculatory in Mrs. Meynell's characteristic manner. Always the viewpoint is unique and high, as in the poem which gives title to the slim volume—a poem of the best and rarest feminism, the daughters of man swift to take up the world's work when "his sons are dust."

No hand but Mrs. Meynell's, surely, could have devised those subtle fancies upon sleep, *Free Will*, and fear in a baby's face, or that exquisite meditation to *A Thrush Before Dawn*. And the hand loses nothing of its cunning, nor the voice of its charm.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' DIARY FOR 1918, by Mary Parker Converse, is pubished by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is handy in size, usefully arranged, and includes at the top of every page a selected quotation helpful to the soldier. The little book reprints Cardinal O'Connell's exhortation to the American soldiers, and at the end has a classical benediction from John Henry Cardinal Newman.

SISTER ROSE AND THE MASS OF REPARATION, by Mother Mary of the Cross, a work for loving souls whose sympathy goes out to the Heart that "came unto His own, and whose own received Him not," comes to us from B. Herder, St. Louis (20 cents). It is peculiarly suited to these times. Sociology, hu-

manitarianism and philanthropy busy themselves with the wants of the neighbor but are too apt to exile God from His own creation. We, Catholics, need to be reminded that Our Lord is not loved, not served, not obeyed; hence there is need to repair this neglect. The work of *The Mass of Reparation* concerns itself with the honor of God wounded by the willful neglect of the commandment to hear Mass on Sundays and Holydays, and those who engage in this work undertake to hear a second Mass, either on Sunday, or during the week, in reparation for this serious sin of omission.

FROM Benziger Brothers: *The Boyhood of a Priest* (50 cents), by Armel O'Connor, who believes that a healthy, well-balanced manhood is best fitted for bearing the burden of being an *alter Christus*. The author pleads, therefore, for the cultivation of the natural as well as the supernatural virtues in the youthful hearts of those destined to stand at the altar of God. Also: *Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,* by Father Ratcliffe, S.J. (45 cents), containing chapters on Jesus Christ, God and Man, and on the Essence, Characteristics, Advantage and Rewards of devotion to the Heart burning with love for us. And *Thursdays with the Blessed Sacrament,* by Rev. C. McNeiry (60 cents), a collection of touching and edifying true stories of devotion to Our Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament.

## FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

The *Journal et Pensées de Chaque Jour* of Madame Félix Leseur with an introduction by Father Janvier, O.P. (Paris: J. de Gigord), is one of those rare and delightful revelations of a very mortified, interior life faithfully pursued in the midst of numerous social obligations. Elizabeth Leseur was not holy in spite of these obligations, but by loftiness of motive and aspiration, made her intercourse with people and her worldly occupations the very fibre and tissue of her supernatural life: she was "all things to all men to win them unto Christ." Physically a great sufferer, she set hersef to be "always bright, with a smile for everyone, to hide my sufferings as much as possible, to forget myself and to be devoted and charming for others in order that this amiability may be all for God's honor and glory." "Every soul that uplifts self, uplifts the world," was the motto she gave her sister. Small wonder that she drew after her to the practice of religion her husband, a prominent journalist and politician and an avowed free thinker. The *Journal* has the unconscious charm of a document never intended for publication.

# Recent Events.

**Peace Talk.**

The period covered by the present notes of recent events has been devoted almost exclusively to the consideration of war aims and the consequent terms of peace. In Great Britain, the Marquis of Lansdowne opened the discussion by his letter expressing the opinion that the time had come for a negotiated peace, and calling upon the Government to disclose its terms more particularly than had been done hitherto. This letter received a certain amount of support from influential papers, like the Manchester *Guardian* and the Westminster *Gazette,* as well as the daily *News,* and also from well-known men, such as Lord Parmoor, Lord Weardale, Lord Sheffield, Lord Denmar and Lord Gladstone. Even the late Earl Grey has been mentioned as approving of the step taken by Lord Lansdowne, and the Earl of Loreburn as well. Mr. Asquith, too, has been cited as a supporter of his former opponent, but, as a matter of fact, he did no more than declare his full belief in the honesty of purpose of the writer of the letter. He declared that the Marquis of Lansdowne had been misunderstood and that he was a supporter of a decisive war. The letter has produced no definite results, nor changed the Government's purpose to pursue the War. In substantiation of this, the Attorney-General of Great Britain, speaking in New York, asserted that Great Britain's determination to fight to a decisive issue was unshaken. In pursuance of this policy five hundred thousand more men have been summoned to the colors, although this call involves the taking of men from trades essential to the carrying on of the War.

Lord Lansdowne's letter was followed by the demand made by the Russian Government upon its Allies to publish their terms of peace, with the intimation that their failure to do so would lead that Government to negotiate with Germany alone a separate peace. No direct reply was made, as the Bolsheviki ministry has not been recognized as even a *de facto* government by any of the Entente Allies. Indirect replies, however, were made by Mr. Lloyd George and subsequently by the President. As these contain the more detailed statement of the purposes and aims of Great Britain and the United States, and as at the Brest-Litovsk Conference the Germans

gave to the Petrograd Government the terms on which the Russians might obtain peace, it may be well to give a specific summary of the situation. The German terms may be compared thus with those demanded by the Western Powers, as France, and presumably Italy, are in full accord with Great Britain and the United States.

The first condition laid down by President Wilson in his address of January 8th may be taken as a vindication of the Russian Government in its having completely disclosed the treaties of the Tsar, for the President enunciates as his first condition that all treaties shall be open covenants of peace openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings.

The second condition of Mr. Wilson, is that there should be absolute freedom of the seas alike in peace and war. This condition is not actually proposed by any of the four Powers in question. It would be gladly accepted by Germany, and in fact has been received with acclaim by some of the German press, but it has been denounced by some of the British press, at least under present conditions of warfare, as depriving Great Britain of a necessary defence.

The third condition of President Wilson calls for the removal of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace. This conflicts with the decision arrived at by the representatives of Great Britain, France and Italy in the Paris Conference, to exclude from the world's trade Germany and her allies. The President's policy also fails to meet with the approval of the representatives of five hundred thousand American merchants who have announced their intention to boycott German trade after the War. The second and third conditions of the President are so pleasing to many Germans that they have ventured to call the President's message a basis for peace negotiations.

There is small chance, however, that the dominant parties in Germany will accept the fourth of the President's conditions, namely "adequate guarantees that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety," as this is equivalent to Germany's renouncing her cherished purpose of the last forty years of securing world dominance. How far Great Britain and the others of the Allied States would accept this condition, depends upon its acceptance by Germany, and no such acceptance is to be found in the terms of peace disclosed at the Brest-Litovsk Conference. The same demand was made by Mr. Lloyd George in his speech which so closely parallels the President's address. Among

the Russian terms, however, there is found a demand for the gradual disarmament on land and sea, and the establishment of militia to replace standing armies. It will be remembered that for several years before the War, the United States and Great Britain were negotiating treaties having this end in view, treaties which Germany always opposed. The late Tsar, in the early years of his reign, initiated a movement towards this end.

The fifth condition: that a free, open-minded and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon the principle that the interests of the populations must have equal weight with the equal claims of the Government concerned, is practically the same as that which Mr. Lloyd George laid down in his speech, when he declared that the question of the destiny of the colonies must be determined in harmony with the wishes of the natives; that they should have a voice in this determination, thereby extending the American principle of the right of the people to have a voice in the Government.

In the Brest-Litovsk Conference, Germany made a formal demand for the return of her colonies without any conditions, and to this the Russian delegates agreed.

The sixth condition of the President, for the evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all Russian questions as will secure for her unhampered opportunity for independent political development and national policy, is in striking contrast with the speech of Mr. Lloyd George, in which he washed his hands completely of any interest in Russia. Russia demands the evacuation of all Russian territory. Germany wishes to put off this evacuation until the peace treaty is completed.

The President demands in his seventh condition the evacuation and restoration of Belgium, without any attempt to limit her sovereignty. Mr. Lloyd George calls for the complete restoration, political, territorial and economic, of Belgium, with such reparation as can be made. Russia stipulates for the restoration of Belgium; the indemnity, however, to be provided for by an international fund. Germany agrees to the restoration of Belgium without reparation, and under certain conditions.

In the eighth condition, Mr. Wilson demands the liberation of all French territory; the restoration of the invaded portions and the righting of the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine. Mr. Lloyd George in his speech, as transmitted to this country, was singularly mild in his reference to

Alsace-Lorraine, for he only calls for a "reconsideration of the great wrong of 1871." As this has not been criticized in France, it must be taken that there has been no modification of the pledge which Great Britain has given to France to stand with her until she has attained the restoration of the lost provinces. He, of course, concurs with the demand of the President for the evacuation of the occupied provinces of France and reparation for injustice done. Russia demands the settlement of the Alsace-Lorraine question by a plebiscite with guarantees of perfect freedom to vote. Germany denies all right to any state to interfere, and reserves to herself the settlement at the conclusion of the War. Even the Moderates in Germany refuse to discuss this restoration.

Mr. Wilson's ninth condition is for the readjustment of the frontiers of Italy along clearly recognizable lines of nationality, and the Premier of England includes among the British conditions the satisfaction of the legitimate claims of the Italians for union with those of their own race and tongue. The Russians support Italian claims on conditions that a plebiscite is taken; while Germany is silent on the subject.

In the President's tenth condition he changes his attitude completely from that taken in the address to Congress at the opening of the session. In the former address he disclaimed any intention of making claims for the various nationalities embraced by the Dual Monarchy. In the address under consideration, however, he asks for the peoples of Austria-Hungary the freest opportunity for autonomous development. Mr. Lloyd George concurs in this demand for genuine self-government on true democratic principles for those Austro-Hungarian nationalities who have long desired it. This subject is not mentioned by either of the parties represented at Brest-Litovsk.

The President goes on, in his eleventh condition, to demand the evacuation of Rumania, Montenegro and Serbia, and for the latter free access to the sea. This, it will be remembered, was one of the chief causes of dissension between Austria-Hungary and the Slav kingdom, and recently it has been disclosed that Italy supported the demands of the Central Powers that Serbia should be forbidden such an outlet. The President, however, has made this claim of Serbia an important point in the settlement of peace. The British Prime Minister also demands the restoration of Serbia, Montenegro and the occupied parts of Rumania. Russia stipulates for the restoration of Serbia and Montenegro with indemnities; in-

cludes the demand for Serbia's access to the sea, and goes on to demand for Bosnia and Herzegovina autonomous rights. To these demands Germany makes no reference whatever.

The President makes it a further condition of the War settlement that the nationalities in the Balkans should be placed within their national boundaries, a task which has baffled the politicians of Europe for the past fifty years. Mr. Lloyd George is silent on this thorny topic, but demands for the men of Rumanian blood, including, therefore, the Rumanes under Hungarian domination, justice and speech in their legitimate aspirations. Russia is equally interested in Rumania and demands that she recover all territory within her former frontiers, while granting autonomy to the Dobrudja and equal rights to Jews. Other contested territory in the Balkans to have autonomy until a plebiscite is taken. Again, on all these questions, Germany is perfectly silent.

President Wilson proceeds in his twelfth condition to deal with the Ottoman Empire. While he leaves it a secure sovereignty, he exacts for the other nationalities unmolested opportunity for autonomous development. This means, of course, that the Armenians are to be made secure against the cruel rule of the Turks. The Dardanelles are to be made free for all nations under international guarantees. Mr. Lloyd George's demands are the same as those of the President, but more specific. He demands that Constantinople and the district inhabited by Turks should be retained by the Turks, while the Dardanelles should be internationalized and neutralized. The Russian delegates demanded autonomy for Turkish Armenia. Germany makes no reference to these questions.

Of the conditions laid down by the President the most exacting, and the least likely to be accepted by Germany, is the thirteenth, in which he demands the erection of an independent Polish state, including the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, with free access to the sea and with political and economic independence and territorial integrity internationally guaranteed. This involves taking from Germany the some five million subjects which she snatched from the ancient kingdom of Poland, at the time it was divided between the three empires; includes free access to the sea, and the surrender of a part of that province of Germany which is most beloved by the Kaiser. England's Prime Minister makes a similar demand, requiring an independent Poland, including all those who desire to form a part of it. Russia calls for autonomy for Poland and Lithuanian and Lettish provinces.

This is a more moderate demand than that for an independent Poland. Germany's demand in regard to Poland is apparently the adoption of a democratic principle of self-determination for all peoples, for it stipulates that Poland is to decide its own destiny by plebiscite, but this plebiscite is to be under the control of the German army of occupation. Included in it are to be the Russian provinces of Lithuania, Courland and portions of Esthonia and Livonia. Among German terms we find included a stipulation that no forcible annexations of territory, seized during the War, should be made, but when it comes to a practical application of this principle, it is seen how incomplete is her acceptance of it, since the very condition she lays down is that the army of occupation should remain in Poland and the four named provinces of Russia.

The last of President Wilson's conditions concerns the state of the world after the War is over, the formation of a league of nations for the preservation of peace. This is well known to be dear to the President's heart, as it is indeed to that of all who look upon this War as "a war to end war," but whether it is feasible or not is a matter still in doubt.

The renouncing of all war indemnities and return of contributions exacted during the War, is a demand made by Russia alone. Germany makes a similar stipulation for the renouncing by both groups of the belligerents of indemnification for war costs and war damages.

Students of President Wilson's last message to Congress find that it contains no reference to the stipulation in his message to Congress at the opening of the session: that a condition of entering negotiations with Germany must include the formation in Germany of a government which shall truly represent the voice of the German people. Whether the omission signifies the abandonment of this demand is doubted, as the reason for it remains as strong as ever, and the latter message is not in opposition to the former, but the two are to be construed as forming one whole.

Germany's peace terms with reference to the four provinces of Russia, indicate her purpose of keeping Russia under her own economic domination, for the possession of these four provinces would give her the only commercial seaports on the Baltic. Lithuania alone contains six million inhabitants and about sixty thousand square miles of territory, and with the three other provinces of which Germany demands the real, although disguised, control would be equal in extent to the kingdom of Italy. If the German demands were com-

plied with, Poland would be entirely cut off from any outlet to the sea, and placed nominally under the control of Austria, which being under the dominance of Germany, the Germans would virtually rule Poland also, and economically enslave the whole of Russia. No wonder such terms were rejected even by the Bolshevik Government, anxious though it was to make peace upon almost any terms.

The meetings for the discussion of the peace terms between the Central Powers and Russia were resumed at Brest-Litovsk, although reluctantly by the Bolshevik Government which wished to transfer these negotiations to a neutral territory. The delegates, however, at once found no basis of agreement, and adjourned further negotiations to Warsaw, where they are to be re-opened at a date not specified. These resumed negotiations were for a separate peace between Russia and Germany, and fell through on account of the demand made by the Russians that the inhabitants exiled by the War should return to their homes before any vote was taken. As the expatriated number some nine millions the demand was certainly reasonable if the will of the people was really to be ascertained. To it, however, Germany would not consent, and at present the conclusion of a treaty of peace between the two countries is in abeyance. When they separated Germany hinted at an ultimatum to Russia.

Upon the rejection of its terms by the Bolsheviki, the German Government announced that all peace proposals were at an end, and that the terms offered had been withdrawn, and that it resumed complete liberty of action, hence the stipulation of no indemnities and no annexations is now null and void. At the present time, Germany is engaged in a general discussion as to what the new terms of peace shall be, and even the Reichstag resolution of last July is being called in question, and its revocation is being demanded by the militaristic party which seems to be again in the ascendancy.

**France.**

In France the Government of M. Clémenceau still remains in power without any change. In fact M. Clémenceau may be looked upon as France's "strong man," for he overcame the opposition made to the bill for calling out the 1919 quota by threatening to resign if the bill were not passed. The object of this bill is not so much the need felt for these very young men, but in order to release from service the older men who have been so long at the front. That

France has been "bled white" is declared by Father Patrice Flynn, who has been lecturing in this country, to be a calumny. And the fact that she has been able to send an army to Italy would look as if she had not suffered so much in loss of man power as has been frequently stated.

The Committee of Deputies which investigated the accusations brought against M. Joseph Caillaux, came to a conclusion that there was sufficient evidence to justify depriving him of the immunity which was his privilege as a member of the French legislature and recommended that this should be done. As he himself made the same demand it was acceded to almost unanimously. M. Caillaux, however, was left at liberty, but within the last few days has been arrested and thrown into prison. The reason for this is not quite clear, but it is asserted that he had taken steps to negotiate with Germany a peace upon almost any terms; that he had formed a plot to arrest leading members of the French parliament, including M. Clémenceau and other persons of note in France, who might oppose his plans. As Bolo Pasha is to be tried in the beginning of February, the treason and treachery which up to this time has been carried on in secret will soon be disclosed.

Although certain food restrictions had to be introduced in France, M. Boret, Minister of Relief, declares the country is well supplied in provisions, and that the restrictions are for the purpose of an equal distribution of supplies. It is noteworthy that the restrictions have favored the hard working poor rather than the rich, for while the latter are allowed only seven ounces of bread a day, to the former twenty-one ounces are given.

As to the French determination to continue the War, no one who has visited France is in any doubt. Never has that determination been so strong or so widespread as at the present moment, although there are, of course, in France as in every other country, the selfish, the timid and the treasonable.

**Russia.**

The position in Russia, as these notes were written, may be summed up in the words of one whose knowledge is full and accurate, the British Ambassador, Sir George Buchanan. "The situation is so uncertain that nobody can know on one day what will happen on the next, but the Bolsheviki are in such a strong position that no other party at present is able to turn them out." A few

weeks ago their fall was anticipated. Some gave them only a few days, some gave them a few weeks. The means which they have taken to keep their hold have been such as to rally to their support large numbers of the propertyless. Such means include confiscation of factories, the distribution of the lands of large proprietors and the seizure of the banks. Whether the latter proceeding includes confiscation or not is uncertain. Rumors have been circulated of a repudiation of the debt, not a complete repudiation now, but of that portion which is due to foreign holders and to the rich. Small holders of Russian stock will receive a proportion according to the smallness of their holdings. The smaller they are, the larger will be the proportion they are to receive. No means favorable to the ends they have in view, are too bad for the Bolsheviki. In fact open threats have been made of the introduction of the guillotine, and Petrograd is now in a state of perfect lawlessness. Houses are pillaged and unfettered violence reigns. All this is done in the name of the people. In fact the Government call themselves the commissaries of the people. Sir George Buchanan states that their power is limited to the northern part of Russia, the south having severed connection with Petrograd. The Ukraine has declared itself to be a republic; General Kaledines has established a similar form of government of which he himself is the president in the Don Cossack region, and swarms, it is stated, of small republics have been declared in various parts of Russia. Finland's independence has been recognized by Germany, and strange to say, if true, by France. So that it may be said that Russia has ceased to exist, in any legitimate sense of the word, although some of the small republics declare their intention to form a federated republic of the whole.

Among the other violent measures of the Bolsheviki is the threat openly made to dissolve the Constituent Assembly unless the delegates elected to it are in agreement with their plans, and as this, so far, has proved not to be the case, the meeting of the Assembly, so long promised, is still in doubt.

It must be remembered in speaking of the endeavor to extend the Bolsheviki schemes that they repudiate the idea of a national patriotism, and substitute for it the defence of the supposed interest of the proletariate, that is to say the workingmen, without any capital, in every part of the world, so that a German workingman is dearer to the Bolsheviki than a Russian capitalist or landowner. This is a movement tending to unite practically and effectually all

the workingmen of every country in the world to take what measures they deem fit to secure to the proletariate the power to govern each country. They professed in their recent treaty negotiations with Germany to have passed on an appeal to the German workingmen, and successfully. In fact, on the German admission, they succeeded sufficiently to cause the German Government to take measures to prevent the propaganda. What they have done in Germany, they are trying to do in other countries, as well, and to such a degree have they succeeded in this country that they have been warned officially to moderate their proceedings.

The spirit of the American people, we are told, is rising and will brook no such attempts against their Government as are threatened. While improvements in American social conditions are needed, they will be attained in the American way, by full discussion and legal enactment, and not by the violence of the mob. President Wilson in his letter to the miners, meeting in the Biennial Convention in Indianapolis, reminds them that the welfare of the country depends upon them, and so he assures them that all that can be done for their welfare in return has been and will be done.

The Bolshevik Government has broken with all the traditions of the past, having published the secret treaties which have been made by the Imperial Government of Russia, and by entering into negotiations with Germany for a separate peace it has broken the treaty made at the beginning of the War between the Entente Powers not to make such a peace. Its last outrage has been the arrest of the Rumanian Legation. But whatever happens to the Bolshevik Government, it appears absolutely certain that a peace with Germany will be concluded. Any government representing the *Bourgeoise* Government would make even greater concessions to Germany than those proposed by Lenine, so anxious are they for peace.

**Germany.**

Internal conditions in Germany, so far as they can be ascertained, indicate political disagreement caused by the lip-service offered by Germany to a democratic peace. The Foreign Secretary, Dr. von Kuehlmann, so excited the anger of the military party that General Ludendorf, who is considered the brains of the party, is said to have threatened to resign. A regular campaign is now being carried on against the Foreign Secretary, and at the present time his resignation may be looked for. All signs point to the triumph

of the militarists, although it is evident the opposing forces are making a strong fight. Meetings are being held in different parts of Germany, calling for peace. These meetings, however, are being rigorously suppressed. The leader of the Minority Socialists, Herr Haase, in a speech delivered before the Reichstag, declared that the conditions were far better in Austria-Hungary than in Prussianized Germany. Every kind of discussion by the people of the terms of peace had been forcibly prohibited by the military authorities, and thereby any expression of the will of the country had been prevented. From other sources it is learned that a vast majority of the Germans are longing for peace, and that they are constrained by main force from expressing their will in the matter.

As to food conditions, reports, as usual, vary, and so command little credence. In fact, for the army, at least, the sufficiency of food is secure, so that the want of it cannot be considered a military factor. Besides want of food, there is said to be a shortage of steel, so that a number of factories have had to close down, and a recent report also includes coal among the things lacking.

The Kaiser is still confident in the strength of his army and of the "iron fist and shining sword." In his New Year's message he made no mention of peace. Even Herr Maximilian Harden proclaims it necessary to continue the conflict until a complete victory has been obtained. That serious differences really exist are proved by the earnest exhortations that have recently been given by the Food Controller, calling upon the inhabitants of both town and country to put an end to their "unholy misunderstanding." He has sent from Prussia some seven hundred men to enlighten the people and to banish that desire for a termination of the War which, he said, was eating like a cancer into the harmony of the people, and rendering useless the rivers of blood which had been poured forth.

As to food supplies, there is reason to believe that Austria-Hungary is in even worse straits than Germany, but, of course, all information to be had can apply only to limited localities. The last report is that Vienna has been placed upon a half ration of bread and that the conditions there are about as bad as can be.

**Spain.**

Considerable uneasiness, taking various shapes, has existed in Spain since the beginning of the War. There are in that country many Germans and pro-Germans who would wish an ac-

tive support to be given to Germany, and one of the leading conservatist statesmen indeed has declared the present to be a suitable opportunity for regaining by Spain of the fortress of Gibraltar, which has been so long in the possession of the British. The defenders of the maintenance of neutrality, however, have succeeded in keeping the country from taking an active part against the Entente Allies, and the continuance of this neutrality seems to be assured. Internal troubles, however, have not been wanting, and there have been several changes of government. Even the army entered upon a course of action which was very much like a revolt on the part of its officers, who felt they were underpaid and that promotion to office was unfair. When the officers succeeded in establishing their claims in this way, the non-commissioned officers felt they had a right to pursue the same course, but they were not equally successful.

The recent celebration which has taken place at Granada of the tercentenary of the great theologian, Francis Suarez, recalls to recollection the time when Spain had, in him, a theologian whose opinions on the rights of the people were considered so dangerous by the King of England, that he complained to Philip III. for allowing such dangerous teaching to be printed, and he himself had Suarez' books burned by the common hangman because they impugned the divine right of kings. The writings of Suarez had a great influence upon the formation of that International Law in defence of which the Entente Allies are fighting, and the assertion of the divine right of kings made by the King of England in Suarez' day is in our day assumed by the German Kaiser.

**Portugal.** Another revolution has taken place in Portugal, causes for which have not been disclosed very clearly to the world at large. Anxiety at first was felt on the part of the Entente as to the effect it would have upon Portugal's support of the Allies in the War. The new *régime,* however, has made it clear that in this respect, no change whatever has been made, and that the present Government is as whole-souled in the struggle as was the former.

**Progress of the War.** The year 1918 opened with gloom for the Allies. The year 1917, owing to the collapse of Russia and the defeat of Italy, having witnessed the failure of the great offensive which had been

planned, and gave again to Germany the offensive lost in 1916. During the year the British succeeded in obtaining a series of ridges which gave them commanding positions along their line, but they made no notable headway, and the French remained much in the same position at the end of the year as they were at its beginning, except for some small advances at Verdun and on the Aisne Front.

The release of troops from the Russian Front made it probable that Marshal von Hindenburg would concentrate them for a stupendous drive somewhere on the Western Front, and rumors of their arrival were rife. These rumors, however, proved to be premature, and there are experts, French, English and American, who for various reasons, think that such a drive will not be attempted. Others there are, however, who look upon it as likely to be deferred only until the spring. The suspension, to say the least, of the negotiations with Russia for peace and the threat recently made by Germany of a new attack on Russia, make it tolerably certain that this great German offensive will not take place at present. It is the opinion of some that German efforts in 1918 will be directed either towards driving the Allied Forces from the neighborhood of Saloniki or to retrieving the loss of Bagdad. Or, possibly, in another attempt upon Egypt. The Kaiser, it is said, has made a solemn promise to restore to his brother-in-law, Constantine, the throne of Greece. It is not impossible, British authorities think, that an attempt will be made to invade British soil, not a foot of which so far has been taken by any German invader.

In Italy, the Teutons have failed in their attempt to reach the Venetian plain, and confidence has been so far restored that the schools at Venice have reopened. The weather which at first was favorable to the invaders of Italian soil, has now turned against them, and hopes are entertained that the Italian troops, with their British and French allies, may be able to take the offensive and drive back the Teuton forces before spring comes. Germany has inflicted upon Italian cities and their inhabitants some of the barbarities characteristic of her warfare, and by throwing bombs on Padua has called forth the protest of the Holy Father.

In the neighborhood of Saloniki no notable event has taken place, unless the resignation of the commander-in-chief, General Sarrail, may be considered such.

The British have advanced a short distance north of Jerusalem, while towards the east, in the direction of the Hedjas railway, they

have not moved. In fact the Turks are holding the Jordan, as far as its entrance into the Dead Sea, with considerable force. No further news has come concerning the expected attempt of General von Falkenhayn to reach Bagdad. The clearing out of the Germans from East Africa has not been so complete as was asserted. They were indeed driven across the boundary into Portuguese Africa, but some few bands have returned into what was formerly German territory.

As to the U-boat campaign, the expectation of Mr. Lloyd George seems to have been somewhat too sanguine, as the number of vessels lost has considerably increased during the last few weeks, although the latest returns are encouraging. The British Premier, too, seems to have been premature in his estimate of the number of ships to be built, and so at the present time Great Britain is in considerable straits. There are indications that the rationing of the people, so long deferred, is on the point of being put into effect. This has been done, for the most part, on the demand of the working classes, and, although the shortage is one reason for this measure, it is rather due to a necessity for a more equal distribution of the existing food supplies.

*January 16, 1918.*

# With Our Readers.

ACCORDING to Catholic teaching man is the highest expression of material creation. Under God he is its crown and glory. With things material and temporal he owns kinship; and though himself subject to death, he mirrors and reflects in time and eternity the very image of the Creator Himself. So intimate is this union of matter and spirit, of body and soul that no man can find the line of cleavage: to separate one from the other means death. The material dispossessed of the spiritual suffers, in common with all other material things, dissolution and decay—but with this difference: that the material once allied to the spiritual never entirely falls from its high estate: once the mysterious principle of life is wedded to the image of the Eternal, it partakes with it of the law of eternal life, and Faith confidently proclaims: "the resurrection of the body and life everlasting."

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AND so Hope becomes a necessary corollary of Faith in the plan of Divine Love. God creates man to His own image and likeness; man effaces that image by sin; God restores it and impresses it yet more deeply upon the soul by redemption with its infinite consequences and potentialities of grace. Never need man lose Hope unless he first lose Faith. This is true of that supernatural order to which God has raised us by His grace as well as of the purely natural order. Equally true is it that to lose hope in man is to lose faith in God. Hope, therefore, in more or less measure, is an essential mark of man, living and working in the field of material creation, and is dependent on the indissoluble union of soul with body, of matter with spirit. This is the first point we wish to call to mind; and the second is like unto the first, that the supreme function of the soul with regard to the body is to inform, to illumine, to elevate and to immortalize it; never to repudiate, to lower or to destroy. These two cardinal principles must permeate every province of man's life.

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TO attain his Nirvana of inanition, the Eastern mystic postulates the annihilation of the material nature of man by the spiritual. The Calvinist, to defend his doctrine, preaches the total depravity of human nature, and the soul is thus made an arbitrary task-master flogging into obedience a depraved body.

These and similar teachings have stretched out insidious roots; have entered into the thought of man—at times even of Catholics—and introduced false notions of sacrifice and the supernatural. Witness Claudel's *The Hostage* which exalts the unnatural into the super-

natural; or again the test which makes that which one does not like to do necessarily the higher thing to do.

It is a far cry indeed from annihilation, to the Christian philosophy of elevation, and from the doctrine of total depravity, to the Catholic dogma of "darkness of the understanding and weakness of the will" as the results of original sin. Yet a lack of clear thinking along Catholic lines opens the door to the infiltration of just such foreign and destructive thought. We are too apt to speak the language and think the thought of the day without questioning its whence and whither.

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WORDS are the signs of ideas; they are the material body of our thought. Thought and its expression rise or fall together. Decadence in the use of a word indicates decadence in the thought that informs it, or in the human concept of that thought. It is never meaningless or void of consequence. The man in whose thought the unnatural and supernatural are interchangeable terms, consciously or unconsciously denies God to nature and nature to God. He has lost something both of hope and faith. For the unnatural is as destructive of the supernatural as of the natural: it is a sin against the higher as against the lower order of the one divine Lawgiver Whose laws are complementary not contradictory. So, too, sacrifice must be the consecration, the making holy of the whole victim, body as well as soul, the sealing of the whole with the stamp of God's ownership. A sacrifice of the soul which would permit the debasing of the body, its unholy use, would not be true sacrifice. When the whole material world has suffered shock and man is bewildered, thinking of how his race will be perpetuated and its losses restored, it would be disastrous were he to lose sight of the truth that sanctity and sacrifice must ever go hand in hand. Any violation of the laws of God—no matter how specious the excuse which present necessity may present—would work to no purpose save that of greater confusion, of wider destruction of a more complete overthrowing of the foundations on which alone humanity may endure. We must remember that the word sacrifice has a common source with "*sacring,*" the anointing of kings which, by the way, in the ages of Faith, was not the setting up of an omnipotent ruler over an awestruck people, but the consecration of an instrument of divine justice to minister to the welfare of peoples.

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AS the meaning of sacrifice has been misunderstood and perverted, so also has that divine virtue, charity, suffered eclipse as to its real meaning. Ozanam pictures charity as a nursing mother with her child at her breast, and St. Paul says "charity is patient, is kind.... seeketh not her own....thinketh no evil." The very word means love. Yet by some strange destruction of meaning or perversion of action we

have come to hear such expressions as: "I do not want charity," or "Our soldiers are not objects of charity." The paradox would be laughable did it not indicate disease at the very heart of life. Have we forgotten in our exercise of charity that we "are the body of Christ and members of members," or does a self-satisfied world find a cold altruism a more vivifying and consoling well-spring than the divinely human fonts of Christian charity? The materialistic spirit sins against faith and charity alike by focussing too closely on material welfare and excluding the love of God from its service of man, but must we not also confess that ours has not always been "the charity of God and the patience of Christ;" that we too have sinned against charity by presenting her in unlovely guise and so have played a part in dethroning her in the estimation of the world?

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THIS same tendency to divorce spirit from matter draws a line of cleavage between the "real" and the "ideal" in the common parlance of the day. An impassable gulf lies between; they have lost their point of contact—faith in the divinity of Christ. If naught else does, the language, the classifications of modern literature betray this. According to its utterances everything ugly or sordid or sinful, even the unnatural, is "real:" realism means the painting, the picture, the presentation of just those things; while the "ideal" is a far-off, nebulous dream detached from earth and never truly incarnate in man. This is a subtle denial of the reality of spirit, a loss of faith in man that betokens loss of faith in God. The natural man must wallow with the beasts; he has lost his kinship with the heavens. Hope of his redemption dies with faith in the divinity of the Redeemer, through Whom alone he may cry: "Abba, Father." This horrid pessimism paralyzes endeavor, then seeks to justify the course of least resistance. It welcomes and accepts the vague idealism of the East and rejects the Christian Ideal, the Son of God made Man, partaking of human nature, walking the ways of men, living with sinners, dying for sinners, "Christ, the power of God" to make them saints. If we lose touch with Christ's divinity, we are indeed "of all men the most miserable," but blessedly the need for God in the present crisis is reviving faith, the demand for sacrifice and heroism, impossible without Him, is begetting hope in Him through Whom we can do all things. To many the spiritual grows more real, but there is still need to dig deep the foundations of faith and ground them on the basic truths of the divine plan of creation, redemption and sanctification in the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

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AS indicative of the debasing effect upon the body of our thought if the standard of its spirit be lowered, we quote Stearne's apt words

on the degeneration of wit into satire. Shrewd and sarcastic reflection upon whatever is done in the world is, he says: "a commerce most illiteral, and as it requires no vast capital too many embark in it, and so long as there are bad passions to be gratified and bad heads to judge—with such it may pass for wit, or at least like some vile relation whom all the family is ashamed of, claim kindred with it, even in better companies. Whatever be the degree of its affinity, it has helped to give wit a bad name; as if the main essence of it was satire. Certainly there is a difference between Bitterness and Saltness, that is between the malignity and the festivity of wit: the one is a mere quickness of apprehension, void of humanity, and is a talent of the devil; the other comes from the Father of Spirits, so pure and abstracted from persons that it willingly hurts no man; or if it touches upon an indecorum, 'tis with the dexterity of true genius which enables him rather to give a new color to the absurdity and let it pass. He may smile at the shape of the obelisk raised to another's fame; but the malignant wit will level it at once with the ground and build his own upon the ruins of it."

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TODAY we constantly meet with the prognosis of a "new Christianity," a "new religion" as the outcome of the upheaval of the great World War. It is the old tendency to sweep aside the monument of Christ, His Church: "to level it with the ground" and build upon it a new and man-made religion. It is even suggested that the moral laws must be re-written to fit the needs of a world that will find itself poor in men and plentiful in women. Here again we have pitiful testimony to loss of faith in Christ's divinity, and the divine sanction of the moral law. If religion be man-made, if the moral law be man-written, certainly like all things human it may be subject to change and to decay. Only the Divine is permanent, immutable. Only a Church instituted by God as the channel of His intercourse with man; only a moral law given by God as the reflection in human life of His own beauty and order, can persist, weathering every storm, meeting every emergency with a divinely begotten wisdom and prudence. That God has founded such a Church, we as Catholics know; that she has faced and answered problems in the past equal to our own, we know also. Iconoclasts in every age have sought to destroy her—they have but shattered her external symbols, leaving her intact upon the "rock" on which Christ built her. It is not a "new religion," a "new Christianity" that we need, but a new efflorescence of faith and hope and love in the age-old Church of Christ: a return to fundamentals in every department of life: a closer union of body with soul in our persons, our thought, our speech. This is no new truth to those of the

household of the Faith. In its extension to the "other sheep," so dear to Christ, lies the hope of the future.

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AND this hope does shine in the heavens. Over against the clamor for the "new" is the trend towards Christ, towards the recognition of His divinely saving power for the nations, as witness the following editorial from *The Christian Statesman:*

"The nations need Christ. Christ in the life of nations as nations would answer the long felt want of righteous civil government. This is the great world need today.

"There must be some basis for national conduct—the ethics of Jesus Christ is the highest basis. There must be spiritual sanctions governing nations in their international relationships (else treaties will mean little)—the teachings of Christ furnish the most spiritual sanctions. The nations must have a fountain in which to cleanse them of all defilement (else national sins unforgiven will sink them into oblivion)—Jesus Christ is the fountain of life that both cleanses and renews the secret springs of national life.

"Democracy must be spiritual as well as material. And it is coming. The signs are ominous. The secular theories of civil government are speedily finding their way into the intellectual waste baskets of the men who are guiding the highest thought of our day. The term 'Christian' as applied to our nation found its way into the preamble of the concurrent resolution of Congress calling upon our President to set apart a day for national prayer 'for the success of our armies and victory for our cause in this great conflict.' Our President did so, recognizing God as the true object of prayer and One also in heaven as the 'Supreme Master' in the affairs of nations. Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania goes still farther in his call to the people of his state to unite in prayer for the same purpose on the same day. He recognizes God, and also Christ as 'our Divine King—the Lord and Saviour of mankind,' and 'the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ,' and that our prayer be that peace may issue in 'making the kingdoms of this world the kingdom of Our Lord and of Our Christ.'

"A secular message to our soldier boys facing death does not suffice, and from the mouths of our national spokesmen come words of exhortation to our boys at the front, and in training to go to the front, to read the Word.

"'Temptations will befall you, but the teachings of our Saviour will give you strength,' says General Pershing.

"Many voices also in both the religious and secular press are sounding as never before the note of spirituality for democracy. Government is no longer regarded as a purely philosophical matter, but also as a psychological matter; not a secular matter only but also a

religious matter; not a matter of law only, but a matter of soul as well; not a matter of the rights of a sovereign people only, but also of the rights of a Sovereign God and of His Son Jesus Christ; not a matter of a material secular democracy only, but of a spiritual Christian democracy as well."

* * * *

FROM the full recognition of "the rights of a Sovereign God and of His Son Jesus Christ;" of the need for the spiritual and the Christian in democracy, it is but a step to the recognition of that Supreme Court for the interpretation of spiritual law, and the ejudication of Christian claims—the Catholic Church—itself the prototype of a spiritual Christian democracy.

How closely her teachings are allied to the Constitution of our own United States may easily be seen in *The Case of Socialism v. The Catholic Church and the United States* as stated by Rev. Henry Churchill Semple, S.J., in this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. In his words: "How America should love the Church and the Church America, nay, how the whole world should love the Church and America as the mightiest guardians of principles which are the saviours of society from envy, madness, anarchy, misery and slavery!" The Church does love America, and we believe and hope that America's love for the Church is steadily on the increase.

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AS an indubitable confirmation of Father Earls' assertion in the January issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, regarding the authorship of *My Unknown Chum,* the recent edition of the "Aguecheek" papers, our readers will be interested in the following letter from a venerable Boston priest:

REV. DEAR FATHER:

The article, *A Yankee Hagiographer: Aguecheek,* in this month's number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, has given me great pleasure. Were I known to, or acquainted with the Rev. Father Earls, S.J., I should wish to thank him personally for his appreciation of my very dear friend, Charles B. Fairbanks, whom I knew intimately from the time of his baptism till his death. Though only a lad of sixteen when I saw him last, he was in my opinion (as a good old Irish woman once said), "a walking saint." He taught me my first prayer to the Sacred Heart and talked always to edify and instruct me, though brimming over with humor and innocent fun. With his own hands he gave me a copy of his book, "Aguecheek," and in my family he was called in friendly familiarity, by his *nom de plume,* "Aguecheek."

It has always been a regret, not to say indeed a cause of indignation, that the foreword of the book called *My Unknown Chum* makes it doubtful whether Fairbanks was the author: and reasons given for the doubt show that his clever assumption of an old man's part was not appreciated. The Boston newspapers of the day, in their account of Mr. Fairbanks' death, gave ample proof of his authorship: many of his personal friends were still living when *My Unknown Chum* was published, but the businesslike publishers never could find

anyone who knew anything about him. Now that Father Earls has told the public, in his article, that Charles B. Fairbanks "is none other than the famous 'Aguecheek'—a name known over half a century ago for those brilliant essays done under that pseudonym"—it is to be hoped that future editions of *My Unknown Chum* will have the honesty to give full credit in *an altered foreword* to the sacred memory of Charles B. Fairbanks as the author of "Aguecheek."

It is pitifully amusing to read in the editions I have seen, that the publishers even doubted how to *pronounce* the word *"Aguecheek"* and wondered what it meant.

Pardon this long expression of my pleasure, and believe me,

Faithfully yours in Dño.

THEODORE A. METCALF.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

*Epistemology, or the Theory of Knowledge.* By P. Coffey, Ph.D. 2 vols. $3.75 net each. *Reality and Truth.* By J. G. Vance. $2.50 net. *Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin.* By L. Creighton. $4.50 net. *Early Essays and Letters.* By P. A. Sheehan. $1.25 net. *The Foundress of the Little Sisters of the Assumption. The Commemorative Medal in the Service of Germany.* By G. F. Hill, M.A. Pamphlet.

JAMES T. WHITE & Co., New York:

*Reed Voices.* By James B. Kenyon.

THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:

*Historical Records and Studies.* Vol. XI.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:

*Hamilton's Standard Arithmetic.* Books 1, 2 and 3. By S. Hamilton, Ph.D. *Around the World with Children.* By F. G. Carpenter. *New American History.* By A. B. Hart, LL.D. *Everyday English Composition.* By E. M. Bolenius. *The Science and the Art of Teaching.* By D. W. La Rue, Ph.D.

ALLYN & BACON, New York:

*Elementary Algebra.* By H. E. Slaught, Ph.D., and N. J. Lennes, Ph.D. *Practical Biology.* By W. M. Smallwood, I. L. Reveley, and G. A. Bailey. *Readings in English Literature.* By R. B. Pace. *A Spanish Reader for Beginners.* By M. A. De Vitis. *Knowing and Using Words.* By W. D. Lewis, A.M., and M. D. Holmes, A.M. *Community Civics.* By R. O. Hughes. *Intermediate Algebra.* By H. E. Slaught, Ph.D., and N. J. Lennes, Ph.D. *The Forum of Democracy.* By D. E. Watkins and R. E. Williams.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

*Recollections.* By John Viscount Morley. 2 vols. $7.50 net.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:

*Britain in Arms.* By J. Destrée.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

*Lord Northcliffe's War Book.* 50 cents net. *The World's Debate.* By Wm. Barry. $1.25 net.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, New York:

*American Civil Church Law.* By C. Zollman, LL.D. $3.50.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

*Small Arms Instructors Manual.* Compiled by the Small Arms Instruction Corps. 60 cents net.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, New York:

*The Achievement of the British Navy in the World War.* By J. Leyland.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

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## THE GUILD IDEA.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

IN these days when capitalism with all its ugly attendant evils of commercialism is being viewed with dismay, or at least apprehension, by those who are interested in the well-being of our society; when fierce and logical souls too often can find no escape save through the iron doors of a rigid collectivism; when (worst of all) many subtle minds are ready to be contented with reforms of a sort which can only make disease orderly—and perpetual—it can hardly be inopportune to consider if there is no solution for our desperate difficulties except the academic one or the bureaucratic one. Mr. Belloc has given us a powerful piece of steel-cold criticism and a phrase usually totally misunderstood by those who use it. "The Servile State" does not mean in his book that Socialism will oppress men to the point of servile degradation, but that unless men strongly insist upon property as an absolute in their economic philosophy, the most well-meaning attempts at reform will be diverted from the freedom which is their end into a softening but a strengthening of the plutocracy. There is no difficulty in seeing that this does actually happen, for recent bureaucratic legislation while making for increased security in material things for the mass of our people, does on the other hand distinctly lessen their spiritual status. Men are to be well housed,

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well clothed, well fed—for only by such means can a servile civilization be made endurable—but they are *not* intended to be more independent. Such a tendency is only possible because of a false philosophy among both social reformers and the proletariat. The capitalists might of course be expected to be prepared to pay the price of the workmen's security and comfort as an insurance for their own increased security and comfort—such a bargain would be extremely welcome to them—but even the philanthropists and the wage-earners think a man's being sure of his job, more desirable than a man's being sure of his soul. They hold, I believe correctly, that most men in our industralized society, would consider economic or even political freedom a small matter when set beside the certainty of regular employment, and a steady supply of beef, bread-and-butter and beer. The Fabians, if they are not the builders of the temple of social reconstruction, are certainly its architects. The Socialists have made the Servile State possible.

But even philanthropists are not so ignorant of men as to imagine that the desire for independence is other than normal to the human spirit. They are forced to their conclusion, not as to an ideal but as to a compromise. They have ceased to hope for the Socialist "nationalization of the means of production, distribution and exchange," and in order to be rid of the intolerable destitution incidental to the capitalist system, are willing to accept any kind of material amelioration of the lot of the working classes, even though it should bring with it disabilities of another kind. They do not perhaps at first forget that a man should be free as well as fat, but hope that *embonpoint* will be likely to induce a desire and an aptitude for freedom. They consent to encourage the enregimentation of the poor in the hope that rations and drill will make soldiers strong enough to shoot their officers. Their psychology is at fault. The thin soldiers might shoot their masters in the courage born of desperation; but there are to be no thin soldiers in this army.

Since, then, the Servile State is only a bitter compromise, it is a matter for wonder that the Social Economists have not given more attention to an institution which though still in process of development at the time when it fell, yet worked for several generations to the good of mankind. I refer to the mediæval guilds. Brentano the Marxian, and other Socialists who have studied economic history, have written of the guilds with sympathy and indeed admiration, but except in such quarters and among a few notably

able minds, they have excited barely more than an archæological interest.

What were the guilds? How did they arise? How did they decay? Upon our realization of the import of these questions and their answers the whole economic future depends.

Wilda and Brentano have, with characteristic German painstaking research, and with not a little of that equally German pompous pedantry, seen their origin in the sacrificial banquets of the ancient Teutonic tribes; others in an extension and consolidation of the family idea. That the family was the germ from which not only the guilds, but the tribe and the state arose is of course obvious, and that with some form of human association social fellowship would be mixed must be taken for granted. But to insist too strongly upon the family germ or the feast is to reduce the guilds to being primeval prototypes of the Ancient Order of Buffaloes or the Convivial Company of Crocodiles, and to give an academic instead of a natural explanation of their rise. With far greater certainty we may believe, with Mr. March Phillipps, that the real origin of the guilds was the habit men have of associating to repel depredation or attack. Such associations would be bound to feel an intimacy almost amounting to blood relationship. They would think of themselves as brotherhoods, and their family spirit would express itself in various social activities. Of definitely organized guilds in the modern sense, perhaps the earliest of which we have certain record were those trading corporations and burial societies which existed from very early times among the Romans, among the Greeks, and even in India and China. The explanation of their origin, therefore, must be an universal one—that spirit of union and solidarity normal and native to the heart of man.

But while this is so, nearly all the writers on the subject have recognized the enormous influence of the Church upon the development of the guilds, and how the Faith informed them and gave them vigorous life. The distinction which Toulmin Smith and Brentano have drawn between religious, social and trade fraternities is one which, though natural to those who do not realize how completely religion can permeate every detail of human life, did not exist in fact. For though burial of the dead, loans for poor members and the provision of dowries for their daughters, sick benefit, plays and pageants (to mention a few of their secular activities), might be added to their main purpose as trade societies, yet suffrages for the dead, communal religious duties, the main-

tenance of a chantry priest, a lamp before the Blessed Sacrament and the like were so general as to warrant us in thinking that there were few religious guilds that did not have some worldly purpose, no trade guild that did not have its religious functions. The fact that each craft had its patron saint suffices to show this. And when the pillage began it was not easy to assign clearly in categories of "religious" and "secular," the guilds where spiritual and material matters were so closely mingled. The commissioners probably quite honestly did their best to make the division, and failed because men had not divided their lives into separate water-tight compartments. The Creed had colored everything.

Accordingly, though as industrial corporations the guilds set themselves to protect their members against unfair competitions, by disabilities upon traders from abroad or even from other parts of England, the Christian abhorrence of usury lay at the core of their being. They regarded not only their rights but their duties.

Now usury did not mean in the ages of Faith merely miserliness, the dead accumulation of so much money, but was universally understood to include any seeking after profit beyond that which was needful to support a man and his family in their station in life. He who sought more than this was counted as avaricious, and the seeking of wealth as an end in itself as a sin. The rich were but the stewards of their riches, and had certain obligations towards the poor. Nor was avarice only an offence against religion; it could be and often was subject to condemnation by the civil authorities as an offence against the well-being of the state.

The current economic doctrine that "money makes money" would have been abominable to the man of the Middle Ages. Land and labor were to him the two forces which in combination could be creative of wealth, and the dictum of Mr. H. N. Casson, "money is productive; property unproductive," would have been shocking to his moral sense. To secure profit through the mere fluctuations in supply and demand would have been thought wrong; still more horrible the modernizing of the market. Price to him was determined by the actual cost of production plus the maintenance of the producer. The modern theory is put at all events lucidly by Mr. H. N. Casson, who recently has set up a "School of Efficiency" in London for the instruction of English business men in the economics of the devil. We have had the practice of the thing before, so perhaps it is good, for the sake of charity, to have a confession of its philosophy: "Intrinsic value has

little to do with price. In all markets you will find a chaos of prices. It is not so much what the goods are, that matters. It is what the buyers are willing to pay."

The condemnation of usury was not, as some would suppose who cannot understand the mediæval objection to the system, an instance of archaic ecclesiastical restriction, but was bred in the bones of the normal man—an universal hatred for something loathsome and obscene. Chaucer's Prioress spoke for her age:

> There was in Asia, in a greet citee,
> Amonges Cristen folk, a Jewerye.
> Sustened by a lord of that contree
> For foule usure and lucre of vilanye,
> Hateful to Crist and to His companye.

Now usury is a word which is but rarely used, more rarely still with fit abhorrence. Indeed quite recently a great London newspaper could carry on a controversy as to whether *The Merchant of Venice* was Semitic or anti-Semitic in intention, and yet have only one, a belated contributor, who would mention the thing which the whole play was about. The word usury was not so much taboo, as forgotten.

Against usury the guildmen set their faces like flints. Did an individual member of the fraternity attempt to outdo his fellows by cut prices or by shoddy workmanship, by misrepresentation as to his goods, or by any other means? Then punishment swift and drastic descended, as when according to their record the "Pinners" craft heavily fined one of its members for selling Flemish pins as English. The mysteries had a commercial conscience and, in the words of Professor W. J. Ashley, "the guild legislation kept steadily before itself the ideal of combining good quality and a price that was fair to the consumer, with a fitting remuneration to the workman."

A word must be said as to price. In the early days of the crafts, the customer would engage the artificer to do a certain piece of work, paying him not by the day or hour but for the completed article, for which the customer would supply the material. Thus a man who wanted a coat would take his cloth to the tailor and bargain for the finished article, or the wood to the carpenter who would undertake to supply a table. Later, with the development of trade, craftsmen made coats or tables, as they had the time, for prospective customers, thus maintaining a regular supply of work.

They began to employ journeymen and indentured apprentices. For the work done the bill would be made out somewhat as follows: journeyman's or 'prentice's time (charged at actual cost), plus master's time (charged at a higher rate than that of his man, but never at more than double the rate), plus the cost of the material and other incidental charges. No profit was made upon material, except some small amount to cover the time spent in purchase, and no profit upon the labor of his journeyman. To do otherwise would have seemed usurious to the master. Perhaps the spirit of the crafts may best be described in the words of a proclamation issued during the reign of Edward III.: "That so no knavery, false workmanship or deceit shall be found in any manner in the said mysteries: for the honor of the good folks of the said mysteries and for the common profit of the people."

As, to quote Brentano, "England must be regarded as the birthplace of the guilds and London perhaps as their cradle," and as in England their development was more in the nature of a gradual growth than on the continent where the conflict between the merchant guilds and the crafts was fierce and complete and, as in England, too, the effects of the cataclysm are more clearly to be seen than elsewhere, we can take the English guilds as typical of all the mediæval guilds, and study our subject to most advantage with them before our eyes.

In 1422 when the guilds had as full an organization as they were ever destined to know, there were in London alone one hundred and twelve separate crafts—brewers, fleshers, tailors, haberdashers, girdlers, weavers, fullers, dyers, tapicers, joiners, pewterers, braziers, chandlers, hatters, fishmongers, cheesemongers, mercers, beaders, armorers, vinters, grocers, ironmongers, cutlers, cordwainers, goldsmiths, tanners, blacksmiths, barbers, bakers, carpenters—but it would be tedious to enumerate the entire list. Their story is admirably told in Miss Helen Douglas Irvine's *History of London.* The butcher, the baker and the candlestickmaker were worthy of their rhyme.

Though municipal government in England was not so absolutely in the hands of the guilds as it was in many towns on the Continent, especially in France, yet the laws of the commune and the crafts were very closely related. So that when in 1351 and again later in the century, the members of the Common Council of the city of London were elected by the leading guilds instead of by the wards, it could be defended as a return to an earlier system.

But though the crafts did not usually directly govern, indirectly they certainly always controlled municipal affairs. Thus retailers had to be Freemen of the city before they were allowed to trade in London, and Freemen had to be proposed and elected by their guilds. Organized and vigorous were these communes, with a keen sense of political actuality and spirit and determination enough to make their influence felt. Thus Miss Douglas Irvine relates how when in 1269 the choice of the aldermen for Lord Mayor fell upon Phillip le Tayllur, the crafts shouted: "We will have no mayor but Walter Harvey!" To the king at Westminster they went crying: "We are the commune of the city and to us belongs the election of the mayor of the city and we will that Walter Harvey be our elected mayor." The struggle was sharp and blood was shed, but Harvey eventually became mayor.

How closely the town and the trades were connected may be seen from the frequent custom of "common bargains" where the mayor had the option of purchasing commodities for the community. Town fisheries were often run on the same coöperative principle, and even in some cases a town boat for merchant trading. A very different affair this from modern "municipal socialism" (always procured at the price of an uproarious bargain for the capitalists) where the purchases never really belong to the community, but to the financiers who are astute enough to put their fingers in the pie!

So the guilds grew. In the fourteenth century charters began to be given to the crafts. Then the Livery Companies arose with a corporate identity, common property, common liability and a common seal and with their own legal courts for the correction of their own misbehaving members. Yet it should not be forgotten that below the liveries and the mysteries there lived many associations still in process of organization which were not yet recognized by the authorities. They too were animated by the same strong and solid spirit, and might have developed to full stature.

If to the world at large the guild brought the certainty of a fair price and honest workmanship and to its members protection against the dangers of external competition and internal roguery, the result was based upon and attained by the principle of mastership within the guild. A boy was apprenticed to a craft for seven, four, three or two years, according to the craft and the stage in its history, and became upon the expiration of his indenture a jour-

neyman, which he only remained until, by habits of industry and thrift or the fortunate chance of a marriage with his master's daughter, he could set up as a master himself. The relationship of the master to both apprentices and journeymen was roughly that of a father to his family. This status was not permanent because their normal expectation was that, when the legal bond of the apprentices had expired and capital and experience were acquired, they too would gain their independence and the full freedom of the guild. The modern workmen's economic philosophy is bounded by tolerable and secure employment and the wage-envelope on Saturday; to the mediæval journeyman, wages marked but a stage towards frugal and honorable independence. Sometimes there was even more to be gained, and many country folk of gentility but slender means, sent their sons to seek fortune and advancement by way of the crafts. Not all turned again as Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, but many could count upon finding in the London crafts wealth and influence.

The organization of rural districts was, necessarily, somewhat different to that of the towns, but even here guilds, though not existing of course for the protection of trade or manufactures, served many excellent economic purposes. They too had their guild halls and their parish chests and loans for poor or alms for sick and disabled members. And as Professor Thorold Rogers says: "Few parishes were probably without guild lands from which the aged and the poor were nourished, till on the plea that they were devoted to superstitious uses, they were stolen under an act of Parliament by Protector Somerset."

Even feudalism itself is still largely misunderstood. Serfdom had passed with the Dark Ages, and before the thirteenth century had arrived, the lord of the manor could only demand his tenants to work upon the demesne land for a few days a week, with some extra service at harvest-time and a couple of turkeys at Christmas. Even this (curtailed to a large extent by the holidays enforced by the Church) became very generally commutable by a regular money payment. But in any case the tenants always had their own holdings and their customary rights to the common lands.

Unfortunately these rights were too often only customary, and when it was seen that pasturage was more profitable than ploughed fields the lords, finding the prevailing system of scattered strips inconvenient with the change that had come over agricul-

ture, enforced their rights and enclosed the commons. The legal question is obscure, for while the people could plead ancient custom, the lords were able to use the law against a peasantry ignorant of its complexities and of the subtlety of lawyers. The process began before the Protestant Reformation, though had the Reformation not come it is probable that the movement would have failed. Certain it is that an immense impetus was given to the enclosures by the grasping hands of the defenders of the new faith.

The dissolution of the monasteries meant, that whereas before the rich owned and controlled barely a third of the land in England (the rest being widely though unequally divided among the mass of the population), they now had in their absolute possession over one-half. Two points should be noticed. First, that the owners of the land in days when machinery and fixtures were of comparatively little value, held infinitely more economic power with it than they could today. Secondly, that the lords, who when they held only a third of the land could be kept in check equally by economic forces and by the power of the Church, now that their possessions were larger and their purpose more united than those of the rest of the nation, now that the restraining influence of religion had disappeared, were able to make extortions of which they never dared to speak before. The ecclesiastical lands had been ruled indulgently by the abbeys and had set a standard for other manors. They now passed to those who had obtained them by rapine, and who would be prepared to acknowledge few restraints in their administration.

To the plunder of the monasteries was added the plunder of the guilds. These corporations being immensely wealthy, but being also in a very real sense religious fraternities, had their funds and property confiscated to the crown where it could be shown that they spent money on Masses for the dead or on any other such "superstitious" object. Edward VI.'s commissions did in fact honestly attempt to differentiate between secular and religious societies, and recommended the authorization of many trade guilds. These recommendations were not always acted upon, and even where the guilds were allowed to remain, heavy taxes were levied to their detriment. Such proceeds, and the rifled wealth of the Church, did not pass in any great extent to the crown; few schools or hospitals or almshouses arose in consequence—though this more often happened in Germany and Den-

mark than in England—but the great lords and the servants of the king steeped their hands in the blood of the poor, and in what Mr. Lloyd George now probably regrets to remember he called "the fat of sacrilege."

Many of the craft guilds lingered on oppressed by heavy taxation. But though the livery companies still remain (in name at least) in London to this day, the guilds gradually decayed. Economic forces were too strong for them; capitalism crude and cynical had entered into possession, and the mysteries were doomed. In any case when the bond of their union was taken away their end was in sight. Religion was proscribed and a new false philosophy took its place. They keystone of the arch was knocked out, and the arch fell.

Much has been written by many writers upon the spirit and organization of the guilds and nearly all of it is sympathetic in tone. Hardly anyone has done more than Cardinal Gasquet to make the kindly past live again for us, but even he can find it in his heart to write: "The system of these voluntary societies would be impossible and out of place in this modern world of ours." Everything which that great scholar says is of interest and importance, but if I cannot agree with him in this opinion, I have for my comfort the support of the *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII., which flings the guilds down as a challenging gage to industrialism:

> Some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and unjustly at this moment on the vast majority of the working classes: *for the ancient workingmen's guilds were abolished in the last century, and no other organization took their place*....Hence by degrees it has come to pass that workingmen have been surrendered, all isolated and helpless, to the hardheartedness of employers and the greed of unchecked competition. The mischief has been increased by rapacious usury, which, although more than once condemned by the Church, is, nevertheless, under a different guise, but with the like injustice, still practised by covetous and grasping men....So that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself.

That the idea of the guilds is not dead in current economic thought, may be seen clearly enough by the eagerness with which one-time Socialists tumble over each other to declare themselves free from the taint of Collectivism!

Not only do they eschew Marx, but they unashamedly hanker after the guilds. For though the Guild Socialism (or as it is now more correctly named "National Guilds") and Syndicalism are still some distance away from the old intimate and cosy idea of the mediæval guilds, they have come a very long way towards it.

Both National Guilds and Syndicalism insist upon the doctrine that economic power precedes political power, in Mr. Orage's fine phrase, "the political moon reflecting the light of the economic sun." They would take care of the economic pence and let the political pounds take care of themselves. Both unite in denouncing the entanglement of the trade-union movement in parliamentary laborism, pointing out with truth that labor has never been so powerless as when a strong labor party sits in the House of Commons waiting to be bought by the caucus, the economic piper who calls the political tune!

In both of these systems the first step towards the abolition of wagery is "the regimentation into a single fellowship of all those who are employed in any given industry." The second will be the refusal of the watertight guild to work any longer for the profit of the capitalists. Though Syndicalism parts company with National Guilds here, the one demanding the absolute ownership, by the men of any given trade, of their particular trade, the other vesting all ownership in the state and acting merely as the state's trustee, each would agree that the transition could not take place "without an intervening period of some form of partnership with existing capitalism." The guild would never be a mere trade-union living with certain new rights under the old wage system, but a corporate body treating directly in business and paying the members of the guild itself.

There is no space to treat the contents of that brilliant book *National Guilds* in detail here. I can only outline its thesis, note its tendency and offer a criticism.

Though its promoters very properly detest the modern passion for quantitative instead of qualitative workmanship (the only good work done to-day, as always, has been executed by men in small shops regarding themselves as artists rather than as "hands"), the elephantine organization of the proposed scheme, while it would undoubtedly add dignity to labor and economy to production, could hardly affect quality to a great extent. For *that,* direct touch would be necessary between the artist-craftsman and the customer. Moreover, the officials of a large organization are

notoriously safer from criticism and control than the officials of an organization small enough to be open to the eyes of each one of its members. Then too, a guild, which only recognizes corporate ownership, would not satisfy the nature of man so completely as a guild such as those of the Middle Ages, which, while having their corporate identity, also jealously guarded the property and the individuality of all their members.

Of course no one imagines that the ancient guilds could work successfully in the modern world without very vital modifications. They did not die because they had served their day and were conquered by the industrial revolution which introduced steam machinery. They did not die on beds of disease but were slain in the open air. Had the Faith endured in England and the guilds with it, the crafts would unquestionably have adjusted themselves to new needs, using all that invention has introduced, not for mercenary profit but for human use. Capitalism was not (as the common theory runs) the child of machinery. The Reformation was its parent. But machinery coming into a capitalistic society enormously strengthened it, as it would just as certainly have strengthened the guild system had it found it then in possession of the field.

Can the guilds ever return? Well, I think not, until the world again accepts the Faith. Until then men seem likely to be ready for a purely materialistic contentment, and unlikely to show any readiness to sacrifice for the gaining of what is, in the last analysis, a spiritual idea. The Creed is the only possible salvation for industrialism. The exhaustion of the acquired velocity of Catholic traditions is increasingly apparent, and we may with safety predict that unless "some remedy be found and found quickly" society will inevitably harden itself into the capitalistic mold, legalizing what has, up to now, been only customary, and perfecting the Servile State.

If we can only regain the true and ancient philosophy, clarity of vision and a determination to make our choice effectual, we can win back a free England and a merry England. The guilds will live, full of their old genial and independent spirit, purified and strengthened by religion and colored with our lost gaiety. If we will it, we can have it, and see again the mysteries perform their their plays on *Corpus Christi,* and drink perhaps from a loving cup for which another Catholic archbishop of York has obtained a hundred days indulgence. In this faith I mean to live and die.

## AN ANCIENT VISION AND THE NEWER NEEDS.

BY GEORGE NAUMAN SHUSTER.

FOR the average American, Emerson remains, quite unquestionably, our most original and exalted thinker. Although the mines of thought which the man worked are woefully undescribed to most of us, his acute, angular countenance has become symbolic of the sage. The grammar-texts have it so, and it were preposterous to expect the plain citizen to outdistance them. It would be folly indeed to use the flaming handiwork of his expression as a model for the stolid masonry of a business style! And the teacher has sufficient personal difficulty with the airy forms of the Transcendental Cult without attempting to lead them down the stairways of the child-mind. The neglect of the educated, however, is even more amazing than this popular indefiniteness. One finds the *Essays* in every library, but they are not outworn with fingering. The reader commonly gets the sensation of stargazing. Emerson appears to walk different paths from ours; his very fauna and flora seem colored with alien light. His ideals taper off into subtleties. Accordingly we still hear a great deal of the name, but less and less of the philosophy of our most typical thinker. Emerson clubs even are scarce, though a club is as easy to nurture as a weed.

Now if Emerson be the genius our criticism has always contended for, this neglect is puzzling. Americans are not indifferent to philosophy, and though they do prefer imported brands, our own James, Royce, and also Muensterberg are widely read. The modern essay traverses every by-way in science, ethics and religion. There are almost as many moral disquisitions put forth as works of fiction, and even the latter have acquired an ethical purpose. Nevertheless, it is quite simple to show that Emerson cannot lead American thought and that for several plain reasons. The man was not a philosopher at all, but a poet born accidentally into the most prosaic pulpit that has ever stood in the name of God. If, as Paulsen says, "philosophy is the sum of all scientific knowledge," then Emerson had no business with it, for nowhere is he supremely interested in the past. Moreover, he was so unconcerned with causes that he is entirely separate from the newer life

that has followed him. The introspective idealism which he cultured so buoyantly appears flimsy in the tremendous pressure of contemporary circumstance. The important matter now is to bake the bread and distribute it; to wager the life of the world, its dreams of civilization and its heritage of wealth on the game of temporal power. Never in history has the state been more arbitrary. And Emerson would have said with Carlyle: "I will pay taxes to the House of Hanover only so long as it has the physical force to collect them." As a critic of religion he neglected to respect either the Christian tradition or the vogue of the Oriental cults. His failures everywhere are lapses of thought; his victories are won by inspiration. Emerson at his best is a poet of the intellect but not of the senses; a worshipper of flame but not of color.

Yet so representative is this man of a certain type of American mind that in following him we seem to be studying a biography of the nation. It is even possible to assert that the Declaration of Independence was never read to the world until Emerson preached his heretical sermon in the Boston House of Prayer. For while it may be true that a severance of allegiance, or a refusal to pay taxes marks the beginning of a free people, yet that people is never released from bondage till it has presumed to arrange its institutions in an indigenous manner. If the religious belief itself does not follow the curves and angles of the rising giant, then that creed is bound to be cast off. And what was the faith of the American? Briefly a most repellent form of Calvinism, stanch in a certain high moral purpose, but cavernous in the odious gloom that it flung upon the most innocent form of human happiness: a faith that sprang up naturally in the gardens of a lascivious court, but was destined to grow unpopular as soon as its adherents themselves became kings. The young American with his feet on the stool of the most opulent natural heritage conceivable, must have felt indeed that he was of royal blood, and that even the gateways of the soul must bear the armorial crests of his lineage. Puritanism was doomed and has since gone. But why have the dreams of Emerson and his like had so little a share in the upheaval?

The failure of Emerson is due for the most part to the limits of his own personality. I remember seeing an old gentleman's copy of *Prudence* in which the title-word had been suggestively shortened into "Prude." That represents something of the impression Emerson makes on many modern spirits. The imperturbable nicety of his conventions, the smooth-frocked frugality

of his dicta, are apt to seem a little womanish. Our world is vulgar and he is exquisitely refined. What he writes of Napoleon is correct enough, but he seems incognizant of the shapeless, primitive armies that ploughed up Europe, leaving nothing behind them but the term "cannon-fodder," and stumbling at last into a scarred and weatherbeaten peace. What has he to say of a million hungry mouths and naked backs; what of the gigantic machines of economy on which the very life of nations seems suspended as on leathern thongs? Little enough indeed. Emerson harps continually on the strings of soul and intuition: the ordinary man is uncertain of his soul and scornful of spiritual insight. Mystics still flourish, but even they have been obliged to supply a definite and substantial *telos*. Today the individual, of whom the Transcendentalists made so much, has been merged into the battalion and that is just so much physical power.

Similarly the Catholic who is a reader of Orestes A. Brownson will recall that doughty champion's inveterate dissatisfaction with the thin air of Concord. What reality, he demanded, have all these flights of enthusiasm, these ventures on the fleeting wings of exultation? He considered his own long and feverish pursuit of truth, the moments of hectic felicity, the lone vigils and the discovery of the Manger which of all things he least expected to meet, and fancied the jubilant individuality of Emerson a bit puerile. Brownson was probably as great a man as Emerson, but he lacked both humor and poetry and was possessed of an omnivorous intellectual appetite which the other disavowed. In short, one was a visionary and the other a critic. Still, were they together now, it is not unlikely that we should find them closer. For the Protestant attitude towards the Church has been altered. Emerson in his address, *To the Young American,* could write: "If a humane measure is propounded in behalf of the slave or the Irishman or the Catholic....that project will have the homage of the hero." Such times have happily vanished.

It is probable that Emerson and Brownson would unite in construction today, just as they both revolted from the Puritan tradition in the forties. Their gifts and temperaments stood at odds, but they shared in the desperate spiritual idealism of early America, a waking force so brilliant and so general that its illustration in their lives is almost typical. The prime quality of Emerson is sincerity. Keen, striated brows and cheeks, nostrils tense and aquiline with thought, eyes limpid as Vermont pools: these

things are found only in the Newmans and Emersons, men hungry for soul food and reckless in their purchase of it. The fleshpots of Egypt are as nothing to them compared with the halo that gleams from the Ten Laws on Mount Sinai. Then, too, there is the splendid clairvoyant optimism so confident in its intuition of divine existence and human immortality. They feel the surge of the spirit towards light and follow bravely and triumphantly. With Emerson, there is also the youthful impatience with set religious phrases, forms of worship and ritual. He held these usage-honored bonds as so many apron-strings from which one got nothing but weakness. He would go out of the temples of men into the living edifice of God; he would hitch his wagon to a star.

Although beauty of diction and symmetrical poise of expression are as difficult to account for in Emerson's case as they were in Hawthorne's, still his spiritual growth was as natural as the unfolding of a flower. Puritan New England! The austerity of the ideal with which it began; the reticence consequent on the struggle with nature and the Calvinistic morality; the vigor of an ethical judgment to which forgiveness was the ultimate impossibility: all these things were contained in Emerson. He was a quiet, thoughtful, un-material child coming into this frigidity with a soul on fire, like a young knight entering into a chamber of lifeless statuary, and feeling in his blood the fertile thrill of sunlight from the hills to which he is native. There was never a more generous and puissant seeking of the Grail than New England saw. Longfellow with the dim incense of his Gothic memory; Whitman with his insight into the miracle of form; Hawthorne, Brownson, Taylor, Howells and Clemens: to everyone of these men might have been attributed in some measure the ideals of the exceptionally gifted Emerson. Among them he must have seemed the lamp of vision.

"Hitch your wagon to a star" is one of the counsels men remember him by. It is particularly apt because Emerson was the sort of man who would sit in a wagon rather than a motor-car. His coat was certain to be spotted with the dust of the road, and his hands would be roughened by the chill of the upland air. For him the world of America was not wedged in a street of office buildings, but stretched from ocean to ocean in an unbroken panorama of sky and field. The older American was always of this character, and despite the growth of cities we are still greatly like him. Another homely fact about Emerson was the profession of

preacher. Nothing so strikingly contrasts our age with the era of Boston as the difference between William Sunday and Ralph Waldo Emerson. There was a time when the fine native intellectualism of the latter bade fair to transmute the whole Protestant organization. Today we are saying the same thing of the tawdry, ultra-vulgar effusions of the Rev. William!

However, the most important matter in which we are at variance with Emerson is the essential valuation of human life. To the Calvinist, no beauty lay in the eyes of existence except the light of terror. He had no definite concept of the kingdom of heaven but instead a very realistic impression of hell. Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards almost outdid the imagination of Dante in the geography of Hades, and certainly the effect wrought on their audiences must have been overwhelming. Emerson, however, practically closed his eyes to the nightmare of the damned. How it must have startled the old *doctrinaires* of fear and trembling to hear that man held within himself the keys of a great and enduring mastery; that he alone had been made in the shining image of God. The young man's revolt was thorough. He had no patience with the preachers who spoke their feeble phrases Sabbath after Sabbath; no admiration for the Hebrew law that reiterated itself as if it had never been fulfilled. Indeed he went too far in his eagerness to rid himself of cant. The divinity of man's origin and destiny seemed so important that he minimized the Godhead of the Saviour. He was so elated at not finding himself a slave that he lifted himself into the seat of the Master. There was about Emerson too much of the Ego and not enough of the Alter. Even the benevolence of his humanitarianism was tainted with condescension. Was there anything strange about this when centuries of antecedent Protestantism had negated the sanction of divine authority and elevated the poor human intelligence into the position of sole Imperative?

It was in this fashion, then, that the lamp of the Puritan soul, fed and trimmed by those steady years of virginal abnegation, brusque morals and frigid emotion came to learn the barrenness of its habitation amid the splendid dwellings of the land of God. How shining the optimism with which it proclaimed the discovery! Because of the long pining and fears the world seemed fresher and more radiant. While over in Europe Browning sang, "Leave now for dogs and apes, Man has forever!" the American said: "The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of

nature and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends: in yourself slumbers the whole of reason; it is for you to do all, it is for you to dare all." On the dead bones of Cotton Mather and the Salem witches stood the Puritan shouting: "I am a man; I am the child of God!"

And this, I think, is Emerson's essential bequest to American thought, the assertion that it is not history that matters but man; that death is unessential and birth all-important; that the ills of the human race are due not to the fact that a man fears death but that he is afraid to live. Except in certain craven conditions of the mind there is no reality in the cringing before death: very frequently it seems even that the gateways to Lethe are eminently desirable. But on the other hand, what fears, what halting, what Pharisaical muffling of ideals when we confront the dread necessity of living! Who has not felt the taut hedging of circumstance about the flame of the soul; has not seen the hopes of youth go down like a host of flies in the air of winter? It is this failure to make life obedient to the impulses which are driven upon the soul from the divine law that Emerson is constantly bewailing. Rely upon yourself, let every friend even be to you a "beautiful enemy." Perhaps this doctrine is all that Emerson actually had to preach and surely nothing could possibly have suited the trend of rising America better than this: a young land rising to meet the future like a stalwart reaper going into the grain.

The years have passed, and we find ourselves proclaiming a totally different gospel to the world. Puritanism has long since fallen into decay, and the old pulpits have been made over into platforms, chairs of sociology and amiable mouthpieces of vague philosophical emotion. There are no Jonathan Edwards, but also no Emersons. There is no one to preach of hell, and no one to describe the kingdom of heaven. We have come over quite generally to the kingdoms of earth. If the most intellectual men outside the Catholic Church have followed any cult at all, it is the dogma of cosmic materialism. The greatest good of the greatest number is declared entirely a matter of financial decimal points; the progress of the world is relative to its organization for efficiency. A slender and modest being, like an intuition, may have its place in the universe, but we have no time to seek it out.

There is a variety of essayists in America today, but they may be divided broadly into two classes, the professor and the observer. Almost all of our philosophy is now dictated from the

lecture-room. James, Ladd, Dewey and Royce are academic names. The economists like Eastman, Reinsch and Ely, the historians like Woodrow Wilson and the critics like Lounsbury and Herrick are *doctrinaires,* every one of them. On the other hand, the observers are merely journalists of talent and experience, who write with greater fluency and more wit on the same problems. Occasionally the essay finds itself in the hands of an artist like Miss Repplier or a statesman like Mr. Roosevelt. As a general rule, however, one discovers the social essay dogmatic, and dependent for its appeal upon authority. And nothing could so sharply distinguish the times of Emerson from those of our own, as the discovery that the authority is no longer in the hands of the divine. Except for an occasional Dr. Lyman Abbot who serves the old sugar-coated platitudes of a vanished generation in the established sentimental way, the Protestant Church has abandoned teaching in the name of the Father and the Son. When modern thought ventures forth in defence of ideals, it bears the insignia of human science and the garb of natural reason. What matter the long aisles of eternity when the record of human energy is but the tick of a kitchen clock to the dial of the ancient sun?

There is no doubt but what Emerson embodied the first rhythms of that tremendous egotism which has flooded the modern world. It is quite the same thing if a brain professes its ability to fathom the Godhead unaided, or decides to do without the Godhead. The Transcendentalist had faith but neither humility nor charity. The equally proud scientist has charity but no faith. It is not so long ago that we dreamed of a world rising on evolutionary steps from the low-vaulted past. Darwin and Haeckel, reverting to the ancient theory of Epicurus, proclaimed the independence of man from moral bonds on scientific grounds; was Emerson so utterly distant when he shouted: "*Non serviam!*" from the hustings of emancipated reason? No, and it is at least a weird coincidence that in the poetic foreword to *Nature* is contained the first recognition in American thought of the evolution theory. For these reasons the failure of both these philosophies is even more impressive than the decay of ancient Puritanism. That at least was stern and implacable, was rooted deeply and solidly in its desert. Its confessors were not scholiasts but men.

Bowed down by the catastrophe of modern existence, we are apt to wonder a little if the highest flights of reason are not the most destructive, and whether the peasant who tills his field in the

sober credence that his destiny is in the bosom of his Father, be not blessed above the loftiest seer. It is not the weight of death that burdens our poets and moralists, but the sere futility of life itself. Never before has the quietus of the bare bodkin been so admired or resorted to. The representative modern novelist, be it Mrs. Wharton in *Ethan Fromme,* or Mr. Bennet in *The Old Wives' Tale,* always preaches the vacuity of living. No, it is not that men are afraid to die, but that never before have they so feared to enter upon the day. Posterity has become a sort of shrine to which the Olive Schreiners can carry the prayers that we used to bring to church. Emerson, if he did nothing else, at least proclaimed the essential beauty and usefulness of life.

The time has come when Protestantism, scorning all authority save the powers of the individual mind, has cast off the primal forms and dogmas that gave it vitality, and bowed itself in the dust before masters of the agnostic science. I can know nothing save the plash of earth through the murky waves of space, declares the modern seer, and of that we shall ask questions through eternity. It is immaterial to me if you believe in an after-life for the soul or in a God: life is too short for me to fill it with dreams. Sincere as is the credence of William James and Josiah Royce it bears no burden for the brotherman. For at most it is a fancy or a vague hope. Speculation and more speculation; doubt heaped on doubt; a smudgy self-complaisance in what one gets out of religion: that is all one reaps in the vineyards of modern science. Still, it is impossible that such a state of affairs should continue. Kant, Fichte, Hegel and Spencer have led the universities in their turn, and have one by one been laid aside. There is no longer authority even in thought, and logic has been flung to the winds. Every sanction of morality, every mandate of the natural, eternal law, every concept identified for ages with divine revelation, have been trampled under. Can we now proclaim the independence of man? Never before have the hopes and destinies of the individual been more ruthlessly commandeered; never have we stood in such quaking subservience to what ought to be the rudimentary concern of life, the economic state. And in surrendering the individual, America has parted company with Emerson and some of its fairest dreams.

Perhaps, as has been said, he was merely a poet. Certainly he dealt little enough with government, the question of international power or the merchant marine. It is altogether likely

that his voice will not carry in the turmoil of the market-place. And yet, what would we not give for the optimism of that man! We must get back his faith in life, his joy in nature, his smile at the promise of the night. Without these things, the wine of power must become bitter as wormwood. To be sure we cannot go back to him, for the graceful curves of his vista have somehow been cleared away. It is impossible to believe, either, in the dry forms of Puritan worship or in the ponderous cogitation of the professors. All the wit of Bernard Shaw cannot fill the mind with glee. Can it be we have tired of journeying and are going home?

The demand of the world is for faith—something to die for and better still, something to live for. Again, as with Emerson, it is the poet rather than the thinker who approaches us with counsel. With every wind that comes from the vast land where the simple souls are gazing on the runes of stars and sea, is borne the fragrance of that strange beautiful virtue which we have missed so long, humility. On all sides stirs the melody of the soul, whether it spring from the far horizons where few feet have trod or from the whirr of stifled cities. Thank God for the poet who sings! In the day when civilization is threatened almost with extinction of the higher forms of human life, the strong man bows his head to the earth and believes. It may be the mission of the Christian bard to ply his pen like an angel's sword and restore the vision of God the Father and the eternal Mediator Who is the Son. Whatever the future will bring, it must be something more than philosophy or science; it must transcend the logarithms and outdistance the search of the spectrum. We shall come back into the House of Prayer.

It is possible that Emerson's vision, were it vital, would penetrate to the need of restful faith. The multitudes have come together from the mountain and the valley, and they must be fed. The Gospel shall be preached with authority, not that of kings or peoples or savants or even poets, but by priests in the name of God. For we have a satiety of dialectic. Every plain man with his hands on the implements of labor, every woman with her arms about a child; every longing soul amongst us: these demand that life again be made worthy of the living, and that the insatiable hunger of humanity be stilled. In confronting this lusty demand, the Catholic Church will reply from the open doors of the Tabernacle. If the humility of bleeding earth will accept the Food, It is waiting.

## WOMAN AND CHILD LABOR UNDER WAR CONDITIONS.

BY JOSEPH V. MCKEE, A.M.

WE are facing today a great danger, the danger of hasty and ill-considered legislation. The War has brought forward many problems that are of serious import, not merely because of the problems *per se,* but more gravely, because of the consequences that may flow from attempts at their solution. In a great many cases it is the cure and not the disease that is to be feared. This is due to the fact that expediency is the policy that dictates the course of action to be pursued. It seems trite to say that any action based only on expediency is markedly dangerous, for it is clearly apparent that no problem is solved, unless permanently so; that it is futile to consider a patient cured by the substitution of one disease for another. And yet that, in great measure, is invariably the result of expediency. The surface problem is met and solved, but in its solution dangerous means are employed that later work reactions stronger and more serious than the primary trouble.

The evil of hasty legislation born of expediency makes itself particularly apparent in the matter of child and female labor laws. For years previous to the War there had been a universal tendency among the nations to raise the educational requirements which every child had to meet before being allowed entry into the industries, and safeguard more carefully the welfare of the women workers. From the spirit of *laissez faire* that allowed the most flagrant abuses in the employment of women and children, there has developed in the past ten years a keen appreciation of the primary truth that the greatest safeguards had to be thrown around children of tender years and women to prevent their exploitation by unscrupulous employers and even by others, who because of sharp competition, were unable to better conditions in their factories. The thinkers of all nations had come to realize the utter shame of a social system that permitted the sacrifice of their children and the degradation of their women. Societies were organized and definite action taken to remedy these conditions, with the result that the old standards governing the employment of women and children were improved and new ones enacted.

At the opening of the War the advancement that had been made was universally high and commendable. In every country of Europe, including Russia, some attempt had been made to regulate the child's entry into the factory and to safeguard the rights of female workers. In many instances the attempts have been very feeble, but, at least, they were evidence that the movement was in the right direction. In England, France, Italy and Germany, labor organizations had forced the enactment of legislation that did much to keep the child in school. Had international conditions continued normal, it is probable that minimum wage laws and minimum age limits would have been placed on the statute books in every European state. In fact many were farther advanced in this regard than a number of our own states, especially Illinois, where seventy hours a week for women is not illegal, where night work is not prohibited, nor one day in seven required for rest.

But what might have been done for the women and children in the factories under normal conditions is merely a matter of conjecture. Labor is the first commodity to show the reaction of peace or war, hard times or prosperity. At the outbreak of the struggle in 1914 the upheaval in labor conditions was so tremendous that old standards were broken down. Previous means proved inadequate in the face of the new emergencies of unemployment, the national demand for special labor and the transfer of surplus workers from one field of industry to another.

The first reaction in England, following the declaration of war in August, 1914, was the economy panic which wrecked the cotton trade and the so-called luxury trades, such as dress-making, millinery and toilet specialties. As a result thousands of women were thrown out of employment. The Report of the Board of Trade on the State of Employment in the United Kingdom in October, 1914, states that the number of women unemployed or on short time was over a million. In October, 1914, there were 115,995 women weavers unemployed or on short time. In September of the same year the contraction in employment reached the serious average of forty-four and four-tenths per cent.

While this condition of unemployed existed among the women workers, just the opposite prevailed among the men. Here, where the demand was so great for men in the industries, over ten per cent were withdrawn from the trades by army enlistments. This withdrawal was the more emphasized by the tremendous

stress placed upon the trades that were engaged in the manufacture of articles necessary for carrying on the War.

In one case there were too many workers, while in the other there were not sufficient numbers to cope with the sudden flood of government contracts. What was needed was an adjustment of labor. This enormous task was undertaken by the Central Committee on Women's Employment. This committee (its *interim* Report of 1915 proves valuable reading) acted as the clearing house in the matter of issuing contracts, financing some of the trades formerly engaged in "luxuries" and adjusting the industrial load.

The result of this work was the induction of women into work formerly done by men. Between July, 1914, and January, 1917, the number of women employed was increased by one-half, and of this number of 1,072,000 women, all but one thousand replaced men. Work in government shops called 147,000 women, while the private metal factories employed 270,000. The total for railway service approximated an increase of from 11,000 to 33,000, while in the breweries the advance was from 8,000 to 18,000.

In Germany the use of women in the factories was also very marked. It is reported that on July 1, 1916, no fewer than 3,827,640 women were at work in the metal trades in Germany. An example of the great increase in the performance by women of exhausting labor is seen in the case of Düsseldorf, the centre of Germany's metal production. Here before the War there had been only 913 women working in the factories. In December, 1914, the number jumped to 6,928, and no doubt has greatly increased during the past three years of warfare.

In Italy, where women previous to the War seldom competed with men, the percentage of women workers rose from four to eighteen and in some trades as high as ninety and ninety-five per cent. Despite this increase the government has issued orders that all men of military age working in factories be replaced by women. Reports are not now available to show in numbers the significance of this change.

In France similar orders had been given for the replacement of men available for military purposes. Women were employed in the most laborious trades, even so far as to enter the furnace industries. In September, 1916, there were 300,000 women who had taken up work in the munition factories. Besides this service

they are also aiding their country in branches auxiliary to the army, such as in laundry and clerical work.

The increase in child labor has been as marked as in the case of women. In England previous to 1914 the number of children under fourteen years of age engaged in gainful occupations was 146,417. In the first year of the War over 100,000 boys and girls below thirteen years of age were excused from school and placed in the industries. In France the number was proportionately large, while Italy, though not affected to such a degree, had a large increase in the percentage of children entering the factories.

It can readily be seen that such economic and social changes could hardly be made without danger to the individuals of the classes affected. Expediency was the guiding principle that brought about the changes, and, while it produced the required results for a time, it charged a price that none of the nations cares to pay. The cost is now becoming apparent, and steps have been taken to mitigate the damage already done and to prevent further waste.

In the early part of the War when the demand was so great for labor, the short-sighted policy of getting things done in the shortest time possible, regardless of the consequences, dictated the great labor shift previously outlined. This change was made possible only by relaxing the former labor standards which had been erected to protect women and children wage-earners. The safeguards that had prevailed in normal times were laid aside, and where formerly attempts had been made to discourage female labor, especially in work of an exhausting nature, great inducements were now held out, and many plans put into operation, to bring women into the positions vacated by the men called to war. The social, economic and moral evils that might follow such rapid and unguarded changes were lost sight of in the national urgency for men and materials.

The relaxing of standards, as stated in the Report of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor[1] came under three heads: first, lengthening of hours of work; second, lowering the age requirement for children entering the industries, and third, placing of women in dangerous work formerly prohibited by law.

In the first class, exemptions from pre-war standards were

[1] *Child Labor in Warring Countries*, by Julia Lathrop. A very comprehensive report of high merit.

more or less universal in England, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Holland and Russia. In some instances in Germany hours of labor were shortened, but these regulations, however, were enforced in order to bring about a saving in materials. The exemptions granted in the various countries practically destroyed all vestige of former restrictions thrown around the employment of children.

In the second class—the lowering of the age requirement for children—the war-time changes were even more radical.[2] In Italy boys of twelve whose fathers were soldiers were allowed to begin work under exemption from the educational requirements formerly in force concerning the employment of boys under fifteen years of age. France lowered the age of working boys from twelve years to eleven years and six months. In August, 1914, Germany put into force special emergency exemptions, reports on which are, of course, unavailable. In England, exemptions were almost wholesale; on May 31, 1916, 15,753 children under fourteen years were excused from school for agricultural work. So great was the destruction of educational requirements that a speaker in Parliament declared that the British school system was "like the ruins of Louvain."[3]

In the employment of women in work formerly prohibited because of its dangerous nature—the third class of exemptions—the lowering of standards again was far-reaching in its effect. Permission was granted by Germany and Russia to women to work underground in coal mines. An idea of the work taken up by women can be seen from the following paragraph taken from *Child Labor in Warring Countries*:[4] "In wire factories women are employed at wire spooking, at the wire-weaving machine, and at wire drawing. In so-called 'pottery' foundries women work at the machine mold for cast-iron cooking pots. A smelter in Upper Silesia employs about fifty women in blast furnaces, twenty-five in coke ovens, and sixty in steel and rolling mills. These women are obliged to do Sunday and over-time work. Another smelter employs about twenty-five women at blast furnaces and about twenty at Martin furnaces and in the steel works. In still another, a particularly strong woman is employed as stoker of a furnace. These are all occupations for which formerly only strong men were used. In other smelters women are employed in lighter work."

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 8. [3] Quoted in the *Survey*, August 4, 1917. [4] Page 13.

In France female labor in the munition factories was authorized, girls under eighteen being employed in hazardous positions. In England slight changes were made in the manufacturing machines, whereby girls were enabled to work upon the construction of "eighteen pounder high explosive shells." Just to what extent women displaced men in the British munition factories was made public by the illustrated volume issued by the Ministry of Munitions in February, 1916, popularly known as Lloyd George's Picture Book.[5]

While the object sought by these means, the immediate supply of military necessities, was in some measure accomplished, the price that was paid was altogether disproportionate. After two years of war, M. Albert Thomas, the French Minister of Munitions, declared: "The experience of war time has only demonstrated the necessity—technical, economic, and even physiological—of the labor laws enacted before the War. In our legislation secured in time of peace we shall find the conditions for a better and more intense production during the War." Not only France, but also England and Italy, have come to realize that economic changes cannot be worked out at the expense of physiological law. Investigations into the conditions of the industrial workers show that based upon the cold basis of efficiency, it is a national waste and extravagance to lower the standards of labor, particularly in the case of women and children. The whole situation finds a telling summary in the findings of the official British committee: "In war time the workmen will be willing, as they are showing in so many directions, to forego comfort and to work nearer the margin of accumulating fatigue than in times of peace, *but the country cannot afford the extravagance of paying for work done during incapacity from fatigue just because so many hours are spent on it or the further extravagance of urging armies of workers toward relative incapacity by neglect of physiological law.*"

As a result of these findings England is hastening to return to pre-war standards of labor. The relaxation of requirements that was so rashly accomplished in the first two years of the War was followed by such immediate evils, that the government realized the fearful human waste and the natural inefficiency that followed the placing of heavy loads on weak, immature shoulders. The lesson

[5] *Notes on the Employment of Women on Munitions of War, with an Appendix on the Training of Munition Workers.*

has been so well learned that the new legislation to be enacted will go even farther than did the former statutes in protecting women and children in the industries.

Besides the restoration of former standards England is keenly sensitive to the need of conserving her children. The British are changing their conception of the child as a wage-earner for the larger and saner view of the boy or girl as the prospective citizen and matured worker. The recommendations of the British Board of Education, which were disregarded in 1915, are now being enacted into law. They provide:

> 1. The employment of children of school age should be regarded as an exceptional measure permitted to meet special emergency, and should only be allowed where the authorities are satisfied that no other labor is available, and in no case should children be excused attendance at school if older children who are under no legal obligation to attend school are available.
>
> 2. In considering the available supply of labor, the authorities should satisfy themselves that all reasonable efforts have been made to secure adult labor, *e. g.*, by application at the Labor Exchanges and especially by the offer of adequate remuneration.
>
> 3. Every case should be considered on its merits, and there should be no *general* relaxation of by-laws.
>
> 4. The employment should be of light character and suitable to the employment of the child.

France, after two years of labor exemptions, has reënacted legislation prohibiting night work for girls under eighteen, and has provided that other night workers be employed only after medical examination and under constant supervision. The Minister of Education is considering a bill to establish a system of continuation studies for girls under eighteen and boys under twenty. This arrangement will take the child out of the factory during some of the working hours of the day and provide both a physical rest and a mental training. The reports of the Minister of Labor show a keen appreciation of the evils that have followed haphazard employment of women and children, and point to the establishment of requirements even higher than of those of the pre-war period.

In Italy the Central Committee on Industrial Mobilization has been petitioned repeatedly by the deputies to restore the prohibitions existing before the War. The pressure has become acute,

and undoubtedly the immediate future will see a revision of the present loose standards governing female labor in Italy.

Switzerland at the close of 1915 defined more exactly the exemptions which might be granted under the special war decree of 1914, and made it plain that night work by girls under eighteen and boys under sixteen would not be permitted. Fourteen years was prescribed as the age limit for the employment of children.[6]

This voluminous evidence points to a clear, well-defined lesson that the United States might learn at the expense of the European countries. The conclusions reached after three years of war show that emergency measures that lower the standards of labor for women and children are essentially extravagant in their waste of human energy and inefficacious of the end for which they have been enacted—increased production.

Although this experience stands out clearly, it would seem that our state legislatures do not know of it, or have purposely disregarded it. Labor conditions, and in particular the standards for employment of women and children, have been a matter for state regulation. It was only in September, 1916, that the Federal Child Labor Law became a statute to go into effect a year later. Because of this fact, that the states have had the supervision of labor, the standards have been as varied in extent and character as there are states. How low these requirements are may be seen from the following summary given in the Twelfth Annual Report of the General Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee:

> Twenty-eight states have no regulation of street trades and twenty states have poor regulation.
>
> Twenty-three states need night messenger laws.
>
> Twenty-eight states permit children under sixteen to work more than eight hours a day in stores or other local establishments.
>
> Nineteen states permit children under sixteen to work at night in stores or other establishments.
>
> Twenty-six states do not require medical examination of children for work permits.
>
> One state has no compulsory education law; four states have local option laws.
>
> Twelve states have no educational requirements for work permits; thirty-two states have standards lower than the fifth grade.

[6] *Child Labor in Warring Countries*, p. 17.

Despite these extremely low standards that permit of such conditions, and in the face of the lesson held out by the warring countries in Europe, the state legislatures are making the War an excuse to lower the requirements safeguarding the interests of women and children workers. In Kansas, by resolution of the State Superintendent of Education, the boards were authorized to excuse children from school at any age, at any time, and for any length of time. The superintendent told the investigator that "he did not know and had no way of knowing how many children were excused." [7] As a result of this "war need" the school term was reduced to five months. Similar action was taken in Missouri, with the exception that a limit of fourteen years was required.

In Illinois, boys were excused to do farm work, but under more stringent conditions than in Missouri or Kansas. In Indiana, the age limit had been twelve years. Despite this, the canners attempted to have the opening of the schools postponed. The Department of Education agreed to this proposition, but permission to relax the enforcement of the Child Labor Law was refused by the factory inspection department.

California decreed in 1917 that no female shall be employed more than forty-eight hours a week with this disgraceful exception: "The provision of this section shall not apply to or effect graduate nurses in hospitals, *nor the harvesting, curing, canning or drying of any variety of perishable fruit, fish or vegetable during such periods as may be necessary to harvest, cure, can or dry said fruit, fish or vegetable in order to save the same from spoiling.*" [8]

The significance of this exception can be realized when it is seen that by this enactment the canners, in the name of the national emergency, may use women and girls in their factories for any number of hours, for any number of days, without restriction of any kind.

In Connecticut, the governor has been empowered to suspend the laws relating to labor upon request of the Council of National Defence.[9] In Massachusetts a state board has been established to hear and pass upon any manufacturer's plea for exemption from the labor laws on the ground of emergency.[10] In New Hampshire, the governor has been empowered "to suspend or modify

[7] *Child Labor Bulletin*, August, 1917, p. 115.

[8] *Statutes and Amendments to the Codes*, 1917, ch. 582, p. 829. (Italics ours.)

[9] *Public Acts*, 1917, ch. 326, p. 2,458.

[10] *Acts and Resolves*, 1917, ch. 342, pp. 340, 341.

the restrictions contained in the labor laws of the state when such suspension or modification shall be requested by the Council of National Defence." However this act does not apply "to labor performed entirely in the manufacture of munitions and supplies.[11] In Vermont the following law was enacted: "The commissioner of industries may, with the approval of the governor, suspend the operation of the laws of this state relating to the hours of employment of women and children while the United States is at war.[12] In New York, the legislature empowered the commissioner of education to suspend the law regarding the compulsory attendance of children during the period between April 1st and November 1st, for the purpose of aiding in agricultural work.[13]

These enactments show clearly that, in the rush to do things in the name of war, the United States is going ahead, blindly oblivious of the dangers attendant upon the relaxation of labor standards and the evils sure to follow the imposition of heavy burdens upon the shoulders of our women and children. No emergency, national or state, has so far presented itself, calling for any radical exemptions from our pre-war requirements. In the event of such a crisis the situation could be met by means other than by marshaling our women and children to take up unlimited and unregulated factory work. If it should happen that our national existence required the placement of our women and children in the exhausting industries, the change should be worked only after considering and enacting into law the most efficacious means to protect them in their work. But we face no such crisis. If we did, we should bear in mind the lesson learned by the warring countries of Europe.

[11] *Public Acts*, 1917, ch. 196, pp. 97, 98.
[12] *Acts and Resolves*, 1917, no. 172, p. 192.
[13] *Laws of New York*, ch. 689.

# JANE AUSTEN AND THE COMIC SPIRIT.

BY BROTHER LEO.

A LITTLE reflection on the representative work of the world's greatest humorists readily leads to the conclusion that, from the standpoint of its effects on the reader, humor has two main functions: It makes us laugh, and it makes us think. Both these functions may, and generally do, operate synchronously, for in Aristophanes, Cervantes, Shakespeare and Molière, we find food alike for laughter and for thought; but it is clear that the one tendency or the other so dominates that it is possible to classify comic writers as laugh-humorists and thought-humorists. Thus, the diverting adventures of the Knight of La Mancha and his stolid squire, though possessing an undoubted thought content so pervasive and so considererable that Turgenev was able to construct a convincing philosophical comparison of Hamlet and Don Quixote, constitute mainly an appeal to the risibles; and so Cervantes is a laugh-humorist. The drama of *Tartufe,* on the other hand, though not devoid of provocatives to laughter, possesses mainly an intellectual appeal; it is really the drama of hypocrisy, and the enjoyment of it is conditioned on the spectator's ability to follow thought transitions and thought contrasts; and so Molière is a thought-humorist. Myriad-minded as he is, Shakespeare in his mirthful moods now falls into the one attitude, now into the other. Falstaff and Launcelot Gobbo make us laugh, Jaques and Malvolio make us think. Shakespeare is a laugh-humorist in *A Comedy of Errors* and a thought-humorist in *The Tempest.*

This distinction between laugh-humor and thought-humor involves a corresponding differentiation between *comedy* and the *comic spirit.* The latter is, more intimately and directly, a thing of the mind. It may spring from what Thackeray called a mixture of love and wit; it may be, as Mr. Crothers would say, "the frank enjoyment of the imperfect;" but in any case it is less concerned with what people do than with what they are. The laughter it evokes is a laughter of the mind—"a harmless wine," says George Meredith, "conducing to sobriety in the degree that it enlivens. It enters you like fresh air into a study; as when one of

the sudden contrasts of the comic idea floods the brain like reassuring daylight." And a little earlier in his brilliant essay, *On Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit,* the creator of Sir Willoughby Patterne defines the test of the comic spirit to be "that it shall awaken *thoughtful* laughter." The comic spirit is humor "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Comedy, properly so-called, points out her objects with an Horatian chuckle, perhaps even with a Rabelaisian leer: "See," she says, "yonder man who inadvertently sits upon his own hat; who goes out during a thunder storm with a watering-can and an umbrella to sprinkle his favorite rose tree; who tells such mastodonic lies that he deceives nobody except himself; who heroically leads his platoon of soldiers in headlong charge against the main body of his own troops; who laughs at funerals and weeps at weddings and habitually mislays his spectacles and manifests living faith in hair-restorers; who marries his cook because she is so excellent a cook only to find that once a wife the lady refuses to enter the kitchen." But the comic spirit, smiling as the Prince of Denmark smiled during his verbal bout with the socialistic gravemaker, gently reminds us: "The gentleman's lack of table manners is really due to his extreme self-consciousness; he gets up at a most ungodly hour because he once read in a book that early rising is salutary; like Browning's Caliban and Mr. H. G. Wells, he has made unto himself a deity in his own image and likeness; he never mentions himself in conversation because he dreads being put down as an egotist; he would like to wear his hat sideways because his friends say he looks like Napoleon; he is discourteous to his wife because he is really very fond of her, and he worries incessantly because he learns from his Sunday newspaper that a million years from now the earth will probably be destroyed by fire."

When Erasmus declared humor to be dependent on good temper and insight into human nature, it was really the comic spirit that he had in mind. The thought-humorist knows man and men, not merely in their external vagaries, but from the inside; and his attitude, for all its keen enjoyment, is one of deep and even loyal sympathy. There is nothing of morbidity about it. "Contempt," says Meredith again, "is a sentiment that cannot be entertained by comic intelligence." It is a thing apart from cynicism. Socrates understood it as he joked with Crito, the hemlock cup at his lips; it was alien to Diogenes in his tub. Voltaire knew

naught of it, and Swift and Pope; neither does Mr. Bernard Shaw. But Thackeray dwelt in its light, and Charles Lamb and Terence; and so does M. Edmond Rostand.

It is not without a gently humorous significance that the supreme exponent of the comic spirit in English letters is a woman, a spinster, the daughter of an obscure village clergyman. Jane Austen, a century after her death, claims recognition as England's premier thought-humorist. In her refreshing unconsciousness of the distinction, in her not less refreshing avoidance of all striving after the distinction, in her ingenuous refusal to take herself too seriously, lies an added charm. The second half of the nineteenth century gave her a formidable rival in the person of George Meredith—not a rival merely, but at many points an antithesis. For Meredith *was* conscious of what he called "the comic intelligence;" Meredith *did* strive to realize every potentiality of his admitted gift of humorous perception; Meredith *did*—and here the comic spirit for once blends into tragedy—take himself seriously. But all in vain. The man's meticulously thought-out theory of his art, his syntax-shattering manipulation of elusive epigrams, his elisions, suspensions, dissonances, inversions and neologisms, his tortuous and torturing pursuit of shadows of shades of meaning—shame itself, why did he make such faces?—his castigation of the "inveterate opponents" who refused to smile at his sallies and of the not less detested "drum-and-fife supporters" who insisted upon smiling too broadly to suit the taste of this arbiter elegantiarum of the comic spirit—all availed not against the native ability, the keen observation, the apt turn for language and the fine sense of proportion of the woman—the woman who, working with a tiny brush upon her two inches of ivory, painted comic miniatures likely never to be surpassed.

The seemingly unaccountable caprice of genius that came with peerless dramatic gifts to a Warwickshire poacher and touched with rare lyric fire the thick lips of an Ayrshire ploughboy, dallied with the dark-haired girl playing about the Hampshire lanes. Born at Steventon toward the close of the year 1775, Jane Austen lived her relatively short life never two hundred miles from the place of her nativity. Grown up, she dwelt with her family at Bath, afterward at Southampton, a rare jaunt in London being the only notable variety in her external existence. She died at Winchester, whither she had gone to attend a physician, in July, 1817.

The Austens were respectable, home-loving, ordinary folks.

The father, the Rev. George Austen, was rector at Steventon until succeeded in 1801 by his son, the Rev. James Austen. The mother was a peaceful body and a good housekeeper. Two of the boys took orders and two more entered the navy, both ultimately attaining to the grade of admiral of the fleet. Cassandra, Jane's only sister and inseparable friend and confidant, led in single blessedness a sweetly uneventful life. Such a family might well be regarded by the worldly wise as an abode of serenity, of mediocrity, of rural gentility, a nursery, perhaps, of Mr. Kipling's "general averages;" but the last place on earth where one would look for the nursery of an eminent exemplar of the comic spirit.

Steventon, Jane Austen's birthplace and her home for more than a quarter of a century, was peaceful, secluded, commonplace. It had a church dating from the eleventh century standing a little beyond the village, and sturdy hawthorns and a solitary yew—reputed to be as old as the church—kept melancholy ward above the graves. The elm-shaded rectory, comfortable after a fashion but far from luxurious, stood at the end of a row of cottages. The village itself, in essentials unchanged by the passing of a century and more, sulks in a shallow valley surrounded by low-lying hills. As a very young girl Jane Austen with her sister Cassandra attended the Abbey School at Reading, a secularized Benedictine foundation; and she played with her little companions among the ruins of the abbey church which was begun by Henry I. and consecrated by St. Thomas of Canterbury in 1125. At Steventon, the children had a *penchant* for amateur theatricals and utilized the barn in summer and the dining-room in winter for performances.

Substantially all we know of the externals of Jane Austen's home life we get from her own letters, published by Lord Brabourne in 1884; from the memoir written by her nephew, the Rev. Austen Leigh, which appeared in 1870, and from a contribution made by the third and fourth generations, *Jane Austen: Her Life and Letters*, by William Austen-Leigh and Richard Arthur Austen-Leigh, the son and the grandson of the author of the memoir, which saw the light as recently as 1914. All these witness to the conventionality and serenity of the Austen's home life, and to the far from spectacular manner in which Jane's days were spent. Her nephew pays a tribute to his aunt's skill with the needle; and despite his assurance that both she and Cassandra "took to the garb of middle age sooner than their years or their looks required," the numerous vivacious passages in her letters commenting from

various angles on that complex subject of feminine attire, make it clear that she had a normal and healthy interest in her personal adornment. Like her own heroines, in externals at least, she was a conformist to the whims of dame fashion, a respecter of the slogan, "it is always done," a trembler—though forsooth a subrisive one—in the presence of the fiend named Social Error. And so she interested herself in fancy work and imitation china and filigree baskets, wore dainty pattens on a mid-winter walk, dined at four in the afternoon and expressed polite interest in somebody's "putrid" sore throat. Her writing was done, not in a decorated bower or an inaccessible "den," but in the common sitting-room, subject to all the interruptions, annoyances and foolish questions from which not even a clergyman's household may boast immunity. "May we not be well content with Jane Austen as we have her," Miss Repplier asks, "the central figure of a little loving family group, the dearest of daughters and sisters, the gayest and brightest of aunts, the most charming and incomparable of old maids?"

Indeed, we may; but if we look no further than the sitting-room at Steventon and the pump-room at Bath, the cottage at Chawton and the black marble slab that marks her grave, we shall find no clue to the seeming incongruity between her undistinguished daily life and her distinguished place in English letters. We are glad to know that there was nothing saturnine or lugubrious about her, that she was fond of dancing the stately figures of her generation, that she idolized her sailor brothers, that she delighted her nephews and nieces with improvised fairy stories, that she wrote a firm, neat hand, that, in short, she was a sane and sensible womanly woman. But what have all these things to do with the comic spirit?

Nothing at all—except in so far as they indicate a character at once simple and acute, shrewd and sympathetic. Superficially considered, Jane Austen was an ordinary woman living an ordinary life; more intimately known, Jane Austen assumes something of the lure and distinction of the Wordsworthian star that dwelt apart—a woman who visioned in the pettinesses and foibles of her day and her caste much of the mightiness and the whimsicality of human nature unchanged through all the ages; who, ostensibly concerned only with English middle class men and manners, really succeeds in observing and depicting the traits of character and the truths of environment that play their part at all times and everywhere in the great drama of life. And her visioning was the per-

ception of the comic spirit. Even in her letters and even when writing about herself, she reveals that canny insight into character and that apt and suggestive way of conveying her impressions which betoken the presence of thought-humor—the distinction which George Meredith achieved in theory, however short he fell of it in practice.

Living in stirring times, she was not stirred. Napoleon she neither execrated nor worshipped; she simply ignored him. A country dance meant more to her than the French Revolution. In the momentous year of 1799 she could write to her sister: "There were twenty dances, and I danced them all, and without fatigue. I was glad to find myself capable of dancing so much and with so much satisfaction as I did; from my slender enjoyment of the Ashford balls, I had not thought myself equal to it, but in cold weather and with few couples I fancy I could just as well dance for a week together as for half an hour." This is not the gushing of a giddy girl unconscious of the deeper meanings and larger issues of life; it is the amused self-criticism of a mature woman who looks out upon the world, including the social microcosm in which she moves, with smiling eyes and narrowed eyelids; who enjoys, with the cerebral enjoyment of a connoisseur, her own tendency to absorption in community trifles. And in another letter the same gentle, appraising humor is noteworthy: "Charles has receive £30 for his share of the privateer, and expects £10 more; but of what avail is it to take prizes if he lays out the produce in presents to his sisters? He has been buying gold chains and topaz crosses for us. He must be well scolded....I will write by this post to thank and reproach him....We shall be unbearably fine."

Never does she betray any of the popularly accepted indications of the alleged artistic temperament. "There was in her," writes her nephew, "nothing eccentric or angular; no ruggedness of temper; no singularity of manner; none of the morbid sensibility or exaggeration of feeling which not unfrequently accompanies great talents." She wrote her stories primarily for her own delectation and the amusement of the family circle; and though she was human enough to be anxious about the sale of her books when once the publishers had taken them up, though she frankly wrote of *Pride and Prejudice* as her "own darling child," and considered Elizabeth Bennet "as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print," Emma as "a heroine whom no one but myself

will much like" and Anne Elliot as "almost too good for me," she was always able to retain both her poise and her good-humored outlook. "Her talents," says the author of the memoir, "did not introduce her to the notice of other writers, or connect her with the literary world, or in any degree pierce through the obscurity of her domestic retirement." She refused to submit to any process of lionizing. She shrank, with deliciously assumed horror, from a meeting with Madame de Staël. When it was intimated that the Prince Regent was interested in her work, she took effective means to let the royal attentions die a natural death.

Some of Jane Austen's admirers, possessed of more constructive imagination than scientific judgment in the manipulation of verified facts, have sought to read a romantic love episode into her life. They have built, upon most inadequate foundations, a conventional story of a man to whom she lost her heart and whose untimely death drove her into spinsterhood saddened and subdued. They would do well to read again both her earlier and later books, and seek to discover in one or the other any evidence of blighted romance; or tell by what process of reasoning they detect a note of unassuaged repining in her sprightly letters to Cassandra. That her sister destroyed some of Jane's letters, is readily admitted; but that the destroyed letters contained proof of the reality of Jane's love story, is neither easily credible nor possible to establish. Jane Austen has earned her place in Miss Repplier's dainty pantheon of incomparable old maids.

Neither in her life nor in her works was Jane Austen a romanticist. Even as a girl in her teens, though she read the conventional romances of the day, she read them in an unconventional spirit. They inspired her first attempts at story writing, apprentice work contained now only in a few old copy books in the possession of the Austen family. The "silly romances" prompted her to write burlesques of them in stilted, exaggerated, mock-heroic language; to poke sly fun at the improbable events of the older tales, to douche with common sense their mucilaginous sentimentality and their scenes of impossible and interminable love making wrought in King Cambyses' vein. Lord Acton recognized this procedure as an incipient manifestation of the comic spirit when he said that Jane Austen condemns the romantic type of fiction, "not by direct censure but by the indirect method of imitating and exaggerating the faults of her models, thus clearing the fountain by first stirring up the mud."

The same burlesque tendency, more sure in its touch and more under the salutary guidance of artistic reserve, is the dominant note in *Northanger Abbey,* the first written, though posthumously published, of her little group of novels. This story, which half a century after it was written Macaulay declared to be "worth all Dickens and Pliny together," was a re-written version of a tale originally called *Susan.* In 1803, Jane disposed of it to a publisher who made no use of it; and it was recovered by the author thirteen years later. *Northanger Abbey* has an easily detected though thoroughly decorous farcical note, and is really a clever bit of fun making at the expense of novels of the general style of *The Mysteries of Udolpho,* Mrs. Radcliffe's melodramatic romance which some of the text-books label "gothic." The humor of *Northanger Abbey* has not always been appreciated as humor. Thus, another lady who wrote, Maria Edgeworth, registered a vigorous protest: "The behavior of the General in *Northanger Abbey,* packing off the young lady without a servant or the common civilities which any bear of a man, not to say gentleman, would have shown, is quite outrageously out of drawing and out of nature." This stricture reminds one of the dear old lady who declared that for Titania in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to become enamored of Bottom the bewitched "didn't seem natural." The conduct of the General, to say nothing of the discussion between John Dashwood and his wife in the second chapter of *Sense and Sensibility* and numerous kindred episodes in the Austen novels, has its justification and its charm in the devices employed by the comic spirit to clear the fountain by stirring up the mud.

The fine fruitage of the comic spirit is, almost necessarily, caviar to the general. It is not without significance that Edward Fitz-Gerald, the man who was preëminently a popularizer of the superficial, a middleman of the exotic and a brandisher of the bizarre, should complain that Jane Austen is overrated as a novelist. More things, and more kinds of things, should happen in her stories, he thinks; he can discern no real greatness in her romances of the tea table. "She is capital as far as she goes," he wrote in 1871, "but she never goes out of the Parlour; if but Magnus Troil, or Jack Bunce, or even one of Fielding's Brutes, would but dash in upon the Gentility and swear a round Oath or two!" There are times when we can sympathize with that viewpoint; but the result of the incursion of Fielding's brute would be farce, or perhaps comedy; it would not be the embodiment of the comic spirit.

The relative slightness of Jane Austen's plots, the relative slimness of her episodes, the relative paucity of her external action, are necessary prerequisites for the securing of her most telling humorous effects. Her books are splendid manifestations of thought-humor precisely because so very little does happen; the reader's attention becomes absorbed, not in what is done, but in who is doing it. Her usual scheme of plot construction is suggestive of the expedient employed by Mr. Langdon Mitchell in the first act of *The New York Idea.* The dull, drab and drearily respectable Phillimores have dawdled over the wedding invitations for many weary minutes; they have yawned and droned and hemmed and hawed over the momentous question, "Shall we invite the Dudleys?" Then, one after another, the members of the family languidly drawl, "Well, we shall invite the Dudleys." Whereupon the prospective bride, Mrs. Cynthia Karslake, jumps out of the chair where she has been all the while fuming in atrabilious *ennui* and dances about the room shouting, as the curtain falls, "The Dudleys are coming, hurrah, hurrah!" The outburst of the vivacious widow, rendered necessary by the demand of the dramatic form for visualized contrast, is the only element in the superbly conceived scene that is not Austenesque. Given the situation and the characters in one of Jane Austen's novels, nothing else would be changed; but the chapter would probably draw to a close with some one suggesting more tea. This difference in treatment is an excellent example of the difference between Mr. Mitchell's comedy and Jane Austen's comic spirit.

But it is not in her plots, but in her characters, that we perceive Jane Austen's comic spirit at its best. In her study of men and women she has a keen eye for what might be called conventional incongruities for those inconsistent traits of character which most of us accept as usual or even necessary without disturbing ourselves over their inherent absurdity. A case in point is her portrait of Marianne Dashwood who is, as Austin Dobson says, "the obsolete survival of the sentimental novel." Another is her commentary on Mrs. Musgrove's "large and fat sighing over the destiny of a son whom alive nobody had much cared for. Personal size and mental sorrow have certainly no necessary proportions. A large bulky figure has as good a right to be in deep affliction as the most graceful set of limbs in the world. But, fair or not fair, there are unbecoming conjunctions, which reason will patronize in vain, which taste cannot tolerate, which ridicule

will seize." Jane Austen speaks here out of the fullness of experience; as a clergyman's daughter she had often come in contact with the incongruity of the lachrymose fat woman. It is utterly unreasonable, as she declares; and yet the portly weeper suggests a grief as diverting as fat Jack Falstaff's periodical professions of repentance. The weeping ways of the too, too solid flesh are food for the comic spirit.

Macaulay, Archbishop Whately and Professor Sainstbury have all recognized a kinship between some of Jane Austen's characters and the fools of Shakespeare. (More accurately, I think, his clowns.) Her clerical characters, Saintsbury maintains, are "preachers of the highest and most Shakespearean comedy." Be that as it may, they are not conspicuously preachers of religion. As the daughter of one clergyman and the sister of two others, and therefore in necessarily intimate contact with the clerical associations of her day, Jane Austen unquestionably knew at first hand the churchly types she has so vividly portrayed in her novels. At their best, like Edmund Bertrand, her ministers achieve a formal seriousness, a species of frock-coated decorum consciously assumed during office hours only; at their worst, they descend to the assininity and canting obsequiousness of that prince of clerical nincompoops, Mr. Collins, whose professional ideal is to demean himself "with grateful respect to her Ladyship, and be ever ready to perform those rites and ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England." Between such extremes are those nice young men of fashion, Henry Tilney and Edward Ferrars; Charles Hayter, whose conception of the clerical office is of an advantageous stepping-stone to the holy sacrament of matrimony; Mr. Elton, an ill-bred, cringing sycophant, very fond of his wine; and Dr. Grant who exudes at every pore of his being the unctiousness of the worldy *bon vivant*. That Jane Austen depicted the English clergyman of a hundred years ago true to the life is vouched for by her nephew, Austen Leigh, himself a gentleman of the cloth. "Such," he says, "were the opinions and practices then prevalent among respectable and conscientious clergymen." Her comic spirit reveled in the paradoxical spectacle of the spiritual shepherd unlearned, unspiritual, unzealous. Cowper, whom she vastly admired, had already written: "The parson knows enough who knows a duke."

Her exceptional possession of the comic spirit Jane Austen further demonstrates in the technique of her art. Her books pos-

sess balance and proportion; her manner is one of reserve rather than emphasis, suggestive rather than obvious. Within their limits—admittedly narrow—her novels achieved results "nearer in artistic perfection," says Professor Child, "than any others in the English language." The more she wrote the more she grew in acuteness of observation, in depth of outlook, in sureness of touch, in power of analysis and delineation. In her later novels she depends for her effects less on the outward peculiarities of her characters and more on their range of interest. Hers was, in the words of the generously envious Walter Scott, not "the big bow-wow" style, "but the exquisite touch which renders common things and characters interesting;" the humorous perceptions and conceptions which, David Masson assures us, have put the most hard-headed men in ecstasies.

Perhaps the hard-headed readers have been all the more impressed by her studious avoidance of the didactic note. She refused to make fiction an adjunct of the pulpit; her characters are never puppets for preachments; her tales, in the sense of the word preëmpted by Maria Edgeworth, are not "moral" tales. Her humor, as Professor Francis Hovey Stoddard has aptly remarked, "is the humor of an observer—of a refined, satisfied observer—rather than the humor of the reformer; it is the humor of one who sees the incongruities, but never dreams of questioning the general excellence of the system as a whole." We may regret, with Cardinal Newman, that she has not a dream of the high Catholic *ethos;* but we may rejoice that her endowment of the true comic spirit was sufficiently strong to prevent her sharing, even in a remote degree, the conviction of Stevenson's Israel Hands who "never yet seen no good come of goodness." She could say with her own Elizabeth Bennet: "I hope I never ridicule what is wise or good. Follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies, *do* divert me, I own, and I laugh at them when I can." That some readers demand more than this, does not minimize the worth of her contributions to English literature. "We are not much better, but perhaps a little more prudent for her writings," Macready, the actor, wrote in his diary. Be it so; prudence is rare, and a virtue—a cardinal one. Many a promising novelist—for a modern instance consider the melancholy case of Mr. Winston Churchill—has abused his talent for story telling and depicting character by insisting on donning clerical bands and preaching, not very effectively, from the rickety pulpit of the six best sellers.

Jane Austen's adverse critics have found fault with her, not for what she accomplished, but for what she did not, and did not want to, do. Is it not time, a century after her death, to praise her for those identical reasons? A darkly passionate sister of the quill, Charlotte Brontë, complains of her lack of emotional force. "She ruffles her reader by nothing vehement, disturbs him by nothing profound. The passions are perfectly unknown to her; she rejects even a speaking acquaintance with that stormy sisterhood." Here is palpable if unintentional laudation. Might not the flavor of world fiction be a trifle sweeter and its portraiture of life a more veracious guide, if some of the lurid ladies—like George Sand and Anne Radcliffe and Charlotte Brontë herself—had been a shade less intent upon reconnoitering the dark and bloody ground, a little less given to what Huxley described as "sensualistic caterwauling," and a degree less successful in achieving theatricality and hysterics? Not the least impressive of Jane Austen's exquisitely drawn clerical bores would we exchange for a wilderness of Brontéan Rochesters.

In a world that has survived the madness of the naughty nineties, that has squirmed before the crepuscular morbidity of Marie Bashkertsev, that has recoiled from the mephitic pyrotechnics of Marie Corelli, that has flung up its arms in frenzied and panic-stricken protest against the fulgurant obscenity of Victoria Cross and Elinor Glyn, we are justified in turning with genuine affection to Jane Austen in the lively confidence of finding in her one-foot shelf of fiction episodes that do not set the teeth on edge, characters distinguished for the lack of both neo-paganism and peanut piety, and an appeal to intellect rather than an appeal to sex. Following the advice of Horace and the example of Molière, the Hampshire parson's daughter observed and limned the manners of her age; and as the unsurpassed possessor of the comic spirit she demonstrated what so many of the strident sisterhood, with their wild eyes and loosened hair and waving arms and raucous voices, have tried so hard and successfully to make us forget—that the saving sense of humor is not an exclusive masculine possession and that a woman who writes may win a place in the sun without sacrificing her womanhood.

## ASPECTS OF RECENT DRAMA IN ENGLISH.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

### III.

### The Theatre of Imagination.

NE makes much, for critical purposes, of these two main divisions called the *theatre of realism* and the *theatre of imagination.* And in all truth they will be found to sum up the two distinct lines of dramatic development, from beginning to end of the story. Only, in point of human fact, there comes a moment when all such artificial boundaries appear false as well as true. The oracular Sir Henry Arthur Jones used to believe that the whole future of English drama hung upon his question: "Do people go to the theatre to get away from life or to see life portrayed?" But there is no hard and fast answer to that acute question. Audiences, being like ourselves variable and human, go to the theatre for both reasons—or for each reason at a different time. And the critic of really catholic taste must needs mold himself into some likeness of the fabled and heartening optimist—the man who between two good things always made a point of choosing *both!* For in the very nature of things, there must and will be a theatre of imagination and a theatre of realism: just as there must be a literature of poetry and a literature of prose; and within poetry itself an alternating tendency toward the classic or the romantic form of expression.

So it is with no implication of a sheep and goat division that these two aspects of recent drama are thus sharply separated. Imagination will, indeed, enter into every realistic play—if its realism is to carry over with any significance; and realism must have its part in every imaginative drama—if it is to be a drama and not merely a dream fantasy. At a thousand points the lines will seem to converge. None the less, they are distinct in aim and in method, and perhaps never more conspicuously distinct than in the drama of the last fifty years. The *theatre of imagination* is, then, neither an ideal nor an organization. It is the storehouse of all the poetic drama of our recent renaissance, of the romantic and symbolic drama, the revival of pageant and miracle play in English-speaking

countries. And it is the hot-bed of those charming, exotic, sometimes enigmatic experiments which are still springing up almost daily, and which will demand a discussion all their own later on.

As first fruit of this imaginative theatre, one would single out the *poetic drama*—because it is the nearest lineal descendant of the imaginative drama of the past: the historic drama of Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, of Dryden, and of the not so successful mid-Victorians. And first among producers of recent poetic drama, there is likely to be a very strong agreement in naming the late Stephen Phillips. For when his first play, the story of Francesca da Rimini, was produced in the year 1900, it was said in London that he had achieved the impossible. He had succeeded in uniting poetry and actability—he, a young poet barely thirty-two, had succeeded where Tennyson and Browning had failed!

Stephen Phillips was happy in the off-setting combination of highly respectable ancestors and a highly romantic temperament. Reared as became the son of a well-born Anglican clergyman, he left Oxford during his first term to follow the life of the itinerant stage; and when, later on, the young knight entered himself the lists of playwriting, he came as an actor of experience and a poet of already notable achievement. It had become manifest that the English stage had a present as well as a past—and Mr. Phillips determined to produce poetic drama not to be read by the fireside, but to be acted with all the technical splendor of the modern theatre.

That first play, *Paolo and Francesca,* remains his greatest. It was presented in London by Mr. George Alexander, and proved itself a drama of such extraordinary beauty and power that it is difficult to understand why it is not more frequently revived, at least by the less commercial managers. From the opening scene, where the little bride Francesca is led through the great chained doorway into the grim castle of the Malatesta, there is an atmosphere of brooding tragedy. She is pictured young and fair and helpless before the fate which has already its hold upon her, as upon the silent soldier destined to be her husband, and the youthful Paolo destined immortally to be her lover. Stephen Phillips does not blacken the character of the husband as so many tellers of the story, including our American Boker, have done: there is something of the divine patience in the understanding with which all his characters are here developed; and like the tragedies of old, the drama purifies by *terror and pity.* It follows Dante's version in that unforgettable scene where love is first admitted between the

two—the scene where Paolo, suddenly back from the war, comes upon Francesca in the garden as she sits dreaming over the old romance of Lancelot and Guinevere. But there is much of Mr. Phillips' own delicate psychology in all the gradual unfolding of their tragic destinies. When his Francesca is urged by a light-minded serving maid to meet Paolo more frequently, the young harassed countess gives an answer worth remembering:

> O, Nita, when we women sin, 'tis not
> By art; it is not easy, it is not light;
> It is an agony shot through with bliss:
> We sway and rock and suffer ere we fall!

And the close of the play is really amazing in the tensity of its restrained passion. Always throughout Stephen Phillip's work it *is* restrained: his fondness for the classic Greek models of tragedy was self-confessed, and he would have, for instance, no murder done before the eyes of the audience: but he brought all the subtle powers of modern analysis to bear upon his ancient themes. So here one sees Giovanni, the betrayed husband, entering slowly through the curtains. There is blood upon his hands. Presently, while the servants cower from him, torches are brought in; then the bodies of Paolo and Francesca, carried upon a litter. The servants and handmaids break into lamentation, which Giovanni silences with a motion. Marble-like, he walks to the litter and gazes down at the silent forms:

> Not easily have we three come to this—
> We three who now are dead. Unwillingly
> They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now
> I kiss them on the forehead quietly.

He is shaken—then the agony breaks from his lips in one last quivering cry:

> She takes away my strength.
> I did not know the dead could have such hair.
> Hide them! They look like children fast asleep!

Stephen Phillips' next play, *Herod,* might be described as a work of almost aching beauty. Its dramatic interpretation of the love of Herod and Mariamne is as exquisite in its own way as this poetic description of the young, death-doomed priest, Aristobulus:

All behind him is
A sense of something coming on the world,
A crying of dead prophets from their tombs,
A singing of dead poets from their graves.

And once again, the ending of the drama was particularly successful. *Herod* was played in London by Sir Herbert Tree; so also were *Ulysses* and *The Sin of David* and *Nero*. This last play lent itself to gorgeous scenic investiture, and the title rôle was drawn with no little originality; but it betrayed only too plainly the gradual weakening of Stephen Phillips' dramatic genius. More and more the poet in him was out-topping the playwright, so that his later dramas were manifestly for the reader rather than the audience. Latest of them all, and but a brief time before Mr. Phillips' death, came his epic of the present war, *Armageddon*. Moving through its scenes one meets the mystical figure of Jeanne d'Arc: and in the end it is her vision—symbol of highest patriotism, civilization and sacrifice—which deters the French and English armies from the destruction of Cologne Cathedral, and beckons on to a world peace. There could scarcely have been a more fitting crown to Mr. Phillips' lifelong service of the ideal.

Not a few resemblances exist between the poetic drama of the English Phillips and the Irish William Butler Yeats. Both men were in the first and last place poets: and Mr. Yeats gained at least a working knowledge of the stage through his connection with the Abbey Theatre. It is interesting to observe that the most human and active of all his plays is the curious *Unicorn from the Stars,* which he wrote in collaboration with Lady Gregory: and just who supplied the superb imagination and who the vivid, colloquial realism of this venture makes no very difficult guess. But the more strictly Yeatsian dramas are all worth remembering. *The Countess Cathleen* clothes with tremendously fine poetry the old legend of the ruler who sells her soul to Satan for the succor of the poor: only to find that no such impious bargain may hold before the Divine Clarity, since

The Light of Lights
Looks always on the motive, not the deed,
The Shadow of Shadows on the deed alone.

*Kathleen Ni Houlihan* is a very well-known symbolic drama of Irish patriotism: and *The Pot of Broth* is perhaps not as well

known as it should be for a delicious parody upon Irish "bluff." In the *Land of Heart's Desire* Mr. Yeats has achieved a little lyrical drama surcharged with Celtic wistfulness and fatality—the call of magic set against the call of the home. Higher still must be rated that really luminous miracle play, *The Hour Glass.* It is a one act drama, admirable for performance by Catholic amateurs, the story of an old, learned professor who is saved by the faith of a fool. Some hint of its quality may be gained from this little dialogue between Teigue the Fool and the Wise Man:

> *Wise Man:* I am wise, and I have never seen an angel.
>
> *Teigue:* I have seen plenty of angels....They are always there if one looks about one: they are like the blades of grass.
>
> *Wise Man:* When do you see them, then?
>
> *Teigue:* When one gets quiet; then something wakes up inside one, something happy and quiet like the stars—not like the seven that move, but like the fixed stars....
>
> *Wise Man:* Is it long since you have seen them, Teigue the Fool?
>
> *Teigue:* Not long, glory be to God! I saw one coming behind me just now. It was not laughing, but it had clothes the color of burning sods, and there was something shining about its head.

These symbolic plays of Mr. Yeats point on to a most significant symptom of our recent dramatic renaissance—the *revival of religious drama.* It is, of course, common knowledge that the drama of the modern world was literally cradled in the sanctuary; growing out of the festal offices of Holy Church by way of the mystery plays, the miracle plays, saints' lives, moralities, interludes, etc., and becoming more and more secularized by contact with the popular chronicle histories and masques, until the robust flowering of Elizabeth's time.[1] But this very Catholic art, while enduring in religious schools and colleges, has been banished from the public stage these three hundred years. And now one sees it returning—the mystery and the miracle play: by no means only within the British theatre, nor always within the body of the Church Catholic! One thinks of Massenet's lovely *Jongleur de Notre Dame* and of the host of beautiful religious plays which the English censor (save the mark!) has felt called upon to forbid during the past decade and a half. Monsignor Benson's *Nativity Play* and *The Upper Room*

[1] *See English Religious Drama,* by Katherine Lee Bates, also Introduction to *The Elizabethan Drama,* by Felix E. Schelling.

were among these: devout little dramas of the Birth and Passion of Christ, lineal descendants of their mediæval prototypes; true even in mystical intention, since they bear witness that to their author the miracle was of infinitely greater importance than the play. Most of these recent Christmas dramas, including the noble and simple *Nativity* of Dr. Douglas Hyde, were very picturesquely described in a recent article contributed to these pages by Charles Phillips. But Mr. Phillips did not, and indeed could not, add that he himself had produced a poetic drama of rare beauty built about the story of Mary Magdalen—a miracle play which was presented with success by Miss Margaret Anglin some two years back in happy California. Perhaps the full significance of this dramatic fact will become more evident as time goes on, for it opens before the determinately Christian artist vistas of limitless æsthetic possibility. Indeed, non-Catholic and betimes even non-Christian poets have been quick to seize upon the artistic value of religious drama. Not one of our contemporaries has written a more tender or satisfying Christmas play than the *Bethlehem* of Laurence Housman. Its entire action might be transferred to a stained-glass window, and its poetic dialogue is so devotional, even so ecclesiastical, that the drama is frequently performed in the convent school or the parish theatre. It was the superlative and compelling *beauty of holiness* which won this tribute from the versatile Mr. Housman—who once to the present writer described himself as "a mystical pragmatist." And at another time he wrote to one of the London journals a sentence which might almost stand as the *credo* of a whole literary movement: "I feel that there is working through English literature a growing recognition not so much of the dogmatic truth as of the emotional beauty of the Catholic presentment of Christianity."

This "emotional beauty" is regnant again in Josephine Preston Peabody's Franciscan drama, *The Wolf of Gubbio*. The author is, as all the world knows, Mrs. Marks, a poet of New England birth who has lived much abroad—winner of the coveted Stratford Prize in 1910 by her poetic drama, *The Piper*. Much publicity at the time attended this latter play of the "Pied Piper," and it was indeed full of beauty and of pathos. But there was a certain Puritan frown upon the faces of its severe mediæval burghers, and one gathered the impression that its author's sympathy lay rather with the rebels than with the spirit of the ancient Faith. The romance which she has since built about the Poor Little Man of Assisi and

with the very sweetness of Catholicism. *The Wolf of Gubbio* is his conversion of Brother Wolf is, on the other hand, fragrant not an easy drama to produce, but no more difficult than *Peter Pan* or many of Maeterlinck's poetic fantasies. There is a radiance in its sunshine, even in its tears, very heartening in " times which try men's souls "—a radiance which extends even to such inimitable stage directions as " Enter St. Francis, shining with gladness." And while the play seems conscious that the canons of religious drama are less strict than those of the secular stage, while its supreme merit lies no doubt in the beauty and poignancy of its lyrics, both story and characterization are well knit, and the essentials of conflict and suspense are most artistically preserved.

But the theatre of imagination has not been debtor only to poetic drama. From prose also it has gathered many precious things. Justin McCarthy's drama of Villon, *If I Were King,* was romance incarnate. In fact, it was one of the most successful and gripping of all semi-historical plays; yet its lyrics were merely incidental. On the religious side, there have been the sermon-plays of Charles Rann Kennedy, highly imaginative but entirely in prose. There is a socialistic tincture to some of them, but they just escape sublimity. Indeed, *The Terrible Meek* escapes only because it sees simply the much-suffering " peasant mother " where it might have seen—the *Deipara!* In Mr. Kennedy's *Servant in the House,* as in Jerome K. Jerome's *Passing of the Third Floor Back,* one meets again the miracle play in modern vestments—the veiled Christ as Passer By upon earth.

And in the realm of pure elfin fancy, human enough for tenderness but never *too* human, our recent drama has been hugely fortunate in capturing the genius of Sir James M. Barrie. And Barrie himself has been hugely fortunate in capturing the genius of Miss Maude Adams; for hand in hand, creator and interpreter, they have fluttered into supremacy in the theatre of imagination. *The Little Minister* brought its revelation of arch mischief and shy sweetness as far back as 1897. Then came *Quality Street, The Admirable Crichton* and, in 1904, *Peter Pan. Peter* marked an epoch: that adorable and unconscious lad who determined never to grow up, not only renewed the youth of myriads of sober adults—he also inaugurated a new and festive era for the *children's theatre* all over the world. And those who fancy that Barrie owed a debt of example to Maeterlinck, will gently observe that *Peter Pan* was written four years before the more mystical but less coherent

*Blue Bird,* After the incomparable *Peter,* came *Alice-Sit-by-the Fire, What Every Woman Knows, The Legend of Lenora,* then *A Kiss for Cinderella,* and on and on—each title a name to conjure with. The distinctly Barriean mixture of superficial realism with exuberant, effervescent imagination entered in varying proportion into them all, as into the exquisite one-act plays of *Rosalind, The Old Lady of the Medals,* and that delicate and plaintive idyl of the Clown and Harlequin, *Pantaloon*—in which the dramatist has dared the experiment of presenting two rôles which speak no word at all save with their all-expressive feet! And with this wealth of whimsy, there is a comforting root of sanity in all that Sir James Barrie gives us. For variety, for gentle humor free from all tempting bitterness, for grace of fancy, wistful tenderness and warmth of imagination, the modern theatre shall scarcely look upon his like again.

## ALL THINGS UNTO GOOD.

BY FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

FATHER, who clasps a son's unanswering hand;
And, mother, counting over one by one
The laggard hours since she you loved has gone
And left you with the dust of all you planned;
And, every heart, with love's fires lit and fanned
Or with dead ashes cold; and, you, undone
With Magdalen's excess nor yet rewon;
Oh, be not blind, look up and understand!
The iris glittering on the stagnant pool,
All hues that wake love's smiling or love's tears,
Splendid in cloud or sordid in the clod—
Heaven's shattered glories—put your hearts to school
And glean for you the shadowy gleam of years
To winnow thence the sunlight love of God.

## CARLYLE AND THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MOORHOUSE I. X. MILLAR, S.J.

THOMAS CARLYLE is one of the saddest and most significant figures of the nineteenth century: sad, since for all his singular earnestness and love of the truth his mind never found rest in any definite religious belief, and significant, because, as W. G. Ward said of him: "He may be fairly taken to mark the highest point to which the thought of unbelievers has yet been able to reach in solving the problem of human destiny."[1] Like Browning it has been his lot to be both misunderstood and misinterpreted, so much so that Ruskin, though in certain respects his disciple, may be considered to have expressed the more common opinion about him when he asked: "What can you say of Carlyle but that he was born in the clouds and struck by lightning?" Yet Goethe speaking of him to Eckermann in 1827 before Carlyle had as yet produced any of his more notable works said: "Carlyle is a moral force of great importance, there is in him much for the future, and we cannot foresee what he will produce and effect;" and the more judicious and favorable estimate of recent times appears to be best summed up in the words of Mr. Augustine Birrell, in whose judgment Carlyle was "one who though a man of genius, and of letters, neither outraged society nor stooped to it; was neither a rebel nor a slave; who in poverty scorned wealth; who never mistook popularity for fame; but from the first assumed and throughout maintained the proud attitude of one whose duty it was to teach and not to tickle mankind." Such a judgment has the further advantage of expressing fairly accurately what Carlyle himself conceived to be his own appointed mission in the world. Writing to his mother when his arduous career as a man of letters was just beginning, he thus states what was to be his lifelong and deep felt conviction: "Doubt not, dear mother, that all will yet be for the best, and that the good purposes of Providence shall not fail to be fulfilled in me. I feel as if I had much to do in the world; not in the vain pursuit of wealth and worldly honors, which are fleeting as the breath that can bestow them; but in the search and declaration of Truth in such measure

[1] *The Dublin Review*, September, 1850.

as the All-wise shall see meet to impart to me and give me means of showing it to others. With such views of my vocation, I have good reason to rejoice in it and often instead of envying the blind, slothful comfort of the men of the world, I bless heaven that I have had strength to see and make choice of the better part."

This then is what Carlyle really was: a teacher, and for a world now yearning for a peace which is to usher in a new era, his teaching should have a special interest, for, as far back as 1850, he declared it to be his conviction that "there must be a new world, if there is to be any world at all." At a time when Macaulay still reveled in the hearty approval of things as they were, Carlyle sounded the first note of protest destined to carry conviction to a complacent England. Macaulay had compared seventeenth century England with England as he knew it in his own day and expressed entire satisfaction with the latter. Carlyle saw deeper: For him the boasted nineteenth century with all its material advantages was not worthy to sit at the feet of any age animated by religious faith as were the Middle Ages of Gregory VII., Abbot Samson, Dante and Shakespeare. If there had been any Dark Age it was the eighteenth century of which he said: "All this haggard epoch, with its ghastly doctrines, and death's head philosophies 'teaching by example' or otherwise, will one day become what to our Moslem friends their godless ages are, 'the period of ignorance.'"

In order to appreciate this attitude in such a way as to be able to set a correct valuation on what was sound or unsound, of positive or negative worth in Carlyle's teaching, one should recall what was the spirit of the times in which he first began to think and write; for however similar to our own, it is in many respects much further removed from us than we are apt to believe. The Reformation, it must be clearly noted, had brought in its wake a peculiar kind of intellectual atrophy which settled over Europe and was the result of the absolutism of its rulers, and of that princely tutelage in religious matters for which both rulers and people had Luther chiefly to thank. Then came Nemesis! "The ancient Christian republic of the Middle Ages had passed away. For four centuries everything—the common religion, family bonds, monarchic solidarity and the most solemn oaths of alliance and friendship, had been sacrificed to a selfish and ferocious policy of self-aggrandizement. Right had ceased to exist; might ruled everything; successful blows had broken every bond between the 'Christian' princes....And further, since kings had used the vilest in-

struments and tolerated the most merciless proceedings in carrying out their plans. Europe, morally speaking, was powerless to withstand the Revolution. She could not intervene on the score of principle, for Europe had no principle save one—reasons of state."[2] Once the French Revolution, in its horribly misguided and semi-intelligent return to mediævalism, had swept these rulers aside, the mind of Europe awoke to an unwonted sense of freedom; but having lost their sense of continuity with the past, men despised their full mediæval inheritance, and allowed the experience and wisdom of earlier ages to count for little or nothing in modern attempts at change, revolution and improvement. These attempts, time and a better acquaintance with the Middle Ages show more clearly to have been gradually resulting in mere reconstruction.

Strongly influenced, like so many others, by this new intellectual ferment, Carlyle, even better than Tennyson, came to see how

> Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be.

But as has been too little noted heretofore, the real merit and singularity of Carlyle's genius was the outgrowth of his discovery which others failed to see: the rock whereon "our little systems" were one and all making shipwreck. This was "Fact and Nature," or as he expresses it most clearly in *Past and Present:* "Nature and fact, not red-tape and semblance, are to this hour the basis of man's life; and on those through never such strata of these, man and his life and all his interests do, sooner or later, infallibly come to rest—and to be supported or swallowed according as they agree with those." In order to grasp something of the significance of this statement we need only contrast the present moral state of mind of the peoples of the Allied nations with that which prevailed before the War: a contrast which may be strikingly emphasized by a passage from Madame de Staël, written at the beginning of the last century. "Indifference to the moral law," she says, "is the ordinary outcome of a thoroughly conventionalized civilization, and this indifference is a much more telling argument against the abiding presence of an inborn conscience within us, than the most degrading errors of savage races. Yet men, however skeptical, no sooner feel the weight of an oppressive hand, than they appeal to justice as if they had believed in it all their lives; let tyranny attempt to dominate over their more cherished affections and they appeal

[2] Louis Madelin, *The French Revolution*, English translation, pp. 155, 156.

to sentiments of equity with an earnestness worthy of the strictest moralist. The moment our souls are inflamed by any passion, whether of hatred or love, the hallowed principles of eternal law recur inevitably to our minds."[3]

Carlyle, however, did not derive the above principle, in the first instance, from any observation of human society in general. It was the fruit of his own bitter personal experience and the first thing to suffer by it was his faith, to the loss of which he alludes in *Sartor Resartus,* when he says that " for a pure moral nature, loss of his religious belief was the loss of everything." He had read Hume, Gibbon and others of like tendencies, and though he found these two " abundantly destitute of virtuous feeling " it can readily be seen how doctrines such as theirs had a deadly effect on the active mind of one who could summon nothing better in support of his belief than the Protestant hypotheses of what Christianity had been and was, although placed over against the real claims of the Catholic Church, these have clearly proved to be nothing short of bold perversions of the truth. Faced by the denial of the possibility of miracles and of the supernatural and without any hold on the Ariadne-thread of Catholic tradition such as Newman had when he began his search for religious truths, Carlyle could find little in his Scotch Presbyterianism likely to suggest anything approaching the real force of St. Augustine's argument appropriated by Dante, which every Catholic, knowing his religion and knowing human nature, appreciates as one of the strongest confirmations of his faith:

> Were the world to Christianity converted
> ....withouten miracles, this one
> Is such, the rest are not its hundredth part.[4]

Hence, for Carlyle at least, the definite conclusion was that Protestantism, or Christianity as he conceived it, had lost its footing upon solid fact and had suffered the fate of the giant Antæus whom Hercules, the fit symbol of modern materialism, succeeded in throttling by holding him off the ground.

But this was not all. There was the further test of " nature " which in his own experience came to the fore in the process of what he considered his conversion. Writing in his old age of the events of his life in 1825 he says: " This year I had conquered all my skepticism, agonizing doubtings, fearful wrestlings with the foul

[3] *De L'Allemagne,* 3me. Partie, ch. ii.

[4] *Paradiso,* Canto xxiv., Longfellow's translation.

and vile and soul-murdering mud-gods of my epoch, had escaped as from a worse than Tartarus with all its Phlegethons and Stygian quagmires, and was emerging free in spirit into the eternal blue of ether....I had in effect gained an immense victory....I then felt and still feel endlessly indebted to *Goethe* in the business; he in his fashion, I perceived, had traveled the steep, rocky road before me—the first of the moderns....Meanwhile my thoughts were peaceable, full of pity and humanity as they had never been before. Nowhere can I recollect of myself such pious musings; communings, silent and spontaneous with Fact and Nature, as in these poor Annandale localities. The sound of the Kirk-bell, once or twice on Sunday mornings....was strangely touching—like the departing voice of eighteen hundred years."

These are sad words indeed to any Christian who has learned to appreciate the real nobility in Carlyle's character. But to understand his position it must be remembered that the Luthero-Calvinistic theodicy was but the corollary of a false anthropology, as is ever bound to be the case the moment men cease to look upon Revelation as *one* concrete fact, not to be hewn at and parceled off by private judgment, but to be accepted as a gratuitous gift, in all its entirety, on the word of God. Whereas the Middle Ages had possessed a joyful and fundamentally harmonious Christianity, the gloomy and violent feature in the Reformation teachings about the nature of man, have to a great extent been to blame for the fact that in subsequent ages, many men of powerful intellect have turned away from Christianity and sought a more cheerful, reasonable and humane view of life. It was out of this false conception of human nature that Carlyle had to work his way before he could arrive at his *partial* rediscovery of natural religion. This, although presupposed and implied in the foundations of real Christianity, had for the non-Catholic world suffered quite as lamentably at the hands of the Reformers as did Christian revelation and supernatural religion. In this reaction, however, Carlyle had predecessors, and a comparison with some of these may help to throw light on the real merit of his achievement. Rousseau, in whom as Carlyle said, "the French Revolution found its evangelists" was, of course, the first to take the lead in this "return to nature." Later on Goethe as a young man was horrified at hearing a preacher declare that it was Pelagianism to assume the existence in man's nature of anything good which by the help of God's grace might develop and bring forth fruit. While Fichte, in his discourse to

the German nation, complained that the system of education in force in his day taught "its students from their youth that there is in man a natural repugnance to God's commandments and that it is absolutely impossible for him to conform to them." But to all three of these men may be applied the judgment which Teufelsdröckh pronounced against the Saint-Simonians: "Here also are men who have discovered, not without amazement, that man is still man; of which high long-forgotten truth you already see them make a false application." "The fault and misery of Rousseau," to quote Carlyle again, "was what we easily name by a single word, *egoism;* which is indeed the source and summary of all faults and miseries whatsoever." In the writings of Goethe, on the other hand, there is, as Madame de Staël has finely noted, a philosophy, whose spirit with regard to the good and evil in this world, is that things must be so, since they are so. And Fichte, though he could descend from the cloud-lands of his godless idealism to quote Ezekiel: "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon the slain, that they may live. So I prophesied, as He commanded me; and the breath came into them, and they lived and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army," he only did so that he might apply his scriptural text to the results he expected from that "better" moral training which was to make the nation absolute sovereign over the lives of all its members. It was not thus with Carlyle. "If," as Froude tells us, "he had been asked what specially he conceived his own duty to be, he would have said that it was to force men to realize once more that the world was actually governed by a just God," and to make them live up to the necessary consequences of such a belief.

Yet, as already said, Carlyle's rediscovery of natural religion was only partial because while he rejected historical Christianity, the psychological elements of his inherited Protestantism clung to him like a Nessus-shirt to his dying day. Religion, for one thing, was to his mind a matter of heart and will with which our intellects have nothing more to do than to embody our belief in fitting formulas. That is true which you believe to be true and religious truth changes with the ages: a modernistic view of things that reminds one strongly of Kilmarkecle's philosophical theory in John Galt's *The Entail.* "This snuff," says the Scottish laird, "is just as like a hippopotamus as the other sort that was sae like it was like a linty; and nothing could be plainer; for even now when I hae't in my nostril I think I see the creature wallowing and wantoning in

some wide river in a lown sunny day, wi' its muckle glad e'en, wamling wi' delight in its black head, as it lies lapping in the caller water, wi' its red tongue, twirling and twining round its ivory teeth (bigger, as I am creditably informed, than the blade o' a scythe) and every now and then giving another lick." This is subjectivism in zoölogy, and how could religion evolved in such fashion, fail to be at odds with science and history and everything subjectively sane or objectively reasonable?

In this characteristically Protestant assumption we shall find the chief reason for that note of contradiction and inconsistency so frequently detected in Carlyle's writings. Mediæval Christianity, for instance, presented to his mind the greatest realized ideal ever yet attained by man, and his insight into the spirit of those ages is remarkable considering the prevalent ignorance about them at the time when he wrote. Impersonating the monks of St. Edmundsbury, he makes them say: "There is yet no Methodism among us, and we speak much of secularities: no Methodism; our religion is not yet a horrible restless doubt, still less a far horribler composed cant, but a great heaven-high unquestionability, encompassing, interpenetrating the whole of life. Imperfect as we may be, we are here, with our litanies, shaven crowns, vows of poverty to testify incessantly and indisputably to every heart that this earthly life and *its* riches and possessions and good and evil hap are not intrinsically a reality at all, but *are* a shadow of realities eternal, infinite; that this time-world, as an air image, fearfully *emblematic,* plays and flickers in the grand still mirror of eternity, and man's little life has duties that are great, that are alone great, and go up to heaven and down to hell." And Abbot Samson, the one "hero" for whom Carlyle had nothing but unqualified praise, he characterizes thus: "Abbot Samson all along a busy working man, as all men are bound to be, his religion, his worship was like his daily bread—which he did not take the trouble to talk much about; which he merely eat at stated intervals, and lived and did his work upon! This is Abbot Samson's Catholicism of the twelfth century."

But, for Carlyle, there had been nothing supernatural at work in this mediæval Christianity, nor could there be a "Second Spring," for he denied the supernatural; and his attitude towards the Catholic Church in modern times, as contrasted with that of Macaulay, is instructive.

Macaulay more clear-sighted as to facts, and judging of the

Church's future by her past, prophesied her "undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand, shall in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's;" but with a moral blindness of which Carlyle was scarcely capable, he attributes this eternity of greatness to a permanent tradition of cunning. Carlyle, on the contrary, with a moral sense vastly deeper, but thoroughly saturated with the Protestant belief that the Catholic Church was false, simply denied the fact before his eyes. Luther's prophecy had been "dying, O Pope, I shall be your death," and yet in 1840 when, as Carlyle himself said, Protestantism had dwindled into "theological jangling of argument," "skeptical contentions," "down to Voltairism itself—through Gustavus-Adolphus contentions onward to French Revolution ones," Carlyle's fatuous assertion was that "Popery cannot come back any more than paganism can." And such assertions made with complacent assurance in the beginning turned at last to shrieks and execrations.

With all this, however, Carlyle was more up to date with the truth than our more modern modernists in that he did perceive that within himself and others there exists a supreme law of right and wrong and that God alone could account for its presence. And it was chiefly from this vantage ground that he arraigned the world and pointed out its errors. For him right and wrong did not differ in degree merely, as æsthetes of the type of Walter Pater and A. C. Benson would have us believe, but in kind, with an immeasurable distance. He saw that Europe could never have grown at all, still less have grown to its present stature, unless truer theories of man's claim on man had once been believed and acted on, and if "all human dues and reciprocities have been fully changed into one great due of *cash payment;* and man's duty to man reduces itself to handing him certain metal coins, or covenanted money-wages, and then shoving him out of doors," the "progress" so loudly talked about could be nothing but progress downwards. In opposition to Machiavelli, Luther, Kant and our modern theorizers on sociology and government, he insisted that a divinely sanctioned morality existed throughout the whole range of human action. His "Everlasting Yea" was: "Love not pleasure, love God," and with it he soared way beyond the Olympic hedonism of Goethe. He pierced in advance, as it were, through the fallacy in Matthew Arnold's gospel of culture when he put the question: "If (a man) have not the justice to put down his own selfishness at every turn, the courage

to stand by the dangerous-true at every turn, how shall he know?" He pointed out one of the principal errors of the Benthamites, of Mill and of the Positivists with their "greatest happiness of the greatest number" when he proclaimed that "faith in mechanism, in the all importance of physical things, is in every age the common refuge of weakness and blind discontent; of all who believe, as many will ever do that, man's true good lies without him, not within." To his mind the only progress worth the name was "moral progress." "How were friendship possible?" he asked, and his answer was: "In mutual devotedness to the good and true; otherwise impossible; except as armed neutrality or hollow commercial league." He perceived on all hands "falsehood taken for granted, and acted on as an indubitable fact," and he told a world that professed Christianity on Sundays and disregarded or denied it on work-days, that it was in a sadder state than any ever imaged in prophetic vision, since it was "false with the consciousness of being sincere." While to the statement of H. G. Wells that our modern "cosmic solicitudes, it maybe, are the last penalty of irreligion," he had already provided this far sounding warning: "In very truth how can religion be divorced from education? An irreverent knowledge is no knowledge; may be a development of the logical or other handicraft faculty inward or outward; but is no culture of the soul of a man. A knowledge that ends in barren self-worship, comparative indifference or contempt for all God's universe except one insignificant item thereof, what is it? Handicraft development and even shallow as handicraft." He considered "society, properly so called, to be as good as extinct, and that only the gregarious feelings, and old inherited habitudes, at this juncture hold us from dispersion and universal national, civil, domestic and personal war" because "for the last three centuries (*i. e.,* since the Reformation) . . . . religion, where lies the life-essence of society, had been smote at."

But how to teach religion? This the all-important question in his own eyes, Carlyle more honest than the modernist, could only answer with an exhortation to sincerity and to a trust similar to, if less clear-toned, than Browning's who

> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake.

Unlike Browning, however, Carlyle was not a Christian, and

the nearest he ever reached to Newman's *Lead Kindly Light* was to adopt as his own Pope's universal prayer:

> Father of all in every age,
> In every clime adored
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove or Lord.
>
> Thou great First Cause, least *understood*
> Who all my sense confined,
> To know but this, that Thou art good
> And that myself am blind.

That he had the insight of genius for the problems of the age is seen the moment one stops to recall the nature of his several works. *Past and Present* was the great forerunner of G. K. Chesterton's *What's Wrong With the World. Heroes and Hero Worship* and *Chartism,* as treatises on the question of authority and the need for leadership in a democracy, forestalled such works as Paul Elmer More's *Aristocracy and Justice. The Life of John Sterling* was the nineteenth century prototype of H. G. Well's *Research Magnificent.* His *French Revolution* he wrote with the purpose of proving to the world that the laws governing nations today are substantially the same as those delivered in thunder on Mount Sinai, and that God is in their midst to enforce them: a lesson again sternly taught by the present War. While in the lives of *Cromwell* and *Frederick the Great* his quest is the same as that which drove Diogenes into the agora with his lantern, in search of a man. But the fact that Carlyle had no adequate solution for any of the problems he so strongly propounded is as portentous now as it was characteristic of the whole nineteenth century. For both he and his century either could not or would not see with Novalis that "the Catholic Church alone can resuscitate Europe and reconcile all nations," and in this connection the words in which A. H. Clough so aptly sums up the spirit of that century may still have a meaning for us:

> Sound, thou Trumpet of God, come forth Great Cause to array us
> King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee.
> Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, oh where is the battle?
> Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel,
> Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation
> Backed by a solemn appeal: "For God's sake do not stir there!"

# ECHOES OF THE CANTICLE OF CANTICLES IN MEDIÆVAL LITERATURE.

BY MARY G. SEGAR.

HAMLET to the Elizabethans was an unusual type. Today or rather yesterday—for with the coming of war we are a nation renewed, young again with the youth of our fighting forebears—there were many young men of over-sensitive, introspective dispositions, with whom everything became "slicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." They thought so much and saw so many aspects of everything that action became difficult. Such a type of youth seemed an anomaly to the men and women of the "spacious days of great Elizabeth," and in the main the Elizabethans differed little from their ancestors of the Middle Ages. If anything, the qualities of vigor, daring, and wholeheartedness were stronger in the thirteenth than in the sixteenth century. Compromise was unknown, even by name; colors were strong, men hated or loved, gave their lives for an ideal or slew its upholders. The bad were bad and the good were good with an *abandon* and an intensity which feebler generations find it hard to realize. The whole being of the good so turned to God that the fire of their love for Him consumes and transforms all they say and do. They dare say and do more than many a modern, for single-mindedness such as theirs cannot anticipate the possibility of misinterpretation. And their own generation does not misunderstand.

It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that love is the theme of all mediæval song. Beauty of thought did not appeal to the mediæval mind apart from connection with a person, Divine or human. Every mediæval work which achieves poetic quality is personal, an outpouring of devotion to God or to an earthly *leman*.[1] A mediæval poet would have written the *Rabbi Ben Erza* as a passionate expression of devotion to a particular old man, and from its very fervor we would have learnt something of the meaning of an old age, which could inspire such admiration, perhaps something of old age in general. What mediæval poetry lost in scope, it gained in intensity. No emotion is more readily transmitted in

[1] *Leman*—beloved.

poetry than personal affection, so, few mediæval poems are wanting in emotional appeal. Nature, as well as God and man, our forebears loved, but,

> Lenten[2] comes with love to toune,
> With blosmen and with briddes roune.[3]

The two are inseparable.

Here then, truly, is a people for whom Solomon wrote the Canticle of Canticles. They had vigor, decision, fearlessness in the love of God; they had, too, the habit of singing of love. The hold that it exercised over their minds is evident from the frequency with which it was translated into English for popular use, and from the similarity to it in tone of some of our most glorious mediæval poems. It will not be within the scope of this article to consider more than one popular translation and one religious poem, the most beautiful, the anonymous *Quia Amore Langueo.*

There is a small manuscript in vellum in the possession of the Halliwell family, in which, in a hand of the fourteenth century, the compiler has transcribed his daily prayers.

After writing out the Our Father, the first part of the Hail Mary, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost and the Eight Beatitudes of Our Lord Jesus Christ, he concludes[4] " and such a soul that hath these seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, with these eight blessings of Christ's mouth, may well sing a morning[5] song of love-liking that Christ's special[6] singeth in the *Book of Songs.*" He then transcribes the part of the *Book of Songs* that most appeals to him.

" See you, faire seemly darling, our little bed is huled[7] with flowers, that is, the rest of contemplation that Thou hast made fair with virtues and fairer wilt Thou make it in heaven where will be the great bed of rest. The timber of our house is of cedar and cypress that shall never rot, that is strong patience and sad perseverance in tribulation. . . .

" In the second chapter of this book God's Son conforming him to His special singeth this song—I, flower of the field, most red, burning with charity; I lily of the valley, that is most white chaste love and most sweet smelling. . . . All men that live meekly in Christ

[2] Lenten—spring. [3] Roune—song, din.

[4] I shall modernize throughout this extract and throughout the *Quia Amore Langueo* sufficiently to make them comprehensible to modern readers.

[5] The text has " mornyng " which may be " mourning."

[6] Special—beloved. [7] Huled—covered.

shall suffer persecution, and so it behouveth them (to have) the red burning charity of the flower and the chaste humility of the lily, and as the lily waxing and smelling sweet among thorn, that is among sinful men, drove out of them devils, and healed them of their sins, so shall My special do among daughters. Then the special answered, 'as the apple tree is plenteous of apples and of leaves among trees of woods, so is my Darling among sons, under His shadow I desired to sit, and His fruits were sweet to my taste, with His shadow He refreshed me, and with His fruit He fed me, that my strengths fail not in tribulation.

"'The King hath lead me into a wine-cellar and hath ordained me in charity.' That is, my Darling has drawn my love from worldly things into the great multitude of sweetness at the which David wondereth, and then my Darling hath thus laid His left arm, that is earthly love, under mine head, the head of my soul, and with His right arm beclipped[8] me, I seeing mine own frailness for long abiding, and dread of falling, more trusting to others than to myself. Therefore the angels and souls of saints 'hule me with flowers and set me round with apples....for I long for love.'

"Behold my Darling speaketh to me: Arise, come nearer My special, come My shapely one through charity, My dove through simpleness now winter is passed, that is worldly covetousness that made men cold and hard frozen as ice, the flowers shew themselves in our earth, the voice of the turtle is heard in our arbor—(that is that soul that the King of heaven hath lead into His wine-cellar, singeth chaste songs of love-mourning for her sins and for the death of Christ, her mate). She will no more sit on a green bough loving worldly things, but she feedeth her with love of Christ, the clear white corn. She flieth up into the hole of His Five Wounds, looking with simple eyes into the clear waters of Holy Writ. Moreover, she is as a dove for dread of the falcon, that is the devil, she flieth carrion, that is fleshly love as doth the dove ever."

Though clearly strongly influenced by the spirit of the *Canticle of Canticles,* the work of this anonymous mediæval is in some ways widely different from it. From the sixteen verses of the first chapter he takes only the verses:

> Behold thou art fair, my beloved, and comely. Our bed is flourishing.
>
> The beams of our houses are of cedar, our rafters of cypress trees.

[8] Clippan—to embrace, enfold.

He has explained the meaning of them as he understands them. The mediæval mind was readier than our own to seize the meaning of mystic writings. The first five verses of the second chapter he translates freely, but his translation and the explanations where he gives them are not wanting in a poetic beauty of their own. Where he wanders farthest from the text he is still very near the original in spirit. He concludes with verses 10, 11, 12. Here again his version is in no way spoiled by his interpolated explanations. There is no change of key when he passes from translation to interpretation.

Unlike the mind of the mediæval Frenchman, the Englishman's mind was objective. He was occupied with the reality and tangibility of things, the beauty of things he loved; not the thoughts they inspired in his mind. Such a power of exultation in the glory of the works of the Creator was the dower of the singer of the *Canticle of Canticles.*

Of *Quia Amore Langueo* there are five texts known. There is one among the Lambeth Manuscripts (No. 853). This has been edited by Furnivall for the Early English Text Society. There is a text in the Cambridge University Library, one in the Douce collection in the Bodleian Library and one in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris. The one in Bodley (Douce MS. 78) has been ascribed by V. Falconer Madan to Sydgate. It is possible that it is his, though from internal evidence, unlikely. Sydgate was pious and had considerable literary skill, but not the fire and vigor of the *Quia Amore Langueo.*

Since the revival of interest in the works of Richard Rolle it has been customary to look on him as the founder of a school of mystical writing, and on all other mediæval mystical works as the outcome of his influence. This supposition is entirely false and due to the ignorance which prevails of the magnitude of the poetic output of the Middle Ages. Richard Rolle, great though he was, was only one of many who voiced the national spirit of the time, and though considerable in bulk, his work is, if anything, less individual than that of many other mediæval writers. He begins one of the chapters in his *Form of Perfect Living*[9] with the words, *Amore Langueo.* He continues;[10] "These two words are written in the book of love, that is called the song of love or the Song of

[9] Rolle. Ed. Horstman. Vol. i. p. 29. A new text of Rolle has lately been brought out by Messrs. Methuen, London; edited by Miss E. M. Comper.

[10] Modernized for the sake of intelligibility.

Songs. For he that mickel loves, him list oft to sing of his love, for joy that he or she has when they think on that that they love, namely, if their lover be true and loving. And this is the English of these two words, 'I languish for love.'" It is much more likely that the regularity of the song with the refrain, *Quia Amore Langueo,* lead Rolle to head one of his chapters thus,[11] than that his emphasis of the words suggested the song.

The song once read, can never be forgotten. I shall modernize only in so far as intelligibility makes it necessary.

In a valley of this restless mind
I sought in mountain and in mead
Trusting a true love for to find.
Upon an hill then I took heed,
A voice I heard and neer I yede[12]
In huge dolour complaining tho
"See dear soul, how My sides bleed"
*Quia amore langueo.*

Upon this hill I found a tree
Under the tree a Man sitting;
From head to foot wounded was He;
His heart's blood I saw bleeding;
A seemly man to be a King,
A gracious face to look unto
I asked why He had paining
He said, "*Quia amore langueo.*

"I am true love that false was never;
My spouse man's soul, I loved her thus;
Because we would in no wise discover,
I left My kingdom glorious.
I purveyed for her a palace precious;
She flieth, I follow, I sought her so;
I suffered this pain piteous,
*Quia amore langueo.*

"I crowned her with bliss and she Me with thorn;
I lead her to chamber, and she Me to die;
I brought her to worship, and she Me to scorn;
I did her reverence, and she Me villany.

[11] In the Vernon text the words *Amore Langueo* are printed in capitals.
[12] Yede—went.

To love that loveth is no mastery.
Her hate made never My love her foe.
Ask me then no question why
*Quia amore langueo.*

"I will abide till she be ready;
I will her sue if she say nay;
If she be reckless, I will be gredy[13]
And if she be dangerous, I will her pray.
If she weep, then hide I ne may—
I stretch out My arms to clip[14] her Me to
Crying 'stay soul, I come;' now soul, asay!
*Quia amore langueo.*

"I sit on this hill for to see far;
I look in the valley My fair spouse to see;
Now runneth she wayward, now cometh she near,
For out of My sight may she not flee.
Some wait her as prey to make her Me flee;
I run them before, and fleme[15] her her foe.
'Return then, my spouse again to Me,'
*Quia amore langueo.*

"Fair love, let us go play!
Apples be ripe in My garden.
I shall thee clothe in a new array;
Thy meat shall be milk, honey and wine.
Fair love! let us go dine!
Thy sustenance is My crip, lo!
Tarry thou not thou fair spouse Mine,
*Quia amore langueo.*

"If thou be foul I shall make thee clean;
If thou be sick, I shall thee heal;
If thou mourn ought, I shall thee meene.[16]
Why wilt thou not, fair love, with One deal?
Foundest thou ever love so leal?[17]
What wouldst thou, spouse, that I should do?
I cannot unkindly thee appelle[18]
*Quia amore langueo.*

[13] Gready—eager (in my care for her). [14] Clip—embrace.
[15] Fleme—put to flight. [16] Meene—console, from an old French word.
[17] Leal—loyal. [18] Appelle—call, exhort.

"What shall I do with My fair spouse,
But abide her of My gentleness,
Till that she look out of her house
Of fleshly affection? Love Mine she is.
Her bed is made, her bolster is bliss,
Her chamber is chosen; is there none mo?
Look out on Me at the window of kindness,
*Quia amore langueo.*

"My love is in her chamber. Hold your peace;
Make ye no noise but let her sleep.
My babe I would not were in disease;
I may not hear My dear child weep.
Will all My care I shall her keep.
Nor marvel ye not though I tend her to.
This hole in My side had ne'er been so deep
*Quia amore langueo.*

"Longest thou for a love never so high?
My love is more than thine may be;
Thou weepest, thou gladdest, I sit thee by,
Woulds't thou but once, love, look at Me!—
Must I always fee thee
With children's meat? Nay, love, not so!
I will prove thy love with adversity.
*Quia amore langueo.*

"Waxë not weary Mine ownë wife!
What meed is it to live ever in comfort?
In tribulation I reign more rife
Oftentimes than in disport.
In weal and in woe I am aye to support.
Mine ownë wife, go not Me fro!
My nee is markèd when thou art mort.
*Quia amore langueo.*"

The influence of the spirit of the imagery of the *Canticle of Canticles* is evident. But the mediæval writer had contributed something of his own. The unheedingness of the "beloved" in *Quia Amore Langueo* gives it a human touch and a pathos that are not in the *Canticle of Canticles*. The psychology of the last two verses makes their interest still more vivid; they show a knowledge of human nature equal to Chaucer's; but this of course is not

their strongest appeal. This version is the Lambeth 853. Some verses on account of space have been omitted.

There is another poem, entitled *Quia Amore Langueo,* a lament of Our Lady over the sorrows of her Son. It is beautiful and touching but it is less fine than the poem quoted. It, too, has imagery that has undoubtedly been suggested by the *Canticle of Canticles.* It begins:

> In a tabernacle of a tower,
> As I stood musing on the moon,
> A crowned queen, most of honor,[19]
> Me thought I saw sitting on a throne.

It is a long poem, far too long to quote in full. Somehow the imagery of Solomon does not altogether suit the theme—a favorite one in mediæval literature. Its usual form is a picture of the young Mother with a Babe on her knee, "lulling" Him quiet and then the Babe speaks. He tells His Mother of His Passion and she is heartbroken. She ceases her "lulling" to weep and to ask Him if she can do nothing to prevent it. He tells her that she can do nothing but continue to "lull" Him, but that He knows she would save Him from suffering if she could.

The vigor, the wholeheartedness of our ancestors, their objectivity and simplicity, their power of love and their habit of singing of it, ensured the appeal of the *Canticle of Canticles.* These were the characteristics of a nation that could write in the same vein.

The appeal of a work of art is ever strongest to those whose own genius lies in the same direction.

[19] "Most of might," "most of honor" are favorite epithets for God and Our Lady in mediæval poetry, "most" meaning "greatest," "highest."

## ST. MATTHEW AND THE PAROUSIA.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

### III.

PALESTINE had its wave of expectancy before the Saviour came. For more than a hundred years the official and popular mind had become persuaded that when Israel fell, the world would fall along with it, and the whole course of history change. Differences of opinion existed regarding the order in which the final events would ensue, and the manner of their staging. Some looked to a brief reign of conquest and victory, during which the Messias would put His enemies under foot, before proceeding to consummate His Kingdom. Others were of the view that history would roll up its scroll at once, denied even this brief respite of extension. The resurrection to Judgment was not, in any case, to be long deferred. It would immediately follow, if it did not actually precede or accompany, the short Messianic Reign. The dead were to be trumpeted forth from their resting-places—the wicked to punishment, the good to glory, in the everlasting earthly Kingdom of the Messias-King. "The just shall shine forth and run to and fro like sparks among the stubble. They shall judge nations, and have dominion over peoples, and their Lord shall reign forever."[1] Whatever the differences ruffling the surface of opinion, all Palestine was in complete accord on one point of eschatology: the coming of the Messias and the end of the world were *connected events*. A mere hand's breadth of time lay between.

It was the great hope and the still greater dread of that century, this expectation, and the crest of its wave did not perceptibly diminish during the ministry of the Lord and His chosen Twelve. Fed from a multiplicity of springs, canonical and apochryphal, it took firm hold of the popular imagination, and struck its roots deep enough to disturb economic and political conditions. The Roman authorities watched all this ferment closely, fearful lest the imperial eagles should drop a subject province from their clutching talons. The poet of the Empire set the expectancies of the time to

[1] Wis. iii. 7, 8.

music. Virgil caught the echoes of the distant commons, and in lines that shall ever live, begged the Sicilian Muses to pitch his minstrelsy to a higher key, that he might worthily sing the passing of the old order and the wondrous innovations of the new.[2]

Were the disciples of the Lord—St. Matthew especially—swept into this maelstrom of public opinion, and borne like swirling driftwood on its tide? Was the teaching of Jesus, as one apologist puts it, "over the heads of His reporters," and did it leave their Palestinian outlook unchanged? Had the converted toll-gatherer of Capharnaum, whose name the Lord changed from Levi to Matthew, such little power of discernment that he could not see the long spiritual presence implied in the words: "Behold, I am with you *all the days*,"[3] but perforce must garble them with the limiting addition: "unto the end of the age?" Was the standpoint which he adopted "somewhat similar to the canonical prophets, who advocated the view that the Jewish religion was destined to attract to itself all nations, but who never seem to have doubted that the result would be the submission of the Gentiles to the privileges of Judaism rather than the complete supersession of Judaism by a new religion?"[4] Is it "probable that he saw in the apostolic preaching in the West, culminating in the arrival of St. Paul at Rome, an ample fulfillment of the 'preaching in all the world, for a testimony to all nations?'"[5] Or—to put the question more pointedly still—is the evidence which we gathered in a previous study,[6] to prove the Kingdom a world-wide evangel, completely set at naught by the simple reflection that a Jewish-Christian writer might easily have said as much and more, about the spread of the word among the Gentiles, and not distinctively mean Christianity at all, but the final and speedy triumph of the purified religion of Israel?

The Parable of the Tares or Cockle offers a fine opportunity to put the likelihood of this supposition to the test. The question with which it deals is the time of the Judgment; and no writer who had the Palestinian outlook in mind could treat this topic, even incidentally, without self-betrayal. "The Kingdom of Heaven is likened to a man who sowed good seed in his field. But while men were asleep, his enemy came and oversowed cockle among the wheat, and went his way. And when the blade was sprung up, and had brought forth fruit, then appeared also the cockle. And the servants of

[2] Ecl. iv.
[3] *Apologetics.* Bruce, p. 465.
[4] *St. Matthew.* W. C. Allen, lxxvii.
[5] *Loc. cit.*, lxxxiv.
[6] *St. Matthew and the Parousia.* The Catholic World, January, 1918.

the goodman of the house coming, said to him: Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? Whence then hath it cockle? And he said to them: An enemy hath done this. And the servants said to him: Wilt thou that we go and gather it up? And he said: No, lest perchance, gathering up the cockle, you root up the wheat also together with it. Suffer both to grow until the harvest, and in the time of the harvest, I will say to the reapers: Gather up first the cockle, and bind it into bundles to burn, but the wheat gather ye into my barn."[7]

The thought of this parable is distinctly un-Jewish in character. It does not accord with the main tenet of Palestinian eschatology, sketched for the reader at the beginning of the theme. A Kingdom which would suffer the wicked to grow up unmolested among the good; which would have its springtime of sowing, and its summer of fruitage, before the autumn days of reaping came; which would even leave its members exposed to "tribulation and persecution because of their adherence to the word,"[8] was not the Messianic Reign of Jewish expectation. Not thus had the Palestinians conceived of the Kingdom that was to be; not thus had they looked forward to its peopling, or to the newness of earth and spirit which it had been prophesied to bring. Where was the glory of its promise and the thorough "purging of the floor?"[9] More disconcerting still to the listening Twelve was the thought that Jesus had the disavowing of their own personal beliefs in mind, when he spoke of the impatient servants, and gave the multitude to understand that the New Kingdom was not to be likened to a harvester prematurely reaping, but to a generous sower who went out to sow his seed, regardless of the good or evil ground on which it fell. If this comparison represented the nature of the Kingdom, the official theology of Israel had misled its devotees. It had connected the establishment of the Kingdom with the glow and glory of the Final Harvest. It had associated the end of Israel with the last chapter of human history, in the ordinary sense previously attaching to this term. And yet here was Jesus, under the figure of a householder, plainly saying no to this cherished expectation. The world was not about to end; it was about to enter on its Second Spring, instead.

Wondering if they had caught the true import of the parable, the disciples waited until the throng of listeners fringing the shore had been dismissed, and Jesus was alone with them in the house near by—a circumstantial detail which could not possibly have been a

[7] Matt. xiii. 24-30. [8] Matt. xiii. 21. [9] Matt. iii. 12.

feature of the "Logia." The audience which Jesus had just addressed was evidently imbued with the prevailing views. They were not of that kind "which hath, and to whom it shall be given," but rather of that other kind "which hath not, and from whom even that which it hath shall be taken away."[10] Their hearts had grown gross and their ears become dull of hearing; the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven it was not given to such as these to know, and the Master was chary of utterance in their presence.

Surprised at the summariness of the Lord's manner in addressing the assembled multitude, the disciples asked Him in private for an exposition less reserved. "Expound to us the Parable of the Cockle,"[11] they said to Him, and He complied with their request in a way explicit enough to rouse the dullest hearing. We incorporate the commentary[12] entire, before proceeding to discuss its drift. "He that soweth the good seed," said Jesus, "is the Son of Man. And the field is *the world*.[13] And the good seed are the sons of the Kingdom. And the cockle are the sons of the wicked one. And the enemy that sowed them is the devil. And the harvest is the end of the 'age.'[14] And the reapers are the angels: Even as cockle therefore is gathered up, and burnt with fire, so shall it be at the end of the 'age.' The Son of Man shall send His angels, and they shall gather out of *His Kingdom* all scandals and them that work iniquity. And shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. *Then* shall the just shine as the sun in the *Kingdom of their Father*. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

What is the period of time with which this commentary deals? Is it the period of preparation prior to the establishment of the Kingdom at "the end of the age?" Is the reference to history confined to the brief tract between Christ's preaching and the fall of Jerusalem—a matter of some two score years at most? Is "the world" during this preparatory period compared to a field, and the end of the period "likened to a harvest?" Are the just to shine forth in the Kingdom when disaster overtakes Israel, and are the wicked to be cast out of it forthwith? Is that all the history sug-

[10] Matt. xiii. 12; xxv. 29. [11] Matt. xiii. 36. [12] Mat. xiii. 37-43.

[13] Matt. xiii. 38. ὁ κόσμος.

[14] συντέλεια τοῦ αἰῶνος. We leave the phrase throughout in its original form, "age"—without translating it into its Western equivalent: "world." The originality of the Lord's teaching is more clearly seen when the language is not Westernized, but studied as recorded.

gested, and have we here Palestinian eschatology thinly, if at all disguised?

Professor Allen is of the opinion that this commentary does not look to the continuance of history after the Jewish times.[15] He thinks that some Judaizing compiler has tampered with the Lord's words and wrested them from their originally universal bearing to the narrow thesis of a finally triumphant Judaism. In his opinion St. Matthew wrote the "Sayings of the Lord" in the Hebrew tongue, but not the present Gospel—an opinion based on a very doubtful translation from Papias, which does not concern us here. What does concern us, however, is Professor Allen's failure to show how the text of the narrative can be made to fit his view. He does not explain the surprise of the disciples; their request for a commentary; the Lord's asking His hearers if they understood; the two references to "newness of teaching," within which the commentary is enclosed; or the statement of Jesus that the "just shall shine forth in the Kingdom of their Father," not in the Kingdom of the Son of Man.

Neither does he explain why he abandons his general thesis so conveniently, to meet the difficulty put in his path by the present parable. He holds that the phrase "Kingdom of Heaven" means in St. Matthew, throughout, the eschatological Kingdom which is to be inaugurated at the end of the Jewish age. But when, as here, he finds the Kingdom described as a Sower, with the world for its field, and the Fall, not the Springtime for its appointed harvest season, he reads all these references to the future as if they concerned the Jewish period of preparation only, and did not extend beyond it into the actual life-period of the Kingdom itself. Apropos of "the gathering of the wicked" out of a Kingdom which, on his own admission, does not yet exist, he declares that this weeding process will be possible when the Son of Man shall have come, though he does not stop to tell us how tares and wheat may be said to grow up together in a Kingdom that has had no past. Reading the parable in accord with his eschatological theory of the Kingdom, he dehistoricizes its drift completely, notwithstanding the mute protest of the text. It is the natural consequence of an attempt to fit fact to theory. The method should be reversed. So let us set aside all preconceptions, forget for the moment all difficult ties elsewhere occurring, and endeavor to approach the parable here recorded, in its own native light and setting, to see whether it points

[15] *St. Matthew.* W. C. Allen, pref. lxx. and pp. 153, 154.

backwards to Palestinian eschatology, or forwards to an un-Jewish period of history yet to be.

The point to be critically determined in the explanation of the Cockle is what St. Matthew meant by "the end of the age." On this the whole question of interpretation hinges; into it the pith and substance of the discourse refunds. The critical student will notice that the Parable of the Cockle concerns itself throughout with the *nature* of the "Kingdom of Heaven," a comparative description of which it professes to give. Ample proof that this is its topic may be had from the definitely stated subject with which the parable begins: "*The Kingdom of Heaven is likened* to a man that sowed good seed in his field."[16] The very manner of wording compels us to regard all that is said in the parable or the explanation, as successive descriptions of the subject stated, to be read in no other reference or light. The "end of the age" here in question is, therefore, the end of the age of the "Kingdom of Heaven;" a statement manifestly implying that the New Kingdom is to have a history before its consummation comes.

Circumstances show that this conclusion is rightful. If the end of the New Kingdom and the end of Israel were understood to coincide, we should expect no surprise on the part of the disciples at the Lord's reaffirmation of the Palestinian expectancy; it was what they had been led to believe from their childhood days. But if, by any chance, they gathered the impression that the New Kingdom was to have a history, after the end of the Jewish age had come, we should expect to find the disciples seeking further assurance on a point so clearly at variance with existing belief. Which happened? The latter. The psychology of the incident, as recorded by St. Matthew, is one which no Judaizing writer would ever have spread so fully on his pages. Let us study it in detail.

Why did the disciples ask Jesus for an explanation of the parable? The request was without reason, unless they had caught something from His words, that was new and strange; and the challenging expression, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," is a sure textual sign that no stale pronouncement of Jewry has come forth from the Master's lips. Jesus was not wont to italicize points of doctrine with which His hearers were familiar. Something out of the ordinary had been said, to which He wished attention called.

What was it? The announcement that at the end of the Jewish age, at "the end" of the generation then living, the century then

[16] Matt. xiii. 24.

passing, the just would be made resplendent as the sun? Was this the sense they gathered from the statement: "the harvest is the end of the age?" Hardly! This was a matter of doctrine too commonplace, an article of existing belief too familiar, to have escaped instant understanding on its first utterance; too trite a thing to have been made the object of solemn emphasis on His part, or of renewed inquiry on theirs. No Jew of the time required to be told twice that "the end of the Jewish age" and "the beginning of the Messianic Kingdom" would witness a great change in the world-order, or that the wicked would then be punished, and the just come forth from their sepulchres to an everlasting life on earth. And were that the meaning which the disciples caught when the Lord said that "at the end of the age" He would "gather out of His Kingdom all scandals and them that work iniquity," they never would have wondered for a moment if they had understood aright, nor have asked Him for a more open explanation of the Parable. Its thought would have appeared to them instantly as a matter of course; and the fact that this was not the direction which their reflections took compels us to look elsewhere for the explanation of their conduct.

Was it the picture[17] which the Lord so strikingly drew of the servants of the householder, asking the Master if it was His will that they should go at once to separate the cockle from the wheat, only to be told that both should be suffered to grow up together until the harvest time—was it this picture of the impatient servants and the forebearing householder, that led them to see in the Lord's words the extinction of Israel's hope for a speedy judgment of its enemies? Everything suggests that this was the psychology of their request. They understood the Lord to imply by the parable, that the Judgment would come at the end of the Messianic Kingdom, and not, as the Jews expected, soon after its opening days; they understood Him to imply that the wicked were to survive in His Kingdom, and grow up unmolested among the just, to its very close. And if this was what they had gathered from the parable, it was also what the Lord took special pains to emphasize in the commentary, when He declared that the just would reign in glory, not in *His* Kingdom, but in the Kingdom of *"their Father,"*[18] when the end of His had come. "Then shall the just shine[19] as the

[17] Matt. xiii. 27-30.

[18] Matt. xiii. 43. The meaning is explained in Matt. xxv. 34: "Come, ye blessed of My Father."

[19] Wis. iii. 7, 8; Dan. xii. 3.

sun in the Kingdom of their Father. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

What sense could there have been in this truistic employment of the adverb "then" in the verse about the just, or in reciting immediately after it the Lord's usual phrase for calling attention to something new or corrective in His teaching, namely, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear"[20]—what sense could there have been in this manner of literary construction, if the author of the First Gospel really thought that the Judgment was to come at the end of the Jewish, and not at the end of the Messianic, Age? It would have been the most idle case of stress and emphasis imaginable, if these words referred to the end of Israel, or to a point of time not far removed therefrom. Prodigal as St. Matthew was in his use of the adverb "then," one cannot explain why he affixed it to the prophetical quotation from *Wisdom*—"Then shall the just shine"—unless it was to indicate deferral. The problem to be faced by one who would take "the end of the age" in its restricted Jewish significance resists solution at every turn. Not only the text, the whole psychology of the situation described, places the thought of this parable beyond successful reduction to the categories of Judaism.

The Parable of the Cockle, when thus approached through the psychology of the Teacher and His audience, becomes one of the best instances of the Christianizing of the disciples, recorded in the New Testament. The author who incorporated this special material; the writer who took such pains to portray Jesus in the act of unteaching the Twelve, "combined warp and weft without error in the weaving." His purpose in employing the phrase "end of the age" was to exemplify the Lord's manner of instructing His disciples, and not, as critics think, to Judaize the Master's word. It matters not what the phrase meant in the literature of the times. Set it down, if you will, as everywhere associated with the fate of the Kingdom of Israel. That would still leave the question open whether such were, or could be proved to be, its meaning here. Could not the Lord employ a phrase that popularly had one meaning, and reinvest it with another, by the simple process of associating it with a different subject, by the simple art of using it in a new connection and relation? And is not that precisely what we find Him doing in the parable under review? And was it not His having used the phrase in a context all-concerned with the "Kingdom

[20] Matt. xiii. 43. For parallel instances, see: Matt. xv. 10, 15, 16; and the Parable of the Sower in St. Luke viii. 9.

of Heaven," that transported His hearers into a world view not taught them by the Rabbis—a world view with all its bars and barriers let down? The disciples understood from the Parable of the Cockle and the Lord's open comment upon it, that the Judgment was indefinitely postponed. A world-wide sowing of the word would take place before the trumpets blew to Judgment. There was not the least thought in St. Matthew's mind that Judaism—purified or otherwise—would eventually prove supreme.

The same phrase is used again, some verses further on, this time in connection with the Parable of the Net,[21] and in circumstances that recall its first employment. "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net cast into the sea, and *gathering of every kind.* Which, *when it was filled,* they drew out, and sitting on the shore, they chose out the good into vessels, but the bad they cast away. So shall it be 'at the end of the age.' The angels shall go forth and shall separate the wicked from among the just. And shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. *Have ye understood all these things?* They say to Him: Yes. He said unto them: Therefore every scribe instructed in the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his *treasure new things and old.*" [22]

How shall we look upon the phrase in this new setting? Is "the end of the age" here employed in its usual Jewish connotation, and does it imply belief on the part of its employer, that the Judgment would come within the lifetime of those addressed? Such an interpretation is excluded by the description of the Kingdom of Heaven as "a net that gathereth of every kind," one that was not drawn forth from the sea until filled with the motley creatures of its catch; for it must be borne in mind that the Kingdom of Heaven, in the admission of critics, is portrayed as *future*—a circumstance which compels us to understand this Parable of the Net in an historical sense, not limited to the end of the Jewish times. In fact this restriction of its scope is put completely out of consideration by the Lord's question: Have ye understood all these things?[23] to which the listeners made answer in the affirmative.

What reason could the Lord have had for probing the intelligence of His hearers, if He really shared their eschatological views, and was merely rehearsing the theology of the Synagogue? What

[21] Matt. xiii. 49. [22] Matt. xiii. 47-52.

[23] Matt. xiii. 51. Compare St. Luke viii. 18: "Look to it, *how you hear.*" No one announcing the familiar would have thus addressed his audience.

reason could He have had for identifying the believers in this theology with those "who heard the word of the Kingdom *and understood it not,*" because they looked to freedom from "tribulation and persecution"—a thing that was not to come? And what reason could St. Matthew have had for reporting the Lord's process of questioning on this occasion, if he, too, believed that the world-order was about to enter upon its final phase? Would the Lord have stopped to inquire of His hearers if they had understood, or would St. Matthew have troubled to record Him as so inquiring, if the Palestinian view that the Judgment was to come at the end of the Jewish, and the beginning of the Messianic era, had been in the mind of either?

It stands neither to sense nor reason that they would. The asking of the question is itself a proof that no old bread of doctrine is being broken. Indications all point to the fact that the Lord is here correcting current belief, denationalizing the notion of the Kingdom, lengthening the perspective of His hearers, and actually painting out of their minds that vainglorious racial picture of a Messias reigning in state at Jerusalem, when the nations were no more, and the sons of God exchanged their jubilance with the stars of the morning.

Translate "end of the age" in these passages as "the consummation of the Jewish times," and the two parables fill with an idle insistency, and a still more idle process of questioning. Nay, the wave of meaninglessness flows back into the previous chapter—the Twelfth—where an *explicit* distinction is drawn between "*this* age"—the Jewish—and "the age to come;"[24] where the context speaks of "One Who is greater than the Temple,"[25] One who is spurned of His own people,[26] yet in Whom "the Gentiles shall hope and have judgment shown them."[27] Again, therefore, it is an occasion to ask whether the meaning of a passage should be determined from a particular phrase occurring in it, or whether the phrase and its meaning should be approached and read through the cumulative drift and circumstance of the entire passage itself. Certainly, the obscurity of view, the unnaturalness of explanation, the forced way of reading, to which those descend who pursue the former method,[28] decidedly impairs the likelihood of its being the right one to follow.

St. Matthew uses the phrase "end of the age" five times;[29]

[24] Matt. xiii. 32. [25] Matt. xii. 6. [26] Matt. xii. 14.
[27] Matt. xii. 21, 18. [28] *St. Matthew.* W. C. Allen, p. 153.
[29] Matt. xiii. 39, 40, 49; xxiv. 3; xxviii. 20.

thrice in the passages just examined; in the twenty-fourth chapter, where it is put to the Saviour in the form of a question; and in the very last verse of his gospel: "Behold, I am with you all days even unto the end of the age." We have not found the least contextual evidence in the first three instances of its use, that it either had, or was understood to have, a restricted Jewish application. On the contrary, the distinct impression created in each case by the context was that the Lord had been at pains to put a new meaning, a wider vista, into this current apocalyptic expression—an effort at corrective teaching crowned completely with success, if we may judge in the first instance by the question put the Master by the disciples, and in the second, by the question which He put them in turn. Contextual, not textual criticism, if we may so express the distinction, is the sole fair-minded manner of approach to such contingencies of interpretation as are here involved. So far, therefore, from affording circumstantial evidence of the Judaism still surviving in the mind of St. Matthew; so far from furnishing a telltale trace of the common expectation of the times, the use of this expression, when contextually studied, denotes no more than the raising of old terms to new powers of significance—a method of teaching not unusual with the Saviour, and here expressively recounted by one who had felt its disenchanting spell. What is true of these three instances will be found to hold also of the others. It is not likely that progressive teaching, such as is here recorded, will eventually sink back into the stagnant levels of Palestinian eschatology.

Nor should it prove in the least surprising that old phrases were thus re-employed in a new significance. The mentality of the Jewish people was peculiar; it had to be addressed through the language of prophecy, and in terms of prophecy fulfilled. New ideas had to have their kinship shown with old, or go condemned of hearing. Apperception ruled the mental life and tested all the deliverances of religion. The Jewish people did not think, as we do, of the world as ending; they thought of it rather as passing from its present phase of anguish, injustice, and distress, into an idealized form of existence which would "know the old no more;" and they thought of this great change as coming "at the end of the age," when Israel, crushed suddenly to earth by the might of the nations, would as suddenly rise from her ruin to the imperishable dignity of world-dominion.

To teach new and distasteful truths to a people of such men-

tality, was a delicate task. The prophecies had all been read, as implying wondrous changes when the Messianic Kingdom came; and to say outright that these prophecies were not destined to fulfillment would have shocked the faith of Israel in the reliability of God's word. What more natural and prudent method in such circumstances could there consequently have been than to retain the phrase " end of the age," detach it from its former associations with the Kingdom of Israel, and assert it anew of " the Kingdom of Heaven," as the Lord did in the Parable of the Cockle? And if we make the supposition, not groundless by any means, but well supported by the evidence, that this was actually the Lord's manner of procedure in the Parables of the Cockle and the Net, the phrase " end of the age " becomes at once divested of its ordinary Jewish meaning, and ceases to have any points of contact whatever with the theology of the times. Nay, have we not the express word of Jesus Himself, that this was the form which His teaching took in the instance before us? Of what other import are the resumptive words: *" Therefore,* every scribe, *instructed in the Kingdom of Heaven,* is like to a man that is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure *new things and old."*[30] These words are not mere " editorial comment." They are in answer to the question: " Have ye understood all these things?"—and refer to the newly acquired knowledge which was to distinguish the disciples of Him " Who taught not as the Scribes,"[31] and gave proof of it most convincingly on the present occasion.

Nor is this the only textual warrant that the thought behind the phrase is new. The whole section containing the explanation of the Cockle is introduced by a prophetical quotation which proclaims the *veiled novelty* of the Messias' preaching to the public. " I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter things hidden from the beginning (of the world)." [32] This is immediately followed by a description of His more open manner of speaking when with those favored ones to whom it was given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, hidden as these had been from Jewish sight. Publicly He spoke in parables, but " privately He expounded all things to His disciples," to quote St. Mark's summarized equivalent of this section.[33] His method was one of hooded utterances and plain, dictated alike by the political danger of outspokenness on

[30] Matt. xiii. 51, 52. [31] Matt. vii. 29.

[32] Matt. xiii. 35. The quotation is from Ps. lxxvii. (lxxviii.) 2. The second part seems to be an independent translation from the Hebrew.

[33] Mark iv. 34.

the subject of the Kingdom and by the inability of His hearers to give ear effectually to any other manner of address.

The detailed picture of the Lord's public and private manner of teaching, which the author of the First Gospel sets before us in the thirteenth chapter, is also interesting on another account. It furnishes the solution of that chronic puzzle of scholarship, why it was that St. Matthew intercalated the commentary[34] between two groups of parables—the Cockle, the Mustard Seed, and the Leaven on the one hand; the Hid Treasure, the Goodly Pearl, and the Draw Net, on the other.[35] There was no way more natural and effective to bring out the newness of the Lord's teaching; to exemplify His foretold "utterance of things hidden from the beginning." And so we find St. Matthew singling out the explanation of the Cockle as a salient instance of the Lord's *private* manner of instruction. It came more pointedly under this head, if the purpose was to distinguish it from the parabolic manner in which Jesus addressed the public; and that is why the commentary does not follow after the parable, but at some distance from it in the text. The new sense attaching to the three parables that preceded and the three that followed, would, in this arrangement of the material, be more strikingly brought out, and the phrase, "end of the age," stand in a new surrounding.

It is not necessary, therefore, after the manner of some critics, to imagine this section mechanically put together, carpenter-fashion, mortise into tenon. Nor is there any need for such extraneous suppositions as "Logian influence," "conclusions of the editor," or "fondness for grouping things in threes," to account for the position assigned the Lord's commentary in the text. The introductory quotation concerning the *novelty* of the Messianic teaching, and the closing remark of Jesus about the *new* knowledge which the "Scribes of the Kingdom of Heaven" were to have, reveal a didactic purpose in the present collocation of the material, sufficient, of itself, to account for the literary problem involved.

Occurring in this context of novelty, the phrase, "end of the age," redeems itself completely from all taint of the thought of Jewry, and shines with a fresh, unborrowed light. So far from implying that Jesus, or St. Matthew, announced the Kingdom as near, in the sense of its final consummation, the use of this expression simply indicates that both spoke in the terms of the times for their transcending and overcoming. The particular mentality

[34] Matt. xiii. 37-43. [35] Matt. xiii. 24-33, 44-50.

of the Jewish people made this manner of discourse imperative. The new had perforce to seek expression under cover of the old.

The mass of considerations assembled in the course of this study create the presumption, if they do not also establish the conviction, that the phrase, " end of the age," is predicated of the new historical era of the " Kingdom of Heaven," not of Palestine and the perishing letter of its law. The period of the rising Kingdom was not confined to Jewish days. Israel and Christianity are not presented in the Parable of the Cockle as running abreast to a common doom. The angels are not said to go forth for the gathering of the elect at the end of the Jewish era, but in the harvest season of the new Kingdom of Heaven. " *Then* shall the just shine as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

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## THE REVEALER.

BY CAROLINE GILTINAN.

TIME was I saw Christ's body
And could not understand
The thorn-crowned head, the bleeding feet,
The nail that pierced each hand.

But Life came and then I knew:
Oh, blood from God's opened side,
I know and shall forever know
How Love is crucified.

# THE MYTH OF SOULLESS WOMAN.

BY CHARLES F. AIKEN, S.T.D., A.B.

IT is the spirit of true culture to reject what is false and attain to an ever larger measure of truth. Not a few popular beliefs of former generations are now rightly classed as myths. But there are some that, like cleverly counterfeited coin, still pass current as genuine articles of exchange. They are chiefly such as make a strong impression on the imagination. *Si non è vero, è ben trovato,* runs an Italian saying. Not always is it easy for the public mind to throw aside as spurious an alleged event that stands out sharply by its very strangeness. It may not lightly be removed from the cabinet of historical curiosities.

A good instance of this may be found in the myth that in the early ages of the Church there was a widespread tendency to deny to woman the possession of a human soul.

This myth was given publicity by the Encyclopedists of France, who eagerly seized on everything that could be turned to the discredit of the Christian religion, and it has proved a sweet morsel for many writers of later generations. It has cropped up frequently in recent times, being welcomed by more than one advocate of the feminist movement, to give point to the charge of injustice to woman in the early Church.

Like most popular myths, the story of the denial to woman of a human soul has been subject to many variations. Bayle, in his *Dictionnaire Critique,* article *Geddicus,* wrote: "What surprises me more, is to see that the question was raised in a council whether woman was a human creature, and that a favorable decision was reached only after long discussion."

Somewhat similar is the statement of Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in her book, *Women and Eonomics,* published in Boston in 1905. On page thirty-eight, she says: "In some nations, religion is said to be a masculine attribute exclusively, it being even questioned whether women have souls. An early Christian council settled that important question by vote, fortunately deciding that they had. In a Church whose main strength has always been derived from the adherence of women, it would have been an uncomfortable reflection not to have allowed them souls."

In the *Révolution Française* of October 14, 1908, may be found the statement from the pen of a certain L. Abensour: "It is said that the Council of Mâcon decided that woman had a soul only by the plurality of a few votes."

At a meeting held in Richmond, early in December, 1911, in favor of the movement to extend the suffrage to women, one of the speakers, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, referred to a council of the Church held in southern France to decide the question whether woman had a soul, and she greatly amused her audience by declaring that an affirmative answer was reached by a plurality of one vote.

Rivaling this version in piquancy is the account given some years ago in an address to the graduating class of the Girls' High School, Philadelphia. The speaker informed the young aspirants after higher knowledge that, as late as the fifteenth century, there was held in the south of France a council of learned prelates who for two days discussed the question whether woman had a soul, and at last gave this equivocal decision—that woman was a human being.

More striking still is the version of the myth that tells how in those dark days of feminine suffering and repression, woman was heartlessly denied a human soul. As long ago as 1841, Aimé-Martin, in book one, chapter six, of his work, *l'Éducation des Mères de Famille,* declared: "In times past, yet not so very remote, grave doctors denied them (women) a soul....They go so far as to doubt the existence of woman's soul, and the theologians themselves, in their confusion of mind, seem for the moment to forget that Jesus Christ derived His humanity from His Mother."

In harmony with this, is the more explicit statement of Bebel in his bitterly anti-Christian work, *Woman and Socialism.* On page forty-five of the German edition of the year 1894, he says: "The Council of Mâcon, which in the sixth century debated the question whether woman has a soul or not, pronounces likewise against the view favorable to woman."

In his article, *Notes on the Intelligence of Woman,* in the *Atlantic Monthly* of December, 1915, Mr. W. L. George, drawing his inspiration from Herr Bebel, writes: "Men have been found to deny woman an intellect....They have gone further, and I seem to remember that in the Middle Ages an œcumenical council denied her a soul." It is unfortunate that Mr. George's memory should have failed him to the extent of confounding the Council of Mâcon with an œcumenical council, but it cannot be denied that through this slip of memory the story becomes more racy than ever.

These are the principal variants of the soulless woman myth. And myth it is, in all its forms unhistorical and untrue, despite the fact that it has so often found a place in serious writings and lectures. It rose, whether carelessly or maliciously, from an incident said to have taken place on the occasion of the second Council of Mâcon, which was held in the year 585. This Council was convened, not for the alleged purpose of deciding whether women have souls, but in order to further the cause of Christian justice and charity in those times of turbulence and oppression. The proceedings of the assembly have been preserved in several collections of the councils of the Church. Perhaps the most accessible is the scholarly French edition by H. Leclercq of Hefele's *Conciliengeschichte*. In the third volume, first part of this *Histoire des Conciles* may be found the acts of the Council. Among the forty-three bishops who took part, were the distinguished Metropolitans, Sulpitius of Bourges, Bertram of Bordeaux, Evantius of Vienne, Prætextatus of Rouen, Artemius of Sens, and Priscus, Patriarch of Lyons, who presided. The twenty canons drawn up by the Council bespeak the dignity, earnestness, and highly religious tone of the discussions. Especially interesting is the benevolent legislation in favor of the weak and oppressed. On Sundays and holydays, slaves are to be free from compulsory labor. The right of asylum is insisted on. Slaves freed from bondage, in the church are placed under the protection of the bishop. It is in his presence that every discussion must take place in which their right to freedom is called in question. Far from being indifferent to woman's welfare, the bishop is declared to be the protector of the widow and the orphan. To safeguard their interests against the rapacity of evil-minded men, civil judges are forbidden under pain of excommunication to judge cases of widows and orphans without having first notified the bishop, who in turn must see to it that his representative, priest or archdeacon, is present at the trial. The penalty of anathema is to be laid on powerful courtiers who may seek to plunder them.

It is hardly in a council of this kind, so high in its aims, so pronounced in its defence of widows and orphans, that one would expect to find a puerile discussion whether or not woman has a soul. In fact, there is absolutely no trace of such a discussion in the recorded acts of the Council. How, then, did it get the name of having seriously treated this question? Simply and solely from the distortion of a story told of a bishop of this Council by St. Gregory of Tours, the Christian Herodotus of the Church in Gaul.

The incident, related in the twentieth chapter of the eighth book, of his *History of the Franks,* runs as follows: "There was in this synod one of the bishops who said that woman could not be called a man. But after the bishops had explained the matter, he acquiesced in their view; for the sacred book of the Old Testament teaches that, when in the beginning, God created man, He said, 'male and female He created them, and He called their name Adam;' which means man of earth. It was by this name He called the woman as well as the man, declaring each to be man. Then, too, the Lord Jesus Christ is called the Son of Man, because He is the Son of a virgin, a woman. It was to her He said, as He was on the point of turning water into wine, 'Woman, what business is it of Mine and thine?' and so forth. The case was made good by many other proofs also, and set at rest."[1]

From this story it appears that, at the second Council of Mâcon, a single bishop ventured the statement that the term, man, could not rightly be applied to a woman, Let us grant, for the moment, what we shall see to be very improbable, that the bishop denied to woman a human soul. What was the attitude of the bishops assembled? We are told that they all promptly challenged his statement, gave him many reasons for the opposite view, and brought him to their way of thinking. There was no debate on the question, for the bishops were all against him. This is why no mention of the incident was made in the acts of the Council. It was not a subject for deliberation and discussion, to be finally determined by vote. It was a mere incident in the general exchange of views. It raised no serious difficulty and was quickly set at rest.

It is on the basis of this story that the myth of soulless woman has taken form and imposed itself on the credulity of a goodly number of writers. Is it not surprising that, in an age so critical as ours, we should be gravely told by cultured writers and lecturers that there was a time when the very leaders of Christian thought were not sure that woman had a human soul, or that a soul was actually denied to woman by an œcumenical council of the Church, or that the question was raised in the Council of Mâcon and decided in favor of woman only after long discussion, or that the Council was convened for the express purpose of settling the mooted question, and that it arrived at an affirmative answer by a plurality of one vote!

It would be a mistake to ascribe the spread of this myth en-

[1] *Migne, Patr. Lat.* vol. lxxi., c. 462.

tirely to bad faith and malice. It is true that its baseless character has been amply set forth by Gorini, Kurth, de Riancey, Chavot, Vacandard, Leclercq, and other scholars. But these refutations, being in French, may well have escaped the notice of our misinformed English and American brethren. It is only of late that the attention of English readers has been called to this popular error. In these days of busy writing, few authors on popular subjects take the pains to trace the authority for an important statement to its reliable source.

Thus far it has been taken for granted that the offending bishop in the Council of Mâcon expressed the opinion that woman did not have a human soul. But it is by no means sure that this individual held so low a view of woman. The words of the narrator, "*dicebat mulierem hominem non posse vocitari,*" he said that a woman could not be called a man, might of themselves, it is true, be made to mean that woman was not a human person, that she was to be classed, not with man but with the lower animals. But this view is so silly and so un-Christian that it ought not to be read into the words if they are easily open to a more rational meaning. Now there is another meaning that readily presents itself, one that is more creditable to the bishop's common sense, one that is in harmony with his Christian faith. According to this interpretation, the bishop's difficulty was one, not of feminine psychology, but of grammatical propriety. He could not see how a woman could be entitled to the masculine designation, man. He was a purist, and objected to giving the term, man, the same extension as the term, human being. In his view the masculine noun, man, could not rightly be predicated of the female portion of mankind, for which portion only a feminine designation was proper. In questioning woman's right to be called a man, he thus had no intention of denying her a human soul.

This interpretation has the support of Gorini, Kurth, Vacandard, Leclercq, and other able scholars. Perhaps some skeptical reader may deem it far-fetched, disingenuous. But let us examine a couple of parallel instances which I have culled from the daily press. In the Boston *Herald* of December 5, 1913, is a news item from Chicago, under the heading, *Women Election Judges.* In it we read: "The right of women to sit as judges and clerks of elections here next spring will be challenged, it was made known today, from both Republican and Democratic sources....One objection brought forward is that the law states that judges and

clerks must be 'men of good character.'" It is plain that this objection was to be based on the ground that, in legal phraseology, the term, man, is exclusive of the concept, woman, or, to use the words of the bishop at Mâcon, a woman cannot be called a man.

Another instance, still more curious and more striking, may be found in an editorial of the same daily of December 16, 1913, under the caption, *Women, not Persons.* It runs: "Coincident with the unwillingness of the Massachusetts electorate to allow women to become notaries public, comes the refusal of the British high court to admit a woman, a graduate of Girton College, Cambridge, to the bar, because of her sex. The case had been in the courts for some time, and reached its final resting place on appeal. The court adhered to a decision laid down in 1843 that 'a woman is not a person,' adding chivalrously that 'the applicant was undoubtedly of superior education and intelligence to many males, but that this had nothing to do with the case.'" The editorial closes with these words of comment: "Some day, in the not too dim future, school teachers of history will humorously refer to the early part of the twentieth century, when the world held itself civilized, and 'women were not persons.'"

When the politicians of Chicago argued that the phrase, "men of good character," could not be applied to women, and when the English judge insisted on the legal dictum that "a woman is not a person," neither could rightly be charged with having denied to woman a human soul, though their words by themselves might be susceptible of this meaning. Is it right, then, to visit with mingled feelings of indignation and contempt the poor bishop at Mâcon, on the ground that when he said a woman should not be called a man, he must have meant that she did not have a human soul?

The application of the term, *homo,* man, to a female person was not altogether unknown in those days, and, while called in question by the bishop, had a certain sanction in the rare usage of classic times. The grammarian, Charisius, who lived in the fourth century, lays down that the words, *heres, parens,* and *homo,* may be predicated of a woman, but always in the masculine gender. St. Gregory of Tours, in his *History of the Franks,* book nine, chapter twenty-six, does not disdain to speak of Queen Ingeberge as a man: "*Accessi, fateor, vidi hominem timentem Deum,* I came up, and let me say, I saw a man who had the fear of God." A classic example may be found in Cicero's *Oration for Cluentius,* 70: "*Mater cujus ea stultitia est, ut eam nemo hominem*

. . . . *appellare possit,* a mother of such stupidity that no one could call her a man."

It was against this usage of the word, *homo,* not against the view that woman had a soul, that the bishop ventured to speak. The very context, when closely examined, does but serve to make this point clear, and thus to exonerate him from the imputation of gross stupidity. A reliable indication of what he had in mind may be found in the way which the assembled bishops took to refute his statement. Had he meant to say that woman did not possess a human soul, they would naturally have resorted to proofs whereby woman's claim to equality with man in this respect, would be vindicated. They would most likely have asked why women as well as men were baptized and admitted to other sacraments, the very purpose of which is the sanctification of the soul. They would have pointed out that among the saints and martyrs venerated as enjoying the bliss of heaven, were many souls of holy women. They would have cited texts of Scripture attributing to woman a soul. The opening verse of the canticle of the Virgin Mary, so familiar to all from its daily use in the Church liturgy, could hardly have failed to suggest itself: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." Proofs like these were ready to hand, easily suggested by the common forms of liturgical worship. Now, none of these proofs were employed, but rather just such as were suited to meet the objection that woman, on account of her sex, could not rightly be called man. The bishops argue that, since Holy Writ calls woman man, it must be right to give her that appellation. According to the Old Testament, God created man, male and female, and called them both man; and in the Gospel Christ, born of a virgin, is called the Son of man.

Enough has been said to show how utterly untrue are the many forms of the story that would impute to the fathers of the second Council of Mâcon a contemptuous attitude towards woman. Not only is it untrue that the bishops in council denied, or called in question, the fact that women have souls, but there is every reason to acquit of this imputation the bishop who was shown to be in error. We have to come down to the radical psychology of our own day to find a serious denial to woman of a soul.

## THE GLORY OF PADUA.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

TO every lover of beauty and of art, the very name of Italy evokes dreams of the past, dreams for the future. Into this dreamland of retrospect and of prospect war entered as a nightmare. The haunting terror of Louvain, of Ypres, of Arras, of Rheims hovered over Italy until at last it has claimed as its prey treasures of Ancona, Ravenna, of Venice and now of Padua. In vain has the world sorrowed and protested; in vain has the Father of the faithful grieved over these "bitter wounds to his heart." In July, 1915, he appealed several times to Austria to spare the churches and monuments of the Italian coast towns. In spite of the Emperor's assurance that all structures not used for military purposes would be protected, the attacks continued until, in September, 1916, after the repeated raids on Venice, Pope Benedict was forced sadly to admit that "the paternal solicitude which, as you know, we have not failed to interpose in order to prevent such disasters, has not had the effect which Our heart so keenly hoped." Nevertheless "his paternal heart" did not fail to protest again when Padua shared the fate of Venice. In spite of all, a heedless, needless vandalism continues to despoil future generations of their rightful heritage; to bury beyond all hope of resurrection the priceless creations of the past. What will be left when the War is over? Yet when the War is over you will go to Venice again, that wonderful city more than ever endeared by her scars and her sorrows to the heart of the world. There will be no air raids then to mar your joy on the Grand Canal, no impending doom to threaten your ease before St. Mark's, only the criminal thumb-print which cannot be erased. Venice will be peace again, and all the province of Venetia, beautiful still, yet never just the same. Whether you come from the west, from Milan and Verona; or from the south, from Florence and Bologna; whichever way you come, you will pass a delightful city, an old town famous in the long ago, now famous again, thanks to the German courtesy of war. Do not *pass* it by; stop a while to offer your sympathy and pay your meed of praise. Here is Padua, shorn of some of her glory, but lovely still, standing in your path,

bidding you enter her streets, and look upon her domes, and think of her saint and ponder her old university days when learning was in bloom. "Come you from Padua?" queried the Duke of Venice. The same duke, who asked for Nerissa's credentials, would have you pause at Padua, and so, I believe, you will.

One is not altogether prepared today to believe that after the fall of Troy, in the year 1184 before Christ, Antenor, escaping from Grecian hosts, came hither and founded the walls of Padua. A more authentic historian than Virgil tells that in the year 302 before Christ, Padua battled against Cleomenes of Sparta, and that she was with Rome at Cannae. In the year forty-five before Christ she was enlisted among Rome's colonies. When the empire came, Padua's period of magnificence bloomed into full flower. In splendor, in riches, in population, she was second in Italy only to Rome. But in 408, Alaric was her evil genius, as Attila was in 452, and she came to sorrow; and she bowed before the Lombard king in 601. Building her walls again, she had attained prominence when the deliverer Charlemagne came, but again and again through the ninth century she bore the blows of war. In the year 1087 she became a free commune, with the approval of Henry IV. In Barbarossa's reign, she was among the most active in the formation of the Lombard League.

In the thirteenth century Padua had her hands full for long distressful years with the monster Ezzelino. After his death in 1259 came fifty years of peace. In 1318, after internal quarrels and wars with neighboring cities, Padua made Jacopo Carrara lord. Then came a long period of clashing rivalry between the Carraresi and the Veronese Scaligeri, in which the Paduan family was in the end successful. In the passages with Venice, and especially in the war of Chioggia in 1378, in which the Carrara aided Genoa, Venice was quite victorious. Francesco Novello in 1388 yielded to the Visconti of Milan, but escaping from prison, recaptured Padua in 1390. In 1403, he took Brescia and Verona. His efforts to take Vicenza drew Venice to the battle line again. The island Republic now destroyed the Carrara rule, putting to death Francesco and his father, and annexing Padua to her domains. Thus did Padua become a part of Venice's great dominion on the mainland. And under her rule she flowered anew, and continued to send the fame of her saint and her university even to the uttermost corners of Europe.

When you come to Padua, you come to a city basking among

gardens and vineyards which look longingly all the sunny day toward the far away Euganean hills. Outside the old walls, the dozing oxen drag their carts in the leisurely fashion of the Middle Ages. Within the city no wondrous hurry has fastened upon her life, but a calm and contented air settles over the town, as if she were mindful of noble accomplishment and thoughtful of a better past. It is the aroma of those things which have been that you breathe, as you walk through the narrow streets; it is with a love for them fully kindled that you will come home each day at eventide, a little tired, a little dusty, but glad and reverent of Padua.

For most people Padua means St. Anthony. And perhaps this is right, for it is a rare man who can so link his name with a city that a later age will sound their syllables as a single word. So there will be nothing quite so becoming in Padua as to visit his church before all else. *"Il Santo,"* it is called, this large, striking edifice which the Paduans began in 1232 and finished in two hundred years. For "the Saint" it was that they built the huge walls and reared the columns and threw aloft those seven shining domes. Here, in Christmas week of 1917, a bomb left its ineffaceable imprint on the bronze doors. But it is the Saint, much more than the church, that gains the mastery of one's thoughts as one lingers on the Piazza.

St. Anthony of Padua was born in Lisbon. The Paduans, to be sure, will admit of no paradox in this simple statement of fact, for did he not choose Padua as a place to die? For this reason, and for others, he is not St. Anthony of Lisbon. But it is the Portuguese city that remembers the year of his birth, 1195, and it was she that schooled him and saw him join the ranks of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine in the monastery of St. Vincent, and watched him seclude himself in their monastery at Coimbra, where he became very learned; it was Lisbon, in the person of Don Pedro, who gave him his first zeal for the Franciscan Order.

It happened in this way. In 1220 Don Pedro brought home from Morocco the relics of five members of the Franciscan Order who had died martyrs. Straightway was born in the heart of Anthony a wish to yield up his life for God, and with it a yearning for the poverty and hardship of the followers of St. Francis. So it was that in this year, with the consent of the Prior, he withdrew from his old associates, and taking the name of the patron of the monastic life, entered the Franciscan fold.

With no delay, Anthony now set forth for Africa to preach the Gospel. And perhaps the wished-for martyrdom would have come, had not an illness seized him which made him take ship for Spain. But Spain was to offer him no harbor, as the winds were boisterous and powerful and carried the ship to Messina. At this port news came to Anthony that St. Francis was in Assisi for the purpose of holding a general chapter of the Order. Thither went Anthony, and on seeing his leader, wished to stay near him and breathe more fully the Franciscan spirit. His wish was granted, and he was sent to a hermitage near Forli. In this peaceful retreat of Montepaolo, Anthony remained for some time, happy and content. And one day it happened that several Franciscans and Dominicans were come to Forli for ordination. Through some oversight no one had been appointed to preach, and as no one present seemed desirous of delivering a sermon without preparation, the superior told Anthony to speak whatever God might inspire him to say. To the great surprise of all, Anthony began to preach on the Scriptures in a manner that displayed a most profound learning. From that day his light was no longer to be hidden from the eyes of men. For St. Francis in 1224 commissioned him to teach theology to the brethren; and he taught in Bologna, Montpellier and Toulouse.

But it was as an orator, rather than as a teacher, that his greatest work was done. In the seven years between 1224 and 1231 in Italy and France he combated the vices of tyranny, luxury, and avarice, with an eloquence that compelled the most unwilling to listen. Against the heretics of the day, the Cathares and Patarines, he enjoyed remarkable success. And his zeal, his learning, and his eloquence were assisted by the gift of miracle. On one occasion he destroyed the effect of poisoned food by the sign of the cross; on another he preached to the fishes of the river Brenta near Padua; at Limoges in France he preserved his listeners in the public square from the rainstorm; and there are many other authentic miracles of his working.

Returning to Italy from France in 1226, he was soon elected Minister Provincial of Emilia. This office he resigned in 1230, and came to Padua to the monastery he himself had founded. He was free now to devote more of his time to preaching, and he uttered his impassioned sermons to the Paduans with untold success. During his sermons in the Lent of 1231 it was no uncommon occurrence for thirty thousand penitent souls to listen to his pleadings. A

wave of Christian living swept over Padua that made the city a sweet fragrance in the forecourts of heaven.

These Lenten sermons were to be his last effort. After Easter, he returned to Campo San Pietro, near Padua, and while there fell ill of a severe malady. The brethren removed him to Padua, and here on the thirteenth of June, 1231, he died. His thirty-six years of sainted life the whole world had seen, and so, amid universal gladness, Gregory XI. wrote his name on the Church's calendar of saints before he had been gone a year.

Thus, as one lingers a bit before the church of *"Il Santo,"* does one call up in a flash of memory the old life of seven hundred years ago, when St. Anthony like a ray of sunlight passed through the world. He is the whole world's saint now, the saint of lost things and nigh-lost souls, but it is here in this Italian city that in a large measure he won his way to glory; and the world, sharing in full his watch and ward, is content for aye to hail him as the wonder-worker of Padua.

Within the great church there is much beauty. Above all in preciousness is the high altar, designed by Donatello, and still adorned with his original sculptures; and of vying magnificence is the marble screen of the choir, of the same sculptor's designing. Not far from the altar is Riccio's bronze candelabrum, an object of rare craftsmanship. There are the tombs of Venetian generals and the tomb of Cardinal Pietro Bembo; two holy-water basins of much loveliness; the fourteenth century frescoes of Altichiero and Jacopo d'Avanzo, of Verona, in the Cappella San Felice; and there is the Renaissance Cappella del Santo, beneath the altar of which lie the bones of the saint. Besides the fatal injury to the bronze doors, some of the paintings of the church were scratched and torn by the concussion from the bombs of the German air raid; the rose window and some of the Renaissance stained-glass shattered, and the tomb of the Saint barely escaped desecration.

Among the more beautiful tombs to be seen in the church is that of General Gattamelata, leader of the army of the Venetian Republic; outside in the Piazza the general sits on horseback in the bronze of Donatello. It is one of the great equestrian statues of the world, and is particularly interesting from the fact that from the fall of Rome to Donatello's time, no bronze equestrian group had been executed in Italy. In Venice were Nero's horses, brought from Constantinople; the statue of Marcus Aurelius was Rome's solitary boast; upon only these two could Donatello model his

Gattamelata bronze of 1453. Fortunately, in the earlier days of the Great War the Paduans removed it from its base to a place of safety. It is probable that this alone saved it to the world, as the base has suffered damage from the enemy bombs.

You cannot stay long in Padua without becoming aware that the city is brimful of art. You will see Titian frescoes in the Scuola del Santo; frescoes of Altichiero and Jacopo d'Avanzo in the Cappella San Georgio; the fine altarpiece, "Martyrdom of Santa Giustina" by Paolo Veronese in the large church of Santa Giustina; frescoes by Titian and Palma Vecchio and others in the Scuola del Carmine (these have been saved, although the altar near by was strewn with wreckage by the bombs and the dome of the church fired); the splendid frescoes of Mantegna and the tombs of two of the Carrara family in the Augustinian church of the Eremitani; and, perhaps the most exquisite thing in all Padua, Giotto's frescoes of scenes in the life of Our Lord and His Mother in the Chapel of Madonna dell' Arena, a chapel Enrico Scrovegno, a rich Paduan, built and dedicated to the Blessed Lady, in 1303. These thirty-eight frescoes executed in 1306 in this chapel, which stands in an oval mulberry garden in the old Roman amphitheatre, one can count as among the very best works that have come down from Giotto's hand.

In the centre of the town is the Renaissance Cathedral, its façade now torn away by the aërial bombs of German raiders. Not far away stands the Palazzo della Ragione, a building completed in 1219. It is an immense structure, noted especially for its great hall, which is two hundred and seventy-three feet long, ninety feet wide, and eighty feet high; it was planned and roofed as it now is in 1406. The hall contains several interesting objects, among them being two huge Egyptian statues and a wooden horse, the model of Donatello's statue of Gattamelata.

Close by stands the University building. It is commonly called *Il Bo,* after an earlier structure which was near a tavern bearing the sign of an ox. Like its sister in Bologna, the University of Padua was once very famous throughout Europe, drawing its students from every nation. It dates from the year 1222, when many of the students of Bologna left the Emilian town and came here, and even previous to this Padua had professors of law. Not long after its foundation the University entered a period of decadence, owing mainly to the tyranny of Ezzelino. But with the peaceful days ushered in with his death in 1259, the University saw a wonderful

revival. The Council of Lyons in 1274 placed it on an equal footing with Bologna and Paris. About this time its School of Law became renowned, and from the fourteenth century the Medical School attracted widespread attention. The Faculty of Theology was organized in 1363.

As you walk about the beautiful colonnades which Sansovino erected in 1552, and look upon the names and shields of students of the long years gone, you will catch through the vision of the past the gleam of learning's light when Padua was a name to conjure by. Perhaps the serious-minded chronicler of the times will look upon the statue of the learned Elena Lucrezia Piscapia, who won Padua's doctor's degree before she died in 1684, and remember the more modern times when women could not hope for degrees in universities of later origin. But in Padua, in Bologna, in Salerno, in Italy as a whole, the intellect of woman has never been disqualified, and learned women have filled many a university chair with distinction.

There is much more in Padua; there must be in a city which remembers the student days of Tasso and the visits of Petrarch and the tarrying of the writer of the *Divina Commedia.* And you will do right well if you bask for long in those ancient days that glow so wondrously when you really penetrate the veil. But brief or lengthy your stay, you will be repaid for your visit to this wonderful old city, which lies dreaming in the valley, dreaming of her days of glory in the treasured romance of the past. And then you will pass on, content: content, indeed, for the palace gates and golden towers of Venice are just ahead of you, waiting for your coming to the islands of delight.

# New Books.

**A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Chesterton, as all the world knows, is both by instinct and conviction a thorough believer in the rights and the rule of the people, that vast and vague collection of folk who constitute the bulk of a nation. Out of that instinct and conviction he has written the present work, which lays its emphasis on the various crises of the English democracy. The story may be summarized by saying that the people after rising slowly, from slavery through serfdom to peasant proprietorship, and the happy institution of the guilds, began by reason of the greed and increasing power, and especially the treachery of the aristocrats to decline till finally they reached our unlovely modern condition of industrial dependence on the one side and capitalistic despotism on the other.

That the present book is not a history in the usual sense of the term, the reader will have no difficulty in discovering and the author would be the first to admit; rather is it a commentary on history, and indeed such is the nature of the tale and its telling that for its right appreciation a previous knowledge of the English legend is a necessity. But there are any number of works which can give us names and dates and reigns and battles; here we have a rarer and more living phenomenon—a free ranging over disputed ground, a sharp attack on old prejudices, a convincing disproval of ancient calumny, a new light on vexed issues. That the English Reformation was not entirely the affair of light and leading, nor the Church altogether the monstrous engine of oppression, they are sometimes supposed, Mr. Chesterton implies with considerable point and vigor; and his early remarks on the monastic establishments, the guilds, and the barons, and his later animadversions on the workhouse, the competitive system, and the aristocratic oligarchy of modern England, whose "glory did not come from the Crusades but from the Great Pillage," are the virile utterances of a Christian thinker and a wise lover of his country.

The present work has of course its fair proportion of the wit and brilliance, the originality and sturdy independence we are accustomed to associate with its author; nor do we look in vain for those

characteristic outbursts of eloquence in which he has few contemporary rivals. Indeed, it is the defect of many of our most valued and artistic writers of today that they have become too refined for rhetoric. But there is rhetoric and rhetoric, and when we meet with it in such a passage as the following, there can be no question of its validity or its power:

"He in whose honor all had been said and sung stirred, and stepped across the border of Belgium. Then were spread out before men's eyes all the beauties of his culture and all the benefits of his organization; then we beheld under a lifting daybreak what light we had followed and after what image we had labored to refashion ourselves. Nor in any story of mankind has the irony of God chosen the foolish things so catastrophically to confound the wise. For the common crowd of poor and ignorant Englishmen, because they only knew that they were Englishmen, burst through the filthy cobwebs of four hundred years and stood where their fathers stood when they knew that they were Christian men. The English poor, broken in every revolt, bullied in every fashion, long despoiled of property, and now being despoiled of liberty, entered history with a noise of trumpets, and turned themselves in two years into one of the iron armies of the world. And when the critic of politics and literature, feeling that this war is after all heroic, looks around him to find the hero, he can point to nothing but the mob."

**THE WORLD'S DEBATE, AN HISTORIC DEFENCE OF THE ALLIES.** By the Rev. William Barry, D.D. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. $1.25 net.

Dr. Barry's latest war book is an historic defence of the Allies. He proves his thesis by episodes of history, dating from 1649, up to the struggle of today. He shows in conflict two theories of state-polity, one striving to give man a voice in his own government, the other advocating the absolute sway of autocratic power in the state. The one rose out of Catholic England, the other sprung from Protestant Prussia. These two ideas, owing to the expansion of European civilization, are now found all over the face of the earth. For these, the world is at war.

Dr. Barry sets out to show this conflict in modern history, and to prove that the Allies are carrying on the traditions of the Christian concept of the state, in which the absolute state has no place; but the accumulation of facts showing the rise and conflict of the two theories, has left too little room for the development of the second

theme. Only by piecing together the opening chapters and the final one, and by keeping well in mind the origin of the ideas mooted, does one perceive his point.

In the Middle Ages and before, the Roman Church maintained the rights of the subject against the despotic powers of the Teutonic rulers, impersonating the absolute state. The Renaissance principles swept aside this democratic tendency and Protestant rulers exemplified their principles in the *Jus Reformandi*, and the axiom "*ut dux, sic populus.*"

Hence, the English, the Allies, Americans, should be alive to the fact that the spirit of the principles for which they are fighting has its origin in the principles of Christianity: history proves this and civilization confirms it.

**A NEW BASIS FOR SOCIAL PROGRESS.** By William Charles White and Louis Jay Heath. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

A survey of the educational needs of Pittsburgh under the direction of the Board of Trustees of the University of Pittsburgh, is principally responsible for the present volume. The first and by far the larger part of the book is taken up with the discussion of general principles and theories, and with the application to the general educational problem of those conclusions which the authors derived from their survey of the particular field of Pittsburgh. Whatever may be thought of the general doctrines and conclusions, it must be admitted that they have a certain amount of concreteness, inasmuch as they have grown out of an inductive study.

As might be expected, much attention is given to the conflicting claims of cultural and vocational education. While the authors believe that the culturalists and vocationalists both represent extremes, and that the norm is somewhere between these two positions, they are strong in their condemnation of the failure of our present educational system to fit the majority of the young for the actual tasks and problems of life. The existing system turns out too many clerks and too many professional persons. In the view of the authors, the purpose of education is to "increase the sum total of human happiness," which would be immensely furthered if the educational system were enabled "to fit its students to be self-supporting and desirable citizens, to wed both the educational and the cultural.... to make a man who shall be a vocational specialist and at the same time a latitudinarian." Whatever theory of happi-

ness we may adopt, and whether or no we accept happiness as the ultimate end of education, we can agree that these concrete and immediate ends are worthy ones, so far as they go. Whether they are substantially obtainable for all persons in any system of education that can be devised and maintained, is another question. Yet this is a simple problem in comparison with that of determining "first the nature, and second the factors of happiness," which the authors declare to be a preliminary condition to the establishment of an educational system. The instrumentalities suggested by them for getting this elusive information are comprehensive and fairly logical, even though not entirely convincing.

**EPISTEMOLOGY OR THE THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE.** By P. Coffey, Ph.D. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.75 net, each.

These two goodly volumes form a valuable contribution to Catholic philosophy. The author has already won recognition as an able exponent of Scholastic philosophy by his earlier volumes on *The Science of Logic,* and his more recent treatise on *Ontology.* Both these learned works evidence a thorough acquaintance with the philosophy of the Schools. In the present work he continues his studies under the guidance, as he proudly declares, of his former preceptor at Louvain, the illustrious Cardinal Mercier, to whom he dutifully dedicates the results of his labors.

Though the sub-title terms it "An Introduction to General Metaphysics," the author takes pains at the very outset (Volume I., page 23) to inform his readers that "Epistemology is not a preparatory or introductory study which must precede metaphysics and make the latter possible: it is a department of metaphysics, and not the first in order either." As the term *Epistemology* has come into vogue only of comparatively late years, one might suspect that it opens up a field entirely unknown to mediæval thinkers. This mistake our author quietly forestalls by his brief, but satisfactory, historical sketch of Scholastic writers who have more or less fully discussed epistemological problems. In earlier times, these discussions appeared under other titles, *v. g.,* as Material Logic, Noetics, Criteriology, Critics. In fact, the fundamental problem, that of the nature and value of Universals, has been a perennial source of controversy among philosophers not only in the schools of the Middle Ages, but in the academies of Greece and Rome. And it is still the question underlying all modern philosophical speculation. Our

author, therefore, devotes much space to its examination. First and foremost he considers the coryphæus of modern skepticism and agnosticism, Immanuel Kant. He takes up the principles laid down in the *Critique of Pure Reason,* examines them with fairness and keen discrimination, lays bare the false assumptions upon which it is based, shows its plausible inconsistencies, and then quietly sets it aside as a system incompatible with right reason as working in normal man.

Over against this air-castle he sets up the traditional system of the schools, moderate realism. After giving a brief sketch of its history, he shows it as consistent with the data of experience revealed by introspection, the only means we have of learning the working of our mind and the fruit of its operation. The proof of this thesis is further elaborated in the second volume, which examines in detail the various *criteria* of knowledge—the internal and external senses. The workings of all these faculties are made to converge upon the crucial question, What is truth? When do we possess it with certainty? These questions are answered in the traditional way—the objective evidence of the data of experience bringing with it undeniable certainty.

In his concluding chapters, Dr. Coffey deals with other theories of certitude, Traditionalism, Fideism, Moral Dogmatism, and lastly, Pragmatism. We were, at first, disposed to find fault with the scant notice accorded this latest fad of modern philosophy, but after reading carefully the exposition and refutation of its main principles and their consequences, we were satisfied with the *coup de grace* with which he dismisses this psuedo-science.

This latest output of the famous college of Maynooth proves its new generation of writers worthy to continue the tradition of the last century. Dr. Coffey deserves to be classed with Crolly, Murray, Walsh, Healy, and other lights of that seat of learning. His *Epistemology* will prove not only a timely contribution to technical philosophy, but a useful book of reference for our Catholic laity, who are daily feeling more and more the need of a guide to breast the whirlpool of Modern Thought.

**REALITY AND TRUTH.** By J. G. Vance, M.A., Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

Dr. Vance's book deals with the same problems that are treated so ably in Dr. Coffey's *Epistemology;* and again we recognize at once a scholar who is thoroughly familiar with his subject,

and who is capable of guiding his readers safely through the misty mazes of manifold doubt and error to the peaceful home of certainty and truth. Within the compass of three hundred and forty-four closely printed octavo pages, the accomplished author discusses the leading problems of Epistemology with great clearness and force.

The book opens with a chapter on the realism of the plain man against whose assumptions the author in truly Socratic fashion raises all sorts of difficulties. He next deals with skepticism, placing its plausibility in a strong light, and then mercilessly laying bare its inherent unsoundness. He then discusses Dogmatism and the Cartesian Doubt. His exposition and criticism of the method of Descartes is very well done. His own position he establishes on the Three First Principles: the Principles of Identity, Contradiction, and Excluded Middle. These together with the Principle of Causality he shows to be the true basis of valid knowledge. His chapters on the existence of a real world, our grasp of reality, the validity, nature and scope of our knowledge are written with freshness, clearness and depth. But the best chapters in the book are those devoted to the Kantian theory of knowledge. Dr. Vance has evidently studied the works of Kant and his exponents carefully; and we venture to say that the reader will get a clearer idea of the philosophy of the "sage" of Königsberg by a study of these chapters, than by reading the professional commentaries of Sidgwick, Wallace or Caird.

The work is written in a graceful and pleasing style. We strongly recommend it to readers with a taste for vigorous thinking. It should, we think, be a companion volume to the adopted text-book of philosophy in our colleges and seminaries. We look forward with interest to the appearance of Dr. Vance's promised work on Cosmology, which we have no doubt will reach the high level of scholarship displayed in the present volume.

**THRICE THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.** A Record of Journeyings across Africa during the years 1913-16. By J. Du Plessis, Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church, Stellenbosch, South Africa. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.50 net.

This book, with its excellent map, is the painstaking account of a seventeen-thousand-mile trip made by the author through Africa in the interest of Protestant missions. Two thousand miles

of the voyage were performed on foot, and the adventures and dangers which fill up this interval make, on the whole, the most interesting reading in the book. Throughout, however, the style is entertaining, lightened by humor and by bits of excellent description. The account should be of value to other missionary travelers of like enterprise, for it speaks in detail of the roads, waterways, and places for food and rest in its author's long itinerary. Mr. Du Plessis likewise renders another practical service in making an eloquent plea for the medical missionary, especially in the Western Soudan, where ulcers and diseases of the eye are pitiably common.

The Catholic reader, recognizing the enormous importance of such missionary work, and the urgent need for a constructive, charitable attitude toward those who unselfishly undertake it, is eager to concede these, and whatever other positive elements the book may contain; but he cannot help wishing that Protestant missionaries shared this sense of the need of Christian forbearance toward other workers in the same field. If they did, this book, for instance, might be free of the many passages which exhibit such surprising anti-Catholic prejudice. Here, as in the Protestant reports on the religious condition of South America, the imagination inherited from Reformation times is indulged with considerable freedom. The kind of opinion, unbodied but not stingless, which is rooted in the "great Protestant tradition" obtrudes itself more than once, alone or in company with more definite intimations of this or that kind of abuse. The author is sometimes unintentionally amusing, as when he speaks of the Catholic savages who, unfortunately, "consider themselves Christians....They cross themselves religiously before they...begin to eat (probably) purloined food," and of the "wily Catholic missionaries who lure the native boys away from the Protestants by gifts of safety pins and tobacco." It is well to note that that "probably" represents the highest level to which Mr. Du Plessis' certainty about Roman Catholicism, on its dark side, rises. He regrets that he was not able to tell Père Fulgence, of the Capuchin Mission, that it would be as well if all missionaries "left doctrines and dogmas and the pomp and circumstance of religion, and taught the African the elementary virtues of honesty, truthfulness and integrity." Probably, however, the good Capuchin Father has not lived to be a missionary without learning, of his own accord, that there are minds so wonderfully constituted that they are able to measure just what amount of the total Divine Revelation it is necessary to teach the poor savages. Mr.

Du Plessis finally states that, in the Congo territory, an atrocity was committed by a priest whom the partiality of the government left entirely unpunished, and whom the hierarchy defended to the extent of "hounding" his would-be legal prosecutor out of the country. Of course, the details which should accompany this accusation of infamy are not given.

Mr. Du Plessis is apparently a sincere Protestant, whose heart is very much in the missionary field. It is a pity that he cannot abandon his ungenerous perspective on the Catholic missionary situation, and adopt another and truer one, which would show him the enormous and praiseworthy work done by Catholic missionaries in Africa.

**A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY.** Edited with Introduction and Notes, by George Herbert Clarke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Of all the multitudinous war volumes, personal or philosophical, which have issued from the press during the past three years, there is scarcely one which surpasses in permanent significance, at least for English-speaking people, this little collection of poems. All have been written by British or American poets between 1914 and 1917. Some of the authors included are Rudyard Kipling, Robert Bridges, John Galsworthy, Gilbert Chesterton, John Masefield, Alfred Noyes; the soldier poets who fell so early, Rupert Brooke and Allan Seeger; Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, and among the women, Katharine Tynan, Winifred Letts, Florence Earle Coates and Josephine Preston Peabody. It was, perhaps, to be expected that the division devoted to "America" (most of which, by the by, are by British authors!) should be the least memorable of the whole volume. That means simply that our own country was the last to enter and, hence, to be consummately thrilled by the gigantic conflict. It was inevitable, also, that many of the poems included should be of unequal value and that there should be such regrettable omissions as that of Joyce Kilmer's *Lusitania* poem, *The White Ships and the Red*. These things can be corrected in future editions, which are sure to be forthcoming. In the meantime, Dr. Clarke has given us an anthology of real value and timeliness—a gathering together of the deepest emotional expression and the highest inspiration which have risen from the hearts of English and American men and women since the crucial August of 1914.

**THE RELIGIOUS POEMS OF LIONEL JOHNSON.** Being a Selection from his Collected Works. With a Preface by Wilfrid Meynell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

One scarcely knows which is the stranger paradox in these strenuous and turbulent days—Christmas or Lent. But both paradoxes are supremely good in shaking and *lifting up* our hearts; and the joy of the one and the penitential peace of the other will be found inundating this precious little volume. The line between "secular" and "religious" poetry has not been drawn too narrowly. That the little volume includes secular and religious poems, is a tribute to Lionel Johnson's peculiar gift or insight—call it what you will, by which he always saw Catholic. He not only sounded the consistent note of Catholic joy, but wherever he walked, he always breathed the Catholic atmosphere. This world, as well as the next, is God's. Creation no less than Redemption is His handiwork. As Mr. Meynell points out in his charming little introduction, all of Lionel Johnson's work "belongs to both worlds." So it is good to find the lines to Winchester, and the Irish poems, and the unforgettable poems upon human friendship included among such exquisitely spiritual lyrics as *Our Lady of the May, Te Martyrum Candidatus, To a Passionist,* or *The Dark Angel.* The songs of the Catholic poet here do brave service to the cause both of art and of devotion.

**LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS HODGKIN.** By Louise Creighton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.50 net.

Biography has long been reputed the most stimulating form of reading; and though the subject of the present work, which extends to over four hundred pages is not perhaps to American eyes such an outstanding figure as to bear so marked an emphasis, still in this book one is brought in contact with a singularly simple, tolerant, kind and lovable personality. Thomas Hodgkin was an English Quaker, born in 1831, whose ancestors had been such since the days of George Fox, and though in early manhood he seemed on the verge of quitting the Society of Friends, he remained in it for his long life of eighty-one years, and by reason of his intellectual attainments became, if not the representative, probably the most widely-known member of his sect.

Well educated and always in easy circumstances, Dr. Hodgkin devoted most of the spare time from his banking business to extensive travel and archæological and historical study, the fruit of

which was *Italy and Her Invaders,* which treats of Italy and the Gothic invasions of the fifth century. Besides this and several minor historical works and many periodical papers, he delivered numerous lectures, mostly on historical and kindred subjects. His principal concern in life, however, was always with spiritual matters, and it was this which gave him his strong influence for good both in public and private affairs, and imparts to the present volume its chief interest.

**THE CRUISE OF THE CORWIN.** By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.75 net.

In 1881 John Muir accompanied the Corwin expedition through Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean in search of the lost arctic explorer, De Long. The expedition failed of its purpose as the *Jeanette* was crushed in the ice before relief came, and De Long himself with ten of his men died of starvation and exposure while making their way South across the ice floes.

The present volume is compiled from Muir's daily record of the trip, some portions of which appeared years ago in the pages of the San Francisco *Bulletin.* His main object in joining the expedition was to look for evidence of glaciation in the arctic and subarctic regions, and to record accurately their peculiar flora. His valuable botanical report regarding Herald Island and Wrangell Land was published by the United States Government. He discovered near Cape Thompson a species of *Erigeron* new to science, which Dr. Asa Gray of Harvard named the *Erigeron Muirrii* in his honor.

Muir paints in most vivid language the dangers and hardships of arctic travel, and describes accurately and entertainingly the hitherto unvisited Wrangell Land, the lives and customs of the natives, and the experiences of the Northern whaling fleets. The book is beautifully illustrated.

**THE LADIES OF DANTE'S LYRICS.** By Charles H. Grandgent, A.B., L.H.D. New York: Harvard University Press. $1.35.

Professor Grandgent has guided some of us through the winding warp of syntax that lead to pleasant foreign paths of letters, art, science and travel—and whatever else the student may elect to look for—and now he tells us of beautiful things encountered in journeyings of his own. This volume, composed of lectures delivered

in Cleveland in February, 1917, and introduced as the first publication of the McBride lecture fund, adds a margin of new acquaintance to those already famous ladies, Violetta, Matilda, Pietra, Beatrice and Lisetta. For one who possesses no knowledge of Italian and little familiarity with Dante's *Lyrics*, these pages form a most attractive and satisfying introduction to a world of subtle charm; and for the riper student they become a reminder and a guide, recalling old pleasures and discovering new.

Professor Grandgent has the delicate touch required for such a book as this. His learning is evident but never oppressive.

**THE CONTINUITY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.** By F. W. Puller. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

The four lectures contained in this volume were delivered in Russia six years ago in the official residence of the Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod, as the front page emphasizes. The book is remarkable neither for the novelty of its false statements, nor for the logic of its strained effort to prove the myth of continuity. And the old calumnies, which Mr. Puller does not seem to realize have been refuted hundreds of times, are a bit wearisome. Perhaps he thought his Russian audience ignorant of the controversies of the West. Without a quiver of an eyelid he tells the Russians that in the time between the coming of St. Augustine and the death of Henry I. (1135) the Popes had nothing to do with the appointment of English bishops; that the sending of the pall meant nothing as far as episcopal authority was concerned; that the Forged Decretals were the basis of the later Papal claims; that the exorbitant and ever-growing claims of the Papacy were responsible for the divisions of Christendom; that although on the continent men started new churches, in England they made no attempt whatever to found a new church; that the Papal claims have not warrant in early Church history; that the Church of Rome separated from the Church of England—and so on *ad nauseam*. The Magna Charta is misinterpreted in the usual fashion, the question of the validity of Anglican ordinations is assumed without proof, the Erastian character of the Establishment is utterly ignored, the Anglican hatred of heresy is stated as a fact which no one gainsays, etc. Is Mr. Puller dishonest or ignorant when he states that "most of the Anglican Articles would be accepted at once by the learned theologians of the Holy Church of Russia and of the other Orthodox Eastern Church?" None are so blind as those who will not see.

**THE CHURCH AND THE SACRAMENTS.** By P. T. Forsyth, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

Dr. Forsyth writes as a free lance, and his book is interesting to a Catholic simply as evidencing the lack of definite teaching on theological matters today outside the Church. He tells us himself in his preface: "My position is neither current Anglican nor popular Protestant. I write from the Free Church camp, but not from any recognized Free Church position—having regard, so far as I can, to the merits of the case, to early history, and the experience of religion. The ruling tendency is an effort to moralize this and other parts of theology by interpreting instead of abolishing. The view here taken is neither memorial and Zwinglian, nor is it High Catholic. It is sacramental but not sacramentarian, effective but not sacrificial. The sacraments are not emblems but symbols, and symbols not as mere channels, but in the active sense that something is done as well as conveyed."

He knows nothing of Christian baptism, for he talks a good deal about the conveying of grace, but then adds that the conveyance is not to the individual subject but to the worshipping church, whatever that may mean. It does mean, however, as he says himself, that the immediate effect of baptism on an infant is *nil*. Just as he holds that baptism is not regenerative, so also he declares the Lord's Supper is not sacrificial. It is merely a "sacrament by which God's love is witnessed to us and his gift conveyed." That there is any Real Presence or, as he puts it, "a communication of God's being" is to him impossible. We would urge our author to read a few works on Catholic theology—a text-book of Dr. Pohle on the sacraments, for example—before he discusses the sacraments further. Any notion of there being seven sacraments is of course unthinkable to Dr. Forsyth.

**WESSEL GANSFORT, LIFE AND WRITINGS.** By Edward W. Miller, D.D. *Principal Works* Translated by Jared W. Scudder, M.A. Two Volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.00 net.

The editors of these volumes repeat the oft-refuted thesis that Wessel was a precursor of the Reformation, a myth revised in modern times by Ullmann. It is true that his theological writings are full of errors, and that for this reason they were placed on the Index in the sixteenth century, but in the fundamental truths which characterized the Protestant revolt he was entirely Catholic. He

taught the freedom of the will, justification by faith working by charity, the meritorious character of good works, the Catholic rule of faith, the primacy of the Pope, the efficacy of the sacraments *ex opere operato,* transubstantiation, the sacrificial character of the Eucharist, the veneration of the Blessed Virgin and the like. Such a man cannot in very truth be called a precursor of the Reformation by any well-read scholar. It is truth that he held many errors. He denied Papal Infallibility, the judicial character of the sacrament of penance, the Catholic idea of indulgences, and the right of ecclesiastical superiors to command under penalty of sin.

These volumes were printed in view of the Luther centenary, but the Great War in Europe has put Luther under a cloud these days. Any attempt now to arouse enthusiasm for him will certainly prove abortive.

**AMERICAN CIVIL CHURCH LAW.** By Carl Zollmann, LL.B. New York: Columbia University. $3.50.

This attempt to set forth logically and compactly the legal aspects of the relations between Church and state in these United States from the beginnings of our history, shows how they have been developed, defined and illustrated by the federal and state constitutions, by hundreds of statutes, and by thousands of decisions. It rests on a direct study of the sources, and makes indeed an interesting book both for the law student and the clergyman. The various chapters discuss in turn religious liberty, the forms, nature and powers of corporations, church constitutions, implied trusts, schisms, church decisions, tax exemptions, disturbance of meetings, etc. The book is chiefly valuable for its array of facts. More than once the judicious reader will reject the theories of the author deduced therefrom.

**THE STORY-BOOK OF SCIENCE.** By Jean-Henri Fabre. Translated from the Nineteenth French Edition by Florence Constable Bicknell. New York: The Century Company. $2.00 net.

Youngsters of nine or ten to sixteen years should give a hearty welcome to this book, for it introduces them to a uniquely charming little circle whose members were created for their especial delectation. Uncle Paul, the scientist, here plays host to his niece Claire and his two nephews Jules and Emile, who spend happy weeks at his farm, exploring the mysteries of nature for themselves, and list-

ening to their uncle's fascinating explanations of what they do not understand. Few questions do these eager young scientists leave unasked: rain, sun, wind, light, electricity, plants, trees, mountains, volcanoes, animals, birds, insects, all come under their inspection. Yet so well-planned is the book, and so interesting each separate conversation and experiment, that there is no sense of a crowding of unfamiliar details; hosts of different facts, all related in an orderly way, are acquired naturally, and are remembered, as in any interesting story. The attention of the young reader is in no danger of flagging at any point; but—as one might expect in a book written by the eminent " Homer of the insects "—perhaps the chapters on the ant, the plant-parasite, and the bee, are the most fascinating.

The translator's English is clear, simple and attractive.

**THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF LIFE.** By Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00 net.

This volume is as valuable for its scientific facts as it is valueless for its philosophical theories. In its pages we review many facts of astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry and biology, but they are perversely used to bolster up the physico-chemical explanation of life. The professor assumes—but does not produce the slightest proof—that man has descended from an unknown ape-like form somewhere in the Tertiary; that our simian ancestor has evolved through merely material energies from the simplest life forms; that these in turn evolved by some unknown chemical working from a primitive inorganic element. He seems almost to fix the date and place of this evolution, but at least has the modesty to confess that he has not as yet destroyed the philosophy of vitalism root and branch.

At some future date, he thinks, we may be able to produce in our laboratories the long-sought-for life germs, but that may be 450,982,000 of years hence. Scientists of the materialistic school demand plenty of time past and future for the working out of their impossible hypotheses. We recommend to Professor Osborn the late work of Professor Windle of Cork on *The Church and Science.*

**REED VOICES.** By James B. Kenyon. New York: James T. White & Co. $1.25.

The title of Mr. Kenyon's book is aptly chosen, for his muse is plaintive and sweet rather than rapt and soaring; and though he

may not thrill us to ecstasy, still he gives us a delicate music quite agreeable and satisfying. He sings of old scenes and persons with the tenderness of loving memory, and has a charming familiarity with nature in her softer moods—birds, trees, brooks, flowers. And when he has to do with the more sordid side of life, as seen in our great cities, he is able to turn even that "to favor and prettiness." The love-poems, to which a whole section is devoted, are not the outcries of passionate youth, but the gentle utterance of mature and conjugal affection; and the religious poems, which also have a separate section, breathe a spirit of profound trust and patience and enduring faith.

The present little book undoubtedly contains genuine poetry, and while not substantial enough in matter to be called great, in manner it is never disappointing. Moreover, the lines have the further rare merit of striking no false notes, of being always in key; and for once in a way it is pleasant to find a poet who so thoroughly observes the limits of his own powers and refuses to be drawn aside to those larger themes which have often proved the destruction of more ambitious singers.

**THE LAND OF DEEPENING SHADOW: GERMANY AT THE THIRD YEAR OF WAR.** By D. Thomas Curtin. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

This book will make wholesome and profitable reading for the American public, revealing, as it does, conditions in internal Germany with which we are as yet only vaguely acquainted. The author writes dispassionately and simply. He has a clear eye and the ability to put down in plain words what he sees, without going into hysterics whenever he discovers things that go against the grain of men not inoculated with the virus of Teutonic kultur, things that tell against us and our cause and its possible outcome. Of course, the setting forth of such things is exactly what will insure the outcome for us—our victory. When we begin to realize just exactly what we are "up against" in fighting Germany, then we will begin to win, and not until then. For this reason, Mr. Curtin's book is of real value.

He covers his ground with much thoroughness. He is not content with showing us the heart of Prussianism in Berlin; he goes out into the highways and byways of the empire and discovers for himself the workings of the German system. Almost to a man, the people, as Mr. Curtin shows them, are behind the government, not

as a democratic people would be, but because they are molded and shaped to the will of the rulers with a cleverness so diabolically deft that they have no minds whatever of their own, but think, see, feel, only as the powers dictate. As a result, Mr. Curtin concludes, "in Germany patriotism becomes jingoistic hatred and contempt for others, organization becomes the utilization of servility, obedience becomes willingness to do wrong at command." We have never seen the situation in Germany so well summed up as in these few words.

**BRITAIN IN ARMS.** By Jules Destree. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

This book will take a place among permanent war books because of its clear and concise statement of the conditions which led up to the conflict; and because of the peculiar interest attaching to it as a French view of the part played in the great game by her ally, her one-time traditional enemy, England. Were the book from the pen of a Briton, it would miss fire and fall to the level of self-laudation; but as it stands, it appears to be an illuminating and singularly just statement of the facts of the case. While the book is a documentary history, its material is drawn together in such a cumulative and interesting manner as to make very absorbing reading. Among Americans, who early in the War were long fed on the Teutonic lie that England was shirking her part of the fight and letting France be bled white, this book will make a decided impression; and perhaps of all its chapters none will be more surprising or enlightening than that which tells of the work done at the beginning of the War by the British navy, in thwarting the German plan for a great naval attack, which would have stopped the mobilization of English forces on continental soil. The book has an introduction by Georges Clémenceau, and is well translated by J. Lewis May.

**LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S WAR BOOK.** New York: George H. Doran Co. 50 cents net.

This bulky volume, a revised and enlarged edition of the author's *At War,* is an entertaining potpourri of war views and war news. Lord Northcliffe, who is a journalist first, last and all the time, sees with the reporter's eye and recounts with the reporter's gift of quick and telling strokes. While there is nothing of great

importance in his book, it is interesting and will be popular with the average reader who does not care to go further than a mere glance will take him. The chapters on the author's personal experiences at the front, his riding in a "tank," in a warplane, and in a submarine, are the best in the volume. Also he gives some graphic character-sketches of the war's leaders—Haig, Joffre, Cadorna—and concludes with some glimpses of affairs in neutral lands, revealing the tireless propaganda carried on by the Germans wherever they can get a footing. He finds the Swiss "trying to be fair;" but Spain he describes as sadly overrun by Teutonic gospellers. There, he tells us, with true non-conformist naïveté, the Hun "has the support of practically the whole of the Church, Jesuit and otherwise"—an expression which perhaps should not surprise us, coming from one who still thinks the priestly garb "unmasculine." The book is sold for the benefit of the Red Cross, and has already realized some $30,000 for that worthy cause.

**THE EXPANSION OF EUROPE, THE CULMINATION OF MODERN HISTORY.** By Ramsey Muir, Professor of Modern History in the University of Manchester, England. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00.

This is no mere war book. It is a treasure for the student and teacher of modern history, a philosophy not a chronicle, a survey of European activities and influence in the extra-European world. It brings into clear relief the new political form which these activities have created, the world-state embracing peoples of many different types with a European nation-state as the nucleus. In the upbuilding of this imperial power, two forces have been at work: the idea that empire must be achieved by force, by domination of the stronger over the weaker unto the strengthening of the power of the already strong; and the idea that the control of empire is a trusteeship to be exercised over weaker and more backward peoples for the benefit of the inferior. Typical of one policy is Great Britain, whose work in colonization has been longest, whose home experience in political freedom has led her to grant self-government to her dependencies in proportion to their fitness for it, and whose colonial empire has five autonomous countries widely divergent in race and habits. The other policy Germany has pursued. These policies were not forecast nor aimed at, but, like Topsy, "just growed." It is the growth of this spirit of empire and its meaning which are developed in this book.

**THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.** A Pageant. By Thomas F. Coakley, D.D. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. 75 cents.

This is a pleasing dramatic pageant, full of color and action, and written for practical stage production. It has, in fact, been already put to the test of presentation and has met with signal success, running for a week in Pittsburgh, and attracting large crowds. The story embraces three episodes in the life of Columbus—his finding shelter at La Rabida; his appeal to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella; and his triumphant landing at San Salvador. The scenes are conceived in a truly dramatic spirit, their action playing vividly against a background of commingled religious and gayly colored Spanish atmosphere. While the blank verse at moments halts, the general effect of the dialogue is lofty and at times reaches real poetical heights. As an addition to what Dr. John Talbot Smith has so aptly named our "Parish Theatre," Dr. Coakley's pageant is of genuine value, and will be welcomed by parochial dramatic clubs and especially by the Knights of Columbus all over the land.

**A GLORY OF MARYLAND.** By M. S. Pine. Philadelphia: The Salesian Press. $1.00.

Written in irregular rhymed verse, in the form usually chosen for the classical ode, this poem not only celebrates the glories of its hero, Leonard Neale, but recounts in pleasing narrative the story of his life. He was the second Archbishop of Baltimore, and one of the pioneers of the Church in America. His career, from his youthful days at St. Omer, through his adventurous missionary experiences in pagan Guiana, and on to his taking up the burdens of the young Church in America as the successor of the saintly Carroll, is full of dramatic movement and lofty inspiration. The verse musical and graceful, and at moments striking chords of sonorous beauty, presents the theme with a good deal of power.

**THE TENDER PILGRIMS.** By Edgar Dewitt Jones, D.D. Chicago: The Christian Century Press. 85 cents net.

A very real love for and understanding of children pervade this little book, written by a Protestant minister who has evidently had large experience in dealing with little ones. Taking as his text the words of Jacob when he sent Esau and his train on ahead, himself following after: "The children are tender....I will lead on

gently. . . . according to the pace of the children," he makes an effective plea for the more careful training of our youth, a more thoughtful study of their needs and capacities by their parents and teachers. Their tenderness of body, of mind, and of soul, are all touched upon; and recognition is duly given the Catholic Church for its system of educating the young in their earlier and most impressionable years.

**THE EXTERNALS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.** By Rev. John E. Sullivan. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.50.

This book "is an attempt to put into clear, convenient and readable form an explanation of many practices of our Church." The author is right in stating the general ignorance of our Catholic people regarding the history and meaning of the practices which have been embodied in the ritual of the Church. He sets forth accurately and interestingly many things the Catholic should know regarding the government of the Church, the administration of the sacraments, the Mass, the ecclesiastical year, the sacramentals, the liturgical books, our devotions, church music, our marriage laws, indulgences and the like. It is a well-written volume, perfectly arranged, provided with an excellent index and suitable illustrations.

**THE HEART OF THE GOSPEL.** By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.
**THE HEART OF REVELATION.** By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents each.

These two small volumes are most competent to fulfill the intention of the author, which was "to popularize devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to make the meaning and practice of that devotion definite and effective." The marvelous traits of the Heart of Christ are searchingly analyzed, and the human heart read in Its light, in a manner that affords inspiration and practical aid in its correction. The books are worthy of a place in every Catholic's personal library of devotional works. Whether used for short daily readings or as guides in meditation, they will be equally helpful.

**HELL AND ITS PROBLEMS.** By J. Godfrey Raupert. Buffalo: Catholic Union Store. 25 cents.

The first edition of this excellent little treatise was published anonymously in England some years ago. Mr. Raupert is well advised in publishing it anew, as it answers in clear and effective

fashion the chief difficulties brought forward by modern objectors to the doctrine of hell. Some of the questions answered in the volume are: Is hell compatible with the goodness of God? How can a just God inflict eternal punishment for a temporal offence? Why should probation end at death? Why does not God annihiliate the impenitent soul? Will not the thought of hell render impossible the happiness of heaven? Why does God create souls He foreknows will be eternally lost? A final chapter deals with the dangers of modern spiritism, a pagan cult which Mr. Raupert has denounced so energetically for many years.

**GOD AND MYSELF.** By Martin J. Scott, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 25 cents.

It is well that there should be an edition sufficiently low priced to bring within the reach of the majority this strong appeal to the individual concerning his spiritual responsibilities. The first part of the book deals with the various problems and considerations that, to many, are obstacles to faith; the second treats of the true religion, defining the Church's doctrines and explaining her teachings and her sacraments. It is both succinct and comprehensive, and gives the Catholic not only a word of reëstablishment and strengthening assurance, but also a handbook wherein his inquiring acquaintances may find set forth, clearly and tersely, precisely what he believes and the reasonable grounds upon which his belief is founded.

**IS THERE SALVATION OUTSIDE THE CATHOLIC CHURCH?** By Rev. J. Bainvel, S.J. Translated from the French by Rev. J. L. Weidenhan. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents net.

The axiom "outside the Church no salvation" has ever been the bugbear of the non-Catholic controversialist. Its meaning has been travestied by the dishonest, and its defenders in modern times have been accused of minimizing its true sense. Father Bainvel explains it in a brief but scholarly fashion. He first sets in contrast the two series of texts which are apparently contradictory, viz., those which declare that outside of the visible Church or the body of the Church there is no salvation, and those which assure us that every man can be saved, if he wills. He next discusses and rejects as inadequate the solutions of good faith, the soul of the Church, the invisible Church, and the necessity of precept. The true solution, he tells us, lies in the distinction "between desire and reality,

between the will and the fact, between internal affiliation with the Church and affiliation by the external ties of life and communion." In a word one must hold that communion with the Church is necessary for salvation; one must be united to her either in fact *(re)*, or in desire *(voto)*, if the actual union is impossible.

This explanation safeguards the Church from the injustice of condemning a man who is in invincible ignorance of her claims, and at the same time condemns as un-Christian the modern dogma of religious indifferentism.

**THE MYSTICAL KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.** By Savinien Louismet, O.S.B. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

The author's summing up of this little book is this: that God is Love. To the average lay reader, however, it will speak an even more understandable message: that God is All; that with God it must be all or nothing; that in the relationships between the soul and God, there can be no half ways or hesitations. Father Louismet makes this plain. And then he goes still further and makes plainer still the fact that, even with the common, everyday, humdrum Christian this measure of allness may be satisfied, and God can be given all—not a half or a fraction of the soul's affection.

Father Louismet will enlighten many as to true mysticism. There is no word in the language so abused: poets mumble an incantation—and it is called mysticism; novelists dabble in the esoteric —and they are dubbed mystics. "A consciousness wider and deeper than the normal" is the elastic definition given recently by some English writers on the subject. But the one who reads Father Louismet's clear and simple pages will have mysticism defined for him in words that cannot confuse; to him will be given a knowledge that will stay by him like a light through all the devious paths into which up-to-date erudition may lead him.

**RHODANTHE, OR THE ROSE IN THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL'S DELIGHT.** A Poetic fantasy by Charles Louis Palms. Jamaica, New York: The Marion Press. $2.00.

It requires courage in these days of short lyrics and stressful living to produce an allegorical poem of one hundred and sixty pages, but the feat has been accomplished in this beautiful printed volume. *Rhodanthe* is a dream poem of love and mythology, in which an even standard of graceful if florid versification is maintained throughout.

**SOMEWHERE BEYOND.** A Year Book of Francis Thompson. Compiled by Mary Carmel Haley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

The poems of Francis Thompson would be the last place one would expect the year-book compiler to go to in search of material. The mystic illusive muse of Thompson wholly lacks the obvious and so-called "timely" quality necessary in the making of the ordinary annual. While this little volume will appeal to all lovers of Francis Thompson, and may, perhaps, attract new readers to him, it is not a noteworthy success as a "year-book." The very nature of the material at the compiler's hand was against her, and the straining and stretching to make a point is too apparent and too frequent. The price of the book is double what it ought to be.

**CHILD'S LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.** By Mary Margaret MacEachen. Wheeling, W. Va.: Catholic Book Co.

The author of this brief biography has done her work commendably. By judicious selection and careful handling of material she has accomplished the difficult task of compressing into a form easily comprehensible the condition of the country at the national crisis, and how Lincoln became the saviour of the republic; and she has done this to the exclusion of anything that tends to arouse sectional bitterness. She uses many anecdotes to emphasize and illustrate the noble and tender traits of Lincoln's personal character, yet does not overlook any aspect of his public life. The book through its short sentences and simple language, graphically and adequately outlines the great American.

**MOSETENO VOCABULARY AND TREATISES.** By Benigno Bibolotti. Chicago: Northwestern University.

The author of this manuscript, which has been edited by Dr. Rudolph Schuller and published by the Northwestern University, was an Italian priest belonging to the Franciscan Order, Benigno Bibolotti by name. Little is known of his life, except that he was appointed spiritual pastor of the Moseteno Indians in Bolivia and arrived at the mission in October, 1857. In 1868, he finished and signed the Spanish epilogue to the manuscript which is a study of the language of the Mosetenos, an Indian tribe now rapidly vanishing, who speak a Bolivian aboriginal idiom of which little has been known.

Father Bibolotti's work was not written with a scientific purpose, "but simply as a kind of guide for young missionaries, who in the years to come should take the heroic decision of consecrating their energies to the material and spiritual welfare of those poor Indians." The manuscript is devoted to practical vocabularies, grammatical processes, with observations on the system of nouns, adjectives, verbs and other parts of speech, and concludes with general remarks on affiliated languages and peoples.

Dr. Schuller in the preface to the manuscript feels sure that in a few years the name of the Moseteno will be added to the alarmingly long list of extinct South American tribes. Little is known of the first missions founded among these Indians, although they were probably established during the sixteenth century. From the known original documents, we learn that in the second half of the eighteenth century, the Franciscan missions in Northern Bolivia enjoyed much prosperity. The Moseteno mission was founded in 1842, but was later destroyed by a fire in which were burned all original accounts of explorers and settlers.

**TOMORROW AND OTHER POEMS.** By Innes Stitt and Leo Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00 net.

The trenches and the seas have been reddened by the blood of poets in the present conflict; and the whole world has been braced and strengthened by their virile singing. It is a remarkable fact that the dominant note in the war poetry of the time is one of optimism—optimism and joyous sacrifice, born of a new and thrilling spiritual vision. This is the note sounding in the little volume just published by Leo Ward (son of the late Wilfrid Ward) and his chum Innes Stitt. Their songs are manly and brave. They see beyond the agonizing horror through which they are now passing as actual combatants, into a future built by God on the foundations of sacrifice. No better expression of the high purpose to be found by thinking men in the World War has been given us than this small book of choice, clear-visioned soldier-poems.

**BALLADS OF PEACE IN WAR.** By Michael Earls, S.J. Worcester, Mass.: The Harrigan Press. 50 cents.

Even the blithe and gentle muse of Father Earls would seem to have been shaken by the march of Mars, for in this singularly well-named little volume there is more than one poem which echoes to the warrior's passing feet. But it is only an echo, after all. The

essence of the verses is quite untouched by the gigantic conflict which for so many of us has changed the face of life. For Father Earls' chosen song is still "of children and of folk on wings," of the quiet, open sweep of nature, of legendary Ireland, of friendship and of holy Faith. The present volume garners only a slender sheaf of new verses, but it will not be less welcome to those who have been won by the priest-poet's earlier collections, *Ballads of Childhood* and *The Road Beyond the Town.*

**THE MYSTERY OF GABRIEL.** By Michael Wood. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40 net.

This very interesting and unusual book will, however, appeal only to such readers as are interested in problems of the interior life. It treats of the mysterious case of Gabriel Forranner, an adopted son and a foundling, who from childhood suffers maddening temptations to sins so strange and appalling that, to him, they seem to place him outside humanity. Worn out by the struggle, in which he has not yielded, he conquers the extreme reticence of his disposition, and confides in "Father" Anthony Standish, of Brent, from whom he receives such help as enables him to cast out the demon that has apparently possessed him.

Mr. Wood is a member of that section of the Anglican communion that calls itself Catholic. In this work, as in its predecessors, he reflects penetration and spirituality on a plane so purely Catholic that one can but wonder what may be the nature of the obstacles that impede his surrender to the Faith where such thoughts flower in their native air.

**CECILIA OF THE PINK ROSES.** By Katharine Haviland Taylor. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

In the case of such books as *Cecilia of the Pink Roses,* one can only paraphrase Jane Austen and say that when, in the common cant phrase, the book is called charming, the truth is outraged less than usual. It is the old story of the little slum girl turned heiress, and triumphing over the hard temptations of her new sphere. The subtle vulgarities of snobbishness, the impulse to be ashamed of humble origins, even the mistaken certainty that she will lose her lover by cleaving to her brick-laying, brick-making father, leave Cecilia unscathed, for she has the heart of a lady. Of course the ending is happy. The romance is sweet and natural, except for the rather artificial roughening of the course of true love; and not on

any account would we spare the lover's dialect, with its final, " Oh, Cecilia! *Gosh* how I love you!" Father McGowan, who steers Cecilia through her worst difficulties, is another satisfactory creation. There are one or two false touches, for example, the priest's saying to Cecilia that her father had better leave things to " whoever or whatever is running them," and the lover's pet-name of " Little Saint " for his beloved; but they are too slight to mar a very winning story.

**GONE TO EARTH.** By Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Of this singular novel it is necessary only to admit the exceptional ability displayed, and to regret that its wide scope and fine quality should serve only to increase by that much the book's potentialities for harm. With a freedom of speech not always unavoidable, Miss Webb tells a story of " the eternal triangle " which is not in itself specially new nor entirely plausible. In the manner of its telling there is originality of imagination, power, freshness of humor, and a subtle charm, all unfortunately devoted to a representation of life as a sombre conflict wherein all animate creation, human and brute alike, struggles with inevitable yet penalized reactions of inborn, resistless tendencies: a melancholy drama carried on under an adamantine dome of blue that gives no sign of attention to the cry of faith, of anguish, or of defiance.

To what purpose and in response to what inspiration such a book was written at such a time, are unanswerable questions. In this day when the world's need is for courageous effort, any contribution to the gospel of surrender and despair, however great its artistic merit, is not only uncalled-for, it is most unwelcome.

**RED PEPPER'S PATIENTS.** By Grace S. Richmond. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

This is a continuation of the history of " Red Pepper " Burns, Mrs. Richmond's medical hero. The centre of interest shifts here from " Red Pepper " and his wife, to the romance of Anne Coolidge, one of Dr. Burns' patients. She is traveling about *incognita* as a book-agent, in pursuance of a plan of expiation for an act of careless cruelty, when she meets the hero, who falls in love with her in spite of her supposed obscurity. There are several " side-issues " to the main romance, but all minor and major difficulties are perfectly adjusted in the end.

**THE CHURCH AND THE HOUR.** Papers by a Socialist Churchwoman. By Vida D. Scudder. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 net.

"Many Christians," says Miss Scudder, "find themselves on the branches of a great tree, the tree of privilege. They do not quite know how to climb down, but they have the axe of the law in their hands, and they can apply themselves to *sawing* off the branch they sit on"....and "the ground is a good place after all." The second sentence might well serve as a figure for the present work, for not only does the author misapprehend the nature of the instrument whose use she advocates, but she looks on the ensuing catastrophe with much more complacency than the world at large is likely to adopt.

The aim of the book is, on the one hand, to induce the Church (which in Miss Scudder's view is now the Church of the comfortable middle-class, "while those who first received the good tidings and spread it over the civilized world would surprise us very much if they appeared in the sanctuary") to awake to the task of social reconstruction; and on the other to make Socialists and radicals realize the validity of such things as sacramentalism, mysticism, the interior life, and even dogma.

The book is full of the vaguest thinking, and of all its principal terms there is not a single one on which the author has clear or definite ideas, from the Church, which "for the purposes of the present discussion cannot be considered as one corporate being endowed with independent life" to the soul, which in one place she speaks of as an "organ!" Socialism with her seems to be solely a humanitarian effort for social justice, better industrial conditions, a living wage, etc.; of its basic and characteristic tenets she makes no mention and seems totally unaware.

**UNMADE IN HEAVEN.** By Gamaliel Bradford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

Caught by the dramatic value of the clash between lovers who differ in religious belief, the author of this play has made a courageous attempt at producing a drama of serious social interest. That he has failed, is due not to lack of sincerity, but to an inability to realize the opportunities of his theme. In a play of four acts we have but one intense moment, and that at the end. The rest is talk, all leading up to the crucial situation, but tiresome in its reiteration. The story is of an American girl, a convert to the Faith, who brings

about the conversion of the man she loves, only to lose him in the end to the higher call of a religious vocation. Several characters are invented to expound a diversity of views on this situation, some *pro,* some *con;* but none very compelling or true to life. The portrait of Father Nelson is particularly feeble; and all the more so, since he does not reveal himself in action, as the personage the author describes on his first entrance. The play could never succeed on the stage—not because of its theme, but because it is poor playwriting. But it makes fair reading as a story; and for Catholics will have a curious interest in that it shows us a non-Catholic writer taking up a distinctively Catholic subject in all seriousness and sincerity, and striving to handle it with fairness and sympathetic insight.

**LUCKY BOB.** By Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

Juvenile readers will find pleasure as well as benefit in Father Finn's new book. It is the story of the boy, Bob Ryan, whom an unnatural father casts out upon the world with no further provision for making his way than fifty dollars. Bob has, however, been blessed with an early Catholic training; he adheres to his Faith and his principles throughout his experiences, and his magnetic personality attracts the affection of the strangers whom he meets in his wandering, so he may be rightly called "lucky." There is reserved for him a yet higher and happier destiny than can be found in ties of human love and friendship, and in response to that call he goes to Campion, where we take leave of him. Thus the tale, which is told with much spirit and humor, sounds the note of a deeper interest.

**IN SPITE OF ALL.** By Edith Staniforth. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.

We have here a story of true love whose course ran with unusual roughness, bringing unhappiness to her who cherished it, Sissy Wharton. Sissy is steadfast in fidelity to her recreant lover, whom an unscrupulous rival lures from her side, and is as constant to duty as to love. Time brings to her the task of helping her lover retrieve a life whose best days are over. Her history is not all sacrifice, however; the young readers for whose enjoyment the book was written, will be well pleased with the latter chapters wherein Sissy, after her husband's death, finds awaiting her a worthier love and a happiness such as she well deserves.

**THE JOURNAL OF SUBMARINE COMMANDER VON FORSTNER.** Translated by Mrs. Russell Codman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00.

This small volume, not half the size of the average "war book," will quickly take its place ahead of many of its fellows, not only in interest, but in value as a document; for it presents to us a side of the great conflict which has so far been almost shut away from our view. It is, as the advertisement on the wrapper states, "a book never intended for American eyes." In its pages we see revealed the German mind engrossed in its prime business of war. And the revelation, alas, is a sorry one.

It would be a good thing for us all if, in such intimate disclosures as this, we might find some redeeming traits of humanity; something on which to build for the future; something on which, indeed, to base a hope for an end of the War, initiated by the very men who are making it. But we can find no such light in this *Journal of Submarine Von Forstner*. True, he shows himself what is called "a gallant officer," with an unfailing care for his men, and even, at times, a certain proportional regard for the enemy officers whom he meets in the struggle. But all this seems only superficial, after all; civilization itself is but a veneer, the graces but a trick. Under whatever polish of this kind the German character reveals, as set forth in this unconscious self-revelation, there grins something of the primitive, the cave-man.

The book's description of life undersea and of the working of a submersible are interesting and valuable, as are also its photographic illustrations. And Mr. Hammon's introduction on "The Challenge of Naval Supremacy" is a document worth pondering.

# Recent Events.

**France.**

The Government of which M. Clémenceau is the head has been carrying out the object for which it was formed, that is to say the bringing to the bar of justice the enemies whom German intrigue raised up within the borders of France. The secrecy which was enforced by the censor, kept the world at large ignorant of the gravity of the situation. Men who are now known to be Germany's agents, have made every effort to undermine the confidence of the country, to spread the impression that German arms were invincible, and that it was for the best interest of France to negotiate a separate peace. To such an extent was this infamous propaganda pushed, that general distrust began to prevail and Frenchmen eyed one another as potential traitors. The preceding governments hesitated to take effective steps to crush these secret enemies for fear of causing open divisions. To bring the traitors to punishment was the task which M. Clémenceau undertook. As a first result, Bolo Pasha was found guilty of treason, because he accepted from the enemy monies which he used in promoting a public sentiment which would lead to the acceptance of such a peace as Germany desired. Bolo Pasha was sentenced to death, but as there will be an appeal to the Court of Cassation it is still doubtful whether he will suffer the penalty of the court-martial.

Better than the condemnation of Bolo Pasha is the dispelling of the illusion due to German statements, that France has been bled white, which has gained such a large measure of belief in this country. According to M. Tardieu, the French have now almost twice as many men on the fighting line as they had in 1914, and they have been able to help Italy with strong forces, while at Saloniki also there are French troops. The grouping of forces on the Allied West front supports this statement of M. Tardieu, for the line from the North Sea to Switzerland is seven hundred and fifty-five kilometres long. The Belgians hold twenty-five kilometres of it, the British hold one hundred and sixty-five kilometres, and the French hold the remainder, with the exception of a small sector, the length and the exact position of which are not known, and which has been entrusted to the troops of our own country.

As to artillery, the French have today in the battle line fifteen thousand guns of all calibres, and they have developed an ordnance industry which is capable not only of supplying all the needs of their own armies, but of furnishing a surplus to other Allied armies. By July 1st, France will be able to equip with artillery at least twenty American divisions.

**Russia.**

Since our notes of last month were written the Lenine Government has pursued its arbitrary course in a more undisguised way than ever. The Constituent Assembly was promised to Russia from the very beginning of the recent revolution. Its meeting was repeatedly postponed. Finally on January 19th it met. At once it elected a chairman by a large majority, and for thus expressing its will it was dissolved on the following day by the Lenine Government. Its will did not agree with the latter's. Lenine and his associates at once declared that all power rested in the hands of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. How far this usurpation has been accepted by the country, it is impossible to say. The majority of the Constituent Assembly who elected the chairman are said to represent eighty-five per cent of the people of Russia. It has been freely predicted that the Bolshevik Government would not last long. So far the predictions are vain. The Bolsheviki are said to be stronger now than ever before. It has done two things, however, which point to its speedy overthrow. It has confiscated all Church property and handed that property over to the state. As a consequence all the members of the Lenine Government have been excommunicated by the head of the Russian Church. If this excommunication is followed by an interdict against all church services and the Christian burial of the dead, it will most probably result in the overthrow of the government. The Russian peasant is religious and will side with his Church unless the land, taken from his landlord, which has been given him by the present government, may prove an effective bribe.

The other act of the Lenine Government, the demobilization of the army may bring upon it public discredit. It surely will if the Civic Convention of this country really represents public opinion in Russia. "The vast majority," they declare, "of the Russians in the motherland and here in America belong to that political school which recognizes in Russia only the Constituent Assembly as having the right to work out the internal and foreign policies of a sov-

ereign people and, therefore, nobody has the authority in the name of the independent Russian democracy to solve questions of war or peace other than the Assembly."

At the present writing it is not accurate, therefore, to say that the Lenine Government has made peace with the Central Powers. The Foreign Secretary Trotzky has explicitly stated Russia has not done this. She refused he said to make peace with a military and capitalistic government. Russian troops were sent back from the front, he maintained, in order that they might not fight with the working classes of the Central Powers. The demobilization, it is declared, is to be gradual. The Lenine Government therefore refused to accept German claims with regard to the Baltic provinces and to Poland, consequently Germany is by no means entirely satisfied at the turn of events. In fact, the latest reports state that so great is the dissatisfaction on the part of Germany that the German Government has decided to continue the war against the northern part of Russia and to advance upon Petrograd.

The treaty with the Ukraine republic which in some quarters was a reason for rejoicing is also of doubtful value. It is made with a government which has been repudiated by a large majority in the Ukraine, and the Bolsheviki are waging war against those who made the treaty. The Poles also have strongly protested against it because it demands the alienation of a Polish province.

Space would not permit us even to begin to enumerate the tyrannical and anarchial acts of the Bolshevik Government. One instance, however, may be mentioned. Through their incompetency and their anarchical tendencies the annual income of the Government which ought to be twenty-five millions, has been reduced to five millions. They pretend that this enormous deficit will be made up by notes on the property of the rich, for the payment of which said property is to be taken over. This, of course, is ridiculous and national bankruptcy is imminent.

Bessarabia, it is announced, has declared its independence and has sent an army of twenty thousand, under command of General Alexieff, north to Petrograd with the object of cutting off the food supply of that city.

**Turkey.**

One event has taken place in Turkey which cannot but give satisfaction to all the inhabitants of the world: the fact that it has been relieved of the presence of one of the greatest monsters with which

this world has ever been inflicted, by the death of Abdul Hamid II. To him and to his desire to have personal control of everything in his empire, the lives of more than a million persons were sacrificed. When he was deposed, the world rejoiced, but with little reason, for those by whom he was deposed have proved as murderously tyrannical as was Abdul Hamid himself, and this was seen in the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Armenians and Arabs.

In strange contrast to such devouring desire for power, we may cite the recent words of the President of China who wrote publicly of his unfitness for office:

"I offered easy terms in an effort to satisfy the popular desire, so that I am lacking in foresight. My effort to save from misery brought more misery; my hope to save the situation resulted in more confusion.

"Toleration brings undesirable results, so that I cannot make others believe in my sincerity. I am too weak for the burden and cannot escape public blame and condemnation for being guilty in many ways. I dare not hold my high position in opposition to public censure, but the tenure of office is ordered by virtue of the constitution and cannot be easily set aside. Moreover, hostilities have been resumed in Hupeh, and it behooves me to continue helping the cause.

"When order is restored and the populace relieved I shall retire, full of gratitude, into the country."

**Peace Talk and War Aims.**

The speech of Mr. Lloyd George of January 5th, and the address of President Wilson of January 8th, were answered on the twenty-fourth of the same month by the Chancellor of the German Empire, Count von Hertling, and by the Austro-Hungarian Minister, Count Czernin. The difference of tone between the two spokesmen for the Central Powers has been recognized by all. The German Chancellor spoke as if he had already won the dictatorship of the world. To President Wilson's claim that the occupied provinces of Russia should be evacuated, he replied that this was a matter in which the United States had no concern, and that the discussion of the question must be left to Germany and Russia. As to Alsace and Lorraine he declared that France was the only country which was concerned in that question. While with regard to the Balkan States and Mesopotamia and Palestine, Austria-Hungary and Turkey were the only states inter-

ested. For the ruthless murder of thousands of civilians, men, women and children on land and sea; the systematic sinking without a trace of merchant ships, neutral and enemy; the executions of women like Miss Cavell and of men like Captain Fryatt; the bombardment of undefended watering-places and of crowded cities; the deportation into slavery of populations already looted and ransomed to the uttermost farthing, he expresses no word of regret. The German Chancellor makes repentance or non-repentance a matter of military victory or military defeat. "They" (Germany's enemies), he said, "speak with respect of Germany's position, but they constantly speak as if we were the guilty ones who must do penance and promise improvement. But this is the way in which a victor would talk to the vanquished." He added that the German army is just as full as ever of the joy of battle; that its strength was never greater, and thereby implied that the final decision must be one of might which in turn would settle what is right.

The German Chancellor even added to the demands of Germany, and asked that Great Britain be deprived of her naval bases, such as Gibraltar, Malta and Aden. This proposal was looked upon as a piece of irony even in Germany.

The German Chancellor disclaimed all purpose of annexation with regard to Belgium and the northern part of France now in German possession, but nevertheless referred a consideration of these matters to the end of the War.

On the same day, Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, made his reply to President Wilson and to Mr. Lloyd George. The tone of the Austrian Premier's speech was much more moderate and conciliatory than that of the German Chancellor, but with regard to its substance opinions differ. Mr. Lloyd George, for example, declared that in spite of its milder aspect it was just as adamant as the answer of the German Chancellor. Mr. Asquith, however, contended that there was a substantial difference between the two speeches. This latter seems to be the view of our President and to have shaped his address to both Houses of Congress on February 11th.

There are some indications that grave differences have arisen between Germany and Austria-Hungary, and that Austria is much more desirous of making peace than is the German Empire. As matters stand at present, Austria-Hungary has won almost every advantage which it is possible for her to win, even if the war be

indefinitely continued. These advantages have been won not by herself alone, but by the assistance of Germany. Left to herself Austria would not have been successful in her attack on Serbia. Later, on the Russian front the Austrian army was driven back on all points, and Germany lent, first a helping hand and then a dominant one. Italy penetrated Austrian territory and only when Germany came on the scene were the Italians driven back. Thus has Austria-Hungary become secure on all of her frontiers and therefore peace is the one thing she desires.

The food situation in Austria-Hungary is far more serious than it is in the German Empire. It may be accepted, therefore, that Austria will make peace overtures in advance of Germany and also make an effort to cast off the heavy yoke of her present Ally. The few attempts made to achieve this latter purpose enraged the Pan-German press.

Following hard upon the speeches of Count Czernin and the German Chancellor came the address of President Wilson on the eleventh of February. This address aroused much comment. Some critics went so far as to say that it was a virtual retraction of the former address of the President, in which he stated the fourteen definite aims of the War. But certainly it is impossible to think that the President would so change his mind within a few weeks. It is a far more reasonable criticism to say that the object of the address was to offer Count Czernin a reply as conciliatory as his own, and to accentuate a difference which appears to President Wilson to exist between the Minister of the Dual Monarchy and the Chancellor of the German Empire.

On the other hand, the President found nothing to commend in the speech of Count von Hertling, and declared his proposals to be a departure from the treaties laid down last July in the Reichstag Resolutions. "The German Chancellor," said President Wilson, "wished to revert to proceedings similar to those of the Congress of Vienna in which the destinies of nations were settled by secret intrigue." The President declares that the settlement made as a result of this war must be made in open day, in the presence of all the world. He lays down four principles which must govern the action of the United States.

First, that each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular case, and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring a peace that will be permanent;

Second, that peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about

from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power; but that

Third, every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims amongst rival states;

Fourth, that all well-defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new, or perpetuating old, elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe, and consequently of the world. For the maintenance of these, the President declares, the United States will fight to the end.

Shortly before the President's address was delivered, the Supreme War Council of the Allies met for the third time at Versailles. This Council considered most carefully the recent utterances of the German Chancellor and the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, but was unable to find in them any real approximation to the moderate conditions laid down by all the Allied Governments. The Council, therefore, announced its decision that the only way to secure permanent peace was to prosecute the War with utmost vigor.

In an address to the Italian Parliament, Señor Orlando, declared his country's determination to fight on, not only for national integrity but also for the common aims of all the Entente nations. In his interpretation of Count Czernin's speech, Señor Orlando took the view of Mr. Lloyd George rather than that of President Wilson. He further declared that the terms which the Central Powers wished to impose, were contrary to justice and that no nation with any self-respect could possibly accept them.

**Labor and the War.**

"Two wars are being waged today, one between the Allies and the Central Powers, the other between the masses and the ruling classes, regardless of the battle fronts. The longer the war lasts the clearer these points become." These words of a recent writer present a true view which is being brought into clearer light by the action of the Bolsheviki in Russia which is reducing that country to a state of chaos and possibly of dissolution. At the commencement of the War, even in Great Britain labor had to be consulted and negotiated with by the Government, and its consent obtained for

the passing of measures which were indispensable to the carrying on of the War. What took place in Russia has proved an even clearer exemplification of the power which the proletariat has obtained over the course of events. For it defeated the efforts of the Allies to end the struggle in the year 1917. The power of the Bolsheviki has not been confined to the Russian republic; but has been extended to what has now become an independent state—Finland.

As soon as that country declared its independence, its own Bolsheviki arose, and were supported by the armed forces of Russia. M. Lenine declared this outbreak to be but the beginning of the Bolshevik movement, and added that it would spread throughout Europe and throughout the world. Before it thus sought to control the destinies of Europe, this Bolshevik movement had summoned a conference at Stockholm by which it sought to dictate the attitude of labor, throughout the various European countries, towards peace. The Bolsheviki broke all the conventions of diplomacy by publishing the secret treaties found in the archives of the Imperial Government. This action forced the European governments to disclose in greater detail their war aims. And this may be considered one good result of Bolshevik activity. But no word of condemnation is too strong for their violation of their treaty with the Allies and their negotiation for a separate peace with the Central Powers. The extension of the war between labor and capital to other countries is not yet fully manifest: but signs of its advance are found in all countries, in Great Britain and even in our own. When the War first began there were found a few labor agitators in Great Britain who publicly protested against the carrying on of the War. Their deportation put an end to all disturbance. Later came the strike of the South Wales miners, a protest against the taking over by the Government of the coal mines. The labor unions are claiming the right to have a special voice in the making of peace, and expressed their views as to what that peace should be at the recent Nottingham Conference.

These views agree in the main with the official aims of the Government, but contain some modifications which would make the terms of peace less stringent, and would have the War result in the reformation of the world—an aim which many believe visionary. For example, all countries are to be democratized: each nation is to have the power of determining its own destiny: universal military service is to be abolished, and an International High Court is to be

established. But with all their modifications, the trade unions representing four millions of British workmen, emphatically declare the acceptance of German peace terms impossible. The same unions declare that there are not more than forty thousand pacifists among the laboring men of Great Britain. Nevertheless, there is social unrest in England, and it has caused Cardinal Bourne to treat the question in a recent pastoral. "During the War," he said, "the minds of the people have been profoundly altered. Dull acquiescence in social injustice has given way to active discontent. The very foundations of political and social life, of our economic system, of morals and religion are being sharply scrutinized, and this not only by a few writers and speakers, but by a very large number of people in every class of life, especially among the workers. Our institutions, it is felt, must justify themselves at the bar of reason. They can no longer be taken for granted. The army, for instance, is not only fighting, it is also thinking. The soldiers have learned the characteristic army scorn for the self-seeking politician and empty talker. They have learned the wide difference between the facts as they see them and the daily press reports of them, and they have learned to be suspicious of official utterances and bureaucratic ways.

"The general effect of all this on the young men who are to be leading citizens after the War is little short of revolutionary. A similar change has taken place in the minds of our people at home. The munition workers, hard working but over-strained by long hours and heavy work, alternatively flattered and censured, subjected sometimes to irritating mismanagement and anxious about the future, tend to be resentful and suspicious of the public authorities and the political leaders. They too are questioning the whole system of society.

"The voluntary war workers also have had their experience widened. Not only are many of them doing useful work for the first time in their lives and doing it well, but they are working in companionship with and sometimes under the direction of those with whom they would not in normal times have dreamed of associating. They are readjusting their views on social questions. There is, in short, a general change and ferment in the mind of the nation."

Cardinal Bourne then points out various lines of special Catholic effort, but urges cordial coöperation with the work done by various religious bodies to remedy all un-Christian social conditions.

"Without any sacrifice of religious principles," he continues, "Catholics may welcome the support of all men of good will in this great and patriotic task."

By such means, it is hoped, existing injustices will be remedied in a constitutional and peaceful way, so that the few who in Great Britain believe in war against capital by fair means or foul, will have no opportunity to propagate their doctrines.

As for the progress of extreme revolutionary teachings in France and Italy, it is not easy to obtain information. In the former country, however, the Socialists, because permission was refused them to attend the Stockholm conference at the invitation of the Russian Government, were strong enough to drive from power M. Ribot who had denied their representatives passports. That the Socialists wished to attend is no indication that they were in full sympathy with Bolshevik principles.

As to the growth of extreme teachings in Germany and Austria-Hungary we can speak with even less accuracy. Whether the strikes which have recently occurred in these countries are due to such teachings, is a matter of doubt. Coming to our own country a *quasi* Bolshevik congress has met in New York. The recent demobilization of the Russian armies along the front, or rather the report of it, has turned the Russians in this country who admired the Bolsheviki into avowed enemies, for they see that the latter have betrayed Russia.

The growing warfare between labor and capital is a fact that must be dealt with by every student of politics and sociology.

A feature which distinguishes this war from almost every other war is that its continuance or discontinuance depends on the attitude of the working classes, for they must both fight the battles and make the munitions. So does all practically depend upon the consent of the governed.

**Progress of the War.** Owing to winter weather there has been very little activity. The chief scene of warfare has been upon the Italian front, where the forces of that country aided by the French and British have not only been able to hold their own, but have at two points driven the enemy back from positions which would have made it easier for the latter in the spring to advance into the plains of Venetia. The Rumanian army still remains facing enemies on both sides, and the new Premier promises perseverance until the end, on the side of the

Allies. No action of any importance has taken place in the neighborhood of Saloniki. North of Jerusalem, the British have made progress for some two miles. Nothing has been heard of any movement by von Falkenhayn to recapture the city of Bagdad. Public concern in the military situation is now directed rather to what is to be expected in the future than to what has been done in the recent past. It is generally recognized that the offensive at the present time rests with the Germans. Against what point that offensive, if it is launched, will be directed and how many troops Germany can bring to its support are of course matters of uncertainty. The fact that French and British troops repelled the great German drive of 1914, when they numbered less than one-half the invading army and were without adequate equipment of arms and munitions, leads us to believe that the Allies need not fear the approaching encounter.

At its latest meeting at Versailles, the Supreme War Council of the Allies decided to increase its own powers. What this increase definitely means cannot yet be ascertained. It undoubtedly deals with the question as to whether the Council should have merely advisory or also executive powers. President Wilson has wished that it be a body with supreme power to execute as well as to advise. It may be that the Council will appoint a *generalissimo* with supreme command of all the Allied armies. The French have been urging such a move, and it is believed that Mr. Lloyd George was also in favor of it, but hesitated to give his approval because of the serious opposition which the plan aroused in England. The resignation of General Robertson, as Chief of Staff of the British army, indicates that Mr. Lloyd George has now given his full consent; that the plan of a supreme commander for the Allied armies will be carried out, and that General Robertson resigned rather than continue in his post with curtailed power.

*February 18, 1918.*

# With Our Readers.

AN article by Hilaire Belloc in the *Dublin Review* was shortly after its appearance reviewed in these pages as an important exposé of the unhistorical character of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.* Belloc discovered that he could not thus attack Gibbon without a protest from even some Catholics and a Catholic organ—the *Tablet* of London. In an article in the December *Studies,* Belloc records his astonishment and how he thus fell upon the singular truth "that violently anti-Catholic history, written with a wholly anti-Catholic motive, was accepted by many English Catholics as the normal thing; the text to which they would naturally refer in their search for historical truth."

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IN this same article Mr. Belloc proceeds to show in greater detail the inaccuracies of this "bye-product of Voltaire," in the hope that the anger of his (Belloc's) opponents will grow less, and the submission of further proof make of Gibbon a commonplace example of the way in which history was miswritten by the enemies of the Church.

Belloc proceeds to show how Gibbon handles two fundamental points in European history, the origin of the hierarchy and the traditional doctrine of the Eucharist.

All that Gibbon has to say on the first point is found in the fortieth and forty-first divisions of his fifteenth chapter. Gibbon shows no originality. He never read originals. He does not weigh or even pretend to weigh the evidence and arguments *pro* and *con* for the establishment of the hierarchy; arguments known even to beginners are utterly disregarded by him. Gibbon blindly follows Mosheim; accepts from the latter the Protestant assertion of the early eighteenth century—and passes on.

Now Gibbon's subject was the growth of the Catholic Church; the backbone of the subject is the Catholic hierarchy. And yet upon the dispute as to the origin of the hierarchy Gibbon does no original reading and no original thinking. On the second point, the institution of the Holy Eucharist, Mr. Belloc points out that Gibbon says nothing about It. "You can read the whole of what Gibbon has to say on the rise, origin and character of the Catholic Church without hearing one word about the Eucharist."

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"EMPHASIS," adds Belloc, "is vain in a catastrophe, and rhetoric is wasted in the presence of the stupendous." An historian might deride, attack, deny the institution of the Eucharist, but no historian who writes the history of the Catholic Church can treat It with silence

For the sacred mysteries were the test and the making of the fully initiated Christian in the earliest times; their celebration was the common function of each community; their character was that which differentiated this particular society from the other religious organizations around it. Yet Gibbon never mentions the Eucharist! Never was so gigantic an omission deliberately made by any man, pretending to write the history of anything.

* * * *

BELLOC'S final summary is that Gibbon is a littérateur exceedingly entertaining, but a bad historian. It is opportune to place beside this estimate by Belloc, another estimate by Newman of the same historian Gibbon. Newman in his *Idea of a University* speaks of the latter's "godless intellectualism." Many years previous, preaching at Oxford, he spoke of those for whom pride has opened the door to temptation and who "intoxicated by their experience of evil, think they possess real wisdom and take a larger and more impartial view of the nature and destinies of man than religion teaches." And after developing the point, Newman adds, of Gibbon: "A more apposite instance of this state of soul cannot be required than is given us in the celebrated work of an historian of the last century, who, for his great abilities, and, on the other hand, his cold heart, impure mind, and scoffing spirit, may justly be accounted as, in this country at least, one of the masters of a new school of error, which seems not yet to have accomplished its destinies, and is framed more exactly after the received type of the author of evil, than the other chief anti-Christs who have, in these last times, occupied the scene of the world."

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THE necessity of immediate study of and preparation for after the War necessities, the vast problems of reconstruction bound to present thmselves have been repeatedly brought before our readers. We have emphasized how providential now are the writings of Leo XIII., and with what urgent devotion Catholics should apply themselves not only to the understanding and application of Catholic social principles, but also to active participation in public life. We should fit ourselves not only to preach: to teach: but also to lead. History is being re-written: society is being re-made and the day of Catholic opportunity is at hand.

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THE social revolution is not distant: it is here. No more complete programme of social change and reconstruction was ever known in history than that just put forth by the sub-committee of the British Labor Party. The report as we have it is only a committee draft. But even as a draft it is singularly significant evidence of that other war which is growing in intensity every day, a war between capital

and labor. This manifesto shows the lines on which it must be fought out. In a general way it voices the aims, not only of millions of workingmen of Great Britain, but millions also of our own country. And it will be profitable to review in some detail just what these aims are.

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THE present War, says this manifesto, has destroyed the capitalistic system from which it sprang. That system produced a monstrous inequality of circumstances, degradation and brutalization, both spiritual and moral. With it must pass the political system and ideas in which it naturally found expression. The Labor Party maintains that "if we are to escape the decay of civilization we must ensure that the new social order be built upon fraternity: on a systematic approach toward a healthy equality of material circumstances for every person born into the world—not one on enforced dominion over subject nations, subject races, subject colonies, subject classes, or a subject sex, but in industry as well as in government, on that equal freedom, that general consciousness of consent, and that widest possible participation in power, both economic and political, which is characteristic of democracy." The four pillars of the new social house which the Labor Party proposes to erect are:

(a) The universal enforcement of the national minimum.
(b) The democratic control of industry.
(c) The revolution of national finance.
(d) The surplus wealth for the common good.

* * * *

IT claims that it has no class aims and no class warfare. It expressly propounds the truth of human solidarity; that we are dependent on one another; that we affect one another, morally and physically. If the neediest suffers, the whole community suffers. The minimum, therefore, of leisure, health, education and subsistence, it demands for all. The minimum is, of course, not stated for it varies. But the Labor Party does insist on at least thirty shillings a week for unskilled workers, and states that this demand shall be revised according to the level of prices.

It is further insisted that definite plans be made now by the Government for the safeguarding of the eight million wage earners paid at present from public funds. This is a national obligation; the wage earner, it is declared, is not an object of charity, nor should he be handed over to committees of philanthropists.

The scramble for positions after the War must not lead to the degradation of life and character. "We claim that it should be a cardinal point of government policy to make it plain to every capitalist employer that any attempt to reduce the customary rates of wages when peace comes, or to take advantage of the dislocation of demobili-

zation to worsen the conditions of employment in any grade whatsoever, will certainly lead to embittered industrial strife, which will be in the highest degree detrimental to the national interests; and that the government of the day will not hesitate to take all necessary steps to avert such a calamity."

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OF singular importance also is the further demand that governments see to it that unemployment does not occur: rather than, as now, trying to remedy it after it has occurred. The Government should see to it that no man who is desirous of working should be unable to find work. Moreover, the Government should at once undertake the solution of such problems as the re-housing of the poorer people both in cities and rural districts: increasing school and college facilities, and the opening up of access to land by coöperative small holdings. The hours of labor should be reduced to forty-eight a week without reduction of the standard rate of wages.

When the Government fails to prevent unemployment, the Labor Party holds that it should provide the willing worker, unable to obtain a situation, with adequate maintenance. The best method of accomplishing this was exemplified by the Out of Work Benefit afforded by a well-administered trade union. The members taxed themselves for its maintenance. Now the Labor Party maintains that all such Out of Work Benefits should have public subvention. The national minimum policy must be universally applied and afford complete security against destitution, in sickness and health, in good times and bad, to every member of the community.

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THE second pillar of the new house is personal freedom, freedom of speech, of publication, of travel, of residence, and complete freedom of political rights. The Labor Party insists on democracy in industry as well as in government, "an equitable sharing of the proceeds among all who participate in any capacity and only among these."

The Labor Party stands "for the principle of the common ownership of the nation's land to be applied as suitable opportunity occur." Whether this "common ownership" would exclude private ownership in the mind of the Labor Party, the manifesto does not make clear. But the Labor Party does demand the public ownership of all public utilities, and threatens the speedy downfall of any government that would after the War hand back the railways to private owners, or private trusts that would presently become as ruthless "as the worst American examples." It also asks for the immediate nationalization of mines, for the fixing of coal prices. "There is no more reason for coal fluctuating in price than for railway fares." The Labor Party

scorns prohibition. It demands a revolution in national finance. It "stands for such a system of taxation as will yield all the necessary revenue to the Government without encroaching on the prescribed national minimum standard of life of any family whatsoever." Thus it looks to the heavy taxation of all incomes above the "national minimum:" particularly to direct taxation of private fortunes both during life and at death. It would deny to the individual the right at death to bequeath his money as he may please: such money "belongs nominally to the national exchequer."

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THE fourth pillar of this house is that all surplus profits, as for example, from the rental of mines, material outcome from scientific discoveries, etc., shall go to the state, and through this constantly arising surplus the state will be able to care for the great commercial needs.

The manifesto ends with an expression of the hope that an international court of arbitration shall be established as one result of the present War: "We stand for the immediate establishment, actually as a part of the treaty of peace with which the present War will end, of a universal league or society of nations, a supernational authority, with an international high court to try all justiciable issues between nations; an international legislature to enact such common laws as can be mutually agreed upon, and an international council of mediation to endeavor to settle without ultimate conflict even those disputes which are not justiciable. We would have all the nations of the world most solemnly undertake and promise to make common cause against any one of them that broke away from this fundamental agreement."

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WE print the synopsis without any comment save one—the appeal for the poor and the needy always meets with a ready response from every Christian heart. But the Christian heart will also note that in this entire document there is not one word of the spiritual: not one word of the higher nature of man, but simply a consideration of his physical, material and mental welfare.

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A PRONOUNCEMENT which bears upon this same subject is Cardinal Bourne's Lenten Pastoral which treats of the radical changes in the social structure and social philosophy as a result of the War. The evidences of trouble and disturbance are graver, His Eminence says, than the press reports would lead one to believe.

Cardinal Bourne traces the origins of the present dissatisfaction: "The effect of competition uncontrolled by morals has been to segregate more and more the capitalist from the wage-earning classes,"

he says, "and to form the latter into a proletariat, a people owning nothing but their labor power and tending to shrink more and more from the responsibilities of both ownership and freedom. Hence the increasing lack of self-reliance and the tendency to look to the state for the performance of the ordinary family duties. They are readjusting their views on social questions. There is in short a general change and ferment in the mind of the nation....

"What is the future to be? How is the social and political order to be reconstructed among us? There are some, a small minority as yet, but with increasing influence, who are proclaiming a policy of despair. They have looked, they will tell us, in various directions for a solution of the problem in vain. Those who in this country are the official representatives of religious teaching have failed, so these despairing voices assure us, to give any coherent answer to their questions. Thus they are driven—again it is their voice that speaks—to the unwelcome conclusion that the existing relations of society are incapable of being remedied and that things cannot be worse than they are at the present time.

"They proclaim that the existing order should be overthrown and destroyed in the hope that out of the chaos and destruction some better arrangement of men's lives may grow up. It is a policy of which we see the realization and first fruits at the present time in Russia. The vast majority of our people are held back, if not by religious motives at least by their inborn practical sense, from suicidal projects of this kind."

Cardinal Bourne dwells upon special lines of Catholic effort, and urges coöperation on the part of Catholics with other religious bodies working on the right lines for the amelioration and guidance of society. "Without any sacrifice of religious principles," he says, "Catholics may welcome the support of all men of good will in this great and patriotic task."

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IN a powerful pastoral Cardinal O'Connell of Boston has brought us face to face with the same need of Catholic principles in individual and social life.

"Throughout the world," says the Cardinal, "is a whole realm of shifting and seething moral turmoil, partly cause, partly effect of this war." The columns upon which much of modern society sought to found prosperity and progress have crumbled. "Science, machinery, efficiency, cold-blooded enforcement of a materialistic philosophy to the exclusion of the ideals and principles upon which Christian civilization rests, these were the columns of strength erected as the bulwarks of the great millenium, the twentieth century. Who among us now does not recall this cant and its false prophets?....

"Even this war will not settle everything. The very first day of peace will bring with it problems just as difficult, just as arduous and just as clamorous for solution as this bitterest of all wars. It will not be the demigods of finance nor the supermen of arms who will settle these claims. With this war their supremacy will have passed forever and let us hope, with them, all the misery and ruin they have caused."

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LAW is founded upon justice and justice is founded upon God. "We must, therefore, unless we are fighting for a myth, fight first of all that God's eternal law shall be acknowledged. If God's law is ignored, then brute force becomes the only arbiter of justice; and if we are determined, as we must be, that never again shall an international contract be treated as a scrap of paper, then to be consistent we must go back to the genesis of all rights and contracts and acknowledge our own duties to the Eternal Lawgiver whence all justice proceeds.

"The menace of anarchy is imminent and the only alternative to predominance of mere numerical strength and brute force is the religion which maintains the rights of ownership as a most sacred corollary of the doctrine of Justice." The Catholic Church is the enemy of tyranny and the bulwark against anarchy. To capital and labor alike she will teach the one eternal truth of justice. "She is the one organization in the whole world which has never recognized distinction of persons. Just for that very reason she is heard by all, because she is and must ever be the same to all, the pillar and ground of all truth. She is the fearless protector of property against the greed of the lawless mob, just because she as fearlessly rebukes the selfish rich for being the chief cause of discontent among the toilers."

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WE wish to correct an error in the price of Mrs. Meynell's *A Father of Women and Other Poems,* as quoted in our last issue. The price is eighty cents, not thirty-five cents as stated.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

*Essentials in Modern European History.* By D. C. Knowlton, Ph.D., and S. B. Howe, A.M. $1.50. *The Conversion of Europe.* By C. H. Robinson. $6.00 net. *Divine Faith.* By Rev. P. Finlay, S.J. $1.50 net. *The Commemorative Medal in the Service of Germany.* By G. F. Hill, M.A. Pamphlet. *The Economic History of the United States.* By E. L. Bogart, Ph.D. *Catholic Education.* By J. A. Burns. $1.50 net. *A Russian Schoolboy.* By S. Aksakoff.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:

*Burke's Speeches at Bristol.* By E. Bergin, S.J. *Stories the Iroquois Tell Their Children.* By M. Powers. *First and Second Books in English for Foreigners in Evening Schools.* By F. Houghton, Sc. M. *Rural Arithmetic.* By A. D. Thomas, Ph.D. *Elementary Economic Geography.* By C. R. Dryer, F.R.G.S.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
*Irish Lyrics and Ballads.* By Rev. James B. Dollard, Litt.D. $1.35. *Jesus Crucified, or the Science of the Cross.* Edited by A. Cadras, S.J. 75 cents. *The Marvels of Divine Grace.* By Alice Lady Lovat. 90 cents. *With the French Red Cross.* By Alice Dease. 60 cents. *Stories from the New Testament.* Three series. 25 cents per set.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
*Priest of the Ideal.* By S. Graham. $1.60. *A Son of the Middle Border.* By H. Garland. $1.60. *History of the Civil War.* By J. F. Rhodes. $2.50. *The Life of Augustin Daly.* By J. F. Daly. $4.00.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
*Over Japan Way.* By A. M. Hitchcock. $2.00 net. *Mrs. Humphry Ward.* By S. Gwynn. 60 cents net. *On Contemporary Literature.* By S. P. Sherman. $1.50 net.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:
*The Turkish Empire: Its Growth and Decay.* By Lord Eversley. $3.00 net. *Finland and the Finns.* By A. Reade. $2.00 net. *A Hand-Book on Story Writing.* By B. C. Williams. $1.50 net. *Rambles in Old College Towns.* By H. Hawthorne. $2.50 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., New York:
*Old Man Curry.* By C. E. van Loan. $1.35 net. *The Oratory of the Bible.* By F. S. Schenck, LL.D. $1.25 net. *The Tortoise.* By E. F. Benson. $1.50 net. *Books and Persons.* By A. Bennett. $2.00 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
*John Keats.* By S. Colvin. $4.50 net. *These Many Years.* By B. Matthews. *Hearts of Controversy.* By Alice Meynell.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:
*The Secret Witness.* By George Gibbs. $1.50 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
*In the Footsteps of St. Paul.* By F. E. Clark, LL.D. $2.00 net.

PARISH HOUSE, 53 East Eighty-third Street, New York:
*Fifty Years in Yorkville.*

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
*Old English Scholarship in England from 1566-1800.* By E. N. Adams, Ph.D.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York.
*Everyman's Library: J. V. Duruy's History of France.* Two volumes; *Ancient Law,* by Sir H. Maine. 60 cents net, each. *Paul Jones.* By D. C. Seitz. *The Hill-Towns of France.* By E. M. Fryer. $2.50 net.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., New York:
*Austria-Hungary: The Polyglot Empire.* By W. von Schierbrand, LL.D. $3.00 net. *The Brazilians and Their Country.* By C. S. Cooper, $3.50 net. *The Heart of O Sono San.* By E. Cooper. $1.75 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
*The Offender, and His Relations to Law and Society.* By B. G. Lewis. $2.00 net.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., New York:
*Tennyson: How To Know Him.* By R. M. Alden. $1.50 net.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:
*The Insurgent Theatre.* By J. H. Dickinson. $1.25 net.

THE CENTURY CO., New York:
*American Adventures.* By Julian Street. $3.50 net. *Calvary Alley.* By A. H. Rice. $1.35 net.

THE AMERICAN PRESS, New York:
*The Psychology of Medieval Persecution.* Pamphlet. 5 cents.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, New York:
*Persian Miniatures.* By H. G. Dwight. *The Trust Problems.* By J. W. Jenks. $2.00 net.

LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE, New York:
*Poems.* Edited by Clifton Johnson.

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